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ERRATA.

Page 68, col. 1, line 43, for *Mawla* read *Maule*.
Page 110, col. 2, line 64, for *Ferry* read *Terry*.
line 72, for *Garret* read *Garrett*.
Page 403, col. 3, line 69, for *univerity* read *university*.
Page 713, col. 1, line 20, for *interefere* read *interfere*.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1914.

Summary of the News

The situation in Mexico, as we write, appears extremely discouraging. The protocol concerning the international side of the Mexican problem was signed by the mediators and by the delegates of Huerta and of the United States on June 24, but General Carranza has continued his temporizing policy in the appointment of delegates to confer with the representatives of Huerta on the question of the Provisional Government, and there appears to be no immediate prospect of the conference taking place. More serious is the split that has occurred between Villa and Carranza. The difference was adjusted temporarily last week, and on the same day that the protocol was signed news came of the capture of Zacatecas by Villa's army and the complete rout with heavy loss of the Federals. On Saturday, however, a statement was issued by Carranza accusing Villa of insubordination at the instigation of General Angeles and implicating in the same charge an employee of the State Department, understood to be United States Consul George C. Carrothers, who, since Huerta concelled his exequatur in April, has been acting as confidential agent of the State Department with Villa's forces.

On Monday Carranza in a speech is said to have reitcrated his fears of "Judases in his own ranks," and Villa issued a counterblast, declaring that there was no "active breach" between the Constitutionalist leaders, but that he was returning to Torreon on account of shortage of ammunition. The fact seems to have been that Carranza sought to discipline Villa by withholding from his army his share of the ammunition landed by the Antilla at Tampico. Villa, therefore, abandoned his pursuit of the Federals and turned back with his army to persuade the First Chief to reconsider his determination.

In Mexico City, also, the situation is regarded as serious. Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister, on Monday recommended all British subjects to leave the city, fearing disorder. Huerta, meanwhile, is said to be feverishly pushing on preparations for the holding of an election on July 5, in the parts of Mexico which he still controls. He is anxious, it is said, to hold out until sufficient returns shall have been received to elect some person to the Presidency, when he himself will retire. We comment elsewhere on the unpleasant revelations of the alleged connection of oil interests in the United States with the revolution, which are contained in stolen letters published by the New York *Herald* on Sunday. General Carranza has issued a complete denial of any such connection.

A curious conception of diplomatic duties was revealed in the papers of Saturday, in which was published a statement by George Fred Williams, United States Minister to Greece, on the Albanian situation. So far as can be gathered, Mr. Williams undertook an investigation of affairs in Albania, apparently authorized by the State Department, and found himself unable to restrain the free expression of his views until he should have been relieved of his official position. The State Department is understood to have made inquiries as to Mr. Williams's reasons for giving to the world the benefit of his views before they were communicated to his official superiors.

On Saturday the House concurred in a Senate amendment to the legislative bill appropriating $1,500,000 to defray the expense of collecting the income tax in the new fiscal year. Notice was given that $500,000 of the amount would be applied to the proposed inquisition to discover evasions of the income tax.

The President on Thursday of last week, addressing the Virginia Editorial Association, took occasion to defend the new trust laws and to indulge in the prophecy that after they shall have been passed "there will be a boom in this country such as we have never witnessed in the United States." Comment on the President's speech will be found elsewhere.

A considerable portion of the town of Salem, Mass., was destroyed by fire, which started in the industrial district, on the afternoon of June 25. The loss of life was happily small, six people only being killed, but the financial loss is estimated at $15,000,000.

Colonel Roosevelt, on his return from Europe last week, effectually dissipated any hopes entertained by the "insurgent" Progressives that he would countenance the efforts that have been made to oust George W. Perkins from the inner councils of the party. "As for reading him out of the party," declared the Colonel, "when that is done they will have to read me out, too."

The sale to Greece of the battleships Idaho and Mississippi, which was finally authorized by the House on June 23, appears to have had the effect which President Wilson anticipated in recommending the measure. A Greek note, published on June 28, is generally considered to have ended the crisis between Greece and Turkey, and the belief is expressed that the persecutions of Greek subjects in Ottoman territory will not be renewed.

Correspondence that has passed between the United States and Japan on the question of the Californian alien land law was made public on June 25. The new Ministry in Japan has rejected the proposal originally made by Foreign Minister Makino for the negotiation of a new treaty which should give to Japan all the rights of aliens of the most favored nation in the matter of land tenure. At the same time no alternative plan is proposed, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs merely stating that Japan prefers to recur to the correspondence on the subject which was interrupted last August.

One of the most serious business failures of recent years occurred on Thursday of last week, when it was announced that the H. B. Claflin Company, the leading wholesale dry goods company in the country, would go into the hands of receivers. The amount involved is stated to be $34,000,000. Most of the retail stores in various cities which are controlled by the same company will not, it is said, be affected by the failure.

A Parliamentary crisis has been brought about in Spain through Socialist and Republican opposition to the Government's plan to build a second navy squadron. Premier Dato announced on Sunday that he would ask Parliament to vote on the question yesterday and that should he fail to obtain a majority he would resign.

The promised amending bill to the Home Rule bill was introduced in the House of Lords on June 23. The bill, as was expected, simply embodies the proposals made by Mr. Asquith on March 9, that the counties of Ulster be allowed to decide by vote for or against exclusion from the operation of the Home Rule bill. On a Unionist amendment to the Finance bill in the House of Commons on June 25, the Government's majority fell from its normal figure of over ninety to thirty-two. The Labor members and some Liberals abstained from voting, and the Irish followers of William O'Brien voted in favor of the amendment.

In Albania a conference has been held between the council of the insurgents and Col. Phillips, the British representative of the Powers, at which the insurgents are stated to have demanded the abdication of Prince William of Wied, the establishment of an ad interim government by the International Commission of Control, and the election of a new ruler to be chosen by delegates from all of Albania. Despite the armistice which had been arranged, desultory fighting has continued, and it was reported from Vienna that early last week the town of Elbassan was captured by the insurgents.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were assassinated on Sunday, as they were driving in an automobile through the streets of Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia. Only an hour previously a bomb had been thrown at the Archduke's carriage as he was driving from the station to receive an address of welcome from the authorities of the city, but had missed its mark, injuring some of the members of the Prince's retinue. The Archduke and the Duchess of Hohenberg were on their way to the hospital to inquire after the injured when a young Servian shot them with a revolver. The crime is considered to have been the result of a plot by a section of the Serb inhabitants of Bosnia. The death of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand leaves the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph heir-apparent to the throne. We comment elsewhere upon the political aspect of the affair.

The deaths of the week include Lord Forbes, June 24; Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, Dr. Frederick W. True, Col. Garland N. Whistler, June 25; Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Duchess of Hohenberg, Franklin Harvey Head, Delos P. Phelps, June 28; Major William de Witt Miller, June 29.

The Week

The President was said to have "truckled" to England in the matter of the Panama tolls-exemption; to have been forced by the British Foreign Office to make a humiliating surrender of the American position; at the best, to have driven a "bargain" with the British Government, by the terms of which he was to receive a free hand in Mexico, in return for the removal of what was, in effect, a discriminating tax on British shipping using the Panama Canal. But all these fictions were put down last Monday by the plain tale of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons. The Foreign Secretary asserted that, far from having applied diplomatic pressure to President Wilson, not one line of correspondence on the subject of Panama tolls had passed between the two Governments since the new Administration came in at Washington. Not only was there no "bargain," but there had not been a single word of talk about one. Whatever President Wilson had done, he had done on his own initiative. He had not done it, added Sir Edward, "to please us or in the interest of good relations, but I believe from a much greater motive." This was a feeling of duty not to "flinch or quail from interpreting treaty rights in a strictly fair spirit." The cable dispatches say that Sir Edward Grey's statement made a great impression on the House; and it called out further approving comment in the English press.

It is now thought certain that the bill extending American citizenship to Porto Ricans will at least pass the House. Fourteen years ago the organic act was entitled "An act to provide temporarily revenues and civil government." Every observer agrees that the main cause of political unrest in Porto Rico is the failure to obtain a grant repeatedly recommended by the War Department and successive Presidents, and promised in the platforms of both the older parties. It would satisfy local pride, and end an anomalous condition. The new measure would also place the islanders more nearly upon their feet in home affairs, by substituting for the Council appointed by the President an elective Senate. Safeguards would still exist in the Governor's absolute veto, and in an educational qualification for the suffrage; but this, thanks to the excellent schools established since 1900, would exclude but a very limited percentage. Remedying a long neglect, the bill deserves the prompt attention of Congress.

The publication of the correspondence between Japan and the United States, extending from May 9 to August 26 of last year, discloses a situation fraught with great difficulty. The reply of our State Department to the Japanese note of August 26 was made only last week, and is not included in the published correspondence. There is, however, every reason to believe that whatever efforts were made in the interval of ten months to bring the solution of the problem within reach have proved unsuccessful. In any attempt to adjust the difficulty, our own Government is terribly handicapped by the division of rights and powers between the separate States and the nation; while there is reason to believe that fear of the jingo element in the Tokio Parliament constitutes an almost equally solid obstacle to freedom of action on the part of the Japanese Government. Thus the problem is one that calls for even more than the usual exercise of patient effort on both sides, in the endeavor to arrive at some kind of *modus vivendi*. If it were only difference of opinion as to the interpretation of the existing treaty that was involved, arbitration would offer a way out which ought to be acceptable to both parties; but unfortunately the trouble lies deeper, and would, in the nature of things, reassert itself upon the expiration of the present compact. Nevertheless, the idea of referring the controversy to arbitration, so far as regards the specific question of treaty interpretation, is well worth considering. It would at least serve the purpose of gaining time, which, in such a difficulty as this, might well prove to be all that was needed for its practical settlement.

The extraordinary performance of Mr. George Fred Williams, in issuing a flaming broadside about the internal affairs of Albania while occupying the post of United States Minister to Greece, would be more extraordinary if it were somebody else than Mr. Williams. His career has all along been marked by what to the outside world has seemed either eccentricity or an excessive craving for public attention. In the present instance, it is entirely possible that the state of things in Albania, which is certainly deplorable from any point of view, so wrought upon Mr. Williams's feelings that he felt impelled to force the facts, or his view of the facts, upon the attention of the world. That his official obligations as diplomatic representative of the United States forbade such a course, he appears to have been conscious, and his statement implies, though it does not expressly state, that he has resigned his post. "I could not await," he says, "the acceptance of my resignation by my Government" to denounce the cruelties and wrongs which, he declares, have been visited on the Albanians by the combination of wickedness and stupidity that has governed the course of the Great Powers. But a man who is so constituted that he cannot wait until the trammels of official responsibility are removed before breaking out on his own hook should decline to submit to the restrictions of diplomatic duty in the first place.

President Wilson may be right as to the chance of a coming great improvement in business, yet this would not prove that his reasoning about it is correct. If it comes, as there are many indications that it will, it will be due to other causes than the passage of his Trust bills. Rich crops and the easing of financial strain abroad will have much more to do with it than anything which our lawmakers may do, or fail to do. And in one point, Mr. Wilson runs pretty near to fatuity. This is where he assures business men that the bills in question, when once enacted, will write finis to the whole book of Trust legislation. There will be no other measures debated, no more agitation. But can he give any such guarantee? For his own Administration, doubtless. But can he be certain that no other politician will arise to tell the people that this or the other hook must be put in the nose of Big Business before the country can be quite safe and happy? Mr. Wilson can speak for himself, but can he speak for La Follette? Can he speak for the Colonel?

On one point that the Republicans have been trying to make against them, the Democrats need feel no uneasiness in the coming Congressional campaign. There is no trouble about a Treasury deficit, and the tariff has more than met expectations as a revenue-producer. Mr. Underwood's statement on the subject in the House on Saturday was simple and straightforward, and conclusively disposes of both these points; and it also brings out certain features of the income-tax situation which deserve attention. The total receipts of the Treasury for the fiscal year now closing will exceed the total of ordinary disbursements by about $30,000,000. If the Panama Canal expenditure of $35,000,000 is included, there will be a deficit, as has often happened before; but in the present instance this deficit is only $5,000,000 and will easily be taken care of by the accumulated surplus in the Treasury.

The new tariff has yielded $22,000,000 more than was estimated, which a little more than balances the shortage of the income-and-corporation tax as compared with the estimate. As for the future of the income tax, besides dwelling on the probability that a large amount must be allowed for failure of collection in the first year owing to the novelty of the tax, Mr. Underwood pointed out that, in addition to the tax as a whole having been operative only for ten months of the calendar year 1913, the supertax on large incomes became operative only after the passage of the bill, in October. As the period to which it applied in these cases, besides being so short, did not cover either of the great dividend dates—January 1 and July 1—Mr. Underwood regards the tax collected during this fiscal year as being, on the whole, about equivalent to only half a year's tax.

The mutiny on the Progressive ship continues. The fiat of the commander-in-chief that if Perkins has to walk the plank, he will, too, has not prevented some of the Congressional part of the crew from formulating a round robin of protest against the executive officer, Commander Perkins. They are not satisfied with the admiral's entrusting the navigation of their craft to this officer; they even assert that his handling of their ship has resulted in very unfavorable comments far and wide. Plainly, there is nothing left for the admiral to do but to bring these mutineers before the mast and give them their proper punishment. It matters not that they must submit to humiliating questions as to just what kind of cruiser theirs is when the crew serves one flag and the executive another. Admiral Roosevelt will fix all that; there must be discipline on his ship, whatever the cost. When he says that an officer is all right, that settles it. The mutineers will have to take their medicine, and we think they will. At least, we cannot imagine their deserting on the very eve of battle. And perhaps by next autumn the clever admiral will find a way to promote his executive to some other position where he can have about as much responsibility and can still be permitted to furnish a large part of the ship's stores. What is the use of being the admiral of your own navy without being able to do with it as you please?

Col. Roosevelt's renewed denunciation of the proposal to pay Colombia "blackmail" leaves one wondering how he would define the sum of money which he himself proposed to pay her. This sum was $2,500,000, as provided in the treaty which his own Secretary of State, Mr. Root, negotiated, and which was ratified by the Senate early in 1909, though it was never acted upon by the Colombian Congress. All this must have been with the knowledge and approval of President Roosevelt. Nor could he have been in ignorance of the admission by Secretary Root that Colombia had just claims on the United States. And the treaty which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the Senate spoke of the desire to "remove all obstacles to a good understanding." What were these obstacles? If the Colonel had been out of office at the time, might not his eagle eye have detected in the mere reference to them an unspeakably humiliating apology? However that may be, it is impossible to draw a clear moral distinction between paying $2,500,000 and paying $25,000,000. If the latter is blackmail, the former smells of it. Blackmail is not a question of less or more. By the way, how does the Colonel know that the "regret" in the Bryan treaty, as in the Taft memorandum, did not refer to the base conduct of the Colombian Government towards President Roosevelt, which he again so scathingly describes, and which left him no alternative, as the guardian of civilization, but to "take" the Isthmus?

Senator Newlands's plan for a Federal Commission to control waterways improvement is an attempt to check the vicious practices long connected with rivers and harbors legislation. His amendment to the pending waterways appropriation bill would create a Commission consisting of the Secretaries of War, Interior, Commerce, and Agriculture, with two Senators and Representatives; and would allow it in the first year an expense fund of $500,000. This sum, in the Senator's opinion, would enable it to probe questions of "development, regulation, and control of navigation, . . . and the related questions of irrigation, forestry, fisheries, swamp reclamation," and so on; and to attempt coördination in improvements. Some authoritative agency is plainly needed to apply more common-sense and a better policy to the demands of the various sections than Congress has displayed. The debate last week in the Senate on the Rivers and Harbors bill has again illustrated the conviction of many unbiassed men that the bill carries too large a sum and too many unjustifiable items, and makes urgent a reform in the whole method of framing it.

The movement for a league of American cities to deal with utilities corporations, chiefly by maintaining a bureau which shall furnish expert service to any municipality in presenting its case before a Public Service Commission, has an impressive list of sponsors. The launching of it by Mayors Blankenburg of Philadelphia, Baker of Cleveland, Harrison of Chicago, and Shroyer of Dayton at the forthcoming convention of city executives will be an event worth noting. Its justification is succinctly stated by Mayor Blankenburg: "The equipment required for an adequate presentation of the rights of the people involves a technical knowledge which is not practicable for any one city to obtain." This is undeniable. The Bureau of Standards at Washington has lately undertaken to establish a central clearing-house for public utilities statistics, standards of valuation and service, and general information, which in a rudimentary way would fill the evident need. But it has been a main argument for State as opposed to local inquiry and regulation that State Commissions are able to avail themselves of such expensive service; and the cities' move may be taken as evidence that these bodies have not been as active as they should be. In arming themselves to put forward their cases for lower rates and better service they will tend to lessen the investigative functions of the State Commissions. The step was almost inevitable because of the wide sentiment that the State bodies are giving the cities an unfair hearing.

West Virginia is about to become the ninth prohibition State of the Union, by an act in many respects the most stringent of the kind every passed in America. It makes it unlawful to manufacture, sell, or give away intoxicating liquors anywhere in the commonwealth; forbids their sale by clubhouses or druggists; and fixes a heavy penalty for their advertisement by circular, billboard, newspaper, or any other agency. A State Superintendent of Prohibition is created, with extensive powers to enforce the law. The statute cannot wholly do away with the importation of intoxicants for personal use, but it promises to make the State as nearly "dry" as may be. It is two years since the Constitutional amendment providing for State-wide prohibition was ratified, and one since the Legislature made provision to put the amendment into force. In a State whose total vote is 250,000, the amendment passed by the huge majority of nearly 100,000; and the newspapers of Wheeling and Charleston do not indicate

that public sentiment has essentially changed.

Another appointment of a negro to a Federal office is vexing the righteous soul of Senator Smith of Georgia. He had succeeded in ousting the present holder of the office of recorder of deeds in Washington, a Georgia negro, and naturally expected, so the Augusta *Chronicle* explains, that "a Democrat" would be named as the successor. President Wilson agrees as to the Democrat part of it, but proposes to appoint a Democrat who also happens to be a negro. And the protesting Southern Senators are informed, to their disgust, that Wilson's election managers had made an agreement to keep certain offices for negroes. Such an agreement the *Chronicle* declares to be a "curious thing." But would it not be more curious to violate it? To ask for negro votes on the strength of it and then to repudiate it would be at least as immoral as Senator Smith evidently thinks it to have made such an agreement at all. However, the *Chronicle* knows of an easy way out. Negroes should simply be "perpetually barred from political office." If it is impossible to do this by law, why, let the negro "bar himself in perpetuity from office," being convinced that by so doing he will be "better off."

Correction of an old abuse is attempted by the bill for the construction of a reservoir on the San Carlos Indian reservation in Arizona, and for the bringing of suit for an adjudication of the claims along the Gila River to determine the rights of the Pima Indians and others. The Pimas had been entitled to sufficient water for working the soil. But in this case, as in so many other cases, the assumption of guardianship by the United States resulted in the loss by the Indians of old rights without the obtaining of new ones. For several years the waters of the Gila have been appropriated by settlers living above the reservation. To such an extent was this injustice carried that these Indians were reduced to poverty, and the Government had to aid them temporarily. But this was to substitute charity for justice, and the friends of these red men have been exerting themselves to restore to our wards their undoubted rights. An investigation by army engineers demonstrated that the project of a reservoir was feasible, and those interested in the protection of Indians should urge their Congressman to support the bill to put this plan into effect.

The United States has long held a position unpleasantly unique among the greater nations owing to the lack of a central repository for our archives. According to the recent convention of the American Library Association in Washington, however, concern upon this head is no longer confined to bibliophiles, but is spreading fast among Government officials. While the campaign for something like the British Public Record Office goes on, our manuscripts—as Professor Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution, lamented—rot in cellars, dry to a crisp under roofs, disappear from unkempt shelves, and merge into confusion in warehouses. The rent for storing them would pay interest on the capital needed for a building; while the officials of the Treasury, the Land Office, the Pension Office, and others will soon be crowded from their quarters by their documents. Papers on a wide variety of subjects cannot be found without a special guide and endless patience. In the basement of the Corcoran Art Gallery is a "body of Government records so stored that in a dry season they can be consulted by any person wearing rubber overshoes, and in a wet season are accessible by means of some old shutters laid on the basement floor." A conflagration, we have been recently reminded by official reports, might at any time cause the Government to lose several times the cost of a fireproof archive building. In Great Britain the first suggestion for such a repository, made in 1616, bore fruit in 1838; it is to be hoped that we may obtain the building before 2125!

Coming from such exceptional authority as Dr. Charles Mayo and Dr. John B. Deaver, the statement that too many surgical operations are performed without sufficient cause will undoubtedly have its effect on the attitude of surgeons and patients alike. It will also be seized upon by persons in the peculiar state of mind which believes in medical Trusts and doctors' conspiracies. The fact that too many unnecessary operations are undertaken is in itself a tribute to the high development of the surgeon's art. It shows that the old horror of the knife has passed with the vast improvement in the technique of the surgical worker, and the development of anæsthesia and asepsis. In the case of appendicitis, for instance, it is true that the ailment will frequently yield to conservative medical treatment. But there must be many people who prefer the short and definite application of the knife to a prolonged course of treatment with its attendant trouble and anxieties. It is also true that though there may be a good many ill-qualified surgeons at work today, the patient who submits to an operation is much more careful in picking out his surgeon than he would be in selecting his general practitioner.

"Probably the most radical suggestion yet made," says an Associated Press dispatch, referring to the annual meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, "is that the public welfare would be conserved if every man, woman, and child were to be subjected to a compulsory examination as to physical fitness once in very year." In just what form the "suggestion" was made does not appear. The context refers to "recommendations" made by the Association; but we cannot believe that it gave anything like a formal endorsement to the "suggestion" of a policy so radical. We feel fairly confident that a careful consideration of its merits would bring the result which befell a resolution offered at the recent convention of the American Medico-Psychological Association, recommending the enactment of laws requiring a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind before the issuance of a marriage license. Though this resolution had been proposed by the Council of the Association, it was subjected to a vigorous onslaught at the meeting, and was overwhelmingly defeated.

In the first Canadian Provincial election where prohibition was the chief issue, the temperance forces have been defeated. In the Ontario contest on Monday the Government, which stood against the measure, won a marked victory. Minor party contentions entered into the campaign. Tax reform and woman's suffrage had been endorsed by the Liberals, and the bi-lingual school question had attracted some attention. So salient, however, was the temperance question that party lines were utterly broken in many districts; and it was admitted by both sides that upon the election hung the possibility of a Dominion-wide prohibition fight in the near future. Now the movement is likely to be confined to local-option lines, where Conservatives and Liberals alike have supported it. Under the Conservative Administration, 1,214 bars have already been expelled from Ontario. No clear index of national party strength is afforded by the election, but it cannot fail to encourage the Conservatives in the coming general elections.

INTRIGUERS AND MEXICO.

The New York *Herald's* revelations, by means of stolen letters, in regard to the activities behind the scenes of the Mexican revolution of certain large business interests, hardly come as a surprise. That the large groups of foreign capitalists interested have been watching every move and have tried to bring pressure to bear on one side or the other, has been as notorious as it was natural. At bottom, the revolt which placed Madero in the Presidential chair was a protest against the exploitation of the republic by contending capitalistic forces and the absorption of the land by a few magnates. The illiterate peon, who has been food for the cannon since the beginning of the Madero revolution, has not, of course, been able to define the feeling of injustice within him. Those who have been in the "States," or had relatives here, have known that there are people living under superior conditions, obtaining simple justice in the courts, and having the opportunity to obtain better chances for their children. So they and multitudes who know nothing about American conditions have risen blindly—too often to be only the hapless pawns of great forces of which they were wholly ignorant.

Something of the methods of certain of these forces is revealed by the *Herald*. We have the familiar Washington representative in Capt. Sherburne G. Hopkins, long an adviser of revolutions in South and Central America, and so popular with those financially interested in Mexico as to be able to boast of declining "offer after offer of retainers" in order to be loyal to his employer, Mr. Henry Clay Pierce. The latter's adventures with the courts of several States, in connection with the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, can hardly have been forgotten. Capt. Hopkins's patriotic soul—like his retainer—makes him the champion of the American oil interests as against the British headed by Lord Cowdray. To Capt. Hopkins anything connected with Cowdray was anathema, after a visit to Madero (his fee for this was $2,000 in gold, paid by Mr. Pierce) to induce the late President to expel from the directorate of the National Railways of Mexico certain enemies of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Pierce's motives were, of course, of the best. As explained by Capt. Hopkins in a letter to Gen. Carranza, if it had not been for Mr. Pierce, these enemies "would have robbed the lines in the most outrageous manner." To Carranza, be it noted, Capt. Hopkins made no concealment that he was in the pay of Mr. Pierce, and in his behalf he urged Carranza to reorganize the National Railways in his possession in the northern States, "as a separate system, apart and distinct from the lines in the possession of the Huerta Government."

Rapidly, Capt. Hopkins rose to a place in Carranza's confidence, in which he not only obtained the appointment of "his friend, Mr. Pani," to take charge of the railways, but became apparently an important adviser to the First Chief. Unfortunately for the Pierce-Hopkins railway plans, Gen. Villa refused to permit Mr. Pani to take hold; there are still other evidences that the friction between the two leaders may have had an origin in some such business transaction. Meanwhile, Capt. Hopkins was busy influencing the American press to point out that the three Huerta delegates to the Mediation Conference were all agents of Lord Cowdray, one being said to be his personal counsel. When we add that during all this time Mr. Pierce was paying money to at least one Carranza representative, and, if he is to be believed, Capt. Hopkins was having long and private conversations with John Lind, it must be apparent that there was enough going on to satisfy any conspirator and wholly to warrant various plaintive appeals from Capt. Hopkins to Mr. Pierce for more money. Finally, it must not be overlooked that Charles R. Flint was also on hand, another gentleman with a rare talent for fishing in troubled foreign waters.

So far as they go, the *Herald's* revelations parallel what has happened in many similar cases. Mr. Pierce and those behind him have doubtless felt that, as heavy investors in the Mexican Railways, they were entitled to do something to preserve what is left of the property. Nor has the *Herald* as yet established the payment of any money to Carranza himself, or produced any specific proof of its contention that the whole revolution is merely a clash of oil interests. The most important matter for the Wilson Administration is the picture of John Lind in conference with Capt. Hopkins as late as April 30, the latter quoting Lind by wire to Carranza the next day as being "opposed to compromise"—that is, being opposed to Carranza's joining in the mediation proceeding with a view to putting an end to Mexico's troubles. Should this be substantiated it would expose Mr. Lind to a charge of disloyalty to the Wilson Administration, to say nothing of the embarrassment in which it puts the latter. Capt. Hopkins also quoted Mr. Lind as asserting that Mr. Wilson "hesitated to raise the embargo [on arms] at this time while mediation negotiations were pending," but that he, Lind, could give assurances that if arms were taken in by schooners from Cuba, "no obstacle would be placed in the way by Washington." This alone would seem to warrant Congressional inquiry, since it places the Wilson Administration in the position of playing fast and loose in the matter of importation of arms. Serious, too, is the proof that Capt. Hopkins, an American citizen, was daily urging Carranza to keep away from the mediation proceedings.

It is altogether a sordid picture thus presented of what is going on behind the scenes. At best it illustrates the extraordinary difficulties confronting those who would take sides in the Mexican controversy; they must always ask themselves whether they are not thereby supporting hidden forces of a more or less malign character. We have revealed to us anew how beset with obstacles is the task of the President, how long and difficult the way will be until the peon of Mexico is assured of just treatment.

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY.

There are undoubtedly serious political implications in the assassination of Francis Ferdinand, which occurred on Sunday in the capital of Bosnia, but it is the personal aspect of the tragedy which first makes appeal. This new blow to the aged Emperor, whose life was thought a few weeks ago to be nearing its end, evokes world-wide expressions of sympathy for a ruler whose long reign has brought him almost unprecedented personal bereavements. The murdered Crown Prince had for some time past been active in the work of government. He was in this way visibly in preparation for his accession to the throne; and also had the motive of relieving Francis Joseph of some of the cares of state. Ferdinand was of strong and energetic nature, and Austria had looked forward to his becoming Emperor, confident that the transition would be made without shock, and that the administration of affairs would be in able hands. That outlook is now changed. The new heir apparent is a young and untried archduke, Charles Francis, who is said, however, to be democratic in bearing and popular. The old Emperor will doubtless make an effort to keep the reins in his hands as long and as firmly as possible, but it is evident that Austria will have to face trials of a sort to test her strength and her international policy.

For the causes of the assassins' mad determination can by no means be ignored.

They were not of the ordinary "crank" class, these boyish murderers, but felt themselves the instruments of their country's vengeance. Whether Servians or Bosnians, they had been bred to think of Austria as a national enemy and oppressor. Friction between the Austrian authorities and the Bosnians had been for some time severe. Only a little while ago the Government was confronted with a strike of the Serb students at Mostar in Herzegovina. Their complaint was that a Government professor had made violent attacks upon the Servians. These students were expelled; but thereupon their fellows throughout the two provinces struck in sympathy, and all the efforts of the Government had not, at last accounts, been able to make them return to their schools. From this clash alone, it is possible, the impulse to Sunday's tragedy may have been derived. All accounts agree that the relations have been bad between the Austrians and the inhabitants of the two provinces of which Austria undertook the protectorate under the Treaty of Berlin, and which she later coolly annexed, despite warm protests from Great Britain. It is now evident that she annexed not only territory, but race hatred and a lurking spirit of assassination.

This ill will has obviously been intensified by events connected with the latest Balkan war. Throughout, Austria's motives were violently suspected by the Servians, and the mobilization of her army on the Servian frontier gave great offence. In the diplomatic negotiations which followed the war, it was believed that Austria had designs on Servian as well as Albanian territory, and that she was determined to push on to the East at every opportunity. And the display of her military power in Bosnia seems not to have had the effect of over-awing so much as enraging. It was to attend Austrian manœuvres on the Servian frontier that Francis Ferdinand was on his way. The occasion was plainly seized for elaborate plots against his life, the first of which failed, but the second was deadly. There is no indication that the shots were fired at the Archduke as a ruler personally offensive; only, he typified the Government.

Such efforts to temper tyranny by assassination—we now speak, of course, from the point of view of the perpetrators of the crime—are almost always futile. This lies in the nature of the case. Governments cannot yield to terrorism. And there is no good reason for believing that Austria will be deflected from the general line of policy and of Imperial development which she has been pursuing. The Austro-Hungarian Empire has been for fifty years the subject of more mistaken prophecies than any country in Europe. It has belonged to the class of what used to be called in Italy the *attendibili*—the "watched-over." Outsiders were watching Austria to see when the inevitable process of her breaking-up was to begin. Charles Sumner was positive, more than a generation ago, that the thing could not be long delayed. He called Austria merely "a geographical expression." But the Empire still stayed on the map. It even grew larger and more powerful and apparently more stable. At one time it was supposed that Pan-Germanism would prove a dissolvent. Early in Kaiser William's reign there was much talk of the predominantly German provinces of Austria gravitating to Berlin. But all this has long since dropped below the horizon. We hear much more at present of Pan-Slavism than we do of Pan-Germanism. And the real concern of European Chancelleries, in the presence of this Austrian tragedy, is more with personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna, than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit; more, above all, with the race jealousies and conflicts beyond the Austrian frontier, and with the renewed tension between Greece and Turkey, than with any thought that Bosnia will make a serious attempt to rise against Austrian rule.

THE DEMON CAPITAL.

"At no time have the privileged few had such an effective scheme for living on the labor of the many," said Prof. Scott Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his testimony before the Industrial Relations Commission a few days ago. He had been giving figures relating to the cotton industry in Massachusetts:

> The total income derived from the cotton industry in Massachusetts last year added $81,000,000 in value to raw cotton. The salaries to officials totalled $2,500,000. The salaries to wage-earners amounted to $51,000,000. There is nearly $30,000,000 remaining.
>
> A small part goes to machinery and repairs. A large part to rentals and dividends. Of the $81,000,000 the people who did the work got only about five-eighths, and the other three-eighths went some place else.

What the nature of that "some place else" is, in his judgment, Professor Nearing indicated with sufficient plainness in the remarks above quoted, and in other expressions of similar tenor; "the people who hold mortgages and stock certificates and flaunt them before the eyes of civilization" are an abomination in his sight.

It is not, however, the condition of Professor Nearing's mind that concerns us. What gives interest to his talk is that it is typical of a great deal that passes current nowadays among persons of intelligence and education. Mr. Nearing himself, being a professor of economics, is doubtless perfectly aware of the actual function of private capital, of the nature of the part that it has played in the upbuilding of industry, and is still playing in its maintenance. It is to be presumed that he chooses deliberately to sweep all this aside, and to talk as though it did not exist. Probably he honestly believes that the time has come to kick down the ladder by which we have climbed, however useful it may have been in its day. If he thinks that private capital, or profits upon private capital, ought to be abolished, he has an unquestionable right to that opinion. It is not with his conclusion that we are quarrelling, however erroneous we may regard it; it is with his misleading presentation of the facts.

That there should be no such thing as interest on capital is a tenable proposition; but that the interest which capital has actually been drawing has been mere robbery, mere exploitation of the workers, is sheer nonsense. It is conceivable that the world might have devised better methods of building up and sustaining industry; but as a matter of actual fact, certain individuals have been induced to do this by the prospect of a special reward. The reward may be too great; it is even possible that by some kind of collective action there might have been furnished an equally effective provision of the machinery of industry and of the wherewithal for its prosecution during the period intervening between the beginning of the process and its consummation. To compare these possibilities is a legitimate employment of human reason. But to talk as though the persons who have, in point of fact, supplied to the world an absolutely indispensable element of its productivity, were mere parasites living on other people's labor, is not to use reason but to throw it to the winds. The emolument that goes to those who accumulate capital and apply it to the uses of industry is determined by the same kind of competitive struggle—the same kind of adjustment of supply to demand—that determines the reward of organizing ability, of professional skill, of any of the acts of men that are required for the satisfaction of the world's needs. If the service of capital can be obtained on better terms, and without evil consequences which outweigh the gain, well and good; but the world has not as yet seen its way to such a condition of

things. And until then it is not a matter of opinion, but a bare matter of fact, that private capital, whether from an ideal standpoint rewarded too much or too little or just enough, is not a worthless parasite, but an indispensable servant of the general good.

In comparison with this fundamental vice, other features of this kind of talk are of minor consequence. Yet it is of a piece with the looseness of the central idea that the people who indulge in these tirades always talk of the owners of capital as a "privileged few," and convey the impression that the opportunity to own capital is a limited affair, open only to members of some exclusive caste. That there are billions of dollars in savings banks, owned by millions of small holders, and invested in the country's enterprises; that there are other billions held directly by small stockholders; that insurance companies and building and loan associations account for another great mass of small holdings; that there are hundreds of thousands of small business enterprises—all this goes for naught, though it is matter of common knowledge.

SOCIALISTS AND REBELS.

The extremely readable letters from Mexico in *Collier's* are not written by "yours for the revolution, Jack London," but by plain "Jack London." The flaming challenge of the first signature would not only be inappropriate in a magazine of general circulation, but would be quite out of tune with the context which savors strongly of the individualistic, capitalistic, fiercely competitive spirit of the world that knew not the gospel of Karl Marx. Take Jack London's latest instalment. The very title is a sneer at the mollycoddle and the sentimentalist: "Our Adventurers in Tampico." The allusion is unmistakably to President Wilson's remarks about the nondescript type of citizen who has tied us up with Mexican affairs. The text elaborates on the title:

> I began to gather statistics of the pernicious activities of our American adventurers. One company alone had two roofed concrete tanks holding 1,250,000 barrels, along with 120 steel tanks holding 55,000 barrels each. Since a steel tank costs 30,000 pesos, the cost of 120 steel tanks would total 3,600,000 pesos. At the rate of exchange prior to Mexico's present troubles this investment in mere steel-tank equipment means 1,800,000 American gold dollars. When it is considered that this is but part of the one item of the oil-storage equipment of one company, and that there are many other equally expensive items of equipment, the grand total of the equipment of the many companies is vaguely adumbrated.

Thus might write an agent of the wicked National Manufacturers' Association or an emissary of Wall Street; but that an eminent apostle of red revolution should audibly be licking his chops over millions of gold dollars, of wealth wrested from its rightful owner, the Mexican peon, by the predatory ministers of international capital, is somewhat disconcerting. And again:

> The Dutch, up above Pánuco, have got an ornery eight-inch hole, nothing to look at, but it can throw 185,000 barrels a day when it ain't pinched down. Figure it up. Say oil at 50 cents a barrel; that makes $90,000 gold a day; in ten days $900,000; in a hundred days $9,000,000; in a year, allowing 65 days for delays and accidents, $27,000,000—and that's gold, United States gold coin, with the eagle and the Indian.

Thus Col. Sellers might have gloated, but Jack London! Can it be that the unregenerate Adam of Klondike adventure and of the splendid virtues of the prize-ring is alive in the best known of our literary revolutionists, ready to bob up whenever the matter directly in hand is not a treatise on the war of the classes?

Try as one may, it is impossible to imagine the Jack London of the primitive passions and virtues fitting into any neat scheme of economic determinism which shall iron out the aspect of society into that uniformity against which the individual temper rebels. It is hard to fancy Jack London under a rigorous State Socialism of the type that Herbert Spencer feared. But then it must be recalled that the author of "Before Adam" signs himself "yours for the revolution," and not "yours for the coöperative commonwealth." Revolution calls up all the virtues of stress and combat. A social upset holds out a promise beside which the perils of the icy trail and the call of the prize-ring pale into insignificance. It is this double aspect of the Socialist movement that accounts for the presence in its ranks of the restless spirits side by side with the doctrinaires of economic determinism. There is time enough for worrying over the constructive problems of the Industrial Commonwealth. For the moment, there is a great deal to be done in the way of clearing the ground. Whatever may be the differences of belief which the rebuilders of society may have to contend with ultimately, at present there is a common basis in Socialism for social rebels of every shade, the Marxist, the Syndicalist, the Anarchist, the ultra-feminist, and even the Futurist.

Yet a social and political movement cannot remain fast bound to original principles and unaffected by the character of its votaries. A creed is converted by its converts. To-day the Socialist movement in this country is plainly showing the influence of the rebel element, which is rather against things as they are than for any clear-cut scheme of social reconstruction. The I. W. W. movement, with its blending of Socialism and Anarchism, represents most clearly this factor of emphasis on revolution rather than on reconstruction. The individualists of art, of literature, of sex-liberty are doing their share in giving an impress to the popular conception of Socialism. Not that there is reason to suppose Socialist tramp poets and Socialist practitioners of Cubism will prove any more incongruous an element in the firmly organized Socialist Commonwealth than Plato feared they would be in his ideal republic. Even now the old-line Socialists find themselves badly embarrassed by their ultra-individualist allies; and it may be that this country will repeat the experience of Europe, where the ultra-revolutionary type of Syndicalism seems to be on the wane. The struggle between the two elements in the Socialist movement is already acute.

THE THEATRE FOR AMUSEMENT.

In one of those farewell addresses to their countrymen which play-brokers and play-producers are accustomed to deliver to the ship news reporters from the deck of the Imperator or the Lusitania, it was announced some days ago that the outlook for the theatre of ideas for next year was poorer than ever. The reason was moving pictures. The canvas-sheet drama has done more than compete with the theatre of three dimensions. It has imposed its standards upon the regular theatre. The "movies" have educated the public to swift action, with a minimum of text and no ideas to speak of. If the legitimate stage is to survive, it must imitate the movies, since the only form of competition that presents itself to the commercial manager's mind is imitation. Whirlwind is the adjective of the future—whirlwind farce, whirlwind melodrama, whirlwind sentiment, and, better still, a whirlwind mixture of all three. The managers are at one with Faust in asserting that in the beginning was not the word or the thought, but the deed, or, as we spell it now, the "punch."

The meagre showing of the past season in the way of serious drama stirs Mr. W. P. Eaton to solemn reflection in the *American Magazine*. What has become, Mr. Eaton asks, of the buoyant hope of an American drama of ideas which the early 'nineties cherished under the stimulus of a first contact with Ibsen? Foreign students and prac-

titioners of the theatre flattered us with a glorious future when the tremendous realities of life that were working themselves out on an unparalleled scale in our busy democracy should find reflection on the stage. The realities are here in a thousand forms; the serious problems of social and industrial democracy have been forced on our attention, but they have scarcely been mirrored on the stage, if we exclude the meretricious crime-and-vice drama of questionable realism and utterly worthless motive. Mr. Eaton is compelled to find what consolation he can in the familiar answer that one of the most real of realities is the human longing for romance, for adventure, for the story above the idea or the lesson.

The easiest and the safest way to explain the rule of fashions in the drama is not to explain them at all, but to accept them for what they are—the product largely of whim and accident. The explanation from the movies will not hold. Many of the successes of the last season were not whirlwind in any sense. Plays like "Potash and Perlmutter"—which London has accepted as gladly as New York did—and "Peg o' My Heart" and "Grumpy" and "Kitty MacKay" have little of the cinematograph appeal about them, though their appeal is elemental enough. The demand is rather for pure gayety and simple sentiment.

If Mr. Eaton wonders why we should insist upon being gay in the theatre when in so many other departments of life we are tremendously serious, it may be because he assumes too evident a connection between life and the theatre. That is, the connection is there, but it may show itself in a form totally opposite to what one would expect. After all, why should the merrie England of Shakespeare, the England of sturdy yeomen and Drake and the Armada, have taken pleasure in the gory tragedies of the Elizabethan stage? Possibly because the English theatre-goer of Shakespeare's time was a robust, care-free, happy individual, he found the grisly horrors of the stage a stimulating change. This explanation gives us just as much connection between the drama and life as if we had to explain an Elizabethan drama exclusively made up of hilarious farce. Naturally, we should have argued then that a robust and joyous populace insisted on robust laughter and slapsticks of the stage.

If then the season of 1913-14 on the stage has been one of knockabout farce and light sentiment, while the season of 1913-14 in American life has been one of business depression, I. W. W. demonstrations, child-labor agitation, minimum wage agitation, and tenement-house improvement agitation, the connection may still be present. It may be that people have gone to the theatre to forget the problems of the day. It may be that we are gay at the present moment as people were gay on the eve of the French Revolution. But in any case it is well to admit that the problems of life are not always literally translated into the drama. Next year may very well bring good times, a cessation of labor trouble, a general feeling of contentment and well-being, and a play chockful of ideas and social criticism.

VARIETIES OF BOOK-REVIEWING.

In the *Yale Review* Bliss Perry writes of "Literary Criticism in America," with a survey which leaves in relief the conclusion, put in 1905 by Henry James, that America "presents production uncontrolled, untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world." To this Professor Perry relates the fact that our literary advertisements, from that puffing Hall Caine's "masterpiece" as "a book which will take its place with the great classics in literature" to that of "the greatest magazine the world has ever seen," are not merely uncritical, but uncandid to the point of dishonesty. This relation is to him largely one of effect and cause. But the two conditions seem rather twin than child and parent. The reason why criticism is shallow is also the reason why literary advertising is disingenuous and exaggerated. It lies in the application of two rough forces—journalism and advertising—to a field which ideally should be reserved to select and informed minds. New books in a vast torrent require wide comment, and a publicity based on it. Those who emphasize the resultant evils fail to realize how apart criticism should be from the lower reaches of journalism and commerce. They ask why the newspapers cannot do for books what they do for news.

There are various reasons why the ordinary daily paper will never produce elevated nd trustworthy literary criticism. Too often it is allotted to the apprentice hand. Mr. Howells has expatiated with melancholy humor on the enthusiastic praises with which the young reviewer makes author and publisher alike tingle, and on the cruelties of which he is sometimes capable. Another disability of journalistic book-reviewing is its clannishness. Just as groups of men held together by a common bond of sympathy tend to exalt their own literary efforts, groups of critics cry up what appeals to their bias. Arnold remarked of Burns that, while Scotch drinking, religion, and manners often made a harsh, sordid, and repulsive world, it was so familiar that the Scotch "had a tenderness for it"; so in a criticism sufficiently broadcast the publisher can always discover reviewers whose personal chord is touched. But it is only in the select jury that we are sure of the intellecual detachment which is the basis of sound erdicts. Furthermore, if we divide books oughly as instructive, amusing, charming, or elevating, it is the second and third classes—by far the largest—that are worst written about. Standards of what amuses must always vary widely among the popular tribe of critics. Books like Doyle's detective stories will always be spoken of by some in the same terms that others use of Dickens and Dumas. All things consi ered, it is clear that sound appraisal of books will for some time remain within a small circle of reviewing periodicals.

The difficulty lies in getting the publisher to recognize this fact and to encourage sincere criticism. He is not to be blamed for the scamped work with which many periodicals are content; but ought he to seek to push his business by means of it? Sooner or later, it will be admitted that the multiplication of contradictory and empty notices only puzzles and disgusts the public. Especial measures should be taken against the open puff—often a very boomerang. The present beating of tom-toms over any given book as if it were the greatest ever published only induces the reader to stand on his own judgment. Advertising currency should be given to sound criticism, whether wholly favorable or not. The verdicts need not be unanimous; and one of the greatest benefits publishers could reap from critical keenness and frankness would be the freshening effect of controversy. Many books might benefit from the differences of opinon they aroused.

The importance of the whole matter does not lie on the surface. Just as the goal of the honest reviewer is to *form* the reader and the future writer, not merely to guide them in one instance, so the publisher should perceive that the effect of a single good review may extend to the purchase of scores of volumes to come. We may well doubt that misleading advertising is the cause of a wide critical demoralization "in creating an atmosphere highly unfavorable to accuracy of judgment and honesty of record." But no one can doubt that advertising may help perpetuate bad criticism.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NATIONALIST ARMY—MUTUAL ADMIRATION IN IRELAND—PARADOXICAL MEANS OF PEACE.

LONDON, June 22.

The recruiting of volunteers in Ulster, pledged to prevent Home Rule or to make it unworkable if carried, was generally interpreted as a grave menace to peace. That being so, one might assume that the recruiting of an opposition force, equally determined that Home Rule should come, would bring armed conflict nearer. On the contrary, it has largely increased the probability of an amicable solution.

A humorist might explain the paradox by reminding us that this is a question, not of England, or of America, but of Ireland—a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland country, where the operation of the law of cause and effect is suspended, and where things are most firmly established by being turned topsy-turvy.

But there are reasons, after all, for this surprising conclusion. In the first place, the sudden and rapid spread of the Irish Volunteer movement has revealed to the Unionists the real situation in Ireland. They have been declaring, and doubtless sincerely believing, that in recent years the demand for Home Rule was a manufactured and artificial agitation. All the Irish grievances that amounted to anything had been redressed by land reforms. The Nationalist provinces would really be quite willing to accept the *status quo* if politicians would let them alone. Building on this comfortable assurance, the Unionists had persuaded themselves that Ulster was the only factor in the problem that mattered.

They have now had a glimpse of the task that would confront them if a general election brought their own party into power. They have discovered that the desire for Home Rule was not dead, but simply that its expression was held back by marvellous self-control. If the present Government has been worried by the difficulty in pacifying Ulster, a Unionist Government would have the rest of Ireland to pacify. The dramatic appearance of this territorial army cannot be attributed to the wire-pulling of John Redmond and Joe Devlin. There has been no such national uprising since 1780. Lord Dunraven calls attention to "the most remarkable fact" that this movement "has arisen without regular financial assistance, encouragement of prominent leaders of opinion, or the assistance or control of any preëxisting political or other organization of any kind," but is "the spontaneous exhibition of a national sentiment superior to, though not obliterating, all minor considerations." Unlike the Ulster Volunteer movement, it has received no help from English money. The Ulster Volunteers were called into existence by the Ulster members, and have been disciplined and led by them. The Irish Volunteers have grown from the bottom upwards, not from the top downwards. Professor Kettle has truly described the movement as "the anonymous impulse of a whole people."

The Unionist leaders in England are, of course, very angry at this change in the situation. While still approving and eulogizing the Carsonites, they condemn the enlistment of the Irish volunteers as an outrage. Their theory is that the Ulster Volunteer movement is justifiable because its object is the maintenance of the existing system of Government, whereas the rival organization is unjustifiable because it is attempting to bring about a change. But their suggestion that the existing order is in itself sacrosanct is a constitutional doctrine that will find few intelligent supporters in cold blood. If there is any outstanding distinction between the two bodies of Volunteers, it is that the Ulstermen have armed themselves in order to coerce the Imperial Parliament, while the others have taken arms in order to come to the assistance of that Parliament, against a menace of rebellion.

Whatever they may say, however, the English Unionist leaders will be compelled by this revelation of Irish feeling to seek a more pacific course than they have lately been pursuing. In Ireland itself the Nationalist uprising is working in a rather different way, but towards the same result. Instead of alienating the two parties more bitterly, it is creating a new bond of sympathy between them. In the House of Commons the other night the Chief Secretary said that, after spending ten days in Ulster, where he had conversed with people of all kinds, the one thing borne home to him was what a genius the Irish people had, not only for hating, but for admiring one another. This remark was provoked by an ejaculation of Sir Edward Carson's that he was "delighted" at the existence of the Irish Volunteers. The recent gun-running expedition of the Ulster Volunteers, Mr. Birrell continued, had excited almost as much admiration among the Roman Catholic Nationalists as among the most pious Protestants of the Ulster Volunteers. And a great many people who were strongly opposed to Home Rule took a real pride in the fact that among the Irish National Volunteers there were so many old soldiers ready for action and so many of the finest and best of the young men of the South and West of Ireland. Mr. Birrell's account of the situation is confirmed by the fact that the Ulster and Irish Volunteers are accustomed to exchange salutes when they meet. And Englishmen visiting Ireland have been openly told by Irish Volunteers that, if the Ulster Volunteers were to come into collision with British soldiers, they would go to the assistance of the Ulstermen. This helps to explain why John Redmond and the Nationalist M.P.'s used their influence to prevent any Government prosecution of the Ulster gun-runners. They knew, no doubt, of the sympathy this exploit had aroused among Nationalists. What it all amounts to is that the two sections of the Irish people are finding out that they have more in common with each other than either of them has with England. Ulster's contempt for Nationalist Ireland is disappearing through the discovery that Nationalists, too, are ready to take up arms in defence of what they believe to be their rights. And the Nationalists, with their inveterate tradition of being "ag'in' the Government," feel a warming of the heart towards their Ulster brethren for flinging down such a challenge to British authority.

The commander-in-chief of the Irish Volunteers, Col. Maurice G. Moore, C.B., has not previously taken an active part in any political movement. He is the head of an old Irish Roman Catholic family in County Mayo, and is a brother of George Moore, the novelist. His chief assistants in organizing the Volunteers are civilians. Sir Roger Casement, an Ulster Protestant, is famous for his courageous exposure of the Putumayo atrocities, and has had an honorable career in the consular service. He is said to be so ardent a Nationalist that he smokes Irish cigarettes. Prof. J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P., of the National University of Ireland, is one of the leading authorities on the constitutional law of the United Kingdom. Another professor, T. M. Kettle, who holds the chair of economics in the same university, is an ex-M.P., and one of the most brilliant of even Irish journalists.

The body of men who have responded to the call of these leaders has rapidly outstripped the Ulster Volunteers in numbers. Its enlistment has increased lately at the rate of 15,000 a week. It has received offers of help from a large number of ex-officers of the British Army, and already 1,000 former non-commissioned officers are drilling its recruits. Of the enlisted men themselves a large proportion are old soldiers—as many as 30 per cent. in garrison towns like Enniskillen and Derry. An odd feature is that the largest number of Irish Volunteers in any single county is in one of the Ulster counties—Donegal.

This new and unexpected turn in Irish affairs dates from the Curragh incident. Lord Roberts's doctrine that it was "unthinkable" for the forces of the Crown to be used to uphold a Home Rule act against the forcible resistance of Ulster made it necessary, the Nationalists believed, to correct the pressure of Ulster's force upon Parliament by exerting counter-pressure of the same kind. It is now perfectly clear, if it never was before, that no "conversations" or other arrangements between the English political leaders will be worth anything without the approval of Ireland herself. It will be one of the ironies of history if the division of the country into two armed camps helps forward, in the end, the creation of a united Ireland.

H. W. H.

THE NEW TURKEY—VICISSITUDES OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE—PROGRESS SINCE THE BALKAN WAR.

PUBLIC

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 10.

Despite the interest that was aroused among Western peoples by the Young Turkish revolution of 1908, there are still many faces on which the mention of change and development in Turkish life would produce a skeptical smile. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Turkish history and Turkish life are very busy affairs. There are many more interesting things in the history of Turkey than mere wars.

Turkey, for instance, has been a melting-pot, far superior to America in quickness and thoroughness. The founders of the Turkish Empire were a mere fraction of a Turkish tribe that had left Central Asia on account of Mongolian invasions, and sought a new home in Asia Minor. These people, aggregating only a few hundreds, brought discipline and a sense of justice and safety into the small territory they acquired, while everything, both under Byzantine rule and under the rule of Mohammedan Seljuks in Asia Minor, at that time, was easy-going, corrupt, and unsafe. Furthermore, the Turkish rule afforded opportunities for the recognition and advancement of talent and merit in a very large measure. Talented people, men with ideas, were glad to gather under the Turkish flag to begin a new life.

To embrace Mohammedanism and to speak Turkish was all that was necessary to become a full member of the community. A man's origin was never asked, and the original founders of the empire enjoyed no distinction or privileges over the newcomers. The word "Turk" soon lost its ethnological meaning, and began to mean a citizen of Turkey who was a Mohammedan and who spoke Turkish. In a few generations, the Turks had become a mixed race which had received more blood from the population of Byzantium and more distant European countries than from the original stock.

The Turks of the sixteenth century and before were in many respects superior to the Europeans of their time. There was more intelligent and effective control in every detail of their life. While justice was a mere source of revenue for the European rulers, it was free in Turkey, and even the Sultan had to bow to its verdict. There were free schools of every grade, public libraries, free lodging-houses, and public kitchens for strangers and the poor. The Turks also excelled in some mechanical arts, notably, shipbuilding and founding.

After the sixteenth century, as a result of over-expansion, self-contentment caused by the excess of power, superiority, and success, and increasing love of luxury, at the expense of the old simplicity and discipline, decay set in in Turkey, while simultaneously a new era of centralization of power, development of industrialism, and experimental knowledge was dawning in Western Europe. The Turks, thoroughly convinced of their own perfection and superiority, as a result of their long career of success, remained for some time almost untouched by the industrial revolution and its far-reaching consequences. Their existence became more and more crystallized and coercive. Mohammedanism, that had been a progressive and civilizing influence in the earlier days, was now made a prop of ignorance and fanaticism.

Since the end of the seventeenth century almost every European observer who has written on Turkey has felt constrained to state that the end of Turkey was a matter of a few months only, and that the process of decay and destruction could not be long deferred or delayed. Time has again and again disproved these prophecies. In spite of her endless difficulties, and in spite of the fact that it is almost miraculous for an empire to exist for more than six and a half centuries on territories which are widely exposed to foreign aggression, filled with survivals of different ages and different epochs of culture, and populated by extremely heterogeneous elements, Turkey has come out from every crisis stronger than before. It is true that these crises have been accompanied by loss of territory, but that has simply meant a lessening of the imperial burden and an increase of opportunities of development for the remaining parts of the empire. Especially has this been the case since the population in the lost parts of Turkey was essentially non-Turkish.

The struggle for betterment and progress, which became more and more intensive, was at first headed by enlightened Sultans, in spite of the opposition of the lower classes. More than one Sultan was assassinated by reactionary mobs on account of activity in reform.

After the Crimean War of 1855, the movement for reform gained a popular character, and was at times a revolutionary movement, directed against the Crown, and aiming at the establishment of the most radical form of government existing in political theories.

The pressure for change was so great and the actual difficulties and obstacles so severe that the zealous patriots and reformers were impelled to seek relief only in extreme measures. It must be admitted, however, that they did more than mere agitating. They created a new and simple language, a new national literature, a new press; they attempted to popularize science and knowledge by giving free evening courses and founding free reading-rooms; they exposed in their articles, short stories, novels, and plays the shortcomings of the Turkish social system. In short, they succeeded in transforming the self-satisfied, contented mediæval community into one imbued, to a great extent, with restlessness, self-criticism, and desire for improvement.

In 1876, the efforts of the reformers seemed to be crowned with success. A liberal Constitution was proclaimed giving the people representative government. Sultan Abdul Hamid, who had obtained his throne by promising the reform party a Constitution, suspended this the next year temporarily, using the war with Russia as an excuse. After the war, the Constitution remained suspended. The reform leaders were exiled one after another, and a very efficient system was created to check ideas of reform and to maintain the absolute rule of the Sultan.

In 1908, at last, the Young Turkish activities resulted in an open revolution and in the establishment of a constitutional Government. The new Government had not received an enviable heritage from the old. The crisis did not, of course, mean a complete metamorphosis of the sad situation into one of harmony, wealth, and progress, as some of the Young Turks believed and hoped. It meant simply a comparatively free field of development to the potentialities in the people and in the country.

The political life was necessarily a picture of chaos and anarchy. The conditions were unsettled, and the leaders were in the making. As a result, bitter party rivalries, petty personal animosities, and short-sighted political dogmas and phrases filled the atmosphere. In spite of the tremendous changes it had caused in the social life, and the opportunities of development it had given to individuals, the constitutional change in Turkey was apparently hastening the end of the empire.

It was futile to preach harmony and political reconciliation so long as the sources of trouble continued to exist. In order to do away with them and to secure the survival of the empire, the burden checking its development had to be diminished and the social deficit resulting from it lessened.

That burden consisted primarily in the possession of parts of territory, like Macedonia, Albania, and Epirus, which were a storehouse of every imaginable kind of heterogeneity, and the people of which enjoyed trouble merely for the sake of it. No Turkish statesman would have had the courage, however, to suggest relinquishing any of these territories. An involuntary amputation was necessary to save the empire.

In the summer of 1912, the party of Union and Progress fell from power. The situation in the Empire, which was critical in itself, had gradually become worse and worse, as a result of the Italian war, the revolts in Albania, and the dissolution of the Parliament. The new Government believed literally the assurances of the great Powers regarding the maintenance of peace, dismissed thousands of trained soldiers, and began a long series of reforms by changing and disorganizing many things in the civil government, and especially in the army.

The country was caught unprepared when the four Balkan states declared war. With its prestige and self-confidence shaken, the party of Union and Progress, which had in its ranks the most ardent militarists and patriots, and which had always shown resourcefulness in times of danger, in the position of an opposition party, the new commanders out of touch with their soldiers and with conditions in the army, the war could not but end in a disastrous way for Turkey, so far as loss of territory was concerned.

Very soon, it was seen, however, that the outcome of the war was most fortunate for the future of Turkey. The loss of the provinces, populated by heterogeneous and troublesome elements, made her population relatively homogeneous, and rid her of constant sources of trouble and weakness.

Furthermore, the sweeping defeat proved that great changes and reforms were badly needed. The general appreciation of this fact gave undisputed power and control to the enlightened classes, at the expense of fanatics and the ignorant masses behind them.

A few years ago, when a translation of the Koran into Turkish was suggested, there was such an outcry of protest against it that the Young Turkish Government found it necessary to warn the press against publishing anything about the question of translation. Now, since the Balkan War, some few scholars have worked together and published a Turkish popular edition of the Koran. There was no opposition shown against it; on the contrary, the religious authorities publicly approved of this revolutionary step, and stated that a Mohammedan ought to understand his religion intelligently, and not be contented with mechanical observance of rites and forms.

In other respects, also, Mohammedanism experienced a remarkable renaissance after the war. Instead of remaining a prop of fanaticism and ignorance, it was made an intelligent basis of regeneration and solidarity. Those who were not satisfied with the new movement and with the attacks of the radical periodicals, no longer asked for Government or police interference, as they had previously done, but simply established periodicals of their own to defend their standpoint.

The new spirit of religious awakening gained so much ground within a year that those in power felt free to lay their hands upon some of the most blindly observed traditions. It was an old-established rule, for instance, to appoint to the high and important office of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, an old theologian of fame, for many years high in the hierarchy. The man appointed Sheikh-ul-Islam a few months ago, Hairi Bey, was neither old, nor did he belong to the religious hierarchy. He had studied some canon law, it is true, but he then gave it up, entered the law school, and, after completing his work there, became an employee of the Ministry of Justice. After the revolution he entered Parliament as a deputy from Konia, and later was appointed Minister for the Interior. Hairi Bey was known as a man of radical ideas, great activity and initiative, and good judgment. The fact that

there was no objection to his appointment, and that his activities in behalf of reform have been enthusiastically welcomed, is a remarkable index to the fundamental changes which have taken place in Turkey since the war.

One of the first reforms of Hairi Bey was to abolish the old system of mosque schools, which depended upon the ministry of pious foundations, and in which stupidity and inactivity had been virtues. Instead of them modern schools have been created as an auxiliary to the public-school system of the Empire. In the new mosque schools, as well as in other schools, more and more attention is given to physical education and sports. Many of the schools, including the different branches of the University, have a great variety of athletic organizations. "Race betterment" and "survival" have become words which attract public attention.

A national Boy Scout organization has been started, with the Minister of War as its honorary head. Foreign experts have been engaged for several years to direct the movement. The Turkish papers, which considered it beneath their dignity only two years ago to publish news of sport, now favor athletics in preference even to political news. Popular ideals regarding vocations have also entirely changed. Formerly a lucrative Government position was the most esteemed and desired branch of occupation. Now, instead of the easy-going dependence upon the Government, private initiative and self-aid have become popular virtues and ideals.

Books and Men

THE GREAT UNREAD.

The joke of the year, concerning books, has been about two chorus girls, one of whom asked the other what she should give Maude for Christmas. To the suggestion that she give a book, she quickly replied: "Oh, no, Maude's got a book!"

This has been repeated in mirth, in derision, and in sorrow by authors, publishers, teachers, literary critics, and all manner of folk. It has pointed many a doleful address and essay upon the great unread. Coupled with a publisher's remark that the average woman spends more on buttons than on books, and two or three revelations about "bookless libraries" and the gullibility of the victims of the *édition de luxe*, it has disclosed the indifference to books, or the ignorance of them, which characterizes so large a class.

Perhaps those whose daily work is with books, in one way or another, do not realize how large this class is. It used to be comfortably assumed that it consisted altogether of "immigrants" and other "ignorant" people. The discoveries of librarians in the foreign quarters of various cities have done much to destroy this notion. The reading of foreign-born citizens is not only so much more constant, but, on the whole, so thoughtful, that we can no longer smugly accuse the "immigrants" of being our unlettered class. As in Mr. Steffens's investigations of municipal corruption, the faults come home and perch at the doors of the native born.

The men—they can be found everywhere—who would as quickly wear an academic cap and gown to office as carry a book; the women who can keep awake all the afternoon and three-quarters of the night at bridge, but yawn after fifteen minutes with a book; the folk, in short, who think it "literary" and affected to be seen with a book at all—these form the illiterate group.

That discerning novelist, Mrs. Watts, has described one or two of them to a nicety. "Mrs. Jameson," she writes, in "Van Cleve," "was a large, vivid, extraordinarily corseted and high-heeled lady, about forty-five years of age, with the same kind of auburn hair as her daughter's, invariably arranged in the latest fashion, or even a little in advance of the latest fashion; and with a fondness for perfumery and for entire toilets in shades of purple—parasols, gloves, silk stockings, suède shoes, all elaborately matched, wherewith she might frequently be seen upon the streets, bearing herself with a kind of languid *chic*—the word she herself would have used."

Mrs. Jameson and her daughter, Paula, "lived at 'private' hotels or fashionable boarding houses, here and there, and went to the theatre a great deal; idling through the rest of their time in shopping, or having their hands manicured and hair dressed, or giving the French bulldog his bath, or yawning over the last lurid novel, with a box of chocolate drops, in the rocking-chairs of the roof-garden or lounge."

I am unable to get into a wrath with these amiable butterflies, although I know that they make it hard for me to own books, since they keep up the prices by refusing to buy. They would also keep me poor by neglecting to buy any learned book I might (for the sake of argument) be imagined to write. They are no more disagreeable, though far more numerous, than the extreme type of blue-stocking—the female "high-brow" of the comic papers. The latter comes in for any amount of derision, although she is as rare as the apteryx. Mrs. Jameson and Paula, on the other hand, duplicated to infinity, may be found sitting in rows on the verandas of all the summer hotels.

Mrs. Jameson, like the girl in the song, is more to be pitied than censured. She is laying up a stupid old age for herself, although she has the preventive against ennui advised by the Frenchman—cards. The escape, the freedom, the variety, the genuine pleasure and delicious fun that live in books—none of these are known to her.

Is it her fault altogether, or the fault of those who in the past have jealously guarded books, and built walls of different kinds about them? There are other ways of restricting books than by the chains of the old monastic libraries. The uninspired and forbidding teacher, the pedantic writer, the grubber for unessential facts—these and a dozen others have created not only the tradition, but the fact of dryness, in books. Through the heap of dust in which they would bury literature its humanity often has a struggle to emerge. Certainly, it has a hard time to attract the notice of the Mrs. Jamesons.

Is this a gloomy view? Perhaps it is. In the face of this cheerful advertisement, taken from a current journal, it must be admitted that there is hope—hope even for the rich. Here is the happy offer:

YOUNG WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS about books would like to form libraries of scarce books and first editions for people of means who know nothing about books, but are anxious to own a rare library. Please do not reply unless you have the desire and money for accomplishment of this object. Address, etc.

Another proverb—about there being no royal road to learning—goes overboard!

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE "ROLLING STONE."

For nearly fifteen years O. Henry lived in Austin, Tex. During 1894-1895 he edited in Austin an eight-page weekly newspaper called the *Rolling Stone*, which was widely praised by the State press as well as by humorous writers throughout the United States. John Kendrick Bangs and Bill Nye were particularly pleased with the paper, and the latter was a frequent contributor to it. Various specimen pages and extracts from the paper were collected by the late Harry Peyton Steger and published by Doubleday, Page & Company in 1912 as volume twelve of O. Henry's complete works under the title of "Rolling Stones." The book is interesting and valuable, but a careful examination of a complete file of the *Rolling Stone* shows that some of Mr. Steger's statements are misleading and brings to light new and important facts.

For several years and until the latter part of 1894, William Sidney Porter was teller of the now deceased First National Bank of Austin. In the early spring of 1894, a certain W. C. Brann, editor of the *Iconoclast*, moved to Waco, Tex., selling his paper to Porter for $250. When only two issues of the *Iconoclast* had appeared under Porter's editorship, Brann, who had decided to start a paper at Waco, asked for the name *Iconoclast*. Porter willingly surrendered it, and rechristened his weekly the *Rolling Stone*.

The *Rolling Stone* did not appear on March 5, 1894, as Mr. Steger says, on page 217 of his book. His statement involves an oversight, as the piece of which he is speaking, "Bexar Script No. 2692," was published May 5, 1894, in Volume I, Number 4, of the *Rolling Stone*. Volume I, Number 3, appeared April 28, 1894. It was a five-column sheet, thirteen by twenty inches, printed on cheap, dull paper. With the fourteenth number the sheet was reduced to quarto size, the five columns were changed to three wide columns, the inferior paper was replaced by glossy paper of a good quality, and the motto, "Out for the Moss," which had up to this time served as a sub-title, disappeared. With Volume I, Number 36, the sheet was enlarged to its original size, but the glossy paper and the three wide columns were retained. All of the issues of Volume II present the same general

appearance as Volume I, Number 36, except that they are printed on cheap, rough paper. The page called the "Plunkville Patriot," which was got up in imitation of a backwoods country newspaper, did not appear, as Mr. Steger says (p. ix), "each week, or at least with the regularity of the somewhat uncertain paper itself." It was evidently an evolution in fun-making; for it began only in Volume I, Number 29, October 27, 1894, when the *Rolling Stone* had lived more than half of its life. It was then published regularly in the remaining numbers of Volume I and in all the numbers of Volume II.

The first issue of the paper was prepared by Porter and his father-in-law, Mr. G. P. Roach, but it pretentiously purported to be the offspring of "The Rolling Stone Company, 113 East Seventh Street, Driskill Hotel Block." Soon afterwards, however, Dixie Daniels (now a dentist in Galveston) became business manager, and the offices of the publication were changed to Rooms 7 and 9, Bruegerhoff Building. In Volume II, No. 2, January 26, 1895, one reads that the paper is "edited by W. S. Porter and Henry Ryder-Taylor. Published simultaneously in Austin and San Antonio, Tex., every Saturday." In the editorial column of this same issue Porter announces that Mr. Ryder-Taylor ("No, not H. Rider Haggard") has accepted the position of local manager for San Antonio. Henceforth one page of the paper was devoted to articles and jokes written by Mr. Ryder-Taylor for the delectation of San Antonio people. The offices of publication were then 104 East Tenth Street, Austin, and 827 South Presa Street, San Antonio. In March, 1895, the *Rolling Stone* skipped two issues. In Volume II, No. 9, March 30, 1895, appeared a humorous apology for this temporary suspension of publication. (The apology has been printed in "Rolling Stones," p. 212.) And then, apologies over, Porter hopefully announced that Mr. Hec A. McEachin, of Austin, had been engaged as associate business manager, and would at once put the *Rolling Stone* on a firm financial basis. Despite this announcement, the paper discontinued publication with the twelfth issue, April 27, 1895.

That the *Rolling Stone* made heroic efforts to enlarge its subscription lists is seen from the fact that the first issue of 6,000 copies was distributed free. It also contained a double-column advertisement, which is incorrectly and incompletely reproduced on page 10 of "Rolling Stones." The part which is omitted reads as follows:

"Each number will contain Stories, Humorous Sketches [sic], Poems, Jokes, properly labelled, side-splitting references to the Mother-in-law, the goat, Governor Hogg, and the States of the weather and Texas."

The paper made thrilling pleas for agents in neighboring towns, varying the monotony by such notices as this:

"The *Rolling Stone* one year and half a dozen of Hill's best Cabinet Photographs for $2! Do you want photos of your wife, baby, brother, sister, of yourself, free? If not, let the cook have some taken."

Porter worked on the Houston *Post* from October, 1895, to July, 1896. Except for a few very brief visits, he was not again in Texas after July, 1896. With the death of the *Rolling Stone* and the termination of his work on the *Post*, Porter's connection with Texas and with the South may be said to have ended.

Hyder E. Rollins.

The University of Texas.

Risorgimento History

DECLINE OF MONARCHICAL PRESTIGE.

By William Roscoe Thayer.

I.

Recent history is proverbially uncertain, mainly because it often requires the lapse of a generation before the necessary material becomes accessible. In the case of our Civil War, however, memoirs of generals and political leaders began to appear soon after 1870, and by 1890 works of permanent authority, like Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" and Grant's memoirs, had been published.

In Italy, on the contrary, much important material concerning the struggle for independence was held back; but for some time past the Italian presses have poured out an increasing stream of books on every episode and, one might almost say, on nearly every man and woman of the Risorgimento. Documents have been edited; the correspondence and diaries of patriots and their adversaries have been published; recollections of eye-witnesses, or the reports of the stories their children heard them tell, have overflowed from the monthly and weekly magazines into Sunday supplements and the daily papers. Facsimiles of old illustrations have accompanied reprints of contemporary articles.

Besides the organization of the National Society for the History of the Risorgimento in 1906, there have sprung up historical societies in each province and in the principal cities; and these have been reinforced by the establishment of patriotic museums which preserve every conceivable relic. Milan cherishes old handkerchiefs on which the heroic Tazzoli scrawled in ooze from his wound messages to confederates outside his Mantuan prison; Rome treasures Garibaldi's military cloak; Turin shows Cavour's watch and chain and inkstand.

When you come upon Ugo Foscolo's faded brown beard in a glass case at the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, you may smile at the extravagance to which this passion for preserving sometimes leads; you are struck by the lack of perspective in some of the books printed and in the judgments passed; but you cannot fail to rejoice that this passion came upon the Italians while it was still time for them to rescue from oblivion the records of their national redemption. Future historians will thank the thousand eager collectors of to-day; and although the task of winnowing will be formidable, it cannot daunt them. Better too much than too little is the true historian's motto. Contemporaries can never tell what material posterity will hold indispensable. All the more reason, therefore, for accumulating as much as possible for posterity to choose from.

II.

However it may be in natural science, it does not always follow in history that the assemblers of historical material are the persons best fitted to sort, weigh, and edit; much less to achieve that very difficult synthesis which results in an historical work of high rank and vital significance. And this sufficiently explains why the present in Italy is a time of accumulation rather than of interpretation.

More attention is paid to Garibaldi and Mazzini than to any other Risorgimento characters. The admiration bestowed on both has reached the stage of idolatry, and idolatry does not conduce to a sober estimate of men or measures; but it has the merit of causing everything, no matter how trivial, connected with the idol, to be devoutly preserved. How far the Garibaldi cult has gone can be inferred from the following title of a book just published at Capua, "The Sublime Figures, Jesus and Garibaldi, in the History of Human Redemption: Historical Notices and Revelations, Sacred and Profane." Comment seems superfluous! Thus Garibaldi, who spent his life working to abolish the worship of saints and superstitions created by idolaters of ages long gone by, is himself become a demigod, wrapt in an aura of legend and superstition of his own.

Mazzini, too, is far on towards apotheosis. Long ago the Italian Government decreed that a complete edition of his works, including all his correspondence, should be published by the nation. At least seventy large volumes, perhaps one hundred, will rise as a monument to the Conspirator-Apostle.

Here is revenge, indeed! The exile whose letters for forty years passed surreptitiously from hand to hand, being excluded from the mails, will fill more bookshelves than does the Great Napoleon. Not many of those volumes are likely to be read half a century hence; but if, in 1970, some historical student should wish to search into the details of Mazzini's career, he will find ample material. The best of Mazzini, what we may call his message, can all be distilled into a fair-sized, precious octavo. Mazzini can never compete with Garibaldi in popularity. Comparatively few of his countrymen knew him personally. He did his work, perforce, behind closed doors, and not on romantic marches and amid spectacular battles, with the whole world looking on. The black waistcoat and black cravat-collar, which he wore from his youth till his death as a token of mourning for his country, made no such appeal to the eye as the Garibaldian red shirt. Nevertheless, he also is having his deification, during which it would be discourteous to ask for a serious, critical estimate of his methods, doctrines, or deeds. Meanwhile, every scrap of his writing and every reminiscence of persons who knew him, however slightly, are being garnered —to the obvious profit of future historians.

The carefully planned campaign for whitewashing Crispi, which opened a few years ago, will result in similar benefit to historical students, although the documents which have thus far been published by Crispi's apologists are not always free from signs of doctoring. They err in proving too much —in dwarfing everybody else in the Party of Revolution, even Garibaldi and Mazzini

—in order that Crispi may stand out as *the* colossus among pygmies. Eventually, these papers must come into the hands of dispassionate editors and be printed without partisan omissions or suggestions. Until that happens, an historian who knows the subject deeply can easily distinguish the doubtful from the reasonably sure portions; and he will be aided by the evidence for and against Crispi which is continually being released.

III.

Each generation judges the history of its predecessors by its own needs, prejudices, and ideals. The French Revolution has remained so *live*—it has, in truth, so monopolized modern French history—that it is fought over to-day by writers with almost as much fierceness as the actors in it displayed. The Restoration reduced it to one formula; the men of 1830 to another; the Revolutionists of 1848, catching up and emphasizing some of its tenets, made their startling though abortive experiment; with equal assurance the Communards of 1871 drew from it inspiration for their havoc. Taine wrote its history to warn his countrymen against looking upon it and going mad, as those did who stayed to look upon the Gorgon. Aulard, on the contrary, has recently described it as an event of great intrinsic beneficence, to which France may turn for guidance along the path of progress. So true is it that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," that, were a vegetarian party to spring up to-morrow and dominate France, it would not hesitate to assert that it derived its sanction from the men of 1789.

The Risorgimento is undergoing a somewhat similar transformation. Down to 1878, when Victor Emmanuel II died, the monarchical prestige prevailed, and only extremists denied that national unity had been won through the leadership of the House of Savoy. Garibaldi, in 1859 and again in 1860, openly announced that, although by preference a republican, he loyally accepted the King's authority. A little later, Crispi, till then one of the bitterest republican partisans, arraigned Mazzini for persisting in attempting to overthrow the monarchy. "The monarchy unites us," he wrote, "and the republic would divide us."

It followed quite naturally that the first crop of Risorgimento material was not only strongly tinged with monarchical ideals, but was also markedly monarchical in origin. The government published collections of official documents. Native and foreign historians had, logically, to designate Turin as the centre from which radiated the national movement. The death of Cavour, in 1861, while Italy was still incomplete, tended to spread broadcast and to fix the fact that the monarchy was indispensable. Every biography of him that appeared, however imperfect it was, owing to reserves imposed by prudence on the early biographers, confirmed this assumption. And as one after another of the men who helped to make Italy through the agency of the House of Savoy died, and their biographies and correspondence were printed, the monarchy was further exalted.

IV.

About twenty years ago, however, the output of Republican documents began to increase. The political control of Italy had already, in 1876, passed out of the hands of the Historic Right, the party which Cavour founded in 1852 and made the instrument of Italian independence. Thenceforward, Ministries were in part composed of ex-conspirators and Republicans—like Cairoli, Nicotera, Crispi—whose early careers, not less than the exploits of the associates of their youth, furnished topics for a thousand pens. Not merely the lives of individuals were written up, but the secrets of the Carbonaria and of Young Italy were disclosed. To have been a Revolutionist became a mark of special honor.

Mazzini's disciples collected with pious industry his correspondence, or reprinted his clandestine manifestoes and journals. The volume of Garibaldian material swelled from a brook to a stream, and from a stream to a river; and, as several thousand men had served under Garibaldi, and many of these had their own stories to tell, the river seemed at times to broaden into a freshet. What happened in the case of Mazzini and Garibaldi was repeated, to a smaller degree, in the case of the local leaders.

The local, or sectional, aspect added to the strength of the anti-monarchical propaganda; for the simple reason that it was chiefly members of the Party of Revolution who had carried on the patriotic agitation in the Two Sicilies and Rome and in Venice before 1859. As the constitutionalists migrated to Piedmont during the fifties, and became identified there with the Cavourian programme, so their work was merged in that of the monarchy.

Now, it appeared that every town had had its little nest of conspirator patriots, who labored at the peril of their lives; men and women who, whether wise or not, often sacrificed everything to their cause. Having trusted Mazzini's declaration that the Republic alone could redeem Italy, most of them had remained Republicans. Inevitably, therefore, when the records of these conspirators were published, the impression was created that it was the Revolution and not the monarchy which permeated the Peninsula with the regenerative doctrines, and had been the real creator of the united nation.

Sectional as well as partisan pride has had much to do in coloring both the testimony and the deductions drawn from it. The people of the south resented the imputation that they had not contributed at least an equal share with the people of the north. The Sicilians and the Neapolitans chafed at being governed, during the first years of their emancipation, by administrators sent from Piedmont. The Piedmontese found them not only not grateful, but unruly and rebellious. The memoirs and documents do not hide these sectional jealousies; on the contrary, their virulence attests their genuineness.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the advance of democracy in Italy, as elsewhere, has intensified the interest in the achievements of the lower classes. Had Garibaldi's Thousand been recruited from the aristocracy, and had they accomplished exactly the same dazzling feats, they would not have excited one-tenth of the wonder and admiration which covered his nondescript volunteers with glory. The Red Shirts sprang almost to a man from the People, and the People felt itself ennobled by their triumph. To exalt every popular accomplishment, and to slight, if not to ignore, whatever worthy thing is done by the upper classes, is a common stage in the democratizing process in Europe. Needless to say, the thin partition which divides crude democracy from demagogy is often broken down.

Thus, while the majority of writers and the great bulk of material during the earlier generation stood on the side of the monarchy, the balance has been more than redressed. The Radicals have not only been bringing their records to light, but they have the most vigorous disputants fighting their cause, who have agreed upon a conventional interpretation of the chief points at issue between the Revolution and the Monarchy—especially in the relations of Garibaldi and Cavour: they do not argue, they assert.

Crispi set the example in this, for during the last thirty years of his life he always contended that Italy owed her redemption to the Party of Revolution. In his speeches and articles he bowed in passing to Victor Emmanuel, as a loyal symbol, but he saluted Mazzini and Garibaldi and their followers as the national saviours, and he scarcely ever referred to Cavour. If he mentioned the Cavourians, it was usually to denounce their incompetence.

The potent influence of poetry has also been at work in behalf of the Revolution. Carducci, the foremost Italian poet since Leopardi, began as a youth to sing the exploits of the Republican patriots and the beauty of the Republican ideal. By implication, if not by direct charge, he discredited the monarchy; and, although his poems were too difficult in form, too involved in phrase, and too erudite in substance, to appeal to the masses, they did appeal mightily to the intelligent bourgeois, and particularly to the young university men, who transmitted their message to the common people. When he was nearly sixty years old, Carducci woke up to the fact that the monarchy was essential to the preservation, as it had been to the creation, of United Italy; but he could not then recall his utterances which had, for forty years, been encouraging those who wished to destroy the monarchy and to set up the Republic.

V.

These are some of the aspects which [illegible] readers and writers of Risorgimento history to-day. They show that, although historical

material may remain unchanged, each generation will approach it from a different angle, and in this case the material has changed, thanks to vast additions from many sources. The obvious caution that needs to be given is: Beware of those who interpret the past according to the issues of the present; and, conversely, beware of those who read back the present into the past. Mazzini, for instance, would rage if he knew what some of the Radicals profess who now claim him as their guide. So in America latter-day policies are foisted on Lincoln which he never dreamed of and would never have approved.

In Italy the period of accumulating historical material concerning the Risorgimento seems likely to continue for a long time to come, and the polemical tone of its editors will not soon die out. But every exaggeration, every attempt to magnify one party or to belittle another unduly, brings a reaction; and in the process some indisputable facts may be established. But facts are not all, if by facts we mean documented statements; we must finally know the passions which determine action and qualify judgment—transcendental facts of the highest importance. Not the least of the reasons why the Risorgimento will long hold the attention of foreigners as well as of Italians, is its richness in passion—vehement, varied, and representative. The very intensity of its factions, like that of Guelfs and Ghibellines, bespeaks the vitality which defies oblivion.

Correspondence

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Perhaps a final word may be permitted me regarding the question of the constitutional power of the courts. There is just one fundamental point at issue between the three gentlemen who have engaged in this correspondence and myself. Their basic contention, if I have not misunderstood them, is that the framers of our Federal Constitution specifically granted to the Federal Judiciary the right to declare null and void any law enacted by the Federal Legislature which the judiciary might deem to be unconstitutional. My basic contention is that no such specific grant of power is to be found in the Constitution. Two lines of evidence are advanced by the gentlemen in support of their contention: (1) instances of the exercise of similar power by State courts previous to the framing of the Federal Constitution are cited; and (2) quotations from members of the Constitutional Convention and from persons contemporary with the Convention are cited. My reply to both lines of evidence is that, in view of the fact that the plan of giving this power to the judiciary was well known, we are still further justified in asking why so fundamental a grant of power was not specifically delegated, in unmistakable terms, in the Federal Constitution if it was definitely decided upon by a majority of the members of the Convention.

E. M. Hulme.

Moscow, Idaho, June 19.

THE COLORADO STRIKE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Referring to an editorial paragraph in the *Nation* of May 28, I wish to express my appreciation of the position which you have taken in reference to the deplorable condition in this State arising from the coal miners' strike.

That such a warning as you give is necessary seems to me to be apparent from the readiness with which a large share of the public have accepted the misrepresentations of the magazines and newspapers. It is a sad commentary on the intelligence of those of the reading public who have allowed their own supreme reason to sleep under the influence of an hysterical and a degenerating metropolitan press.

Our State and many of its best men have been sadly misrepresented, and when the truth is finally known, your position, as indicated in the article referred to, will, in my judgment, be fully justified.

Arthur L. Kellogg.

Denver, June 6.

"THE LAST OF A GREAT AGE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of the *Nation* for April 30, under the above caption, the reviewer of Mrs. Higginson's life of her illustrious husband, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, refers to him as "one of the most attractive figures of the great New England Age of which he was the *last eminent survivor.*" (Italics mine.)

I have recently read the delightful reminiscences of Dr. James Kendall Hosmer, published in a handsome volume entitled "The Last Leaf," in which he gives his personal recollections of Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Thoreau, and others, including a visit to Emerson's home, and the fact that at the commemoration in 1865 of the Harvard soldiers who had taken part in the Civil War he spoke for the rank and file, following Lowell in the delivery of his Commemoration Ode.

Dr. Hosmer, I am sure, would not think of himself as belonging to the inner circle of the great poets named above, but he certainly was in close personal touch with some of them, and Longfellow and Lowell were professors during his student life at Harvard.

Then we have Franklin B. Sanborn, at eighty-two, who was the biographer of Emerson and Thoreau, and their near neighbor at Concord, and who is still writing and speaking for a large audience of admirers. I make no plea that Dr. Hosmer or Mr. Sanborn should be included in the inner circle, but they were both so near to the great writers of the last century as to make them of special interest to all Americans who admire the great ones who have passed away.

It may not be known to some readers of the *Nation* who in childhood read "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," "The Drummer Boy," "Martin Merrivale," etc., and used to recite the poems, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," "The Vagabonds," and "The Charcoal Man," that John Townsend Trowbridge, the author of these, is still living in Arlington, Mass., at eighty-seven years of age.

Mr. Trowbridge began writing for the press sixty-seven years ago, at the early age of twenty; published his first volume, "Father Brighthopes," in 1853; was one of the first contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, founded in 1857, and has issued more than two score volumes of stories and poems, and was doubtless more closely identified with the great writers born in the early part of the last century than any of the men or women who have died within the past half-dozen years. While literary critics do not count him on a level with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, he has been a remarkably prolific, versatile, and popular writer. "My Own Story, with Recollections of Noted Persons," published in 1903, was probably intended as his "last leaf," but he has published two volumes, one of poems and one of prose, since then.

Doubtless years will elapse before the last of the men and women of literary culture who knew some of the writers of the "Great Age" have passed away, but as one after another departs we hold in closer affection those who remain; and "The Last Leaf" of Dr. Hosmer, coming from a man in his eighty-first year, whose eye has not grown dim nor his natural force abated, written with all the vivacity and interest of a younger man, touching on famous men the world over with whom he had come in personal contact, was an immense treat to me, heightened as it was by some personal acquaintance with the author.

Everett O. Fisk.

Boston, Mass., June 10.

SOUTHERN HISTORY IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At a meeting of the board of regents of the University of Texas on April 28, Major George W. Littlefield, C. S. A., one of the regents, established a fund of $25,000 for the collection of materials for the history of the South. In his letter bestowing the gift, he says: "It has been my desire to see a history written of the United States, with the plain facts concerning the South and her acts since the foundation of the Government, especially since 1860, fairly stated, that the children of the South may be truthfully taught and persons matured since 1860 may be given opportunity to inform themselves correctly." For the next seven years the fund is in 6 per cent. securities, and will yield $1,500 a year. The expenditure of this income is vested in a committee consisting of Mr. H. A. Wroe, a banker, of Austin; the professor of American history in the University of Texas, the president of the University, the University librarian, and the State librarian. After fifty years the capital may be spent, if necessary. "The committee is fully empowered to use the fund as their judgment may dictate to purchase books, pamphlets, newspaper files, maps, manuscripts, etc., bearing on the history of the South," endeavoring "to lay with it the foundation of a collection that shall be of fundamental value for the full and impartial study of the South and of its part in American history."

Major Littlefield was born in Mississippi in 1842, moved to Texas in 1850, and in August, 1861, at the age of nineteen, enlisted in Company I, Eighth Texas Cavalry, better known locally as Terry's Texas Rangers. He participated in most of the heavy fighting in northern Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and when incapacitated in December, 1863, by the wound which eventually forced his withdrawal from the army, he was a brevet major of his regiment. Starting at the close of the war, as so many others of the South, in a state bordering on bankruptcy,

he followed farming, shop-keeping, and finally laid the foundation of a substantial fortune in the cattle trade during the most picturesque period of the "cowboy," himself accompanying his herds to market along the Texas and Kansas trails. At present he is president of the American National Bank of Austin.

The feeling has long existed in the South, expressed most vigorously by camps of Confederate Veterans and chapters of Confederate Daughters, that the South has been treated always inadequately, and sometimes unfairly, by writers of American history. Too often, no doubt, these societies have been led to condemn particular books on the basis of isolated sentences. But with due allowance for a somewhat natural fervor and lack of discrimination in such quarters, judicious persons, North as well as South, frankly recognize that there is some ground for the feeling of soreness—that the South has not always been fully and fairly represented. The commonplace explanation that American history has been written mostly by New Englanders who were either prejudiced or dishonest is no longer sufficient, because respectable historians of the twentieth century are neither. The fact is that we have not only, resentfully enough, to be sure, allowed New England to write our history, but by neglecting to collect our materials and make them available we have forced it to write from incomplete and partial sources. There are some mitigating circumstances, but fundamentally the South has only itself to blame.

The three principal agencies which may in time be expected partially to remedy the situation are the State libraries and historical commissions of the South, the State universities, and local historical societies. The first two are dependent on legislative appropriations, and the last are generally supported by small membership fees, yielding barely enough to publish small quarterly journals. Individually, legislators are ready enough to concede the importance of the subject, but in their corporate capacity they are notoriously reluctant to spend the people's money for such an "unpractical" purpose as preserving the people's history—and such items as they allow have to run the gantlet of the Governor's veto, and not infrequently succumb.

Subject to such vicissitudes, nevertheless, the Historical Commission of Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas and the State Library of Virginia have made creditable progress within the last ten years in collecting and making available materials for the history of their respective States. The universities, however, which are not situated in capital cities and able to profit by these activities have fared badly. In the apportionment of university budgets but small allotments can be made to history, and small as they are, they must be stretched over the whole field of history, so that amounts which can be spent for distinctively Southern material are negligible. A glance at their catalogues shows that an attempt is made to teach certain phases of Southern history at the State Universities of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In most of these the period of reconstruction is the subject of the course; in some it is a course on State history. Instructors in nearly all of these institutions report inadequate material in their libraries for these courses, and appropriations too small to make good the deficiencies.

The University of Virginia makes no definite appropriation for American history, but the librarian says that they "buy as many significant things in that department as our means, considering all other demands of a competitive kind, will allow." The University of North Carolina spends annually about $300 on material relating to Southern history, but the library is not so well equipped for the study of Southern history as for other fields of American history. The University of Georgia spends $100 a year on Southern history, but its collection is weak, except in the field of Georgia history. Florida spends from $10 to $15 a year for American history; Mississippi from $400 to nothing on Southern history. Louisiana spends about $100 a year on Southern history, "including State and local works." Prof. Walter L. Fleming writes: "It is about all we can do to collect the most valuable publications on Louisiana history. . . . There is not enough material in the Louisiana State University library to form a basis for an adequate course in Southern history. . . . I doubt if an adequate course in any phase of Southern history can be given south of Mason and Dixon's line." At Arkansas, about $150 is appropriated to American history, and "probably 10 per cent." of this goes to Southern history. At Texas less than $33 a year has been spent for American history.* One correspondent writes: "With us the library funds are constantly drawn on to meet deficiencies in other lines—even in athletics, I suspect." Another adds: "A man who wishes to study any period or character in Southern history must go to the Northern libraries and to the Library of Congress to obtain the material."

Major Littlefield's gift is gratifying to historical students as a symptom of the South's dawning consciousness of obligation to its own history. It is the first practical step towards enabling any Southern institution to develop a respectable collection of Southern material. It is no part of Major Littlefield's purpose to promote the partisan study of history.

EUGENE C. BARKER.

Austin, Texas, June 2.

*The above figures are based on correspondence dated in the spring of 1913.

THE HONOR SYSTEM AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with much interest the contribution of Prof. O. W. Firkins in the *Nation* of May 7 on the honor system. I shall not attempt to controvert Professor Firkins's arguments, some of which, I confess, I do not fully understand—perhaps because I am unable to occupy his point of view. But I ask indulgence for a few remarks on this subject, on which (though Professor Firkins does not quote me) I have once before written to the *Nation*.

It would be impossible for any faculty sharing Professor Firkins's opinions to inaugurate successfully the honor system. This is, in its essential nature, reciprocal: it cannot live without mutual confidence and good faith. What the faculty expects of the students, it must accord to the students—that is, entire confidence, without any shadow of suspicion or espionage. Of course, under any system, occasional lapses will occur, but it is better to be sometimes deceived than to destroy the basis of mutual confidence. Yet I am sure that, under the honor system, such lapses will be fewer than under any other; for the wit of a student, or of a group of students, intent to deceive, is always sharper than any possible professor's eye.

I agree with Professor Firkins that the exaction of a pledge is offensive. In my opinion, it is inconsistent with any true conception of the honor system, and should be everywhere abolished, as it has been, with the best results, in this institution. The honor system, rightly conceived, is only the honor principle, such as exists everywhere among gentlemen, applied to the conditions of college life. It means that the faculty are gentlemen; the students are gentlemen; and the relations between them, always and everywhere, are such as should mark the intercourse of gentlemen, whether singly or in groups. It is a low and degrading conception of the honor system that confines it to examinations or to the classroom. It should govern the conduct and intercourse of professors and students always and everywhere. I hope Professor Firkins will excuse me if I ask him, and other readers of the *Nation*, to reflect upon this view.

Might I plead the privilege of old age and of long experience to add a personal word? Since 1848, when I became a sophomore, I have been in intimate connection with college life. I have lived under almost every system—that of the class monitor, and that of professorial supervision and espionage, both of which I have found to be futile and unsuccessful—may I add, also, at least unmoral, if not immoral; and it is my conviction that the only decent *modus vivendi* between faculty and students must be based on the honor principle, and that this is the only sound basis for the education of character. I venture to believe that the time is coming when no other plan will be deemed consistent with the growth of American manhood.

EDWARD S. JOYNES,
Emeritus Professor.

University of South Carolina, June 15.

DECADENCE IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a lover of Russian literature, may I venture to protest against Mr. More's indictment of Dostoievsky and Tolstoy in your issue of May 21, in which he terms them a "main literary source" of contemporary literary perversion, of the belief that "decency is not permitted to art"? In support of his position, he cites the most famous scene in Dostoievsky's most famous novel, "Crime and Punishment," that in which Raskolnikov bows down to the feet of Sonia. On this he comments indignantly:

> There it is. Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street. Filth, disease, morbid dreams, bestiality, insanity, sodden crime, these are the natural pathway to the emancipation of the spirit; these in some mysterious way are spirituality.

Now, in the first place, Raskolnikov is not a madman (Mr. More's own quotation states that Sonia started back from him "*as she would have done* from a madman"), and Sonia has become a "girl of the street" only in order to save her stepmother and stepsisters from actual starvation. Furthermore, the leading thought in Dostoievsky's novel is that of the ascetic purification of character by suffering and meekness. Raskolnikov bows down to Sonia not as a girl of the street, but as the most perfect example known to

him of Christian self-sacrifice. Dostoievsky may justly be stigmatized as morbid and unwholesome, but to link him with the decadent school in his moral attitude shows a total misconception of his work. With his repulsive subjects he deals in a manner which is the reverse of the decadent unmoral or immoral attitude, and which may justly be termed spiritual, though the spirituality may not be such as will appeal to the average Anglo-Saxon. Whatever may be thought of Dostoievsky's social theories or of his æsthetic methods, his morality is ascetic and puritan, at the other pole from the decadent glorification of the lusts of the flesh.

"The same lesson," Mr. More continues, "runs through Tolstoy and Strindberg and a dozen other moralists who are, as it were, the prophets of our young." With Strindberg I am not concerned; for Tolstoy the statement is still more groundless than for Dostoievsky. Tolstoy was a man of strong physique, a lover of vigorous exercise in the free open air, and the spirit of such exercise fills his great novels up to and including "Anna Karenina." They are as free from decadence—well, as Sir Walter Scott. His later works, however, do deal with sombre themes. After his religious conversion, Tolstoy lost his taste for the world as it is at present constituted. In such tales as "The Kreutzer Sonata" he speaks of the seamy side of life with a disconcerting frankness. But, far from hinting that "spirituality is the product of vice," he upholds in that drastic book an ascetic morality resembling that of his fellow plain-speaker, St. Paul. It is one of the curiosities of literary criticism that Mr. More, who has read "What Is Art?" and written of it, should couple Tolstoy with the decadents against whom Tolstoy poured out the vials of his wrath. G. R. Noyes.

Berkeley, Cal., June 16.

LETTERS OF LINCOLN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The undersigned have been appointed by the trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library editors of a collection of uncollected and unprinted letters, speeches, etc., of Abraham Lincoln. We should greatly appreciate any information concerning such material that may be furnished us by your readers. Daniel K. Dodge.
Clarence W. Alvord.

University of Illinois, Urbana, June 25.

VOYAGES ON THE AMAZON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Some voyages on the Amazon have been overlooked. Under instructions of the United States Navy Department, February, 1851, Lieuts. Herndon and Gibbon surveyed the valley of the Amazon. They started from Lima and made the survey west to east. Lieut. Herndon chose for his part the headwaters and trunk of the Amazon and followed it by canoe and sailboat to its mouth, probably seeing all the rivers. Lieut. Herndon says the most remarkable voyage on the Amazon was made in 1769, by Madame des Odonnais, from the head waters to the mouth. His report was made January, 1853, and was published by the Public Printer, Washington, in 1854. J. F. Llewellyn.

Mexico, Mo., June 3.

Literature

MEMOIRS BY HENRY JAMES.

Notes of a Son and Brother. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

In "A Small Boy and Others," which we noticed last summer, Henry James devoted 419 pages to the somewhat nebulous recollections of his childhood. This second hunk of reminiscences, 515 pages, breaks off in his early twenties with an event which both William and Henry James felt as marking the end of their youth. Though the stuff of this volume is far richer than that of the first, the manner of it is not less exasperating. The simplest thought—for example, that Newport is not a bad place to live in either in summer or in winter—must go halting to the reader on heroic stilts: "Its rare distinction and precious attribute was that, being a watering-place, a refuge from summer heats, it had also, were the measure considerably stretched, possibilities of hibernation." Sentence after sentence half-a-page long reflects a moment of consciousness that has been stretched upon the rack and broken upon the wheel till it has gasped forth its shadowiest dubieties and its faintest qualifying afterthoughts. Furthermore, till one has penetrated the masking humility of the unpretentious title, the intention of the book is obscure, and the indirectness with which persons and events are presented seems purely diabolical. One feels as William felt in his student days at Cambridge, when, after a visit from Henry, he wrote home that "the above-mentioned H. could in no wise satisfy my craving for knowledge of family and friends—he didn't seem to have been on speaking terms with any one for some time past, and could tell me nothing of what they did, said, or thought, about any given subject. Never did I see a so much uninterested creature in the affairs of those about him."

If Mr. James had quite shamelessly entitled his two volumes "The History of the Evolution of My Literary Imagination," we should have been warned at the outset not to expect any sharp objective presentment of him or of the men and things among which his perceptive youth was passed. We should have tried to fix our attention not upon the striking object nor the object struck, but upon the nature of the concussion and the direction of the resultant force. To be sure, one's sense of proportion may be irritated by the expenditure of nearly a thousand pages in explaining how a young man of twenty-five was enabled at last to sit down in Boston and write creditable short stories. But that is really the problem to which our attention is solicited. The whole "blest" history—to adopt the author's favorite epithet—was laboriously designed to discover complex domestic, social, and national forces conspiring to disengage and extrude Mr. James from the mute American mass, and to transform him from an insignificant participator to a significant spectator of life.

The chief detaching force during the period of Henry James's childhood was the long educational sojourn of the James family in Europe, treated in "A Small Boy and Others." They returned to America late in 1860, but, owing mainly to the singular character and position of the father, did not effectively "join on to it." An independent Swedenborgian touched with Emersonian transcendentalism, the elder Henry James seems to have shunned for himself and his sons as the gravest of all perils the pressure of any established routine, creed, or institution. Living on his "means," he preserved his offspring from the care and contamination of business, and when any one of them showed an inclination for a profession, he intimated a fear that it was too "narrowing." An evangelist with an incommunicable gospel—he maintained that Swedenborg was fairly "insipid with veracity"—he subjected his children to no church discipline, and invited no clergyman to cross his threshold. As is set forth at some length, it could hardly even have occurred to him as a desirable possibility to expose his boys to the conventional moulding influence of an American college. Perhaps the last important detaching stroke was some sort of physical accident which at about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War made Henry perforce but an interested looker-on at the departures of his brothers and companions for the front.

Already other and positive forces had thrown him into the æsthetic attitude, and had awakened his passion to be "literary." He had revisited his native land with eyes stimulated by a "riot of discrimination" in Europe, and set for the detection and apprehension of American types. To nine out of ten readers the records of these apprehensions of more or less illustrious figures will seem the valuable pages in the book. The large unworldly character of the Swedenborgian father does here actually begin to loom up and flicker with the faint light of a lovingly humorous apprehension. The impression of the young William James's bright and eager versatility is happily fixed by the insertion of a considerable number of extracts from his spirited correspondence, and by the reproduction of half-a-dozen of his sketches and his portrait in oils of Miss Katherine Temple—"a piece of painting," says Mr. James, "having, as has been happily suggested to me, much the air of a characteristic Manet." Space will not permit an exhibition of the exuberant drollery of William's letters from Cambridge in the period of his study under Agassiz in the early 'sixties, but his characteristically direct, ringing speech can be illustrated in brief compass. Take this, for example, of C. W. Eliot as he was over half a century ago: "Professor Eliot, at the School, is a fine fellow, I suspect; a man who if he resolves to do a thing won't be prevented." "Professor F. J. Child is a great joker—he's a little flaxen-haired boy of about 40." "Give

my love to Wendell Holmes. I've seen —— ——— several times; but what a cold-blooded cuss he is!" William, as well as his brother, had an eye out for American types, and for the sake of contrast we must set down one of his "recognitions" recorded in a letter from Dresden:

The other afternoon as I was sitting on the Terrace, a gentleman and two young ladies came and sat down quite near me. I knew them for Americans at a glance, and the man interested me by his exceedingly American expression: a reddish moustache and tuft on chin, a powerful nose, a small, light eye, half insolent and *all* sagacious, and *a sort of rowdy air of superiority that made me proud to claim him as a brother.* In a few minutes I recognized him as General McClellan. . . . Whatever his faults may be, that of not being "one of us" is not among them.

How—again we fall into the Jacobean idiom—how could the impact of this ruddy fraternal personality upon the cool perceptiveness of his brother *not* shock the æsthetic consciousness into a wide-eyed awareness of possibilities on the American hunting-ground? Several months of painting in Newport with William and La Farge, if it had not made Henry a painter, had at any rate notably sharpened his appetite for an artistic career and quickened his sensibility to scenic effect. And La Farge himself had been a cheering discovery:

He was really an artistic, an æsthetic, nature of wondrous homogeneity; one was to have known in the future many an unfolding that went with a larger ease and a shrewder economy, but never to have seen a subtler mind or a more generously wasteful passion; in other words, a sincerer one, addressed to the problems of the designer and painter. . . . I see him at this hour again . . . leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting yet all-seizing vision.

Long an enraptured feaster upon the salmon-covered *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Henry James now came, through the mediation of La Farge, under the sway of Browning's "Men and Women," and was initiated into a life-long worship of Balzac—"the master of us all." After the abandonment of paint he passed through a vaguely indicated incubatory period at the Harvard Law School. His tribute to the literary stimulus of the Harvard airs is interesting: "Passing the Harvard portal positively failed, in fact, to strike me as the shorter cut to literature; the sounds that rose from the scene as I caught them appeared, on the contrary, the most detached from any such interest that had ever reached my ear." The great fruit of the Cambridge period was the "recognition" of Charles Eliot Norton and some of the finer spirits of his circle, and the momentary confrontation at Shady Hill of Charles Dickens. The account of Norton is a masterpiece of vague intimation, but one sentence on Dickens delivers a rather finely distinct impression: "The offered inscrutable mask was the great thing, the extremely handsome face, the face of symmetry yet of formidable character, as I at once recognized, and which met my dumb homage with a straight inscrutability, a merciless *military* eye, I might have pronounced it, an automatic hardness, in fine, which at once indicated to me, and in the most interesting way in the world, a kind of economy of apprehension."

Through Norton Mr. James made the acquaintance of Edwin Lawrence Godkin, at whose invitation, in 1865, he commenced as critic and assisted in the launching of the *Nation:*

Godkin's paper, Godkin's occasional presence and interesting history and vivid ability, and, above all, admirably aggressive and ironic editorial humor, of a quality and authority new in the air of a journalism that had meant, for the most part, the heavy hand alone, these things, with the sudden sweet discovery that I might for my own part acceptedly stammer a style, are so many shades and shifting tints in the positive historic iridescence that flings itself for my memory, as I have noted, over the "period" of Ashburton Place.

The "plot" in these years, as Mr. James says, was immensely "thickened" by the events and consequences of the Civil War. Throughout the conflict letters from the James boys at the front—a lively interlude in our record—supplied the imagination of the scrupulous observer at home with multitudinous, unfamiliar, and stirring sensations. The dispersion of the soldiers among the civilians at the close of the war was apprehended as a vast enrichment of the social soil. The death of Lincoln provided what had hitherto been lacking: "The collective sense of what had occurred was of a sadness, too noble not somehow to inspire, and it was truly in the air that, whatever we had as a nation produced or failed to produce, we could at least gather round this perfection of a classic woe." In short, the struggle between North and South had dignified and rendered illustrious the dull stage, and it had shaped and projected upon the æsthetic vision new and piquant types of character. A great vivifying thrill of recognition swept through the consciousness of the spectator: America had produced another artist!

"I like ambiguities," says Mr. James, "and detest great glares." It is needless to say that he does not allow the announcement of the birth of his talent to enter with any such thunder upon the ear. We strive only to convey promptly in our crude fashion an effect which we have received slowly in a hundred feather-light touches. It is an effect of anti-climax which is always produced in us sooner or later by an inveterate æstheticism—even by an æstheticism as remorselessly sincere, as tremendously high-bred as the æstheticism of Mr. James. Through all his cloudy ambiguities there glimmers the avowal that he has steadfastly looked upon this old earth and its denizens as but ministers to his artistic pleasure. In consequence of his æsthetic detachment he constantly writes, not like a much-experienced man, but rather like a refined and decorous collector and connoisseur of experience. "I bottle this imponderable extract of the loitering summers of youth," he says, "when every occasion really seemed to stay to be gathered and tasted, just for the sake of its faint sweetness." Felicitously phrased! Yet it is just this air of gathering and tasting, sustained throughout the book, that becomes ultimately almost intolerable; that makes one cry out that in a complete man there are other organs than "taste" for the apprehension of experience. A note of æsthetic relish is intolerable in a commemoration of the death of Lincoln. It is intolerable always to speak of America as "the American scene," of the Civil War as "our national drama," and of our sages and heroes as variously admired pictures in "my cabinet" or in "my gallery of portraits." It is undoubtedly true that the egotism which lurks in these phrases is not a personal, but a strictly artistic, egotism. But so was the egotism of the imperial harp-player who, clothed *in illo suo scenico habitu*, spoke of the "beauty of the flame" of burning Rome. It was a pretty phrase, but hardly up to the subject!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How youth feels about age, the changes illness works in personality, all the little contradictory moods of irritation through which a steadfast affection works its will, and the desperate adjustments by which the little blind god sometimes manages to survive enlightenment—these are the things Mr. Bennett does inimitably well, the characteristic elements of his composition, and not one of them is lacking here. The idealism in which he has indulged is, of course, not that of the doctrinaire or perfectionist. It is merely the recognition that the literal truth about human nature is often very beautiful. No invention could possibly better an unregarded every-day miracle like this:

Every one of the millions of her kind thoughts had helped to mould the expression of her countenance. The expression was definite now, fixed, intensely characteristic after so many decades, and wherever it was seen it gave pleasure and by its enchantment created goodness and good will—even out of their opposites. Such was the life-work of Mrs. Maldon.

The love of which he counts the cost is one of the commonplaces of daily life, and a positive spiritual necessity to the three women who are willing to pay heavily for it. Mrs. Maldon had been obliged to maintain her charitableness at some sacrifice of candor. She could endure the knowledge of evil, but not admit it; and when her nephew's presence in the house coincided with the spiriting away of her one thousand pounds, in the frailty of her seventy-odd years she could no more combat the obvious implication and the ugly inference forced upon her by others than she could have withstood the thrust of a poisoned blade.

Rachel, the pretty piece of warm-hearted loyalty who had been Mrs. Maldon's "lady companion" and married the gentlemanly rascal of a nephew, was much too downright and honest to find refuge in self-deception. But she could take reckoning of the dubious possibilities of her husband's character and outweigh them all with a love that no longer had anything to fear from disillusionment. There was, besides, the abjectly noble Mrs. Tams, whose benevolences were rendered acceptable by a humility like that of a faithful animal. She is the perfect embodiment of the traditional virtues of her peculiarly British type—what Mr. Bennett himself would call the "classic" charwoman. With great cheerfulness she pays the price of self-effacement.

We must confess that, although drawn on broadly popular lines, and ably qualified with masterly strokes, Mrs. Tams inspires us with no little dissatisfaction. It is impossible to contemplate Mrs. Tams and preserve the feeling of being at home in the Five Towns. She carries with her a De Morgan atmosphere and even vague reminders of Dickens, through whom a tenderness for the slavey first came to infest the English novel. It would almost seem that a Galsworthian thought had struck Mr. Bennett when he dwells upon the wealth of adventure with which poverty and ill-usage had enlivened her career. But in spite of Mrs. Tams and her typical perfections, the picture is kept entirely natural by the faces of the men who all unconsciously assist at this triumph of feminine magnanimity. No picture could be anything but natural that contained such a lusty old self-seeker as Councillor Batchgren. "His mere presence was always disturbing; when he supervened into an environment he had always the air of an animal on a profitable voyage of discovery." No one prizes strongly marked individuality more highly, or develops the conflict of irreconcilable points of view, with more adroit humor than Mr. Bennett, and the perturbation wrought in Mrs. Maldon's sitting-room by the mere presence of this friendly, white-whiskered satyr, "a coarse male creature in a highly feminized atmosphere," is just the sort of thing that particularly delights him.

Midstream: A Chronicle at Halfway. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

A fashion of middle-aged autobiography is upon us. Jack London struck the note with no uncertain sound in "John Barleycorn"; Mr. Comfort now takes up the strain with even greater plangency. He is determined that nothing about himself shall be hidden from us. The kind of confidences Rousseau lets fall with a child-like smile are here thrust upon us with frowning determination. Of his odd, unhappy boyhood, with its cheerless home life and fragmentary schooling, of his early struggles with drink and with the pen, of his roving irresponsible experiences as a journalist, soldier, war correspondent, and finally apostle of peace, Mr. Comfort writes with a great deal of vividness and a marked lack of balance. There is little in these pages which the plain man can take to heart. The writer is not normal; he is too sincere and too sickly. His life now is determined by two obsessions: the necessity to write and the determination to philosophize.

To the narrative proper—which is itself almost as much gloss as text—is appended a long chapter of moralizing called The World Man and His Mother, in which the reader will find as many matters touched upon as in a woman's club lecture:

> The larger human consciousness is not reached until man has conquered intellectual arrogance, the disintegrating force of worshipping inferiors, the devilish magnetisms of artistic mastery, and finally that black enthralling passion for spiritual dominion. . . .
>
> The world-man hurls out his splendid offering to the race. The God-man is universal, a cosmic creative force. . . .
>
> Matter is dead. . . .
>
> This is the age of woman's transition. . . .
>
> We hear the song-sparrow a thousand times. At last in some moment of our purer receptivity we realize that this is one of Nature's angels saying "The plan is good. The plan is good." . . . The sparrow was singing it all the time.

The Return of the Prodigal. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The story from which this volume gets its title discloses, together with three or four others in the collection of eight, Miss Sinclair at her worst. Always an attentive student of character, she deals in these instances with personal traits which for convincing portrayal would require the space of many more than the few pages given to them. The result is incompleteness, furnished with some show of a conclusion by means of a penny-whistle climax. In the more extended pieces, such as "Miss Tarrant's Temperament," "The Wrackham Memoirs," and "The Cosmopolitan," the author is seen in typical operation. For Miss Sinclair is most at home in an imagined world, one not wholly detached from actual life, perhaps, yet one in which the fringe of consciousness is permitted full play; often to the detriment, it must be added, of downright, more familiar impulses. What does it profit though Miss Tarrant have an exquisite connoisseurship of men, if the men surrounding her are only shadowy spectators?

It is with woman, rather than man, that Miss Sinclair is mainly concerned—woman possessed of the new hope of enfranchisement. And the reader will follow with interest the various spheres which a person of Miss Sinclair's subtlety finds suited to the feminine mind.

The Cost of Wings, and Other Stories. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The simple plan of giving the reader a surprise and calling it a story is employed some twenty-odd times in this volume. Occasionally, the supposed surprise (it takes a facile responsiveness to react to them all) is a mildly pleasant one, as when the slavey to whom the elderly valet has been kind turns out to be the mistress of a neat little fortune, and all eager to marry and set him up in the public-house business. Again, it is a shock of horrid disgust when the unappreciated wife blows out her brains before her insensible husband's eyes. Preferably the author includes a touch of the grewsome or grotesque, but incongruity is what really appeals to her most. This penchant was liberally instanced in her novels, where it made startling reading. Its best present illustration is found in the brief anecdote of the South Africa war veteran whose gallantry on the field of battle had won him the Victoria Cross—and wounds enough to pauperize him. The munificent acknowledgment accorded this poor wreck of a hero by his native town was nothing more nor less than the erection of a handsome public drinking-fountain in his honor.

There is not so much originality or robust humor in these tales as in an earlier volume, "Headquarter Recruit," but there is a good deal more journalistic flippancy; more, too, of what the lecturer who was laboring to commend Kipling to a country Chautauqua audience, described as "something of an olive taste."

PROBLEMS OF EMPIRE.

King's College Lectures on Colonial Problems. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40.

There are only six lectures in this series; but they constitute the most noteworthy contribution of their class to the literature of the British colonial system since Prof. W. J. Ashley edited the lectures on economic and commercial conditions in the oversea dominions that were given by various authorities on colonial economy at Birmingham University in the winter of 1910-1. In this King's College series, organized last year on much the same plan by Professor Hearnshaw, only one lecture—that by Sir Everard im Thurn, on "Native Land and Labor in the South Seas"—was concerned with the economic aspects of modern British colonization. The others were devoted either to the history of some phase of colonization or to political problems arising in the larger oversea dominions or out of the relations between the Dominions and Great Britain.

The first lecture in the series, by the Rev. T. J. Lawrence, lecturer on international law at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on the position of the oversea dominions in international law, falls within the last division. It is a study of the position of Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa when England is at war, and of the demand of the dominions, now conceded, to negotiate commercial treaties for themselves. Canada was the first to make this demand. There was a concession to it in 1871, when Sir John A. Macdonald was appointed one of the plenipotentiaries

in the negotiations with the United States in regard to trade and fisheries. Since then there have been many instances in which representatives of Canada, temporarily associated with the Foreign Office, have negotiated commercial treaties, not only with this country, but also with France and Germany; and this method of negotiation of treaties affecting the dominions is now considered normal.

There has been no settlement of the assertion recently made that the oversea dominions can remain neutral when Great Britain is at war. Mr. Lawrence repudiates the idea; for neutrality and belligerency are functions of sovereign states. They are predicated of international persons, not of parts of such persons; and the oversea dominions, despite their large powers of self-government, are parts of Great Britain. A Power, Mr. Lawrence insists, can no more be neutral in part and belligerent in part than a man can be married in part and single in part. His suggestion is that there should be created some small central body on which should serve the British Prime Minister, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and representatives of the Ministries in the oversea dominions, and that to this council should be delegated the momentous issues of war, peace, and neutrality. With such a council, every war would be an imperial war in reality as well as in name, and consequently no attempt to keep out of it would be made in any of the oversea dominions whose representatives had agreed to it.

Sir John A. Cockburn, who was at one time Agent-General for South Australia in London, and who is now chairman of the Australasian Chamber of Commerce in London, surveyed the problems that confronted the founders of Australian Federation, and reviewed the working of the new constitutional machinery which was set up when the Commonwealth was established. It seems from his statements that the constitution of the Senate is still a matter of discussion in Australia. At the time the Constitution was framed, advanced Liberals were afraid to grant large powers to the Senate for fear that it might come to have a strongly conservative bias, and, like the House of Lords, stand in the way of Liberal legislation. But experience since 1900 has been the reverse of this expectation. The Senate is more democratic than the House of Representatives, and it has usually a larger proportion of labor representation in its membership than the House. Sir John Cockburn is a strong advocate of the policy of the Australian navy squadron; and he believes that the other dominions will eventually follow the example of the Commonwealth and create fleets of their own. Contrary to Canadian experience, during the short time that the Niobe and the Rainbow were in commission, Australia has had no difficulty in recruiting men to serve on the battleship, the three cruisers, and the six destroyers which now constitute the Commonwealth war fleet.

One of the most generally interesting of the lectures is that by Sir Charles Lucas on "The Influence of Science on Empire." Science, Sir Charles is convinced, makes for democracy; and in support of this contention he instances the motor car. Motor cars arouse the democratic instinct, because "every one has to get out of somebody else's way." They probably excite class feelings; but they also quicken the sense of rights and wrongs, and so are a stimulus to democracy. Prof. H. E. Egerton, in his lecture on "The Colonial Reformers of 1830," pays a tribute to Durham, Molesworth, and Wakefield, not only for the success that attended their work for what are now the oversea dominions, but also for the influence for good they had on contemporary British politics. "Whenever colonial reformers touched contemporary politics," Professor Egerton asserted, "there was imparted to them a new meaning, and a new dignity"—a statement that will not be controverted by any student of British politics of the period between Waterloo and the concession of representative and responsible government to the British North American provinces in 1840. The last of the lectures was by Mr. Sidney Low on the problem of an Imperial Executive. Mr. Low pleaded that the loose arrangement at present existing between Great Britain and the oversea dominions could not be final; that it served while the oversea dominions went through the pioneer stage, but that there must soon be created a distinct Imperial Cabinet, and an Imperial Council, formed of delegations from the dominion parliaments, to decide upon a common budget and to control the administration of funds allocated by the dominions for imperial purposes.

POETICS.

Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry. By H. B. Charlton. Manchester, England: University Press. $1.60 net.

The mentality of Lodovico Castelvetro has been the subject of continuous admiration from his own time to the present. There has been less willingness since the time of Vico to credit him with much else. De Sanctis, who read him a half century and more ago, did not reconstitute his personality. From America, in fact, came, in the work of Spingarn, the first definite appreciation of Castelvetro's real distinction. Croce, Cavazzuti, Bertoni, Vivaldi, and Trabalza have taken up successively his case. To-day we may say that his work is present in all essential traits before us. As a commentator on Aristotle's "Poetics," Castelvetro stands out in modern times with Butcher and St. Hilaire. In certain details he sees the real import of Aristotle's ideas more clearly than Aristotle himself; in every respect he has a juster notion of the "Poetics" than all of his contemporaries. In æsthetic theory itself Castelvetro's case seems irretrievable. He never attained to solid fundamental principles; he fluctuates and gropes, showing moments of keen vision and moments of absurdity. Here he is extraordinarily interesting, and that is all, in relation to many specific problems of literary history.

When we pass to philology, on the other hand, the situation is different. It is not enough to recognize him as the greatest of his period; he leads in this department not only his own age, but all before the rise of modern philological science in the nineteenth century. At the base of his method lie the two foundations of phonetics and, in morphology, of analogy. Leaving aside the capricious guesses of his contemporaries in etymology, he lays Vulgar Latin at the basis of Romance studies, and proceeds with a comparative method and with the same categories that are in use to-day.

This, in brief, is what was known of Castelvetro. And with much of this Mr. Charlton is, at the outset, unfamiliar. In biography, this distinguished English critic has not gone beyond Muratori; the philological phase of Castelvetro he overlooks entirely. To be sure, as the title of this volume indicates, the author's principal interest is in the æsthetics, and this one aspect of Castelvetro is treated more comprehensively than in any similar work in English.

The extensive discussion centres attention on certain points only cursorily noted before, as by Spingarn and Croce. If Castelvetro had no notion of the expressive nature of art, he was original in his time in substituting pleasure for didacticism as the function of poetry, and his hedonism has a superficial if not a radical democratic outlook. He was original, too, in seeing the futility of classic imitation in literature; and thus coming back to the insistence on original invention in art, he was at the threshold of real discovery, only to lose himself in the problem of "historicity" and fantasy, of "beautiful" and "ugly," and in details of perceptual formalism.

Mr. Charlton lays great stress on the conception of artistry as the "difficulté vaincue," with which principle he associates all of Castelvetro's rational point of view on art. We would not enter with the English critic into the detailed refutation of this position. The fact is that Castelvetro, like all of his age, and like nine-tenths of our own, considers æsthetics exclusively from the point of view of the audience and never from that of the producer. The question of what is pleasing and how to please is largely a question of social psychology; the mystery will yield only to empirical research. If at this point artistic "technique" enters, very well. We dare say that the rankest perceptualism in art may have a good financial basis, even a good sociological basis. In any case, those are problems not for the æsthetician. It is well to bear this in mind in dealing with the theorists of the Renaissance. Otherwise there is danger of adding futility to a futility already great enough. We are glad to welcome this volume as an indication of a healthy orientation of literary scholarship at Manchester, to which Mr. Charlton has made valuable contributions. We would ask it only to be a trifle more rigid in method.

STUDIES IN TRUSTS.

Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations. By Arthur S. Dewing. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

Federal lawmakers and all others who are inclined to express definite views on the "Trust problem" should read this book. Its painstaking examination of the promotion and reorganization of typical consolidations, its scholarly balancing of motives and results, its penetrating analysis of the financial and industrial administration of the individual businesses, and its revelation of the actual causes of failure in each instance, are an invaluable foundation for the construction of a programme of reform. We may love the "Trust" no more after we have read it, but we shall fear it less.

The studies cover such widely diversified industries as leather, glue, starch, glucose, salt, malt, cotton yarn, cordage, asphalt, bicycles, cotton duck, and real estate. They include the aristocratic Westinghouse Company and the disreputable United States Shipbuilding Company. Obviously, they are selected cases, conspicuous because of their magnitude or because they illustrate some special form of failure or reorganization. It is significant of the non-scientific attitude of our law-makers that the author has found governmental publications to be of least value as sources of information. In the matter of official investigations he says: "The examiners seem to have developed the testimony along preconceived lines determined by motives of political expediency." And he has this comment for the Bureau of Corporations: "Because of the prejudices of the men connected with the Bureau, their estimates and judgments have been neither reliable nor permanently significant." After this, however, one has difficulty in accepting the statement that "the most valuable source of information accessible is the memories of the men who have been connected with the growth of our large business enterprises."

The motives leading to consolidation are those with which every one is familiar, the desire to eliminate destructive competition and effect the economies of production on a large scale. It is doubtful whether in his summary of causes the author has given sufficient weight to the incentive of promoter's profits, although the discussion of this feature appears frequently in his pages. Of the thirteen consolidations considered, he finds that at the time of promotion the average percentage of control of the business was 54 per cent. It is his view that the number of combinations which controlled less than 50 per cent. of the American production far exceeded in number those that controlled more than 50 per cent., and that the popular impression of the extent of monopoly is greatly exaggerated. There seems, moreover, to be no correspondence between the extent of market control and the degree of financial success.

It would be impracticable here to trace in detail the disheartening story from the first step in promotion to the last in reorganization. Variety, but little relief, is found, as one goes from business to business. There is over-estimate of future earnings based upon the crumbling foundation of past earnings, and a capitalization in excess of actual tangible property by 60 per cent. on the average. Yet success or failure does not seem to have been dependent upon the width of the gap between securities and assets. The form of capitalization, whether bonds or stock, is far more important. In every promotion the excessive prices paid to the owners of the plants placed serious burdens upon the managements at the start.

These methods of promotion called for the utmost conservatism in management. Yet in many cases the management, having an eye to the immediate advantage of the insiders and with no thought for the ultimate effect upon the financial solvency of the business, was almost criminally reckless. No adequate charges were made to depreciation on plants that demanded restoration. Dividends were frequently paid from earnings that should have been conserved, and in some cases were drawn from capital. The fatal policy of borrowing on short-time notes to meet fixed obligations was the beginning of the end. In many instances directors when examined revealed an astonishing ignorance of the actual condition of the businesses for which they were legally responsible.

But the real causes for the general lack of success are, in the author's opinion, to be found in two fundamental deficiencies: lack of a sufficiently high degree of business ability to manage large consolidations of manufacturing plants, and an inability to overcome actual or potential competition. We have heard much of the wastes of competition. It is somewhat novel to find a discussion of the wastes of consolidation which mainly arise from the inflexibility resulting from the excessive investment in specialized plant. Only when an industry has a monopoly over some essential raw material or some patent or franchise is it secure against competitive attack.

In view of the author's conclusions, that the Trust form of organization contains inherent weaknesses which it is unable to overcome—those arising from lack of personnel and of dominating power in their own fields—we may readily infer what would be his "solution" of the problem. To the controversy now raging as to whether we shall conserve the present consolidations and protect the public through efficient regulation, or whether we shall follow the policy embodied in the Anti-Trust act and compel competition through disintegration of the combinations, the author contributes the following:

> I have been impressed throughout by the powerlessness of mere aggregates of capital to hold monopoly; I have been impressed, too, by the tremendous importance of individual, innate ability, or its lack, in determining the success or failure of any enterprise. With these observations in mind, one may hazard the belief that whatever "Trust problem" exists will work out its own solution. The doom of the inefficient waits on no legislative regulation. It is rather delayed thereby. Restrictive regulation will perpetuate the inefficient corporation, by furnishing an artificial prop to support natural weakness; it will hamper the efficient by impeding the free play of a personal ambition.

AFRICA THE INTRACTABLE.

North Africa and the Desert: Scenes and Moods. By George E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Morocco the Bizarre, or Life in Sunset Land. By George Edmund Holt. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

Africa remains the intractable, to the twentieth century as to all ages gone before. "Remember in whose lands you have chosen your abode!" says Sister Anna to Dido in the Æneid. "On the one hand the Getulians, invincible in war, the unbridled Numidians, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on the other the thirsty desert and the Barcæi, raging far and wide." Nor could Rome herself, at the height of her power, keep the bridle successfully on the Numidians. A short generation after the death of Virgil a rebellion broke out which kept thorns in the pillow of Tiberius for some years, and finally Tacitus tells us in his crisp way that "there were now three laurel-decorated statues in Rome, and Tacfarinas the Numidian was still harrying Africa," unmindful of those three tokens of his conclusive defeat. It takes an immense effort of the imagination even to conceive the thought of an Africa whipped into the line of current civilization.

As a factor in literature, the most interesting thing about Africa is the manifold variety of its reactions upon the minds of men who subject themselves to its influence and then attempt to describe it. Mr. Holt, who writes of Morocco the Bizarre, is a business man who has spent some years in Morocco as American Vice-Consul, Deputy Consul-General, Acting Consul-General, and in a number of other official capacities. The point in which Africa has cast its spell upon his imagination most seriously is that of the *jehad*, or holy war, in which the long-brewing hatred of Islam is to burst forth and sweep the Christian nations from the face of the earth once for all.

Of course, there has been the cry of the *jehad* here and the *jehad* there in recent years, and yet the Islamic tempest has always cooled inside the teapot of its origin. Be not lured into a false sense of security, however. Islam stands on the order of its going, and the *jehad* is orthodox only when called by the Sultan of Turkey. Let *him* say the word, and Ali Mohammed, the Moorish acrobat of New York city, will march down Broadway killing every Christian he meets, while four hundred millions of men, women, and children will be doing the same, within the range of their various opportunities. In the mysterious city of Jof, 500 miles across the unknown sands, sits

Sanussi Ahmed el-Shareef as the recognized sovereign of over fifteen millions of duly initiated members of the Sanussiyah brotherhood, "the Masonic order of Islam, veiled in a secrecy darker than that of the Solomonic fraternity," controlling without argument every Mohammedan in the northern half of the Africa continent, some two hundred millions in number. And Sultans of Turkey, holding in their hands the power to declare the *jehad*, have already gone to Jof to pay their respects to this wielder of "more power than was ever dreamed of by Cæsar or Alexander"! Let the dread omens be favorable to these desert conjurers with Destiny, and—we employ Mr. Holt's *ipsissima verba*—"from the East would come a horde that would crumple Europe like a paper bag, and Islam could cross the Mediterranean on the bodies of the Christian armies driven out of North Africa."

In the meantime you will find in Mr. Holt's pages detailed directions for making a most delightful salad, fitted to drive even the dull care of the coming *jehad* out of your brain. How happy our Hobson school of prophets are in their ability not to take themselves seriously all the time! On the side of facts observed, Mr. Holt offers much to inform and interest the reader, were it not injured in the telling by occasional descent into a cheap newspaper type of expression more often tiresome than humorous.

It needs no demonstration to prove that the Africa seen by Mr. Woodberry differs from that of Mr. Holt far more than would be anticipated from the mere fact that the latter covers Morocco, while the former deals with portions of Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. Mr. Holt calls his territory "Sunset Land," and yet the reader feels a suspicion that the African sunset was to him somewhat like the famous primrose by the river's brim. Mr. Woodberry's temperament and training took him to Africa far better attuned to respond to its harmonies of sky and sea, of desert, oasis, and mountain, as well as to its burden of historical lore and suggestion. If one were asked to provide a fitting mate for this volume on the bookshelf from the ranks of American writers, it would hardly be other than John C. Van Dyke's "The Desert," different as the two books are in many particulars.

There is no space here for the quotations by which one would be glad to attempt to pass to others the charm which the author has caught from his African sojourns and embodied (not buried, let us hope) in his pages. For the work of the French in North Africa he expresses a lively admiration. He sees no ruthless use of brute force in it, moved by lust of conquest, but a humane policy of penetration by pacification, showing due respect for the rights, usages, and prejudices of the natives and finding by patient experiment the line of least resistance for a civilization from which the native shall gain no less than the invader himself. "What strikes the close student of the movement most is not the military advance, but the extraordinary degree to which the military advance itself was impregnated with intelligence, scientific observation, scholarly interest, economic suggestion, engineering ambition, as if these French officers were less men of arms than pioneers of knowledge and public works."

In the innumerable scholarly publications, scientific, economic, and historical, emanating from officers in the French service in Africa during the past fifty years, he finds adequate proof of genuine devotion to a work of civilization, not of selfish conquest. In proportion to the time and numbers involved, can our own officers in the Philippines make as good a defence? Mr. Woodberry admits that the vitalizing connection between this civilization and the native blood is not yet assured. Where French occupancy has been longest there has been a softening of fanatic hatred which is good, a relaxation of native religious practice which is at least questionable, and a corruption of morals and degeneracy of racial vigor indisputably bad. And so one is still left longing for the actual demonstration that a civilizing imperialism can in any one case carry its work through and display the native population as a whole to the world as genuine beneficiaries rather than victims.

THE SPICE ISLANDS.

Java and Her Neighbors. By Arthur S. Walcott. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

In the dim past, according to Wallace, Nature, breaking up a vast Australian or Pacific continent, left Java, Borneo, and Sumatra flowers of the Eastern seas. The close of the thirteenth century found Marco Polo back in Europe, with his imagination fired by the wealth of Cathay. Only in the fifteenth century did the Portuguese, in the Moorish campaign, begin to suspect the sources of the wealth of the Moors in Africa and to project the navy that began to change geography. After India, it was natural that they should gaze farther East, and 1510-12 found Java and the Spice Islands at the horizon of European adventure. It was not till 1595 that the Dutch came to contest the conquest, and, though in turn harassed by the Spanish, French, and English, with characteristic stolidity there they have remained.

Just what causes the student of colonial expansion will ascribe to the failure of the Dutch in Java are uncertain. Confronted by the vagaries of nature—for the islands have never forgotten their volcanic origin—and overcome, first, by the problem of dealing with all the races of the East confined in a small area, and, secondly, by the fatal inertia that assails the Teuton phlegm in the tropics, the Dutch occupation records the failure of the European in the Malay archipelago. The notable exception is Singapore, obtained by the British in 1819, and since developed by British and Chinese industry to its present strategic and commercial importance.

That the tourist is rewarded by including them in his itinerary the author of this book has successfully shown; but it is principally by the romance engendered by Marco Polo, Magellan, Da Gama, and Drake that Java and her neighbors invite attention. A happy hunting ground for the naturalist, as Wallace has testified, these islands may still fulfil a destiny; and, as Mr. Walcott suggests, that destiny will only be realized if, after her awakening, China looses her dragons of industry and patient exploitation. Under the Dutch, thanks to prodigal Nature, Java challenges only fitfully a commercial interest.

While the subject barely enters the province of a book of this nature, yet it is to be desired that an archæological history of the ruins of Central Java may soon be forthcoming. What Fergusson did for India remains to be done for Insulinde, or "Island India," where the temples and remains of successive Buddhist, Hindu, and Mohammedan cultures are falling into decay.

Notes

Paul Elder & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "As If," by Cora Lenore Williams, and "Bamboo," by Lyon Sharman.

The Macmillan Company will publish shortly "The Establishment of State Government in California," by Cardinal Goodwin, and "The Psycho-Pathology of Everyday Life," by Sigmund Freud.

"The Corner-stone of Education: An Essay on the Home Training of Children," by Edward Lyttleton, will be published in the autumn by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Century Company announces for publication in the autumn the "Complete Poems" of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Ten years ago, the *Nation* characterized Prof. James Albert Woodburn's "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States" (Putnam; $2.50 net), as "a useful, though not a great, contribution to the literature of American politics." The same description may be applied to the revised edition that has now appeared. We also noted that the table of contents gave no hint of the three parts into which the work fell. That omission is now supplied. The new matter, running to 170 pages, is mainly found in the first part, An Historical Sketch of American Political Parties, and the last, Ethical Problems in Current Politics, the middle part, American Party Machinery and How It Works, covering little more space in the present edition than in the original. It is to be noted, however, that the characteristic political developments of the last decade, such as direct primaries, and the initiative, referendum, and recall, are considered in the third part of the book. Logically, the subject of direct primaries seems to belong with that of party machinery, while direct legislation is concerned rather with government than with parties. The chief merit of

the new edition is its careful attention to the political history that has been made since 1903, although it is rather surprising to find no mention of Parker's famous "gold telegram" among the instances of disagreement between a candidate and his platform. The episode of the Panama tolls exemption plank, in the last Democratic platform, and its virtual repudiation by the Administration is probably too recent for inclusion. The book would gain by condensation, and especially by the correction of a tendency to fervency, as well as by the omission of a crisp dismissal of a fundamental matter in the sentence: "There is no reason why a judge's opinion of our constitutional rights and powers should be meekly submitted to by everybody else."

A book of another sort on politics and government is Prof. Charles A. and Mary Ritter Beard's "American Citizenship" (Macmillan, $1 net). The authors' excuse for adding it to the large number of its rivals is that it attempts to be both formal and "sociological," in contrast with the one-sidedness of most other texts. Their utilization of both kinds of material may be realized by reference to the list of illustrations, which include A Little Mother, An Event in the Lawrence Strike of 1913, and President Wilson Reading His Message to Congress. The book has three parts, entitled Human Needs and the Government, The Machinery of Government, and The Work of Government. The specific purpose of the volume is given as furnishing an invitation to teachers to introduce the subject in the first instead of the last term of the high school, and to devote to it more attention than it now receives. The book is adapted to use by teachers by various devices, such as topical analyses, lists of questions, and references for additional reading for each chapter.

The initial volume of the American College and University Series (Oxford University Press; $1.50 net), under the general editorship of Prof. George Philip Krapp, of Columbia, has to do with the institution on Morningside Heights. It is written by Dean Keppel. The book makes no pretension to originality of investigation, and frankly takes the standpoint of an observer from within. This spirit of partisanship, however, is not allowed to control the author's judgment to the extent of making him praise everything that has ever happened at Columbia. The story might have been told without comment, but this volume takes up even so delicate a matter as the recent animated discussion on the organization of Columbia. On the whole, this personal element adds interest to the tale, without impairing its veracity. The book is less a history than a compendium. It would be hard to think of any important topic that is not included in it, from endowment to the Early Eighties, and these topics are not merely named to be dismissed with a perfunctory word, but are handled with unflagging interest, however concisely. The tale of development never loses itself in statistics. Only the first chapter and the one next to the last are chronological rather than topical; the first traces the story from the beginning to the death of Barnard; the other, entitled An Academic Year, follows the round of events from the opening of the Summer School to commencement. One is left with the impression that Columbia has come up through great tribulation, but that it has arrived, and knows it. The book is an index to this progress.

Gladys E. Locke's "Queen Elizabeth" (Boston: Sherman French; $1.35 net) will prove an excellent antidote to those writers who tend to minimize the personal side of the great Queen's reign, and restrict their researches to such topics as the development of conciliar government, the progress of parliamentary privilege, and the beginnings of fen-drainage. It is a collection of historical anecdotes, rather than a biography; but the stories are well selected and well arranged, accurately told, and for the most part founded on trustworthy sources of information. There is no parade of learning, footnote, or bibliography; but a careful examination of the text will show that the author knows her subject. Elizabeth's "political flirtations" naturally occupy the centre of the stage; there are excellent chapters which deal with her visits to Oxford, with the insubordination and condemnation of Essex, and with the long delays over the signing of the warrant for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. On the other hand, such sentences as "The country was governed wholly by the Queen, with the advice of her Ministers, and Parliament had purely legislative powers" (p. 272), indicate that there are many phases of Queen Elizabeth's reign of which the author has no conception at all. It is, however, unfair to judge this book by its few excursions into fields of which the author does not pretend to be cognizant. Those who read it for what its sub-title ("Various Scenes and Events in the Life of Her Majesty") implies will be amply repaid for their pains.

Students of Canadian economic history will welcome Mr. Gustavus Myers's "History of Canadian Wealth" (Chicago: Kerr; Vol. I) as an excellent survey of the growth and distribution of wealth in the Dominion, the more so as the literature of the subject is somewhat meagre. It will surprise even well-informed readers to learn that "it is estimated less than fifty men control $4,000,000,000, or more than one-third of Canada's material wealth as expressed in railways, banks, factories, mines, land, and other properties and resources." In this first volume of his history the author traces the influences, legitimate and otherwise, which have tended to concentrate the wealth of the country in the hands of a small group of capitalists. He discusses in a clear and interesting way the development of the fur trade, both under the French régime and after the conquest, and traces the vital connection between the great fortunes amassed in fur trading—the earliest phase of Canadian wealth—and the subsequent investments in railway enterprises, land companies, banks, mines, and factories. A series of chapters are devoted to the inception, development, and concentration of railways, and the influence of the enormous land and money subsidies granted by the Federal and Provincial Governments from time to time. The history of the growth and centralization of Canadian banks and industrial concerns is reserved for the second volume, not yet published. It is interesting to note that, apart from the consideration of native Canadian capital invested in Canadian enterprises, approximately $2,000,000,000 of British capital has been placed in the Dominion, as well as about $140,000,000 from various Continental countries, and $500,000,000 from the United States.

Emile Faguet's *précis* of the literatures of the world, a companion volume to his survey of philosophy, has been rendered into English by Sir Home Gordon ("Initiation into Literature"; Putnam; $1.25 net). It is a work which does neither the Academician nor his translator credit. M. Faguet tells us in his preface that the summary outline is "designed to show the way to the beginner, to satisfy and excite his initial curiosity." Its obvious difficulty from this point of view is in using critical terms beyond the beginner's comprehension. As a reference handbook, moreover, it is ill-proportioned, inaccurate, and full of debatable judgments. In spite of the fact that special additions were obtained for the English version, French literature receives unconscionable space—twice as much as Greek. The reader wonders why to Waller alone should be allotted as much attention as to Bacon, Sidney, Lyly, and Burton together; why Habington should be mentioned, but Smollett and Arnold omitted; why Brunetière should have more space than Shakespeare—who is called a possible collaborator of Bacon's! Wieland is scarcely the Voltaire of Germany, as M. Faguet thinks, nor is it just to dismiss Thackeray with the single phrase, "supreme railer and satirist." Withal, the topical form of the book permits no attention to the march of ideas or the growth of literary forms. Frequent typographical errors bear out the general impression of carelessness.

More fitly might "an epigrammatic history of philosophy" describe Emile Faguet's "Initiation into Philosophy," which has been translated by Sir Home Gordon (Putnam; $1.25 net). Like so many French writers, both in philosophy and in literature, M. Faguet is too transparently clear to be always quite convincing. That Plato was a kind of rhapsodist, who, from motives animistic, translated the Greek gods into ideas; that Aristotle was predominantly a rather prosy man of learning; that the Epicureans were, first of all, lovers of wisdom; that Cartesianism was founded upon a belief in God; that Berkeley was a high and dry idealist, and that Kant reconstructed all philosophy by basing it upon morality—these are statements which few students of philosophy would care to make without at least an explanatory foot-note. As summary characterizations they are misleading, and the layman who adopts M. Faguet's "Initiation" as a "frame" is likely to be in difficulty when he tries to mount the picture, though the book may conceivably "excite his curiosity." The fact is that a detailed historical initiation into philosophy cannot very well be compressed into two hours' reading.

With the publication of its "Narratives of the Indian Wars, 1675-1699," edited by Dr. C. H. Lincoln, the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner; $3 net) has attained the dignity of fourteen volumes, in itself a veritable library of early American history. At least four more volumes are to appear; on the witchcraft persecutions, the insurrections of 1688, the early Northwest, and the early Southwest, bringing the number to eighteen. Further plans have not been announced. The present volume deals exclusively with the Indian wars in New England, a limitation in the subject-matter that might well have been noted on the title page, and covers in largest part that general Indian rising of 1675 and 1676, which is known as

King Philip's War, but which involved a number of outlying outbreaks with which Philip had nothing to do. The last number in the volume and the longest narrative is Cotton Mather's "Decennium Luctuosum," or Sorrowful Decade, which was first issued in 1699, and in 1702 incorporated as a second edition in an appendix to the "Magnalia." This famous text, as is well known, covers the years from 1686 to 1699, and concerns the long-drawn-out and sanguinary struggle which the New England settlers carried on with the Abenake tribes in the territory of the present State of Maine. This conflict, here narrated in Mather's inflated and intricate style, lasted with but few breathing spells from the beginnings under Sir Edmund Andros in 1688 to the final settlement, made not in America, but in Europe, the peace of Ryswick, when Frontenac informed the Abenake that France would withdraw from the struggle. The most graphic of the narratives is that in which Mrs. Rowlandson describes the experiences of her captivity after the assault on the town of Lancaster in 1676. Her tale of suffering through several months is a thrilling one, and Dr. Lincoln has made it possible to follow the wanderings of the Indians and their captives by including a map of the several removes from Lancaster, Mass., to Chesterfield, N. H., and return, taken from an earlier edition of the narrative. For the purposes of this work, we think that most of Mather's irrelevant and uninteresting digressions might have been omitted, and we are a little surprised that the editor has not seen fit to mention anywhere in his notes Sylvester's "Indian Wars of New England," a history of many faults but of some unmistakable merits.

Mr. John Pyne's rendering of selections from the Divine Comedy in "An English Dante" (New York: Boni; $1 net) in what purports to be "the original rhythm and rhymes" raises the question as to whether the Italian *verso piano* is at all adapted to long poems in English. It is our impression that the English feminine verse tends to be slow in movement, and that it is at its best in a very narrow range of moods. Its limitations become apparent when we observe that, in spite of Mr. Pyne's ingenuity, out of 221 lines from the Comedy, 129 end in *-ing* and a large portion of the remainder in *-ed* or *-er*. The net result is that the supple and vigorous *terza rima* of Dante takes on the monotony of a mediæval French *laisse*. Doubtless, some success might be obtained for the whole poem in using Dante's rhyme scheme, but that the imitation should not be pushed to the extent of taking over the *verso piano* is evident from the translation of the Francesca episode by Mr. Pyne, which borders closely on absurdity. Why attempt to follow "the original rhythm and rhyme"? Rhyme and metre are the superficial elements in verse. It is quite possible, as Mr. Pyne illustrates, to keep these questions so carefully in mind as to miss the more vital problems of thought and feeling.

"Modern Cities," by Horatio M. Pollock and William S. Morgan (Funk & Wagnalls; $1.50 net), is a collection of facts regarding the "progress of the awakening for their betterment here and in Europe." The inferences that the authors draw from these facts are apt to be either superficial or doubtful. One is not convinced that there was a close connection between the mismanagement of English cities before the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 and our own civic corruption, although an appendix of thirty pages is given to the details of the misgovernment of the English cities. The book is written with better balance than some works on city planning, since it insists that efficiency as well as beauty must be considered in any such plans. More authoritative and detailed, although not technical, is Frank Koester's handsome and handsomely illustrated volume, "Modern City Planning and Maintenance" (McBride, Nast; $6 net). Mr. Koester speaks as the expert, whether dealing with that commonplace of discussion upon city planning, the civic centre, or such matters as arterial highways, harbors and bridges, traffic regulations, or instruments of civic culture. The extent and the tendency of the city-planning movement in this country are indicated by the description or the pictorial representation of important features of fifty American cities. Like all writing on the subject, the book points to Germany as the model. That it is possible to overpraise even German cities was shown by a German city planner, Dr Werner Hegemann, in an article in a recent number of *Landscape Architecture*.

It is hard to see why there should be a scarcity of good short stories. Certainly it is not because of a lack of books to tell how they are written. The latest of these is "The Art of the Short Story" (Scribner; $1.25 net), by Carl H. Grabo. Mr. Grabo, who is an instructor in English in the University of Chicago, goes into his subject with thoroughness, analyzes the best short stories, and presents you with his conclusions well fortified by arguments. How much anybody who yearns to write short stories can learn from the book is a problem. The author says some pretty obvious things in a serious fashion—as when he declares: "The writer upon the supernatural does not set his story in the middle of Broadway on a sunny afternoon. He seeks mysterious houses, lonely situations, night-time, and other appropriate circumstances." Nevertheless, "The Art of the Short Story" is an interesting book to any one who has ever experimented with that literary form. And does not that include nearly all of us?

Attractive both as a title for a book and as a plan of travel is "Unvisited Places of Old Europe" (Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company; $2.50 net). The author, Robert Shackleton, tells how the inspiration came to him when he was greeted by the hostess of the inn at Liechtenstein with the words, "You are the first American to enter this principality." To find himself the original transatlantic discoverer of a free and independent principality, tucked in between Switzerland and Austria, and one which has enjoyed its present polity for two centuries, so kindled Mr. Shackleton's enthusiasm that then and there he resolved to wander over Europe looking for fresh worlds to conquer. He has not always been a pioneer; indeed, in most cases his discoveries have probably been anticipated by the ubiquitous Mr. Cook, but he has wandered into nooks of the old world that are not commonly visited by the casual tourist from this country, and he possesses the gifts of sympathetic appreciation and of picturesque description. The Scilly Islands are less unknown than Mr. Shackleton seems to assume, but the minor perils of the deep, which, in the stretch of water that separates Scilly from Land's End, are apt to be particularly distressing, undoubtedly act as a check on tourist curiosity, and the pleasant style of the opening chapter devoted to this tropical corner of England is ample justification for its inclusion. If the triumph of the discovery of Liechtenstein was never quite repeated, its inspiration at least served to take Mr. Shackleton through some interesting byways of Europe, and the tale of his travels is pleasantly told. If the author cares at any time to embark on another European expedition, he will be able to find many more places as unexplored as those he has described, and we shall wish him well of his undertaking and enjoy the subsequent account of his discoveries.

It is the fashion in these days to refer rather contemptuously to the writings of Samuel Smiles, which had such a large circulation a few generations ago. Allusions to his "bourgeois doctrines of success" have at last brought a protest from a grandson of his, in a letter to the London *Times*. Three of his books, it is pointed out, dealt entirely with the lives of men who were very poor in this world's goods—Jasmin, the barber poet; Robert Dick, the baker geologist, and Edwards, the cobbler naturalist. The titles of "Duty" and "Character" speak for themselves as to the author's ideals, "and every self-made man of whom he wrote," says the grandson, "did something, apart from the mere amassing of money, to better the world."

Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray's "Hausa Folklore, Customs, Proverbs, &c." (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 30s. net) has several features of special interest. His long residence in West Africa, some time as Assistant District Commissioner, his acquaintance with the Hausa language (he is a qualified interpreter), and his study of social anthropology at Oxford gave him a special fitness for the task of editing Hausa writings. He was fortunate enough also to obtain the services of a learned Hausa (a *malam*), who knew Arabic as well as his own language, and had collected hundreds of sheets of manuscripts written in Arabic; some of these the *malam* translated into Hausa, adding material from his own knowledge of his people. We thus have a genuine Hausa document, written in the dialect of Kano or Sokoto, which is held to be the purest, and untouched by outside ideas; the text is transliterated and translated into English by the editor.

The stories appear to rest on a fund of old animal-tales, whose characteristics are in general identical with those found elsewhere in savage Africa and in North America; there is much coarseness (reflecting current customs); the animals speak and act like human beings, the central figure being often one of small size (the spider, for example), who outwits the hyena, the leopard, and the lion. The customs of marriage, circumcision, burial, and trading are described at length, these belonging to the later settled life. Art is represented by metal casts, skilfully done. Traditions relating to the origin of the people are, naturally, of small historical value. The manuscript edited by Rattray has linguistic importance. The editor calls attention to its clearness and its minute correctness. He is able, by its testimony, to establish the existence of the definite article and other grammatical forms hitherto declared non-existent, and certain idioms hitherto unknown. He properly insists on the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the

Hausa writing for any advanced study of the language. And for various reasons, study of the Hausa people (who have long been Mohammedans) should commend itself to persons interested in Central African, particularly Sudanese, life. The editor has added notes explanatory of words and customs, and Mr. Marett, his teacher in Oxford, has contributed a commendatory preface. Mention must also be made of the beauty of the Arabic characters (which are provided with the necessary Hausa diacritical points) and the general excellence of the printing. The two volumes furnish rich material for future investigations.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The office of Public Trustee was instituted as recently as 1908, but the demand for that official's services has been so great that he already controls more capital than any other single person in the United Kingdom. His investments exceed $205,000,000. He is probably the biggest railway shareholder in England, for his holdings in home railways amount to more than $40,000,000. Yet the Public Trustee himself is directly responsible to no Minister in either House of Parliament, and those of his staff, receiving over $250,000 a year in salaries, are not members of the civil service. The fact is that, when the office was established, no one suspected that it would ever be more than a comparatively unimportant bureau. In view of the responsibilities and powers that are now seen to be involved, a demand is being made for the reconstitution of the Public Trusteeship as a recognized branch of the civil service under the supervision of an official board.

The international congress of the Salvation Army just held in London brought out many evidences of the approval with which its work is now regarded by the British public. Its parade through the streets of the West End to Hyde Park was greeted with so enthusiastic a welcome that it became nothing less than a triumphal procession. Note has been taken of the fact that, although the *Times* persists in its custom of referring to the head of the organization as "General" Booth, the official *Court Circular*, in recording his audience with the King, gave him his military title without inverted commas.

The force of habit is illustrated by the announcement that T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has ceased his connection with *T.P.'s Weekly*, and will be starting a new paper in October. The change has no serious meaning. It is only one of T.P.'s little ways. He has successively founded the *Star*, the *Sun*, the *Weekly Sun*, *M.A.P.*, and *P.T.O.*, and in each case has got rid of his bantling before it was out of its teens. It is really not as an editor, but as a popular writer that he excels. His style, though hurried and slovenly, is exceptionally picturesque and vivid. He has made descriptive reporting almost a fine art, and he has applied this gift successfully to book reviewing, usually making his notices much more "readable" than the books themselves. He has gained in England a large following of readers, who devour with avidity everything that is signed "T.P."

The Welsh National Library, now in course of erection on the crest of a hill overlooking Aberystwyth, is arousing as much enthusiasm throughout the Principality as the earlier movement to provide Wales with a University. In the mining valleys the colliers are setting apart small sums from their weekly wages, as contributions to the Library funds. Quarrymen, agricultural laborers, and working masons are apologetically sending in half-crowns by postal order, with regrets that they are not able to afford more. Gifts of treasured volumes are also arriving from humble homes. By the inclusion of Wales within the Copyright act, the new Library will share with the British Museum and a few other collections the right to claim a copy of every new book henceforth published in the British Isles. It has already acquired several sectional libraries of unique value to students of Welsh history and antiquities.

In Holland plans are under discussion for a wireless connection between the motherland and its East Indian colonies. Up to now the Dutch, in their telegraphic communication with Java and the other islands of the Malay archipelago, have been dependent mainly on the English submarine cable via the Cocos or Keeling Islands. For reasons both of independence and of economy, a national wireless service would recommend itself to the Dutch. Professor Van der Bilt, of the Polytechnic University of Delft, who is its chief advocate, predicts a decrease of the tariff by thirty per cent., if a radio-telegraphic connection with Java were established. The intermediate stations suggested by Professor Van der Bilt are Tripoli, Eritrea, and Ceylon. The plan is not unlikely to be realized in the near future.

The same cannot be said of the scheme brought forward by another Dutchman, Mr. Heringa, who, in a book, entitled "Electrisch Wereldverkeer" (Electric World Commerce), advocates the institution of an International Telegraph Board, which should be independent of any separate Government, and the neutrality of which would have to be secured by international agreement. The principal advantage of an institution of this kind would be the guarantee of an undisturbed telegraphic service in time of war, as every line and cable would be considered the property of a neutral body, with whose interest that of each individual Government would be bound up. As an example of how the international board would have to be organized, Mr. Heringa quotes the institution of the International Danube Committee, by the treaty of Paris of 1856, whose task consisted in regulating the free traffic to and from the mouth of the Danube, and in seeing that the sanitary regulations were strictly observed. Mr. Heringa's book deserves the attention of all who take an interest in international legislation and affords an interesting subject of discussion for future peace conferences to be held in the New Peace Palace at The Hague.

The Dutch are beginning to show an unusual interest in the home life of their great men of the past. They have restored Rembrandt's house in Amsterdam to its supposed original state; they have done the same with the humble dwelling of Spinoza in the little village of Rijnsburg, near Leiden, where almost the entire library which the philosopher is known to have possessed can now be consulted, and there is every chance that soon another house, rich in literary associations, will be added to the number of historical homes. This is the country-house Hofwijk, at Voorburg, near The Hague, which the poet Constantijn Huygens, private secretary of three consecutive princes of Orange, had erected, about the middle of the seventeenth century, as a quiet retreat from state affairs. He was a man of great gifts, poet, dramatist, musician, and statesman. His skill in versification he showed as a translator of John Donne, whose quaint mode of expression he successfully imitated. By the inhabitants of The Hague he is, perhaps, best remembered as the man to whose initiative they owe the laying of that famous avenue which connects their town with the neighboring Scheveningen. But the name of his family was carried far and wide beyond the frontiers of his country by his great son Christiaan, the contemporary and correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, whose equal he was in the knowledge of physical science. The memory of father and son could not be honored in a more suitable manner than by turning the old country-house, where they both so often stayed, into a place of pilgrimage for Dutchman and foreigner. The house is offered for sale, and a committee has been constituted for the collection of the necessary funds.

Science

THEORIES OF MATING.

The Courtship of Animals. By W. P. Pycraft. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

In a volume of three hundred pages Mr. Pycraft has given us an excellent account of his subject. In an introductory chapter he briefly discusses the nature of life, emotions, the beginning of sex, secondary sexual characters, and "hormones." He then considers actual courtship in the animal kingdom, beginning with primitive man and the higher apes, and descending through the scale of life from deer and lions to whales and then to birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and spiders. In addition to this general treatment of the subject are two chapters of especial interest on account of their semi-philosophical point of view, The Sexual Selection Theory as Applied to Birds and Parthenogenesis and its Sequel. While the facts of courtship are narrated in an interesting way, their collated origin is apparent throughout, the freshness of first-hand observation being lamentably absent, as in the author's previous volume on the "Infancy of Animals."

Little comment is necessary on the introduction. The dramatic demand for widespread sexual knowledge is as unnecessary in a volume of this kind as it is weakly argued. As a résumé the account is good. The views of Darwin, Wallace, Weismann, and Lloyd Morgan are clearly set forth with brief discussion, in language adapted to the layman. Full credit is rightly given to Mr. Howard for his recent study of the courtship and other phases of the life of British Warblers; indeed, Mr. Pycraft has dedicated his book to this trained observer.

One of the most radical assertions of the author is a refutation of the commonly accepted theory that the courtship of animals

in general indicates a desire for offspring. "Amorousness, a word with a deep meaning, was, and is, the underlying factor which shaped, and is sustaining, human society; and is no less powerful among the beasts that perish. The motive force in this has not been the desire for offspring, but for the satisfaction of the elemental animal passion, the gratification of the purely sexual emotions which at their height are irresistible." Mr. Pycraft is correct in this statement, but merely shifts the problem to other ground. For though in many mammals and birds the early desertion by the male and a return to solitary life merits the above assertion, yet in the vast majority the care of the female and later of the young throughout their period of helplessness demands recognition either of altruism or of tropisms of very different calibre from the earlier impelling force. This new point of view is, however, one of the most significant which the volume offers, and is worthy of much more detailed discussion than is accorded it.

A considerable amount of space is properly devoted to birds, from the intricate visual and audible display of the peacock to the simple efforts of plain little warblers. Throughout the volume we are impressed with our ignorance of the whys and wherefores of courtship. After consideration of the marvels of plumage of the male birds of paradise, the author rejects environment and sexual selection as explanations. His creed is summed up in a single paragraph:

> The ornamental crests and frills, and the vivid hues which so many birds display, have not arisen, as is generally supposed, as a direct result of the selection, by the females, of the most vividly colored, or ornamented, from among a number of suitors presenting varying degrees of intensity in ornamentation. Such "frills and furbelows" are to be regarded as "expression points" of internal variations in the germ-plasm, which have been free to develop along their own lines because they have not proved in disharmony with the conditions of the birds' environment. Their development is to be traced to the stimulating action of the "hormones" which control both pigmentation and structure, as is shown by the fact that both are modified by any interference with the glands in question. Such ornamental features then are the concomitants, not the results, of sexual selection.

The author very reasonably explains "hen-feathered males" as a despecialization of the masculine plumage, a reversion not to the female type, but to that of the juvenile male. This leaves "cock-feathered hens" as great a mystery as ever.

Mr. Pycraft's book is an admirable review of the general facts of courtship, and although his constant reliance on "hormones" or gland secretions for the explanation of phenomena merely begs the question, yet his correlated dismissal of the theory of æsthetic selection is a welcome advance. The treatment is as thorough and convincing as could be expected from a museum scientist. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

Drama

FRENCH DRAMA EXTRAORDINARY.

"L'OTAGE" OF PAUL CLAUDEL—A MINGLING OF LITANIES AND MELODRAMA—FRANCIS JAMMES.

PARIS, June 16.

It means something in Paris that the director of the State Theatre of the Odéon should take over a piece from one of the "little theatres," even to end his season. This is what M. Paul Gavault, himself one of the year's successful playwrights and the successor of novelty-hunting Antoine, has done with "L'Otage" of Paul Claudel. A whole generation ago Ibsen and Maeterlinck were introduced to Paris on similar small stages, which have their chosen public ready for any experiment. Neither has lasted in the great theatres to which they migrated for the general public, not even Maeterlinck—for the lights and decorations of the "Blue Bird" and Debussy's music set to "Pelléas et Mélisande" belong to other arts than the drama. It is likely to be the same with Paul Claudel, for the deep impression he has made belongs in large part to something that is not drama—and yet he shows dramatic qualities more than enough for the ordinary play. Meantime, an articulate part of Young France attributes to him nothing short of a mission for the moment and the environment and the race.

Robert de Flers, who is the most successful playwright of ordinary French drama, both for home and foreign consumption, says:

> "The Hostage" threw me into a great state of amazement and melancholy. A few rare flashes, very vague and fleeting, and we soon fell back into frantic lyric talk of terribly over-excited personages. . . . (Yet Paul Claudel) has the vehement and exclusive admiration of the greater part of our young *littérateurs*.

Léon Blum, a reputed critic, adds, with the approval of M. de Flers:

> The piece has only six scenes, two for an act. But amid these ample dialogues the system of ideas symbolized by each one of the heroes extends its front in regular and magnificent array. The drama advances like a religious procession, alternating words and responses as in a liturgical chant. It is written in language entirely original, at once rustic and subtle, archaic and innovating. From truculence as of Rabelais the tone passes to a sort of sacred emotion. In character work as in the invention of imagery, turn by turn we feel lyric ideality and strong reality, with a stout tether to earth. He that conciliates within himself such contradictions is at any rate a true artist.

After this, we are not surprised to hear from J. Ernest-Charles, who, being of the preceding generation, should be an antipode of Paul Claudel:

> To speak clearly, these works seem to me better made for reading than for representation. . . . I am very sure that "The Hostage," turbid though it be at moments, is a very vast work, and a very eloquent tragedy. There is hardly another wherein the heroes live an intenser extraordinary life.

It is needful to bolster with like authorities any account of a work whose author is unknown to English readers, who lives in Germany and has a native Paris following, and whose complete works are already issuing from the press. This is the first general attention called to him as a playwright, though his "Annunciation to Mary" was given a year ago and "The Exchange" at the beginning of this season—always in these initiating little theatres of Paris. His art is, indeed, sorely puzzling at first acquaintance to foreigners not hitherto observant of this movement of a distinguished number of French intellects and hearts.

It is the everlasting return of race to its heredity after strain of revolution. Whether the movement will remain for the most part literary and artistic and limited to few, like that of Ruskin and Rossetti, or will go on to religious practice, as with those who followed Newman, time must shortly tell. Melchior de Vogüé's "new spirit," which he brought in with Tolstoy, and Paul Desjardins's "moral union" endured only for a political party's dream of "appeasement." This new "reaction" is far more thorough than either sentimentally; and, although it speaks from the stage of little theatres and in books of small sale, and not from an Oxford University church, like Newman, it is chief among that talk of faith by the new generation which, in his own words, sets Anatole France's teeth on edge.

There can be no doubt of the great beauty and emotion piercing through this new play of Paul Claudel. Even Robert de Flers, who speaks from Babylon, cheerfully confesses his feeling that "the thought is always very beautiful and very high, and able to find expression that sends its rays into our minds."

Napoleon is nearing his first fall and has ordered that the Pope—his "Hostage"—shall be sent to a safe fortress. Georges de Coûfontaine gets possession of the order and of the Pope, whom he intends spiriting away to England for the benefit of his Bourbon king in exile. The Pope, whose soul is above emperors and kings, refuses to go anywhere except to his own place, which is Rome. And here enters the play's representative of the New France in soul and honor and all the rest—Baron Turelure. He is Napoleon's Imperial Prefect, and he has guessed the secret presence of the Pope in the château of Coûfontaine, which has been bought back and restored since the destruction of the Revolution by Sygne, who is Georges's cousin and the piece's heroine. She represents Old France and Christian tradition; and, unless she takes Turelure for her husband, he will seize the "hostage"—the Pope she is hiding.

Sygne revolts in every fibre of her being. Then enters a somewhat uncertain Christ in the person of the simple priest of her parish. The critics, who very certainly are

not authorities in casuistry, find the scene and its dialogue, which is all but a liturgy of the coming sacrifice, "most magnificently Christian."

Sygne becomes Baroness Turelure, and the Pope gets away to Rome. The Allies appear before Paris, and Turelure blithely lets it be known that he will betray Napoleon, for whom he holds Paris in charge—on conditions. The Bourbons' envoy is Georges de Coûfontaine, and the negotiation is not easy—for Turelure holds out for this much of Revolution, whose son he is. The restored King must be a constitutional and not an absolute monarch, as the tradition of Old France would have it. There is another condition in which Sygne has to do the negotiating.

It should be said that Georges has lost his children, and his wife has left him. He expresses all that his cousin is to him:

> Oh! from head to foot you are a Coûfontaine and I can talk with you; and there is no feature or manner in you which I do not understand. And you have only to turn your head and there are as many images of ourselves in you as once there were portraits in the gallery of our château.

Turelure's final condition is hard. Georges must not only make the sacrifice of his principle loyal to an absolute king; he must transfer the name of Coûfontaine and all it means to the baby Turelure. Has not Sygne sacrificed her love and happiness? It is his turn.

In ultimate revolt, Georges draws his pistol against the aggressor of his King and of his own flesh and blood; but Turelure is too quick and kills him with a ball that finishes Sygne as well. As she lies dying, Turelure, who is after all her husband, pleads for pardon—but she will not even see the priest, lest he insist that as a Christian she must forgive.

This mingling of litanies and melodrama forms a more truly dramatic piece than the more poetic "Brebis égarée" of Francis Jammes. He, too, is a leader of the new movement, and he also lives far from the madding crowd of Paris in his native town among the Pyrenees. His "prologue or Gospel paraphrase" is the dialogue of a parable to frame and sustain a drama of unhistoric lives in our every-day world. It is verse which Rossetti might have signed, archaic like stained glass and easy of understanding. The "Lost Sheep" and the "Unfaithful Wife" alternate in it for more couplets than can be given here:

. . . . . .

—There was a sheep wandering far from Paradise.
—And a poor wife with evil in her soul.
—The sheep strayed and was lost in the valley.
—And the wife went to the sunshine of Spain.

. . . . . .

—The sheep left shepherd and dog and lamb.
—And the wife left her husband and her babes.
—And to emptiness the lamb held up its mouth.
—She came not when, in the night, the children asked for their Mother.
—Alas! alas! nothing to do when one wills to stray.
—How hard you make your heart! How you tame your sorrow!
—The mountain smelled of flowers and the brook of curds and milk.
—And Spain had the warm fragrance of love.

. . . . . .

—The poor robe God gave me was soon spotted with mud.
—And my cheek wrinkled and then changed its color.
—I saw I soiled the snow I trod.
—I saw pity in my lover's eyes.

. . . . . .

—I dreamed of my lamb and the dog and shepherd.
—And I of my children, I away, putting their light out alone.
—I thought of the tooth my lamb shows in sleep.
—O sovereign wretchedness of one a lover and a mother.
—O desire for home of the straying sheep!
—I was in the depths of Spain, but God crosses mountains.

(The Wife):

—The good God came and His feet were bare.
—In His hands the flower bled, which I had not found.
—In His feet—and calling me—was my children's mouth.

. . . . . .

—He has let my hair fall about his piercéd feet.
—Lead back to the shepherd's fold the sheep sore wounded.
—Bring back to her husband one that trembles and faints.
—But there were butchers saying—It must be killed.
—And women Pharisees were saying—She's but a dog!
—Then the Lord entered the shepherd's heart.
—Then Jesus Christ entered the husband's heart.
—And He said to butchers—I have come to seek it.
—And He said to evil ones—I have come to save her.
—And he said to butchers—Which of you has never fallen?
—And he said to evil ones—Which of you has never sinned?

. . . . . .

—Come back to the fold, never to stray again!
—Come back to the sorrowing home, to light its fire again!

The Wife, in twenty-seven more of these unusual couplets, tells the Gospel lesson of the very literal prose play that is now to be acted to the new "generation at the horizon."

—Over and over you must say—Spite of mock and laughter—
—You will not be happy, living far from God!

S. D.

Two more volumes, "The Misanthrope" and "The Miser," have been added to the translation of Molière which Putnams are publishing for Prof. Curtis H. Page ($1 net). The former is in blank verse; the latter, following the original, is in prose. In both the style is spirited and competent. In his brief introductory note to "The Miser" Professor Page well remarks that Molière is here "superior to his predecessors and to his followers by the overflowing power of his comic spirit. This is sometimes hardly appreciated in the reading of the play, but it always comes out with dominating force on the stage. Scenes like that of the memorandum, or 'without a dowry,' never fail of their effect; nor do those between father and son, or that of the lost strong-box, where comedy that is almost farce still seems only a step removed from tragedy." That is sound criticism, and suited to its place.

The works of the renowned Rabindranath Tagore are coming out with almost bewildering rapidity, the last to appear being a drama of mixed sentiment and humor named "The Post Office" (Macmillan; $1 net). The hero, a little adopted boy, is ill, dying in fact, and the doctor has ordered that he shall not be permitted to go out of doors or breathe the fresh air of nature. Various people pass his window, whom he questions in naïve wonder about the great outer world. One of them, the Watchman, tells him that the building opposite is the Post Office, and that through it the King sends little letters to children. Hence the name of the play; and hence the dénouement is easily guessed. Through an enemy the King hears of this gossip, and sends his court physicians to the boy—but the healing is death. The scenes have something of that affected simplicity which passes with so many people to-day for profundity, but they are very slight and will scarcely add to the author's reputation.

Music

One of the novelties to be heard in London this year is "The Golden Cock," the last opera of Rimsky-Korsakoff, which he did not live to complete.

Mascagni and Leoncavallo owed the success of their two popular operas largely to the fact that they came at the psychological moment as a sort of protest against the excessive length of the operas of Meyerbeer and Wagner. A few German composers profited by the lesson. The latest of them is Felix Weingartner. His "Kain und Abel" is the condensation of a three-act opera into a one-act opera. His mind was busy with the subject for a quarter of a century, and the libretto is as much his own as the music. The first performance, under the composer's direction, lasted only an hour and a half. After it he conducted his third symphony, which was of course, a huge mistake. The climax of the opera suggests "Die Walküre," and altogether Dr. Leopold Schmitt, of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, found this work conceived even more in the Wagnerian style than the operas of Humperdinck. Nevertheless, owing to its subject, "Kain und Abel" has turned out a dramatic cantata rather than a real opera.

Richard Wagner died a few months after the first performances of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth in 1882, and there is reason to think that the end was hastened by his exertions connected with the staging and rehearsing of the work, which, for a man of sixty-nine, were too exhausting. In all probability the "Parsifal" rehearsals accelerated the end of one of his chief apostles, too. Ernst von Schuch lived to conduct the first two performances of the opera in Dresden. His doctor prescribed absolute rest, but he refused to heed his advice, and thus fell an easy victim to pneumonia. He died at the moment when,

at the Royal Opera, the curtain rose on the sublime church scene in Wagner's "Meistersinger," which he himself had so often led during the forty-two years of his career as conductor of the Dresden Opera.

That Richard Wagner was as unhappy with his first wife (the actress Minna Planer) as he was happy with his second wife (Cosima, daughter of Liszt) is known abundantly from his autobiography and his letters to Minna, which have been printed. Of Minna's letters few have been given to the world. The June number of the *Forum* (Munich: Wilhelm Herzog) gives publicity to those written by her to the wife of the poet Herwegh. They are mostly of the year 1858-59, the time when "Tristan und Isolde" was being written. At that time Minna was furiously jealous of Mathilde Wesendonck, who is generally supposed to have been the "original Isolde"; and of this jealousy there are traces in most of the letters written to Emma Herwegh. In one of them she declares that no woman had ever been so grossly insulted by her husband as she had been. Her indignation was vented on the opera itself as well as on the woman who inspired it and the man who composed it. To her, Tristan and Isolde are "a loathsome pair." How little she understood of Wagner's achievements and ideals is shown by her referring, in 1861, to the "arias" in that opera (arias having been excluded on principle from all his operas following "Rienzi"). "Lohengrin" she understood. "I like this opera very much," she wrote. "In me he surely finds an ardent admirer of his early works; I feel as if I had helped to create them, since at that time it was my privilege to take care of him and assume all the burdens of domestic life. How very different this was in the last years that we lived together." As for "Tristan," considered purely as a work of art, she had no faith in it. While he was hard at work on the last act, in Venice, amid the tortures of ill health, she doubted whether that sort of thing (*solche Arbeiten*) would bring him luck. She hoped, however, that it would.

How Chopin composed, or rather improvised, his Funeral March is related in the Paris *Temps* by Jules Claretie in an article on the late painter Ziem:

At the burial of Ziem, Chopin's Funeral March—the march in the Sonata—was the dirge to which the mourners moved. And then I remembered that it was in Ziem's studio that Chopin had first composed it and under a kind of hallucination. Ziem and the frequenters of his studio were a wild and whimsical lot in those days, and on this particular evening they were amusing themselves with a half comic, half ghastly masquerade. Stripping the sheets from the beds and seizing any white wrapping upon which they could lay hand, they had improvised a ballet of ghosts, suggested doubtless by the phantoms of the nuns that rise from their graves in Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil."

Chopin, however, held aloof. He would not join in the frolic; he would not even smile at it. He was nervous and "shivery," and finally he sat down at the pianoforte, while the "ghosts" in their white shrouds gathered about him. They grew still, as his emaciated hands ran feverishly over the keys. Then he seemed to gather will and force; he played; and the fall of the notes was as the dropping of tears. The listeners did not renew their dance; they lost all zest for it. They did not move; they did not speak until Chopin ceased his playing and lapsed moodily into himself again. They praised him; they tried to carry him about the studio on their shoulders in honor of the improvisation; but he shook them off and went his way. The "Improvisation" was the Funeral March.

Art

Teachers and art-loving laymen alike will appreciate the English edition of the Furtwängler-Ulrichs "Denkmäler"—"Greek and Roman Sculpture" (Dutton; $2.50 net). The translation from the third edition, 1911, is excellently done by Horace Taylor. The volume is somewhat larger and heavier than the familiar German original, but there is compensation in a clearer type face. The abundant illustrative material remains the same. Furtwängler was perhaps the most stimulating writer of our time in his field, as brilliant as erratic. The necessary danger signals are set up by the collaborator, Professor Ulrichs, and the teacher may have something further to do in pointing out the difference between ingenious theory and proved fact.

A "History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting" (Dutton; Vol. I; $2.50 net), by James Ward, has the advantage of construing its theme broadly. The incidental polychromy of the Egyptians, Chaldæans, and Assyrians is the starting point. No attention, however, is given to the very interesting work in the neolithic caves. The succinct account of Italian fresco painting, concerning which the author has already written a book, is the best we have seen. For the rest the book is rather clumsily written, rarely cites authorities, and is padded out with general considerations of art history, which is occasionally inaccurate. The practicing artist seems to be chiefly in view. He may find a certain amusement and profit in a book the scholarly import of which is rather small. There are a number of illustrations. The second volume will carry the story from Cimabue to modern times.

With the fourth *Licferung*, plates 61 to 80, *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte* (Leipzig: Seemann) completes its first year. On the whole, it has been well maintained, but the number shows plainly the difficulty inherent in the very enterprise, that of finding a steady supply of meritorious works of art which are unpublished. Portraits rather hazardously ascribed to Hals, Licinio, and Palma are the most ambitious offerings. There is a series of mythological frescoes by Domenichino from the Lanckoronski Collection, Vienna. Of interest to specialists is a signed Birth of St. John, by Bugiardini, from Stockholm. The most impressive plate presents a contemporary marble head, artist unknown, of the militant Pope, Julius II. We believe the editors of this useful magazine would do well to offer fewer reproductions, from originals of higher quality.

Numerous well-chosen illustrations, many of superior execution, help to commend "Greek Art and the National Life," by S. C. Kaines Smith (Scribner). The text is stimulating and informed by a fine idealism which occasionally rises to eloquence. The gist of the study is that Athens was supreme in art because, as compared with the parochial thinking of other Greek city states, she thought magnanimously and acted with an eye to Hellas as a whole. Much that is said will be interesting to students, and the better chapters of the book would make excellent collateral reading for classes of college grade. The defect is a tendency to let fancy rove at large in the realm of facts. It is well enough to attempt to visualize the look of Grecian feasts and conflicts, though the attempt is perilous and variously successful, but the scope of mere guess in the field of archæology and chronology should be strictly limited. Mr. Smith solves the delicate problem of separating late Minoan from Mycenæan art by reckoning most of the fine objects of early Argive provenance as Cretan. The treatment of these early periods occupies more than a third of the space, which, for a book that deals with national characteristics, is sadly out of scale. Surely our knowledge of the national traits of early Cretans and Argives does not as yet permit of extended discourse.

When the fifth and fourth centuries are reached, the work is generally admirable, though here no sufficient emphasis is given to the athletic ideals of Hellas. Mr. Smith may well have avoided this well-worn topic as matter of common knowledge, but such assumptions are hardly safe for the public this book apparently addresses. The whole tendency is moralistic and historical. Much of the treatment of technique is either mistaken or commonplace. For example, the Pergamon frieze is not, properly speaking, well done. If technique means appropriate dexterity, these famous marbles are simply bad sculpture. Mr. Smith's notion that a thing may be splendid as technique but despicable as respects art and morals, is the usual expedient of the moralist to exalt his own criteria. The actual case will rarely occur. A clever thing may well be base, but the concepts of fine technique and cleverness do not coincide. Mr. Smith is so responsive to what was best in Athenian art and patriotism that the reader may well indulge him in occasional excesses of pictorialism and in certain rather wild surmises on matters Mycenæan and Homeric.

It is odd that since Lafenestre's excellent but superseded manual there has been no adequate brief history of Italian painting. The chapters in Michel's general History are excellent, and Ricci's little books, of which "Northern Italy" is out, have distinguished merits, but cover too much ground for the ordinary reader. The long-felt need of such a brief manual is measurably filled by Alice Van Vechten Brown and William Rankin's "A Short History of Italian Painting" (Dutton; $2.25 net). In all that concerns general proportions and characterization of particular artists the work deserves high praise. The criticism is almost always just and sometimes brilliant. It is the first popular work that does any sort of justice to the great painters before Giotto. Usually the more disputable questions are frankly stated and the views of the authors presented with becoming modesty. There is plentiful citation of relevant literature, abundant illustrations, and supplementary lists of pictures besides those mentioned in the text. The book is admirably fitted for use in college classes, but should appeal as well to the pure amateur. The printing, especially in the notes, is rather careless, but the errors are seldom of a kind seriously to mislead. A fuller use of recent discoveries might have modified the authors' views of Andrea and Nardo Clone and of Leonardo da Vinci's early work. Sometimes the ascriptions in the supplementary lists do not agree with those in the text. This is true in as important an instance as Masaccio. Such oversights may readily be amended in a second edition. One would gladly find more expression of views on general development and a closer relation of the trend of art with that

of contemporary life. Whatever is done of this sort is excellent, and to have done more would perhaps have been to hazard the brevity of the presentation. For such a purpose, however, we would cheerfully sacrifice the characterizations of minor artists and schools, though such brief mention is in itself always competent and often quite masterly. Taken as a whole, the little volume, with its admirably chosen cuts, is far the best thing of its sort in the field. Its welcome among art lovers should be assured, while to art lovers who are also teachers, it is a positive boon.

Finance

THE CLAFLIN FAILURE.

The failure of the H. B. Claflin Company, on Thursday of last week, has a broad and interesting bearing on the larger problems of the financial situation. It was the largest house in the American mercantile trade; its long and successful history had made its name almost a household word; to the general public, news of its failure was not only unexpected, but incredible. Its liabilities, according to the estimate of the creditors' committee, reached $34,000,000—a total nearly one-third as large as those under which Baring Brothers went down in London during 1890. Furthermore, both the ramifications of the Claflin business and the distribution of its indebtedness extended to almost every important commercial and financial market of the country; it was involved, through indirect stock investment and through endorsement of paper, with nearly forty interior mercantile houses.

Here, then, was apparently material for a financial shock of formidable character. The bankers who, in the earlier days of last week, were engaged in considering the application of the company for help, were probably convinced that the consequences of an actual failure would be generally disastrous. They had learned that, to save the embarrassed house, not less than $24,000,000 was required. That was too great a task. But there could hardly have been one participant in the conference who did not look for some sort of convulsion on the markets when the outcome of its deliberations should be publicly announced.

What the actual reception of that announcement was, in banking and business circles and on the Stock Exchange, the news reports of the two days following the failure told rather strikingly. No fright or panic ensued. Even the dispatches from the outside business centres, supposed to have been most heavily involved, were surprisingly reassuring as to the general effect. Announcement that mercantile enterprises, controlled along with the Claflin Company by the Associated Merchants and United Dry Goods holding companies, were in sound condition and would be protected by their banks, was accepted without question. On the Stock Exchange there had been a sharp decline in prices Wednesday, while the Claflin Company's embarrassments were still under private consideration, and there was some irregular weakness, though of no formidable sort, on the day when the failure was announced. But after a night to reflect upon the matter, Friday's stock market turned to a movement of general and decided recovery.

Matters of this sort are not settled by the action or inference of the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours. It is entirely possible that, in the present episode, the loss or tying-up of so enormous an amount as the Claflin Company liabilities will involve some unpleasant consequences. The fact, which has properly been emphasized, that the $34,000,000 indebtedness was distributed among banks, estimated to number 3,000, would result in no overwhelming average burden in such institutions. The large sum total would remain, however, and the mere fact that average bank holdings are not large does not prove that some institutions may not hold an unduly great proportion.

But all these considerations must have been equally in the mind of Thursday's and Friday's market, and the really essential fact is, that the markets received the startling news with what may fairly be described s equanimity. To account for such a result, there are only two reasonable explanations —that the Claflin failure itself, in its immediate and ulterior effects, is a far less serious matter than any one had supposed, or else that the existing general position, in the business world and on the Stock Exchange, has been proved by a most exacting test to be particularly sound and strong.

With the further work of straightening out the tangle of the company's complications, there will come up for broader consideration the question of what the Claflin failure really means, considered as an incident in the financial history of the period. At the moment, the quite unanimous comment, in both financial and commercial circles, has been that the collapse was a clear result of overextension on the basis of insufficient capital; that situation having been created by long pursuit of intrinsically unsound financial methods.

This was strongly indicated, at the very start of discussion of the failure. When the news set all interested persons to examining the reports and statements of the insolvent corporation, it was impossible to learn from any such documents what were the retail stores of which the company said, on Thursday, that it had been compelled to depend on the profits of financing them, to offset curtailment in its own proper business. It was not even possible to discover from these reports what was the basis on which such retail establishments were controlled or operated by the Claflin Company.

Yet the formal announcement of the company, last Thursday, declared the embarrassment to have resulted from the fact that, in the curtailment of profits on the wholesale trade, it had been "compelled to rely mainly on the profits from financing retail stores throughout the country"—a work for which the company's capital had proved to be inadequate. But this was perilously close to the methods pursued by the numerous new "industrial combinations" which came to grief in 1903. Combining a dozen or a score of moderate-sized business enterprises, conducted in different quarters of the country, they had reckoned on financing an amalgamated company on the same general basis that its constituent elements had pursued before—through borrowing on short-term loans from banks. The Claflin Company survived, much longer than the victims of the 1903 reaction, the dangers of such experiments; but the combination found itself in very deep water during 1907, and has had to give way in 1914.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Bryce, Mrs. C. Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. Lane. $1.25 net.
Burroughs, E. R. Tarzan of the Apes. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Ellis, J. B. The Woodneys. Devin-Adair. $1 net.
Gifford, F. K. The Democratic Rhine-Maid. Devin-Adair. $1.25 net.
Hueffer, O. M. Hunt the Slipper. Lane. $1.25 net.
Lee, Vernon. Louis Norbert. Lane. $1.25 net.
Phillpotts, E. Faith Tresilion. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Washburn, S. Two in the Wilderness. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Webster, N. H. The Sheep Track. Dutton. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Year Book Directory of Scottish Societies. Caledonian Publishing Co. 75 cents net.
Bailey, C. W. Educational Reform. Putnam. 30 cents.
Dowden, E. Fragments from Old Letters, E. D. to E. D. W. $2 net. Letters, $2.50 net. Dutton.
Henderson, C. H. What Is It to Be Educated? Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Verrall, A. W. Classical Essays. Collected Studies. Putnam. $7.
Walker, H. The Literature of the Victorian Era. Putnam. $1.
Whitehead's Conventions of Auction Bridge. Stokes. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Barton, J. L. Educational Missions. Student Voluntcer Movement. 75 cents.
Conybeare, F. X. The Historical Christ. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Earp, E. L. The Rural Church Movement. Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.
McDowall, S. A. Evolution and the Need of Atonement. Putnam. 90 cents.
Scott-Moncrieff, P. D. Paganism and Christianity in Egypt. Putnam. $2.
Smoot, T. A. The Standard of Pitch in Religion. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Streeter, B. H. Restatement and Reunion. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bryan, W. J. The People's Law. Funk & Wagnall's. 30 cents net.
Picht, W. Toynbee Hall. Trans. from the German by L. A. Cowell. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Reid, J. S. The Municipalities of the Roman Empire. Putnam. $3.75.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bell, E. I. The Political Shame of Mexico. McBride Nast. $2 net.
Bolivar, Cartas de. Paris: Michaud.
Christ's College Biographical Register. Comp. by John Pelle. 2 vols. Putnam.

De Kay, J. Dictators of Mexico. London: Wilson.
Everyman's Library: Seebohm's The Oxford Reformers. Colley Cibber's An Apology for His Life. Froude's Benjamin Disraeli. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's Pioneer Work for Women. Dutton. 35 cents each.
Goebel, J. Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter. Chicago: German American Historical Society.
Inness, A. D. A Source Book of English History. Vol. I. Putnam. $1.10.
Winstanley, D. A. Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition. Putnam. $2.95.

POETRY.

Choate, I. B. Through Realms of Song. Boston: Chapple. $1 net.
Ozanam, Frederick. The Franciscan Poets. Trans. by Nellen and Craig. Scribner.
Randolph, Althea. A Shower of Verses. Gray.
Way, A. S. Theocritus, Bion, Moschus. $1.50. The Song of Roland. $1.25. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Meredith, L. B. Rock Gardens. Second edition. Scribner.
Steinhardt, I. D. Ten Sex Talks to Boys. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Sylvester, J. J. Mathematical Papers. Vol. IV. Putnam. $6.
Ward, J. Heredity and Memory. Putnam. 45 cents.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Cowling, G. H. Music on the Shakespearian Stage. Putnam. $1.25.
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Montagu-Nathan, M. History of Russian Music. Scribner.
Newmarch, Rosa. The Russian Opera. Dutton. $1.75 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

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Fernald, J. C. English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Hughes, T. Tom Brown's Schooldays. Ed. by A. B. DeMille. Scott, Foresman. 35 cents.
Jacobs, Ella. Methods of Teaching Primary Grades. Course B. Philadelphia: Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Kilpatrick, W. H. The Montessori System. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.
Richmond, C. England, Scotland, Ireland. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents net.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1914.

Summary of the News

The internal situation in Mexico has been somewhat improved by the adjustment of the difficulties causing the breach between Villa and Carranza, which we noted last week. At a meeting of the generals of both sides to the controversy, held at Torreon, a *modus vivendi* was arrived at, by which Villa will continue to recognize Carranza as First Chief and leader of the Constitutionalists, while Villa will apparently be recognized as the supreme chief of the army of the north and second in authority only to Carranza. Plans have been resumed for the campaign against Mexico City.

While the Constitutionalists have been busy composing their differences at Torreon, Gen. Huerta has placidly been getting himself elected President at Mexico City. In the elections held on Sunday in the part of the country under Federal control, less than three per cent. of the voters went to the polls, but that proportion was sufficient to cause a landslide in favor of Huerta. Aureliano Blanquet was declared Vice-President. As the future destinies of Mexico are likely to be considerably affected by the Constitutionalists, the result of the elections cannot be said to have brought about any material change in the situation. Meanwhile, Carranza has displayed no further eagerness to send delegates to confer with Huerta's representatives, although dispatches from Washington on Tuesday were hopeful concerning his intentions.

In a dispatch to the War Department, published on Tuesday, Brig.-Gen. Funston confirmed reports of a mutiny among Gen. Huerta's forces before the American outposts at Vera Cruz. Gen. Funston reported that the Mexican commander had informed him of the uprising and of the threat of the mutineers to attack the American lines. Consequently, if the attack were made, it would not be regarded as an "attack under orders," and would not affect the existing armistice.

President Wilson last week instituted a departure from the policy which he has hitherto pursued in calling into conference with him Mr. J. P. Morgan. The interview with Mr. Morgan is understood to have been only the first of similar conversations which the President intends to have with representatives of large commercial interests in regard to business conditions. According to a statement given out by William F. McCombs, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, on Saturday, it is the plan of the President to explain clearly to business men the significance of the legislation that is contemplated in order that the country may be able the more readily to adjust itself to the new conditions.

Any faint hopes that members of Congress might still have entertained of an adjournment before early autumn were disposed of last week, when a caucus of Democratic Senators voted to remain in session until the pending Trust bills were "disposed of." In the form in which it was originally presented, the resolution provided that Congress should continue in session until the bills were "passed," but the phrasing was considered too exacting, in view of the fact that the bills may undergo considerable modifications before their final consideration. The three measures referred to are the Clayton, the Railroad Securities, and the Federal Trade Commission bills.

Paul M. Warburg on Tuesday formally requested the President to withdraw his nomination to be a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Warburg's action was prompted by his objections to the manner of cross-examination employed by the Committee of the Senate. Comment on the matter will be found elsewhere.

According to the figures annually compiled by the Chicago *Herald*, giving the number of accidents throughout the country due to the celebrations in connection with the Fourth of July, a record of sanity was established this year. The *Herald* placed the dead at 15, the injured at approximately 306, and the loss by fire at $124,000. The figures, except in loss by fire, compare favorably with those of last year, which were, respectively, 32, 1,131, and $122,620.

Correspondence between Col. Roosevelt and Dr. Lyman Abbott, relative to the former's resignation as contributing editor to the *Outlook*, was made public on Saturday morning. We comment elsewhere on the Colonel's statement, which indicates that considerations of high patriotism demand that he should devote his time exclusively to the political situation, and, in particular, to convincing the country of the error of President Wilson's ways. Meanwhile, as we point out in our editorial columns, it is interesting to note that the Colonel's arraignment of the foreign policy of the Administration is couched only in the most general terms. The very explicit and convincing statement on the Colombian treaty by James T. Du Bois, United States Minister to Colombia under the Taft Administration, which was published in the papers of July 2, still awaits an answer from Col. Roosevelt.

The remarkable performances of Mr. George Fred Williams, United States Minister to Greece and Montenegro, on which we commented last week, were brought to an end, so far as their official significance is concerned, by the receipt of his resignation at the State Department on Monday. In tendering his resignation, Mr. Williams seems to have ignored the fact that it had been asked for by the President. As a reason for resigning he explained that he could not comment as he would like upon the situation in Albania while under the restraints imposed by his diplomatic position.

A bomb, which, beyond any reasonable possibility of doubt, was intended for the destruction of others, exploded prematurely on Saturday morning in a flat in New York city, killing three members of an anarchistic group and a woman who lived in the rooms next to theirs. A fourth man who was in the flat at the time, and who escaped alive, has disappeared, and, at the time of writing, has not been discovered. Until the evidence of this man can be obtained, it is impossible to confirm or refute the theory held by the police that the bomb was in preparation for use on the estate of John D. Rockefeller, at Tarrytown, or definitely to establish the connection of the I. W. W. with the affair. While, however, suspending judgment until the matter shall have been more thoroughly investigated, it may not be amiss to recall to mind the flood of denials, of the same general character as those issued by the I. W. W. in the present instance, that came when the McNamara dynamite conspiracy was first exposed.

The second reading of the amending bill to the Home Rule bill was passed in the House of Lords on Monday, by a vote of 273 to 10. After the division notice was handed in of several amendments providing for the absolute exclusion of the whole of Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule act and placing the province under the jurisdiction of a Secretary of State, who shall sit in the Imperial Parliament, and whose administrative orders shall require the sanction of Parliament. A more hopeful feeling regarding the prospects of a peaceful settlement appears to prevail, but meanwhile the enlisting and arming of the Nationalist volunteers goes on. According to the London *Times*, the number of the Nationalist volunteers on July 3 was 153,000, and it was reported that 200,000 rounds of ammunition had been landed on the coast of Down on the morning of July 6.

The funeral of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg, who were assassinated on June 28, took place in Vienna on July 3. According to dispatches from Vienna, the Servian Government has been officially requested to institute an inquiry in order to fix the responsibility for the assassination, as indications are that the conspiracy was hatched in Servia.

The trouble in Albania continues, despite the good offices of Mr. George Fred Williams. A belated report arrived on July 2 that on the previous Sunday the Government troops had sustained a serious defeat at Mulkuch, just north of Durazzo, and correspondence has been interrupted on account of the cutting of wires connecting with various centres. Prince William's wife and family left Durazzo for Bucharest on Friday of last week, and reports were received on Monday that Koritsa had been captured by the insurgents.

The final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta was rowed on July 4 between two American crews, the Harvard second 'varsity and the Union Boat Club, of Boston. The former crew won by one and a half lengths, in seven minutes and twenty seconds.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Benjamin Stone, July 2; Henry Willard Denison, July 3; Dr. Nicolas Jean Baptiste Duguet, the Right Rev. John Tohill, Countess von Waldersee, July 4; Sydney Grundy, Rear-Admiral Edward P. Ashe, July 5; Frank K. M. Rehn, Mgr. Louis Albert Gaffre, Max Weyl, July 6; John A. Shields, July 7.

The Week

The President's interview with Mr. Morgan, accompanied as it has been by intimations of coming conferences of similar nature with men representing large business interests, is one of those rather unusual occurrences which are calculated to please everybody. It must be about equally agreeable to those who have been imagining that Mr. Wilson is a deadly enemy of business, to those who have been oppressed by the belief that business is possessed with a fierce desire to destroy Mr. Wilson, and to those who, without indulging in either of these fanciful notions, have yet felt that a closer contact and better understanding between the President and Congress on the one side and leading men in the business world on the other was much to be desired. Externals count for a good deal in these matters; and it must be admitted that, even apart from externals, there has been a degree of aloofness, between the political powers at Washington and the men who know the various phases of the country's business activities from the inside, which went beyond necessity and had unfortunate effects. The Administration, to use a homely expression, has been leaning over backwards in its desire to avoid either the reality or the appearance of undue influence by business interests, and Mr. Wilson appears to have arrived at the conclusion that the psychological moment has come for the adoption of a different posture.

There is another aspect to this question of the Executive keeping in touch with important financial leaders—that the interests of the Government itself frequently require something more than distant official aloofness. This is not the first occasion when a high officer at Washington has been confronted with fear about what the general public might suspect if he conferred directly with the money interests. The late John G. Carlisle, when Secretary of the Treasury in the troubled days of 1894, was deeply imbued with that feeling. Sharing his Western constituency's mistrust of Wall Street, he refused to meet the New York bankers for personal discussion of the Government loan through which the Treasury's gold reserve was to be restored. Under such circumstances, concerted action to insure the loan's success was impossible; the banks, which would ordinarily have conserved their own resources against a critical business situation, did not know what other assurances of subscription, if any, the Secretary had. As it happened, he had none; the loan came within twenty-four hours of failure, and was eventually floated only by an urgent eleventh-hour appeal to the New York banks. Let this be contrasted with John Sherman's policy in the Government's resumption loan of 1877. He kept himself in close personal contact with both home and foreign lenders, but dealt with each as an astute bargainer would deal. In the end, when the New York banks, in conference with the Secretary, demurred to the terms imposed, he had in his pocket an option for the floating of the loan through an international banking house, and when the banks finally said No, he accepted the Belmont-Rothschild offer, to the great chagrin of the New York financiers, whom he had beaten at their own game.

Civil-service reform is again wounded in the house of a friend through President Wilson's action in exempting from the rules the fourteen new commercial attachés. The positions were created for the purpose of aiding American trade in Europe and South America; and in the debate in the Senate and House no good reason was shown why they should not be filled by non-partisan appointment on the strength of fitness shown by examination. In fact, Congress finally voted that the places be kept under the civil service rules; but the President, by Executive order, has made them exempt—made them, that is, patronage. No doubt, there will be a show of special care in obtaining qualified men, and the whole matter will be minimized, with reaffirmations that the Administration intends to live up to the principles of civil-service reform; but the fact stands that the regular and wholesome way of doing the thing has been set aside, and the method pleasing to the spoilsmen adopted. It is probable that the President's private explanation will be that, in order to do a great good, he consented to a little wrong. With his heart set on a big legislative programme, he has to facilitate it by throwing sops to Congressmen and party leaders. This is what is always said, and we presume that it will be said in Mr. Wilson's behalf. Very well; let it be said openly. Let there be none of the familiar whisperings that if we only knew what a burden the President had to carry, we should pardon him these occasional lapses. If that is a sound reason for departing from the civil-service rules, let it be stated frankly, so that the public may judge of it.

Two of Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Bryan's diplomatic chickens have now come home to roost, George Fred Williams and James M. Sullivan. The latter, now Minister to Santo Domingo, has not yet left the service, but is returning "ill." It has been an open secret that an agent of the State Department has been sojourning in Santo Domingo since some of Mr. Sullivan's letters to certain contractor and political friends in New York, telling them that "the going was good" in Santo Domingo, found their way into print. Mr. Bryan's excuse for declining to appoint a colored man to this position, according to historic precedent, was that the situation called for special fitness and tact; and so Mr. Sullivan—known to fame chiefly as "Jack" Rose's counsel in the Becker case—was selected. Of course, of special fitness he had none, any more than have the new Ambassadors to Russia and France. They are doubtless estimable gentlemen, but diplomatic experience they wholly lack. When one thinks of the many able and trained diplomats Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson have turned out, and the calibre of many of the men substituted, it is undeniable that Mr. Roosevelt has effective ammunition here for his promised attack on Mr. Wilson's foreign policy; for our standing abroad has plainly been hurt by some of the representatives who have found their way to our legations, despite such excellent selections as those of Mr. Guthrie, Walter H. Page, Dr. Van Dyke, and Professor Reinsch.

Whatever the final fate of the Raker Immigration bill, there is strong protest against its restrictions upon Orientals coming here to study. "In our judgment," have telegraphed seven deans of the University of Iowa, "the legislation will make the entrance of Hindu students into America unduly difficult." Fourteen professors of the University of California characterize it as "unprecedented, unjust, and quite uncalled for," and as calculated to "result in the exclusion of many desirable students." Objection is not to the requirement of an English Government certificate, approved by our diplomatic agent, and subject to investigation in this country, or to vexing stipulations as to port of entry. It centres upon the provision that only students with means sufficient for maintenance may enter, thus excluding many poor but deserving who would depend on partial self-support. A considerable fraction of those now here would have been barred by such regulation; and it would lessen an influx which has lately

promised to become comparable with that from Japan and China.

Mr. Paul M. Warburg's withdrawal of his name from consideration by the Senate, if his decision is final, will be a grievous blow to the whole Federal Reserve Board undertaking. No single man in this country did more to bring about this great currency reform than did Mr. Warburg, and no one else has, along certain lines, quite his competency. Few if any other men in this country so understand the international credit market as does Mr. Warburg; it was to him that the banking world looked to establish such a credit market here. We do not blame Mr. Warburg in the least for refusing to submit to the cross-examination to which Mr. Jones was subjected on Monday. He has been only a private banker; but his peculiar fitness is known of all men, as well as his unblemished honor and integrity. The sacrifice he was making in giving up a long-established and immensely profitable business partnership, especially attractive because of the family relationships involved, seemed to us a rarely patriotic act. But to men of the type of Bristow and La Follette the unpardonable sin is to have done business in Wall Street, and so they would make Mr. Warburg's unequalled knowledge and experience not available for the Government.

The latest figures of Government receipts for the fiscal year show that instead of the expected deficit of $5,000,000—with the Panama Canal expenditures provided for—there will virtually be a surplus. To Republican Leader Mann and his followers this may be a calamity, but only to them. On the face of the figures, there is a deficit of somewhat more than $1,000,000; but income and corporation taxes still being held back under the provision of ten days' grace allowed after June 30 are estimated to reach $3,500,000; and these, although they will appear as receipts for the fiscal year of 1914-15, really belong to the year just closed. The uncertainty in estimating the effect of changes in taxation is prettily illustrated by the fact that the income and corporation tax, of which so much was hoped, fell short of expectations, although not so far short as was at first feared, while the tariff yielded a score of millions above the estimate. The revenue outlook for the coming year, when the income tax will be in full operation—that is, operating twelve months, instead of ten in its normal and three in its supertax provisions—does not afford opponents of the Administration anything in the way of an issue for the November elections.

Col. Roosevelt's Pittsburgh speech is variously described as "reactionary" and "radical"; as a "plea for harmony," and also as a declaration of war to the knife. This is a tribute to his versatility. But the question presses, What does the speech signify for the Progressive party? Mr. Roosevelt is its leader as he was its sole begetter and has been its monopolistic owner. Where is he leading it now? Frankly, into a blind alley. His address is divided into two main parts. One is his high protectionist and prosperity argument. But this brings him squarely against the wall on the other side of which are the Republican hosts. If any party is to profit by ringing the changes on the ruinous effects of a low tariff, it is the Republican, not the Progressive. For the latter there is no exit along the standpat tariff road that Roosevelt again seeks to tread. The other main section of his speech consists of attacks on the Democratic Trust legislation. But in the very act he is compelled to approve—as the Progressives in the House by their votes approved—the chief features of the Wilson bills, while his dissent from some of their safeguards is so couched as to make business men more afraid of him than they are of Wilson, and will have the effect of hastening the passage of the measures themselves. All this water flows to the Democratic mill. Thus the entire speech seems to bear out the view of the Progressive party as an essentially divisive and destructive organization. It goes against now one party, now the other, but accomplishes nothing itself; the question always being to which one, in any given electoral contest, it shall prove the greater asset.

Senator Penrose's warning gun is hardly likely to alarm the garrison at Oyster Bay. The once valued ally had every motive for opening his ammunition chest in the exchange of shots two years ago, and he has nothing to gain by waiting and threatening what he will do if he is attacked again. Besides, suppose he should publish letters that the Colonel would rather not have see the light. Does he not know in advance what would happen? He would simply come in for a vigorous denunciation, and an enlightened people would be called upon to say whether an unscrupulous boss and a hopeless reactionary was entitled to the slightest consideration. The ground would be shifted from a field where a fight might be dangerous to one where the Senator would be without defence. And to think how easily the old association might have been preserved! All that would have been necessary was for the Senator to allow himself to be inoculated with the Progressive virus that made a new man out of William Flinn. He might have gone on holding Pennsylvania in the hollow of his hand; he might have remained a reactionary on the tariff and anything else that he chose. Just a changing of the banner behind which he marched, and he would have been eligible for a continuance of his honors, besides saving himself no end of abuse.

The bill passed by the House of Representatives last week, providing for the regulation of dealing in "cotton futures," is highly technical. It has had, apparently, two purposes—one, which is entirely legitimate, to standardize the grades of cotton dealt in, so as to maintain a fair relation between the actual "spot price" and the price for future delivery, the other, much less respectable and not entertained by all the advocates of the bill, to cripple the New York Cotton Exchange. The New York cotton trade itself admits that certain serious abuses have existed in the Exchange's methods for conducting speculation, and these are corrected by the Lever bill. The fixing of the grades is entrusted to the Department of Agriculture, which is also to designate the official "spot markets"; the grades are enumerated in general terms by the bill itself. Transactions in cotton which do not conform to the stipulations are to be taxed one cent a pound —a prohibitory tax.

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Mr. Root's unqualified determination to retire from the Senate upon the close of his term next March will be received with sincere and profound regret in all parts of the country, and among men of all shades of political opinion. Ability such as his, devoted as it has been for the past fifteen years to the highest tasks of national government, is too rare and too valuable to the country to permit the appreciation of it to be limited either by sectional or by party lines. As Secretary of War under President McKinley, he did a great work in the reorganization of army methods; as Secretary of State under President Roosevelt, he was directly and personally instrumental in bringing about a great advance in our relations with the South American Republics; in the Senate, he has done more than any other man during the term of his service to maintain the high traditions of that body. His retire-

ment will be a heavy loss to the public life of our country, nor does there seem to be on the horizon anybody who will fill his place.

Announcement that the National City Bank, of New York, is to open branches in Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro is as marked an index of our expanding South American interest as the recent activities of the Department of Commerce and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. We are simply late in following the example of institutions like the Crédit Lyonnais and the London City and Midland. It is explained that the choice of the new field was dictated by the wide conviction of American exporters and manufacturers that none was more promising. There has been, moreover, repeated evidence from South America of a desire for branches of our banks. They should help the investment of American capital in countries whose economic development is certain to be one of the largest achievements of the twentieth century. By the information they can supply, they should be a useful supplement to the consular service. Already the National City Bank announces plans for "the gathering and distribution of information regarding trade opportunities abroad." There is no reason why other banking institutions should not do likewise, under the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act.

Both Georgia and South Carolina are very much stirred up over their backwardness in the matter of compulsory education. "It is shameful," says the Atlanta *Journal*, "that Georgia should be one of the only six States which have not vouchsafed this right and protection to children; it is shameful that she should stand among the illiterate States of the Union, when her wealth and ideals entitle her to rank among the most broadly educated." That paper quotes with cordial approval the strong language of the State Superintendent of Schools on the subject, and especially his reply to the "outworn argument" that compulsory education abridges the rights of parents. The parent, says Superintendent Brittain, "has no more right to maim a child mentally than physically." In South Carolina the Columbia *State* vigorously urges a compulsory school attendance law, and in that connection declares that by exempting the whites from the education or property requirement applying to negroes as a condition for the elective franchise, "we are taking from the illiterate whites the principal incentive that would cause them to learn to read and write." It can hardly be long before both these States will have joined the forty-two others in which elementary schooling is recognized as essential for every child within their borders.

MOBILE, Ala., July 2.—Fifty years for stealing fifty cents, is the sentence which a Hale County, Alabama, jury imposed on Frank Williams, a negro, who, in 1894, robbed another negro of half a dollar. After serving more than twenty years of the fifty-year sentence, Williams has been paroled by Gov. O'Neal, the Governor extending clemency to the negro last night.

As this Associated Press dispatch has been printed throughout the country, we trust that Gov. O'Neal will see the desirability of making public some further information on the subject. There must be some explanation of the terrible punishment imposed on this negro; for, many as are the injustices to which members of his race are subjected in the South, such inhumanity as this story, taken at its face value, would indicate, is incredible. But whatever the fact may be—whether there were or were not circumstances connected with the crime which may account for the appalling sentence—it is due both to the State of Alabama and to the feelings of humane people throughout the country, South as well as North, that the whole truth about the case be made known.

The Crescent City, whose mortality rate in 1900 was the highest of any of our larger cities, has done much to dissipate her old notoriety for unhealthiness; but the slogan, "New Orleans the cleanest city in America," has still a strange ring. It is inspired, of course, by the recent bubonic-plague scare. With the credit of the State behind the city for any sum up to $150,000, and with citizens' organizations formed in every section to clean streets, burn garbage, kill vermin, and disinfect suspicious localities, it is to be hoped she may come as near realizing her ambition as natural disadvantages permit. Her sewerage and street paving still leave much to be desired, but there is no reason why the celebration next year of a decade since the last yellow-fever epidemic should not see the city as sanitary as any that is situated on low ground in a hot climate. There is pleasing evidence that in one respect the campaign has already produced results. Colored civic leagues are being formed in each precinct to bring the negro sections up to the general standard of cleanliness; and attention has been called to the fact that in many of them garbage collection and similar measures of hygienic importance have been utterly neglected by the white rulers of the city.

With a total of thirty-six referendum measures pending in Oregon, and, in the words of the Portland *Oregonian*, "the end not yet in sight," public sentiment is for another "when-in-doubt-vote-no" campaign. In 1904, two measures were offered; in 1906, eight; in 1908, sixteen; in 1910, thirty-two; in 1912, thirty-seven. This year's extreme congestion of the ballot shows that the remedy is not likely to be automatic. The *National Municipal Review's* recent survey of the Oregon system admitted the cumbering of the ballot by self-seekers and fanatics, but held that the trouble was in a fair way to cure itself. "The increasing reluctance of thoughtful voters to sign petitions, and the very uncertain reward for the labor and expense necessary to get a bill on the ballot, operate as a pretty strong deterrent, while, furthermore, nothing so perfectly squelches foolish agitation as a huge majority against it." Nearly all of the 1910 and 1912 bills were crushed, but the 1914 roster is not lessened. Within a few years the number of initiative and referendum States has risen to eighteen. While Massachusetts was barely able to muster the one-third vote necessary to defeat an amendment carrying the innovations, it is confidently expected that North Dakota and Wisconsin will adopt them this autumn. An obvious argument against them is the extraordinary labor put upon the voters by the submission of a large number of questions at a single election.

The German Emperor has been having a little canal dedication of his own, which, if not so impressive as that to come at Panama, is none the less of vast importance to his empire. Some days ago he formally opened the new Berlin-Stettin waterway for 600-ton barges. It is an enlargement of an old eighty-mile canal, at a cost of twelve and a half million dollars, which was thus put into service; and its especial significance is that it is a first link in a waterway which will cross the entire German Empire from east to west. By skilful utilization of various rivers and existing small canals, boats will at some time hereafter be able to go not only from Stettin to Berlin, but from Berlin straight across to the Rhine, passing through some of the most important manufacturing districts in Germany.

ROOSEVELT AND WILSON.

In severing his connection with the *Outlook*—so that, as it were, the feather in his hat in the ring may no longer be mistaken for a quill pen—Col. Roosevelt makes a confession of failure. He had striven with might and main to keep out of "active politics," but finds himself unable to do so. His hope had been, on retiring from the Presidency, to be "a man entirely removed" from political struggles. But here he discovers himself, to his own surprise, forced back into them. But the really surprising thing is that he should ever have dreamed it possible to keep out. No man ever had the political instinct stronger than Theodore Roosevelt. It has been said of him that if he could not be making and unmaking Presidents and Governors and Senators, he would throw himself with equal zest into a contest over the nomination of Town Clerk at Oyster Bay. With him politics is not only second nature but first nature. He is the living embodiment of the definition of man as a political animal. And if he himself thought that he was going to retire and be a "sage," those who had long and closely observed him did not imagine it for an instant. They saw three years ago the same purpose in him as that he now admits—we refer to his announcement, on his return from Africa, June 18, 1910: "I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we of this the greatest democratic Republic upon which the sun has ever shone are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities."

Whatever it may have been in the past which compelled the Colonel to emerge from his preferred still air of delightful studies, to-day his motive is avowed. He must gird himself to go out and smite President Wilson. "I am in honor bound to stand in strong opposition to the Administration." The reason is that "as regards our international relations the policy of the present Administration has meant the abandonment of the interest and honor of America."

This is roundly asserted, but no specifications are given. Mr. Roosevelt can hardly expect the country to take his word for it. He declared at Pittsburgh last week that Wilson's foreign policy had been "wretched," but still no proofs. He has, indeed, since his latest return had something specific to say about one item—the proposed treaty with Colombia. This Mr. Roosevelt gently calls the payment of "blackmail." The treaty proposes to pay $25,000,000; but Mr. Roosevelt himself, when President, offered to pay $2,500,000. It will be necessary for him, therefore, to explain to the people where the blackmail begins. Is it at the fifth million? President Roosevelt's own Secretary of State, Mr. Root, admitted that Colombia had been injured, or, at least, had had her rights and contracts impaired by the United States. Is it a manly and vigorous foreign policy for Secretary Root to take this position, but traitorous grovelling for Secretary Bryan to do it? On both these points—the proffered payment of money to Colombia in 1909 and in 1914, and the grounds assigned—we are entitled to hear further from Mr. Roosevelt. It is not enough for him contemptuously to assert that President Wilson is a poor-spirited betrayer of the nation: he must show wherein.

It is probably about the Colombian treaty that the Colonel feels most indignant. That is a sore spot with him, and it enrages him to have it touched. But there are two other matters touching the conduct of foreign relations by President Wilson which presumably inflame Mr. Roosevelt. One of them is the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause of the Panama Act. The other is the course pursued towards Mexico. In both we shall probably hear Col. Roosevelt declaiming that the interest and honor of America have been trailed in the dust. But it happens that, on the very day when Mr. Roosevelt was declaring war upon the contemptible foreign policy of President Wilson, it was receiving high and significant praise. In London, Lord Bryce attended the Fourth of July celebration at the American Embassy, and spoke in the warmest way of President Wilson's course in urging the repeal of the free-tolls clause. He said that it was an exhibition, not only of international good faith, but of the highest personal courage. Now, Lord Bryce knows what political courage is, for he has had the privilege of watching Theodore Roosevelt at close range. He also knows and loves the United States. The question is, therefore, whether Mr. Roosevelt will now resent Lord Bryce's praise. Would he have it otherwise? Would he prefer to have our nation disliked and hated rather than approved and honored?

The Mayor of Havana says that the policy of President Wilson has made the American flag to-day everywhere throughout South America the symbol of friendship and help. Does Col. Roosevelt think this all wrong? He will have to go into particulars when he sallies forth to wage his remorseless warfare upon Wilson. If he denounces the Administration's Mexican policy, he must be prepared to answer the question what his own policy would have been. Mr. Roosevelt has, in his time, expressed his scorn of the carping critics who rail at the strong man doing things. He must see that he himself is in danger of falling into that once hated rôle, unless he makes his attack upon Wilson very explicit, and is prepared to show that he would have had an alternative policy, at once clear, constructive, and infallibly successful.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

It was a long and pathetic twilight of great powers upon which the night has just fallen in the death of Joseph Chamberlain. His almost complete disablement physically, during the past five or six years, and the consequent relaxing of his mental grasp, with rarer and rarer coming to public notice, were rapidly making the man, even while alive, a tradition. If the dead go quickly, so do men once prominent on the stage of great affairs, but condemned to years of painful invalidism in retirement. So that it is almost necessary to remind people to-day of the extraordinary political force which long resided in the dynamic personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

His career has to be taken as a whole. During his lifetime he was often taunted with the fact that he began as an extreme radical, who even preached the doctrine of "ransom" by the wealthy classes, and ended as a conservative petted by dukes and the landed squirarchy. But this kind of political recrimination is best dropped when the time comes to see a public man in his habit as he lived. He has a right to change. The change in Joseph Chamberlain was hardly more striking than that in John Bright. Neither is lightly to be accused of insincerity; certainly not of abandoning convictions in order to profit thereby. For English Liberals to persist in calling Mr. Chamberlain a renegade, who left them just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, would be to align themselves in historic judgment with the Conservatives who reproach Gladstone with having forsaken his early stern and unbending Toryism, purely out of lust for office. This sort of personal twitting and retort does not forward real knowledge of a public man's development. What we have to do is to study dispassionately the phases through which he passed, and to form our opinion of him by the qualities which clung to him through them all.

Seeking in this spirit to shape an estimate of Joseph Chamberlain, we find ourselves compelled to recognize the tremendous energy of the man. From young manhood on, he made himself felt as a power in whatever circle he touched. He had not the fascinating talent, but was surcharged with the driving quality. His lucid intellect was backed by a resolute will; and he had that ineffable thing which we call personal dominance. The net result was an application of pure individual force to political life in England such as was almost without a parallel in his lifetime. Mr. Chamberlain was the living refutation of those theorists who would reduce all political movement to the interaction of blind and impersonal forces. There are, indeed, times when the individual appears to wither; but there are also times when there seems to be nothing in sight but some one outstanding personality, whose stark vigor moulds and subdues everything. The great illustration of this in Mr. Chamberlain's case was, of course, his remarkable feat of inducing the Conservative party—at least, its leaders and voting strength—to throw over its professions for two generations and take up with protectionist doctrine. Of this astonishing performance, Mr. Chamberlain could have truthfully said, "Alone I did it." Others aided him, after he had dragged them unwilling in his train, but the idea was his own, the fight was his own, and the triumph, such as it was, no one could dispute with him. As we look back on the matter now, this whole party campaign looks like a huge mistake. Most Conservatives admit, in their franker moments, that their abandonment of free trade, at Chamberlain's imperious behest, was a main cause of their exclusion from power in 1906. But the final story might have been different if Chamberlain's crippling malady had not smitten him shortly after that defeat. Had he been able to go on in full strength, it is not impossible that he could have snatched victory later. It is idle to speculate about this. But it is not at all idle to point out that, in spite of all our writers on the philosophy of history, who incline more and more to rule out the individual, it yet remains true that in the political world there is nothing so vibrant and compelling as a man.

Apart from the fiscal controversy just referred to, Joseph Chamberlain's political career touched its high points in connection with the Irish Home Rule struggle and the South African war. As regards the former, it is a mistake to think of Chamberlain as a bitter enemy of Irish local government. The Irish Nationalists themselves, Parnell himself, long had high hopes of Mr. Chamberlain. They were more drawn to him at one time than to Mr. Gladstone. They felt that they could do business with the business man from Birmingham. Barry O'Brien's Life of Parnell shows how near to getting down to business Chamberlain was; and the letters which were published, we assume with the permission of Mr. Chamberlain, in the recent Life of Henry Labouchere, prove that it was for many weeks touch and go whether Mr. Chamberlain could be got to stay in the Liberal party and work for some form of Irish Home Rule. Throughout the Boer War he endured the early reverses with courage and firmness, and was able to help England "flounder through" to a success which we suppose that he, in common with Mr. Balfour, would have said was frittered away by that great constructive act of British statesmanship, the formation of the South African Union.

As a speaker, Joseph Chamberlain was a modern of the moderns. All rhetorical ornament and mere flourishes he religiously eschewed, and used a clear directness and incisiveness which seemed the very incarnation of the business mind devoting itself to affairs of state. He was an excellent House of Commons man, in being able to think on his legs. Formidable in attack, he was terrific in rejoinder. Yet he was able, as in the dark days of the Boer War, to rise to a fine dignity of manly utterance. It will be long before England looks upon his like again.

THE LATEST CRIMINALIST FAD.

In various parts of the country, startling discoveries are being made about the connection between crime and mental defectiveness. Startling as they are, however, they seem to be accepted by the authorities with a simple and unquestioning faith that speaks volumes for their innocent trust in whatever is put forward in the name of science by persons claiming to be experts. One of the latest of these manifestations we find detailed in the Kansas City *Star*, which tells of the examination that has been made of all the men confined in the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing. "This scientific examination," we are informed, "is developing the startling fact that 80 per cent. of the men within the stone walls at Lansing have the mentality of little boys—of boys from six to twelve years old." The analysis is "based on a revision of the Binet-Simon system for measuring the intelligence of children," and so conclusive are its results that "the prison may know its convict with an accuracy approaching that knowledge of a building that is expressed in the blue-prints of the architects." If this be so, there can be no doubt that four out of every five convicts in the Kansas Penitentiary have the mentality of boys from six to twelve years old; and since they number several hundred, it must be safe to conclude that a similar proportion holds for convicts in general. And, sure enough, we get a result of the same kind from Chicago. There the psychopathic laboratory organized in connection with the Municipal Court has been examining 245 criminal youths, of an age averaging nearly nineteen, and finds that 85 per cent. of them were cases of arrested development, corresponding to an average age of eleven. Something similar came a few weeks ago from the same centre of sociological activity, in relation to disorderly women. The Binet tests are all the rage, and the 80 per cent. proportion of "boy-men" among its criminals will doubtless soon be recognized as an indispensable part of the equipment of every progressive community.

That two and two is five, said a somewhat tough-minded man, you may possibly be able to persuade me; but that two and two is seventeen, all the tortures in the world will not make me admit. If these enthusiastic believers in the scientific finality of the Binet tests were telling us that 30 per cent., or 40 per cent., of the prisoners show this gross mental deficiency, the statement might pass without special challenge. But it is absurd to imagine that, in any real sense, nearly all convicts—four convicts out of five—are to be regarded as upon the same level mentally as little children between six and twelve years old. If this had been true in any sense having a real bearing upon life, it would have been discovered hundreds of years ago; it would have been matter of common knowledge among policemen, and lawyers, and judges. These people could not have gone on year after year, generation after generation, coming into the closest contact with thousands and thousands of criminals, and not become aware—if it was a fact—that nearly all of them are mere children. And this is all the more certain from the fact that there is, of course, nothing new in the idea that among criminals there is a larger proportion of persons of defective intelligence than there is in the general population. The matter has been the subject of much discussion and study; and many per-

sons whose business it is to deal with criminals would have had their attention turned to it on this account, even if it did not spontaneously thrust itself upon their notice.

Upon the actual relation between defective intelligence and crime, there is a great deal of difference of opinion among persons who have made a real study of the question; but nowhere, by such persons, is any estimate made even distantly approaching the conclusions arrived at by the machine-made methods of these Kansas and Chicago enthusiasts. Dr. Goring, in his comprehensive work on "The English Convict," regards 20 per cent. as "a maximum estimate" of the number of convicts that are mentally defective; and, in classifying the 948 convicts as intelligent, fairly intelligent, unintelligent, weak-minded, and imbecile, he finds that 65 per cent. belong to the first two categories, leaving only 35 per cent. for all grades of mental inferiority. But Dr. Goring, and other authorities who have arrived at similar results, make use of their minds to get at the realities of the case; they do not abdicate their intelligence in favor of the latest mechanical device of the psychologists, and accept its deliverance as the last word of human wisdom. A recent German writer, Dr. Max Kauffmann, in his valuable book on "The Psychology of Crime," expresses very great doubt of there being any deficiency of intellect at all among those who commit most classes of crime; and he gives some extremely cogent reasons for suspecting the trustworthiness of results derived from the examination of criminals, even upon the assumption that the scope of the examination is all that could be desired.

Precisely what questions were put to the Kansas prisoners, upon the Binet plan, we cannot say. A number of them are reproduced in the Kansas City *Star's* article, but they may not be a fair sample of the whole. Many of those given, at all events, are of such a nature as to be utterly useless as a test of the intelligence of any convict who is not plainly and obviously feeble-minded. To mark the longest word in "It rained yesterday" may be a good test for a child of six, but no grown man can possibly fail to be *able* to answer the question correctly unless he is a plain imbecile; and if he *does* fail, it is either because he chooses to answer wrong, or because he has paid no attention to the question, or for some similar reason. A little doubt of the infallible perfection of these tests might be infused into the minds of these sanguine scientists by considering the fact that, on the first introduction of the Australian ballot, distinguished lawyers and other eminent citizens have been notoriously among those who were most apt to spoil their ballots by improper marking, and who complained most about the difficulty of managing it. This whole matter of settling the question of the mental qualities of criminals by means of the Binet tests has been aptly characterized by one of the most earnest students of prison problems as a case of "get-rich-quick" methods applied to the handling of a problem which demands patience and skill, and to whose solution there is no royal road. One might suppose that the swift rise and swifter decline of the Lombroso theory of "the criminal type" would have taught a lesson of caution if not of wisdom. A dozen or twenty years ago, anybody who did not swear by Lombroso was a pitiful "back number"; to-day what is more hopelessly in the back-number class than Lombroso and his "criminal type"?

THE ABSORPTION OF THE INDIAN.

Last week occurred an event which, picturesquely celebrated at Muskogee and Tulsa, Oklahoma, may be regarded as a landmark in the record of our Indian relations: the Cherokee Nation dissolving tribal relationships. Since the war in the Carolinas a decade before the Revolution, the Cherokees have been peaceful, industrious, and more and more civilized. These 41,000 Indians hold nearly 5,000,000 acres. One of their blood sits in the Senate; they have long maintained a constitutional government and native newspapers; and they have produced more teachers than all the other tribes combined. Their chief title to notice has, perhaps, been in the alphabet invented by Sequoyah ninety years ago, and its effect on their development. Readers of "The Gilded Age" will remember the frequent proverbs in this unique charactery which Mark Twain included among his polyglot chapter headings. With the end of the Nation comes the announcement that Oklahoma will commemorate Sequoyah in Statuary Hall at Washington.

This is the first large achievement of the Government in its policy of bringing about the cessation of all tribes as individual entities—the policy worthy of the name it has had. The Cherokees were the last of the Five Nations to enter into a treaty to that end; and the record of the contentious lawsuits involved in completing the transaction is, with the tragic history of their early deportation, an epitome of much of the injustice of the United States towards its wards. The other Nations, Creek and Chickasaw, Seminole and Choctaw, which suffered equally from an "independence" in Indian Territory that attracted every outlaw in the Southwest, can rejoice that they also will shortly pass. It was the greed of Georgia for gold discovered on native lands which drove the Cherokees, in spite of the Supreme Court, on a march that cost thousands of lives. Little by little, after the Civil War, they were forced to part with their holdings, the most important sale being of the 8,000,000-acre Cherokee Outlet to the United States in 1892, for $1 an acre and a settlement of long-standing charges for the cost of their removal westward in the 'thirties. This settlement, through Congressional delay, dragged for thirteen years, when the Court of Claims found the United States liable for $4,500,000; and litigation between various branches of the Indians, and over huge fees charged by white lawyers, has lasted until a few months ago. The clearing up of their affairs and the conversion of all tribal property into cash to be distributed, thus sees a measure of final justice done a people that once claimed a vast empire. It is a first goal reached on the road marked out when, in 1887, Congress, abandoning the wretched reservation idea, enacted the Land Allotment law, authorizing the division of Indian lands into individual allotments, each to be held in Government trust until an allottee was felt competent to receive full letters patent. Such patents, carrying citizenship, have been issued to each member of the tribe.

In spite, however, of the great recent strides made by the United States, there is still no absolute guarantee that other unassimilated tribes could not parallel the Cherokee experience. If Congress decides that a certain tract of land is needed for the influx of white immigration, it has only to enact a law enabling the proper executive officers to take possession. Actually, it fixes a certain price to be paid the Indians, but such action is bounded by no maximum nor minimum. "Even where a distinct contract has been entered into," as ex-Commissioner Francis E. Leupp has just pointed out, "for the payment of so much money for the relinquishment of so much land, there is no way of compelling the Government to live up to its agreement against its will. A tribe cannot carry such a case into court unless Congress gives it permission to do so; and when permission has been granted and the tribe has carried its claim all the way from the lowest to the highest court and received

a final award for the full amount it demanded, Congress has still to appropriate the money to satisfy the judgment." Only the other day we noted an attempt to correct an old injury suffered by the Pima Indians. A more flagrant example is of certain California Indians who signed away their homes on the understanding that the Government was to provide them with others, but who were left wandering and homeless for a generation. "No power," as Mr. Leupp concludes, "can compel the settlement of a debt, or the performance of a pledge, from the Government to the Indians, except a sensitive public conscience."

What is obviously required is a more concentrated responsibility. In larger affairs it is at present diffused through the whole executive, legislative, and judicial machinery; in smaller, there are the most vexatious conflicts of authority. Attention has been forcibly called to the fact that the Secretary of the Interior is forbidden to distribute funds if the Indians have access to intoxicants; but it is the Secretary of War who is empowered to grant or refuse permits to carry liquor into the Indian country; while the expulsion of persons detrimental to the peace of the Indians devolves upon the Commissioner. Again, the Indian Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior have separate inspectors, and those of the latter officer are to keep him informed of the conduct of the Commissioner himself. A potent cause of trouble is the antiquated body of statutes touching Indian affairs. There is now not a duty which can safely be undertaken without first running back through the records to see whether it is assigned the President, his Cabinet officers, or some subordinate.

THE REVOLT AGAINST GOLF.

We suppose it was bound to come. Signs of discontent with him have been noted for some time by the golfer wary enough to keep his eye on popular sentiment as well as on the ball. But in his most apprehensive mood he could scarcely have expected such an attack upon his favorite game as has lately broken out in England—of all places! One rash man gave the signal, and a whole volley of reviling was fired in the press. Men who had evidently been long cherishing grievances freed their bosoms of much perilous stuff. In order that our golfing readers may know the worst that can be said about them, we will cite a few of the railing accusations. Golf is no true sport; it is, rather, "the incarnation of slow-footed egotism." It is a game for selfish old men; a death-blow to real team play and *esprit de corps*. Moreover, as an Irishman writes to the London *Times*, "golf is a dull but difficult game which exercises an enormous fascination on thousands of dull-witted people." That is the great reason it is so popular in England. In that country the population is "dense," and "even dull people must try to amuse themselves somehow." The English "hate work," so "why not let them play golf?"

This may be set down to malice of race, but what answer is to be made to the charge that golfers make of their game "an inordinate religion"? Those who play it are said to be filled with a gloomy fanaticism which drives them to seek to make proselytes of non-golfers. "If the golf creed had arisen in the sixteenth century, instead of the nineteenth, an Inquisition would have been set up in every parish, and an *auto da fé* would have blazed on every green." This seems bad enough, but there is worse to come. Let every golfer who confesses to middle age consider the following indictment:

> The economic objection to golf is that it keeps alive so many people who would be better dead. Our great captains of industry reach their grand climacteric after about twenty-five years of strenuous activity. Thereafter they decline according to their temperaments along one of two main lines.
>
> Either they paralyze their businesses with an excessive caution or else they burst them up through megalomania. And as regards their family life, they are apt either to break out in unexpected scandals, or to blast the innocent happiness of their households under a rigid "Grundyism." The hopes of such men, up to now, have been in syncope or softening of the brain, and these are precisely the kind of complaints which golf in most cases is able to avert. But as golf is quite unable to restore judgment, nerve, sense of proportion, promptitude, and the other business virtues, the net result is merely to maintain in malignant activity evils which otherwise would have been mercifully quenched in a bath chair or in the tomb.

This diatribe recalls a passage in Mr. Gretton's history of modern England. It is the one remarking that along about 1890, most leisured Englishmen between fifty and sixty would have been seen sitting in club windows, sipping brandy and soda, and exchanging melancholy observations on British decadence. But in 1910, nearly all of that class of men would be out playing golf and trying to understand the slang of their grandchildren.

Naturally, the confirmed golfer, conscious of his own rectitude, will listen to all these harsh accusations with mingled wonder and pity. What an accumulation of venom is being discharged! What unsuspected stores of wrath and all uncharitableness are thus revealed in his fellow-mortals! Golfers always knew that they were envied; but they never dreamed that they could be so disliked and even hated. This staggering fact, however, ought to put them to searching their own hearts and scrutinizing their own conduct. Are they wholly without blame? Have they never given provocation to these angry outcries? One shrinks from even hesitating a fault, but is it not possible that too many have not been content to play golf, but have insisted upon talking it, whether men would hear or forbear? This would make the real complaint against, not golf, but golfers. And we think it must be admitted that, as a class, they offend by endlessly fighting over again their battles on the links. We know what is thought socially of men who are forever talking shop. But is forever talking golf any less an offence? Should not the golfer who is simply burning to explain how he missed that short putt at the fourteenth hole—it was all because a crow, in a tree a quarter of a mile away, cawed at the critical moment—wait until he finds a kindred soul into whose ear to pour his sad tale, and not try to teach in song to everybody what he has learned in sorrow?

After all, the great lesson for devotees of golf to derive from all this outburst against it is to fall back upon the philosophy which they are never tired of boasting that the game teaches. Let them take their present-day verbal drubbing in the same spirit of resignation with which they accept defeat, 5 up and 4 to play. It is pleasant to be admired and petted, but still it is possible to go through life, when supported by an unfaltering trust in golf, unloved. Even before the torrent of abuse now beating upon them, golfers should bear up. Let them cultivate a little more lightness of spirit, as well as greater care lest they offend by their golfing walk and conversation. They might perhaps be got to admit, if they gave their full mind to the matter, that their favorite game is not the whole serious business of a devoted life, but only a very valuable and highly enjoyable incidental relaxation. The golfer off the links might be wise to observe some of the rules that he knows are essential on them. If modest quiet and humility are good for one's game, they may also be for the opinion of the game formed by friends and neighbors. "Above all, don't press!" Exactly; don't press your enthusiasms and your absorptions too insistently upon a world that betrays signs of restiveness.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMAN JINGOISM—THE INTERVIEW WITH "AN AMBASSADOR" — THE FLOODS IN PARIS—TRACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

PARIS, June 26.

The opinion of "An Ambassador" on Jingo politics in Germany has made a profound impression in France. This is not because the publication in the somewhat authoritative *Lokal-Anzeiger* of Berlin gave the idea that it represented an interview with the British Ambassador, the judicious and experienced Sir W. E. Goschen. It really gives the views of the more conservative minds, least given to alarms among those who watch the international attitude of Germany. It must not be thought that the "war scare" felt by Frenchmen has disappeared. It still lies at the bottom of much financial uncertainty which is weighing on all the world's markets. Not only in justice and fair play towards France, but for sake of the world's peace, it is to be hoped that such calm and serious judgments on the dangers of the present situation will be duly weighed.

"Certainly," says the Ambassador, whoever he may be, "we do not doubt the peaceful dispositions of the German Government—but we fear circumstances that may force it to abandon its peaceful dispositions.

"Such international circumstances," he went on to explain, "are the unstable condition of the Balkan states and the uncertain future of the Dual (Austro-Hungarian) Monarchy, with all their complicated problems; the necessity of German industry to find new outputs abroad, and the disproportion between the desire to expand of Germany, with its constantly increasing population, and the growing inability of the world to satisfy this desire and need, particularly now that the world's field of activity is becoming narrower as it becomes more occupied.

"Mere love of peace cannot be sufficient to solve such problems. Add to this that the Governments of the Triple Entente cannot have the same confidence in the German people which they have in the German Government. Jingoism has made indisputable progress in the German population. I am convinced that there exists among the German people a latent Jingoism which is much more dangerous than that of England, Russia, or France. German Jingoism recruits its partisans in the highest classes of the nation, nobility, clergy, army and navy, university and gymnasium professors and students, and the entire scholastic world."

The Ambassador explained this by the press campaigns whose echoes keep France in constant apprehension, not to speak of the continual parades of associations of veterans and patriotic societies.

"Everywhere, among the cultivated classes, it is made a dogma in Germany that the German Empire does not take its proper part in world-politics," he says. "Everywhere the great organs of public opinion spread the dangerous and irritating doctrine that German prestige is going down. And so patriots clamor for action."

The Ambassador insisted on a side of the internal situation of Germany which has already excited uneasiness in France. The political evolution of France and England has reached something like stability, for even their Socialists can hardly expect to make any great constitutional changes; and Russia is barely beginning her evolution. But Germany is in the first heat of revolt against the old order—and the directing, possessing, privileged classes are already aroused to resistance. "Such a struggle," he adds, "is not calculated to lessen the feelings of German Nationalists, who might well seek a foreign diversion for their activity."

The Berlin paper which has had the courage to publish this interview replies moodily: "The affair of Morocco is not forgotten in Germany, and we are resolved to prevent a repetition of it." The Pan-Germanistic *Post* adds: "If our necessary spread is shut off, we shall be forced to draw the sword and—Bad luck to the conquered!"

The old song, "Troy town's falling down," fairly expresses the feeling of some of us after the recent record-beating rain-storm. Without pretending that I was there all the while, I may say that two of the street squares which caved in with such loss of life are on my usual route homeward in the late afternoon; and that, in point of fact, I was in a taxicab with two others driving through the furious rain when a crowd on foot, rushing as if scattered by a whiff of grapeshot, came against us with inarticulate cries, and the next moment a single policeman jumped into the road before us, gesticulating wildly that we should turn back—which we did. Otherwise I should not now be writing this letter.

A cabman of my suburb, who had driven me three times in the last few weeks, was not so fortunate; and, before alarm was given, he landed with his fare and automobile many yards below the surface. A fireman, who crept to the edge of the abyss thus suddenly opened, could only cry, "I see a lady's hand!" It was next day before the dead bodies could be taken out. Yesterday I saw the funeral, with thousands of chauffeurs driving in ranks and displaying the red flag of discontent.

I will not go over the particulars of the accidents following one after the other through a whole quarter of congested central Paris. The cable has told them. There had been warnings for me, and, therefore, for those responsible in the city. Two weeks before, without rain torrents to loosen the ground, an automobile sank down three feet below the road-bed in front of the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, where the street later caved in at two different points. My own tramcar a few days later stopped and refused to go further; and, indeed, the rails seemed suspended in air. A squad of workmen came and poured in sand and repaved, and traffic continued.

Then, when the waterspouts of heaven were opened, the honeycombed soil, wherein men had been burrowing like moles, sank down to unknown depths. And the disaster was solely along the line of this burrowing, for Paris has been building two thousand years on solid earth and rock, where Nature digs no hollows.

Here, just under the road-bed, were all those conduits of our civilization; channels for electric wires of light and telephones; then, gas-pipes and compressed air pipes; a little lower still, water mains and great sewer collectors; and, underneath all, the tunnels of the new subway carried through friable soil. The masonry of the subway arch was thicker than the contract with the city demanded. It is not far down in the bowels of the earth, like the London Tube; but it is as deep down as the London Metropolitan Railway, which, however, has for its vault an enormous thickness of brick, while the Paris subway has only twenty-one inches. This is more than sufficient for the ordinary strain, great as it is nowadays, with auto-buses and auto-trucks weighing many tons. But Monday was no ordinary day.

First there came the tremendous inrush of water into the sewers, and on the street surface for a half-hour such a rainfall as human remembrance does not record in Paris. The sand which had been filled in above the subway tunnel must have settled away, for the sewer pipes broke in spots where there was no support for them. And their bursting broke the pipes of compressed air and let it loose to bore its way to open day; and this broke, in turn, the gas pipes; and then there came short circuits with that other force, electricity. There was a burst of flame, an explosion, and the earth beneath the street yawned to depths of twenty, forty, even sixty feet, where subway crosses over subway.

It is not that man cannot make safe his subterranean burrowings beneath the ground he treads; not that he cannot safely weave beneath his steps channels for the forces which he has enslaved, and not that Paris engineers fail in science. Mr. Willox is chief engineer of the London Metropolitan Railway, and must be a competent judge; and he says:

"Your engineers are often admirable, and it is certain we are much less scientific. Of course, in our work we take account of theory, but we do not risk experiments which practice has not warranted. And when we find ourselves up against a doubtful problem, we are not afraid to solve it in the simplest and the surest way. Where there is question of construction, we are not afraid of using twice the quantity of materials indicated by pure science. Perhaps your engineers, even because of their great knowledge, are too inclined to rest content with pure science and do not take account enough of practice."

Perhaps—but the question most distressing here and now in Paris is to know who are the responsible engineers. Those of the city or those of the subway company? And have the two worked together? And has there been the proper supervision of their work?

There are other questions, too, in the minds of many, which are not unconnected with democracy and city government by commission and practical politics, and, most of all, the workmen's side of the case.

The first report of the Municipal Committee of control of works ends with these significant words:

"To know exactly the causes of the catastrophe we must wait till the different chiefs of the services concerned have been heard and cross-examined. Meanwhile, we may observe that a workman protested against the employment of inexperienced laborers, little acquainted with the nature of the undersoil of Paris and the difficulty of the work to be executed; and against dangerous mine explosions, causing considerable earth-falls, and thus making pockets which were all the more dangerous as they were less known. This workman also pointed out that the intensive work which was required did not allow of perfect pounding down of the earth."

The difficulties between capital and labor are sometimes more than mere talk. S. D.

THE CZAR AND KING CHARLES AT KUSTENDJE—A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE—EFFECT ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONSHIPS.

VIENNA, June 24.

The recent meeting between the Czar of Russia and King Charles of Rumania at Kustendje was watched in Vienna with interest and some apprehension. The Czar has definitely decided to bestow the hand of one of his daughters upon the Crown Prince of Rumania, and his visit to the port on the Black Sea was taken for the purpose of clinching this arrangement. The marriage will probably act in the same way as the alliance between Berlin and Athens or the matrimonial connection between the small state of Montenegro and the powerful kingdom of Italy.

A certain proportion of the population of Rumania does not approve of the policy of King Charles in joining the Triple Entente. The leading papers speak of Russia's taking of Bessarabia, and say that the great Slav nation cannot be trusted. This is no doubt correct from their point of view, and Russia is so great herself that she may be compared to an autocratic father, who would hardly stop to take the rights of his children into account, if he considered the confiscation of their land was necessary for the good of the whole family. Thus the feelings of the Opposition that it is not wise to venture so far into the camp of the enemy and that past experience had shown that the aims and aspirations of Rumania and Russia have ever been completely divergent are probably correct. King Charles, however, greatly desires to ally his house with that of Russia, and for the present eonsiders little but that. This falling away from the Triple Alliance is greatly regretted in Vienna, where it is felt that the support given to King Ferdinand was ill-timed, as the Triple Alliance thus lost the friendship of Rumania.

It would appear that the Czar of Russia and King Charles discussed the situation which is arising from the increased helplessness of Turkey and the possibility of the opening of the Dardanelles. Bulgaria and Rumania have both decided to build out their Danube fleets, as the small monitors used for patrolling the stream of the great Danube are useful and necessary, not only in time of war, but also for peaceful purposes, since they are often busily engaged in looking after smugglers and performing other police work along the stream. Both Rumania and Bulgaria are considering the necessity of enlarging their Black Sea fleets. Russia is building apace, and the small countries on the shores of the sea must at least have some means of defence against their powerful neighbor in case of an outbreak of hostilities. There also arises the question of whether the demand for the opening of the Dardanelles could not better be made by one of the small Balkan states than by Russia.

Exactly what is being projected in this matter is unknown, but it is clear that the question will be reopened at the first favorable opportunity. Meanwhile Ferdinand of Bulgaria is little likely to encroach upon his neighbor, although the irritation with Rumania, which took the opportunity of Bulgaria's helplessness to annex a large strip of her territory, is still present, taking the form of a quiet wrath that is nursed until the state of the country will permit of revenge. L. R.

Books and Men

MEASURING THE SHUDDER.

Painting the lily and gilding refined gold have long been thought the very worst of bad form. To break a butterfly upon a wheel is regarded as a brutal exercise, and the man who would analyze the rainbow is out of favor everywhere. But vivisecting the short story is a highly popular sport, and the number of persons who are engaged in measuring the shudder that dwells in detective stories, in tales of mystery and terror, is a cause for mild surprise to those who follow these enterprising experimenters.

The books designed to give instruction in the art of writing short stories would nearly fill a five-foot shelf. The authors compile an excellent list of the best stories, and print half a dozen examples. The masterpieces of Poe and Maupassant, of Bret Harte and Kipling, of O. Henry and W. W. Jacobs, are classified and compared, and finally stretched upon the dissecting table. The unerring light of an instructor in English composition is turned upon the subject, and we are informed, with ruthless accuracy, just why "The Fall of the House of Usher" or "The Monkey's Paw" makes us feel the way it does make us feel.

In the last year I have undoubtedly read more books on how to write a short story than Poe and Maupassant together read during their entire careers. And the amazing thing about these books is that they contain so much good sense—there is hardly a statement open to dispute in one of them. Not one of the writers pretends to turn the illiterate into geniuses, or to enable the average man to rival a famous author. Nearly all they say is wisdom's very self. They do not seem to get anywhere, and the greater part of each book is fairly obvious to any intelligent person who has read two or three score of the best short stories. But, with hardly an exception, they are immensely interesting.

One of the most readable of all is "The Technique of the Mystery Story," by Carolyn Wells (Home Correspondence School). In spite of many passages in fine print, I cannot imagine any one leaving it unfinished, once having begun to read it. Yet, when you see it announced as "a complete practical study of the form, with examples from the best mystery writers," you not only smile, but feel sure that the author smiled, too.

The table of contents is delicious, and the index irresistible. Chapter IV, for instance, the table tells us, is about ghost stories, and it is divided into four parts: a working classification, the ghost story, famous ghost stories, the humorous ghost story. Against attempting the last, by the way, the novice is warned. Chapter XIV deals with Devious Devices, as tracks in the snow or mud. Another speaks of footprints and fingerprints, with a note on teeth-marks. Another describes disguises and discusses the literary value of false whiskers.

Miss Wells makes some surprising statements. "A true lover of detective fiction," she writes, "never reads detailed newspaper accounts of crime." This, I fancy, is altogether too sweeping. Certainly, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—who loves detective fiction so well that he writes a great deal of it—has become interested in real crimes, and presumably through the newspapers. The Edalji and Slater cases have occupied him at home, and during his recent visit in New York he expressed his interest in the Becker case and sought an interview with the convicted man.

It is possible to carry one's hostility to the adage "Truth is stranger than fiction" too far, and this Miss Wells does when she declares Arthur C. Train's "True Stories of Crime" dull and prosy. As a rule, of course, the fictitious is more entertaining than the true, but it is certainly unsafe to declare that this is always and invariably the case.

There was a measure of wisdom in Oscar Wilde's paradox about Nature following art, instead of art following Nature. Certain crimes seem to partake of the very essence of the detective story. The mind that loves problems, yet refuses to study a mystery because it is real, simply denies itself enjoyment. The Parkman-Webster murder, even viewed in retrospect, with the solution known, is more dramatic than some of Miss Wells's favorites of fiction. Accounts of it are surely better reading than certain novels by that master of delay and exasperation, the author of "The Perfume of the Lady in Black." The Borden murders of twenty-one years ago still puzzle and fascinate those who believe themselves, despite Miss Wells, "true lovers of detective fiction." The English case of Dr. Lamson, in which poison was administered *in the presence of a witness*, has in it the stuff which Sherlock Holmes would have declared worthy of his best efforts. There were elements in the horrible Richeson case in Boston which were like pages from Anna Katharine Green. The Slater case was extraordinarily interesting, especially as the murderer calmly walked out of the door, from the scene of the crime, past two witnesses. And on the day on which this is written the papers are full of the story of a murder whose details would delight the sensational novelist.

The newspaper accounts, it is true, of most of these cases are turgid, clumsy. But the facts of all of them, stripped of the rhetoric, hold the same fascination, the same intellectual puzzle, that minds like Poe's have sought to construct, and minds like Gladstone's and President Wilson's have been eager to solve.

Whether or not, by the way, the cool, intellectual person is the ideal reader of detective stories, he is not the ideal writer of them. Poe's mathematical mind devised capital detective stories, but his detective,

Dupin, is too inhuman to be interesting. He is the "Thinking Machine" of Jacques Futrelle in an earlier incarnation, and like him he fails to arouse sympathy. Sherlock Holmes, for all his pretended impassivity, is not only a greater detective, but a far better fellow than either. It may have been hard on Dr. Watson when Holmes refused to congratulate him on his engagement, but it was far better to have Holmes around than either Poe's or Futrelle's hero. To live with either of them was like rooming with the fifth proposition of Euclid—whatever that may be.

In an article called "Remedial Legislation for Words," printed in this column two weeks ago, I referred to Prof. Brander Matthews's essay "On the French Spoken by Those Who Do Not Speak French," as hard to obtain. Professor Matthews has kindly called my attention to the fact that the volume containing it, "Pen and Ink," has been reprinted.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

WILFUL AND IMPATIENT POVERTY.

The source of the stanzas upon Poverty with which Chaucer prefaces the Man of Law's Tale of Constance, Gower's theme of Envy (Detraction), was long since shown by Professor Lounsbury in the columns of the *Nation* (No. 1253, July 4, 1889) to be Pope Innocent's famous tract, "De Miseria Conditionis Humanae." But the function of this Poverty prologue—a matter of much greater moment to the literary student than its origin—still awaits adequate explanation.

Two kinds of Poverty are recognized by writers of the Middle Ages. The first, "Wilful" or Willing Poverty, was a highly extolled virtue in the Church and was readily embraced by the ascetic together with the other binding vows of chastity and obedience. It is chief among the sanctimonious professions of the friar of the Summoner's Tale, but is frankly disavowed by the soulless Pardoner. Poets as diverse as Dante, DeGuileville, Jean de Meung, Langland, and Occleve chant loudly its praises, proclaiming it the gift of God, the mother of health, the source of wisdom. Its many eulogists point to the sacred precedent of Christ and his apostles, they vaunt its careless security from robbery and its happy freedom from responsibility, and they deem it ever the most salutary corrective of the Sin of Pride. "Whoso hateth Pride, loveth Poverty," says one, the devout author of the "Ayenbite of Inwyt"; "Pride in riches reigneth rather than in Poverty," affirms another, the clear-sighted Langland; "Riches of this world move men to be proud," sermonizes a third, the lofty-souled Wyclif. Hence the large space devoted by Chaucer to Wilful Poverty in his comprehensive impeachment of Pride in the proud Wife of Bath's story.

The second kind, Impatient Poverty, the theme of the Man of Law's prologue, is as much a vice as the first is a virtue. Many others than Pope Innocent illustrate its sorry state. According to the author of the "Romance of the Rose" (ll. 826 ff.), Poverty is the shamefaced spouse of Misery, wedding a man to hate and driving from him all friends and brethren. In Lydgate's translation of De Guileville's "Pilgrimage of Human Life" (ll. 22716 ff.), Impatient Poverty is an ape-lipped crone, frowning and foul of cheer, groaning and "grucching." It is this "grucching" or murmuring which characterizes every mention of the fault, whether it be in Lydgate's version of Æsop or in Occleve's "Regement of Princes," "Whoso gruccheth in poverty, forfeiteth grace."

Now murmuration or "grucching against poverty" is one of the chief phases of Envy in Chaucer's own Parson's Tale. And the poet links the Man of Law's prologue with that Deadly Sin through this envious grumbling, and through the vehement "sorrow at other men's weal" in the second stanza. The obvious bond between Impatient Poverty and Envy becomes a mediæval tradition that culminates in its dramatic presentation in the sixteenth-century interlude of "Impatient Poverty," where the sin is the servant and yet the secret foe of the title character. In this morality Envy conspires against Impatient Poverty in his brief hour of prosperity, bringing him to naught, rejoicing in the tidings of his ruin, and deserting him after his losses with the time-honored taunt, "Thieves shall not rob you, going by the way." At the close the Summoner cites Impatient Poverty as "a great slanderer and full of envy" and Peace finally bids him "forsake envy and misrule." A prologue of Impatient Poverty is, therefore, a prologue of Envy. From the mediæval point of view such a prelude of Murmuration is an apt introduction to a tale of Detraction, its sister phase of Envy.

It is no chance coincidence with Chaucer that Envy in the Elizabethan interlude makes large mention of merchants and men of law. Both of these occupations were deemed by men of the Middle Ages to be tainted with a base desire for wealth and a sovereign contempt for the poor. To cite but two examples of a score, the place of merchants in the context of our Poverty or Envy prologue is amply illustrated by the words of Wyclif in his sermon against Envy (III, 133): "And so uneven dealing of goods of this world engenders much envy among these worldly men. And so parts of this community and especially merchants move to this envy by deceit of their craft." The discussions of Poverty in the "Romance of the Rose" introduce more than once "the rich merchants who but live to gain more wealth." Chaucer's final ascription of the prologue of Murmuration and the story of Detraction to the Man of Law as an exponent of Envy is vindicated by the many mediæval illustrations of the unfavorable conception of this supposedly envious profession presented in my article on "Chaucer and the Seven Deadly Sins" in the March number of The Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.

The cry of Chaucer's envious man, "O riche marchaunts, ful of wele [prosperity] ben ye," recalls the wail of discontent at the beginning of the First Satire of Horace's First Book, "O fortunati mercatores!" Did Chaucer know the opening lines of the Horatian Satires as well as he knew the delightful little prelude to those of Persius? At our poet's "feast of scraps," beginnings are often the chief morsels.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

Burlington, Vt.

German Fiction

THE SHORT STORY AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HUMOR.

The four volumes of stories by older German writers which have been published by the Insel-Verlag, of Leipzig, call attention to the fact that the Germans have a respectable number of excellent story-writers. The handsome edition has an introduction by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

He sees in Jean Paul the miniature painter of all the apparent trifles, which yet are so significant, and of all the pathetic futilities of ordinary life; in Eichendorf the roving, dreamy, consciously juvenile tendency of the race; in Brentano and Hauff the folk-soul in its unadulterated purity; in Tieck and Hoffmann the mysterious lingering upon the threshold of another world; in Arnim and Kleist the masters of the story which deals with a solitary and unique experience, usually in an alien, romantic setting; and so forth to Immermann. He justifies his choice of these writers by saying that they represent a Germany which is no longer the same, and he would have the Germans remember them because the present is the subject of an idolatry which he, the very writer who struck a note of ultra-modernism in his earliest work, no longer seems to approve.

There is a slight connection between these older story-writers of Germany and a few of the new generation who have been wise enough not to discard everything that is of the past. Wilhelm Hegeler, although a contemporary of that clamorous group of innovators, has always held aloof, evidently unwilling to be identified with their wholesale holocaust of old ideals and old standards. The emotional quality, the natural simplicity so sadly absent in the work of "youngest" Germany, give his stories an agreeable flavor. Though entitled "Eros" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel), his latest book is not erotic in the accepted sense of the word. The stories it contains are built upon love episodes, refined in sentiment, varied in character, and told with a tender charm.

Otto von Leitgeb is interested in strong passions and deep sentiments, rather than in psychological moods and sensations. His book of stories, "Das Hohelied" (Egon Fleischel), presents the whole gamut of real feelings, rather than their infinitesimal *nuances*, and his insight into character is so well founded that his appeal is irresistible. He, too, has a keen appreciation of nature as a setting.

Ludwig Thoma's latest book of stories, "Nachbarsleute" (München: Albert Langen), is deeply rooted in the Bavarian temperament and in Bavarian soil. Thoma's world is small and restricted by the curious old-time conventions of a middle-class provincial society. He has seen it at close range and has overlooked none of its idiosyncrasies. He pokes fun at its petty

formalism and its antiquated prejudices. He laughs outright at its absurdities. Yet he makes one feel that he loves these people, after all, that a subconscious racial kinship unites him with these townfolk and neighbors, and his robust, healthy humor leaves no bitter after-taste.

There is a note of forced artificiality in the book of Hans Bötticher, which does not justify its title, "Ein jeder lebt's" (Albert Langen). Life is not quite as grotesque for every one of us; it is not such a succession of curious experiences. His exotic imagination lends a fanciful, unreal touch to the figures with which he peoples his pages. "Die wilde Miss vom Ohio" and "Der tätowirte Apion" would delight the lover of the weird and extravagant. On the other hand, the book contains not a few thoughtful sketches with a delicate symbolical or a broadly human meaning.

It is surprising to find a native Swiss who has perfectly mastered the matter and manner of the writers engaged in chronicles of life at European capitals. Nothing as "Parisian"—in the ordinary sense of the word—has come from the pens of native Parisians in many years as Alexander Castell's novel, "Bernard's Versuchung," which was published about two years ago, and his recent book of short stories, "Capriccio" (Albert Langen), also unmistakably breathes the accepted atmosphere. Castell's temperament is intensely dramatic—another feature which is not Swiss. The prize ring, the variety stage, the "Halles," the "Boul' Mich'," the Riviera Express, furnish the settings for his little dramas of desire; for all his men are engaged in the feverish quest of pleasure, of erotic experiences, and other adventures. Some of the stories are distinctly symtomatic of the idiosyncrasy of sex by which American literature, too, is beginning to be affected. But Castell writes from the standpoint of an over-ripe civilization; his is the cynical note of the initiated, while the naïve seriousness of our Americans proves that they are still "Innocents Abroad."

Albert Ehrenstein's book of stories, called after the initial tale, "Der Selbstmord eines Katers" (München: Georg Müller), bears no date of publication, but is too extraordinary in character to be overlooked, even if it were a trifle more than a year old. Ehrenstein belongs to the group of independents that stand outside of the "representative" literary world of Austria and go their own way regardless of the demands of the market and the need of advertisement through the press. He is a visionary, a wit, and a stylist whose pedigree might be traced to the English humorists of the eighteenth century, notably Laurence Sterne, yet he is unmistakably a type of the modern Viennese intellectual. He conjures curious moods and fancies, pictures of real life and dream life, before the reader's vision. Exotic imaginings and philosophical excursions follow in bewildering abundance. The form is always that of a chat, but the reader feels that the author needs no second, that he is content to converse with himself. A strangely self-centred but attractive personality is reflected in this book. "Begräbniss," "Mitgefühl," "Ansichten eines Exterritorialen," and others illustrate his manner.

Carl Hauptmann is in the habit of turning out a book of short stories in the interval between the completion of a larger work and the beginning of another. His "Nächte" followed upon his Bonaparte dramas, and now, only a few months after the publication of his admirable poetical play, "Die armseligen Besenbinder," and of "Die lange Jule," which had its initial performance at the inauguration of the new royal theatre at Dresden, he has sent out an interesting collection of stories, called "Schicksale" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff). They are quaint portraits of queer country folk, of strange aristocratic eccentrics, of religious cranks, of specimens of human nature in its more extravagant and perhaps abnormal phases. He gives these people a singular vitality, making them plausible, if not convincing. "Magdalena mit der Balsambüchse," "Der Tanzmeister Grandhomme," "Der Bäcker Einhorn," "Der Evangelist Johannes," and "Fürst Gribow und seine Kinder" are as rich a collection of unusual figures and unusual experiences as one could find anywhere.

A strikingly original achievement is the first long story that has come from the pen of Alfons Petzold, the proletaire poet of Vienna, who has recently become the subject of many critical appreciations in the magazines of Germany. Petzold has been a sufferer from tuberculosis, and the scene of the greater part of the story, which is entitled "Erde" (Vienna and Leipzig: Deutsch-Oesterreichischer Verlag), is a sanitarium. The actors in the pathetic drama are patients who are finally dismissed as cured and go out into the world to set up a home for themselves hallowed by a tender affection. Then only does the tragedy begin, for the heroine's frail body is unfit for maternity, while her woman-soul longs for a mother's glory. The unusual and tragic solution of the conflict is very startling, and gives the plot an unexpected ending. But the great significance of the book lies in its philosophy, its beautiful acceptance of the inevitable, and in the author's deep feeling for nature.

Genuine humor is so rare a thing in German letters to-day that it should be doubly welcomed when it presents itself in such a fascinating form as the "Alltag eines Fröhlichen," by Robert Scheu (Albert Langen). Dr. Scheu is secretary of the Austrian Chamber of Commerce, an authority on the subject of "Kulturpolitik," which is a term of his own coinage, and has been prominently identified with a reform of the common-school education in his country. He has published a number of dramas, some in collaboration with Dr. Otto Stössl, his gifted compatriot, and is known to readers of *Simplicissimus* as the faithful chronicler of current events as seen through his temperament. Scheu has the faculty of relieving caustic sarcasm with a kindly smile, though his satire strikes right and left. The skits upon college customs, upon the policies of the press, upon official red tape in municipal administration, and other departments of public life are choice products of his pen.

One of the most striking personalities among the writers that have come to the fore through the medium of *Simplicissimus* is Gustav Meyrink. He is not a prolific writer, and although the readers of his first little volumes of sketches and tales, "Der heisse Soldat" and "Orchideen," upon which his reputation rests, are not likely to have forgotten him in the years of silence that followed their publication, the collective edition of his writings in three volumes, under the title, "Des deutschen Spiessers Wunderhorn" (Albert Langen), will be warmly welcomed. Meyrink is a representative of that new German humor which has evolved within the past twenty years, and takes its cue from the critical and heretical attitude of the younger generation. He has an exuberant imagination and a mordant irony. Meyrink has fulfilled a mission in Germany by placing a damper upon the extravagant overvaluation of Gustav Frenssen by his choice parodies upon "Jörn Uhl" and "Hilligenlei."

A. von Ende.

Correspondence

THE SURTAX ON INCOMES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 2 there occurs a reference to the Federal Income Tax law to the effect that the surtax on large incomes became effective only after the passage of the bill in October of last year. I enclose a clipping from the paper wherein this reference appears. Mr. Underwood, you will see, is quoted as authority for the statement.

This construction of the law is, I believe, a new one, the Government having exacted a tax and settlements having been made upon the basis that the surtax did not differ from the normal tax with respect to time of operation. I beg to inquire, therefore, whether you will not be good enough to give me in full the basis for the statement contained in your paper, and such additional data as will be necessary to clear up the point.

Thomas S. Gates.

Philadelphia, July 2.

[The statement, though made by Mr. Underwood according to an extensive press report of his speech of June 27, was erroneous. The report of the passage in question was as follows:

There will be no falling off in the income-tax receipts next year. A large proportion of the income accrues and is payable in January and February of the year, but income tax became operative as to the normal tax in March, and as to the super-tax or additional tax not until the bill became a law in October.

In the speech as printed in the *Congressional Record* for June 29 no such statement is

made, the nearest approach to it being the following:

No one is charged for income for this last year except for income actually received during the last ten months of the calendar year 1913. The income-tax assessment upon semi-annual incomes payable in January and July only applied in 1913 to a period of four months.

—Ed. The Nation.]

DUTCH OFFICERS IN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On the fifteenth of June, Major Thomson, of the Dutch Army—known as a brilliant officer and as an energetic member of Parliament—in leading his Albanian troops against the enemies of Prince William, changing a forlorn hope into an ultimate success, was shot through the breast and killed.

The real work of creative organization in Albania devolved upon a handful of Dutch officers, chosen for their intimate knowledge of the character of Mahommedan soldiery. Within less than three months they accomplished the only actually constructive work that has been done in Prince William's new kingdom, and as a reward for their labor they have been cordially reviled by the press of every nation which has present or future interests in Albania.

The simple and direct devotion of these men to a very unpleasant duty is a splendid manifestation of what the modern and intelligent officer of the small continental armies can achieve in the face of apparently hopeless odds. H. W. van Loon.

Madison, Wis., June 30.

INFLATION AHEAD?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fundamental purpose of the Federal Reserve act is to assure to banks in times of strain a market for their loans. This was set out in a recently published article that ended thus: "And let me, in conclusion, emphasize the words 'in times of strain,' for if the system is unduly used in other times its usefulness will be seriously, perhaps disastrously, impaired."

That which I had in mind in so writing seems increasingly important as we approach the putting of the system into operation. Increasingly one hears expressions of buoyant anticipation of the better times that will come with easier credit. The banks, it seems to be thought, will lend and lend, take their loans to their reserve banks for rediscount, and then again lend and lend. And so borrowing will be easier not only in times of strain, but as well in normal times.

There is danger in that misconception of the purpose of the Federal Reserve act. We have not suffered much from lack of bank credit in normal times. We have suffered much from panics caused by bad banking in normal times. Take the last panic. From the middle of 1904 until 1907 business in this country steadily expanded from a point much below to a point much above the normal. During the same period the ratio of bank loans to deposits increased and correlatively banking resources steadily decreased from a point much above to a point much below normal. It was this exhaustion of the usable portion of banking resources that ripened conditions for the panic of 1907. And the exhaustion in normal times of the usable portion of banking resources means, in all likelihood, that there has been bad banking; that bankers, yielding to the pleas of expanding business, have loaned their demand deposits otherwise than for quickly maturing commercial and industrial purposes, have loaned them for such purposes as plant enlargement. In a word, commercial bankers have undertaken the functions of investment bankers. By their doing so, by bad banking in normal times, conditions are ripened for a panic, and when the time of strain comes, as in 1907, commercial bankers fail to perform their own functions of supplying money for the daily needs of the people and credit for the short-time needs of business.

Now it is just because business and banking, instead of moving rationally forward on a line of steady development, move emotionally upward and downward in a zigzag across the line that something like the Federal Reserve act had to be enacted. Something had to be done to help the bankers, when overtaken by the results of their bad banking, to renew their exhausted resources and so get into condition to continue the performance of their functions. If this conception of the purpose of the Federal Reserve act be held by the managers of the new system, as there is every indication that it will be, and they in so holding be supported by the public, there will be no danger of inflation ahead.

Moreover, there is little danger in any event of inflation through Federal Reserve notes. This new kind of money may not be held as reserves by the member banks, and the provisions for its redemption seem unquestionable. It is, therefore, altogether likely that the new notes will not stay out longer than they serve a legitimate purpose. We shall, in other words, probably get an elastic currency whose volume, like the volume of checks, expands and contracts in accordance with the exchanges to be effected at the time.

The way in which the inflation will come, if at all, is through the undue use of the rediscounting provisions of the act. A member bank, having loaned and loaned until it has exhausted its usable resources and consequently its right to loan, takes a bundle of its loans to its Federal Reserve Bank, there rediscounts them, and has the proceeds credited to its account with the reserve bank. By so doing, and thus increasing its legal reserve, the member bank has acquired the right, as pointed out in the *Journal of Political Economy*, to loan further to an amount (according as it is a central reserve city bank, a reserve city bank, or a country bank) more than five, six, or eight times the amount of the rediscounted loans. The borrowers from the member bank take the proceeds of their loans in the form of credits to their checking accounts. And thus, to the contrary of the notion that inflation comes only from an undue addition to the volume of money, you have, without the addition of any money, the conditions for inflation.

Probably the inflation will not come, but it is just as well to have in mind how it might come, and to do what we can to moderate this current anticipation of easier credit in normal times.

The chief reason for saying that inflation probably will not come through the operation of the Federal Reserve act is that we are likely to get conservative, competent men as directors of the reserve banks. The responsibility on them will be great, and none of their duties will be more important than to decline to rediscount for bankers who do not have the courage and the intelligence to decline to overdiscount.

No criticism of the Federal Reserve act is implied. All usable things are abusable. If the excellent piece of machinery provided by the Federal Reserve act is abused there will be danger of inflation ahead.

Evans Woollen.

Indianapolis, July 2.

COMPULSORY CANDIDACY FOR STATE LEGISLATURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question raised by the editorial article in the *Nation* of June 18, "Our Precarious Public Careers," is both interesting and disturbing. If it is true, as you assert, that there is a dearth of men of ability and character in the State Legislatures, is this due to the fact that there is now "nothing in" a seat in a State Legislature, since the abolition of the free railway pass for "statesmen," the cessation of the resulting friendly relations between statesmen and big business, and the consequent disappearance from the statesman's mind of the lively sense of potentially still more pleasant and profitable relations yet to be? In a word, is it due to that inhospitality of life in a State Legislature to all selfish ambition which has resulted from the reforms and the general movement for purifying public life of the last dozen years?

If the answer is yes, what, then, are we to do? No one, certainly, would advocate a return to the old system; for it was a bad system, even though under it able and ambitious men, not too nice of conscience, were led to strive for membership in the State Legislature, and in many ways often served their State well and even unselfishly in a large part of their activity.

The situation is, nevertheless, a serious one; far too serious for us to look with much hope of relief to the influence of those amiable but now slightly wearisome celebrations of the doctrine of "service" which have been resounding from several hundred commencement platforms during the last few weeks.

The American public listens with a somewhat too indiscriminate cynicism, no doubt, when it hears of the great sacrifice being made by some man who has just accepted an office to which a very comfortable salary is attached; though it must be admitted that the not infrequent refusal of an office of this kind by a man who really does not want it lends some color to the belief of the general public that no man among us takes a public office when he does not find it in some way to his personal interest to do so. It would seem, however, that here is a place, under present-day conditions, where real self-sacrifice in the public interest is the only remedy. One dislikes to suggest such a thing as compulsory candidacy for a seat in the State Legislature; for the comparative freedom of the American citizen from the obligations of public service compelled by law and administrative authority—a freedom that has thus far been enjoyed without serious harm to the State—has not only been creditable to our public spirit as a people, but has done much to keep alive that precious sense of personal freedom without which life loses much of its charm and nearly all of its dignity. Nevertheless, if it is true that there is an increasing reluctance on the part of able and competent men to become candidates

for membership in State Legislatures, does it not seem likely that the public may, in self-defence, find it necessary to compel candidacy as an incident of citizenship, in essentially the same way as that in which it now compels jury service? Compulsory candidacy would not be an ideal way out of a perilous situation; but recourse to it seems probable, unless it comes to be generally understood that it is a deeply discreditable thing for an American citizen to refuse nomination to a seat in the Legislature of his State. R. D. O'LEARY.

Lawrence, Kan., June 30.

"NUTS," NATIVE AND BRITISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most interesting features in present-day slang is the great difference between the meaning of the word "nut" as applied to a person in England and in America; and as this word has only recently been used in slang, it is not to be found in most of the slang dictionaries.

Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" gives a definition of "nut" which is attributed to the Yorkshire dialect, and says: "Nut, a silly fellow. This word is not applied to an idiot, but to one who has been doing a foolish action." This is the sense in which the word is used in America, but, although it is common in spoken speech, it has no literary acceptance on this side of the Atlantic, and only appears in print in the garish pages of the Sunday comic supplement.

In England the word "Nut" (applied to a person) is capitalized and is to be found very frequently in *Punch*, and also in novels with some pretence to good standing, as, for example, Mrs. Horace Tremlett's "Curing Christopher" and Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Fool of April." In the last-named book the author attempts a definition of the "Nut," as the modern representative of the Beau, the Macaroni, the Dandy, and the Dude.

It is curious to see the same word used in English and American slang with such difference in meaning and in standing. Possibly the English "Nut" of to-day may have a place in the novel of manners of equal dignity with yesterday's Beaux and Macaronis, but our native variety is unlikely to rise from the lowly position it occupies in the vocabulary in company with "boob," "simp," or similar words applied to people who do foolish things.

An attempt to trace a common origin to two fortuitous uses of a word in slang is of slight value, but it is interesting to note that in the early eighties the word "Nut" was used in Australia with an intermediate meaning, being applied to a type which considered itself the complacent man of the world, but was mocked at by the general public. Edward E. Morris, in his "Austral English," quotes an illustrative passage from A. J. Boyd's "Old Colonials": "The peculiar type of native (white) which has received the significant sobriquet of 'The Nut' may be met with in all parts of Australia, but more particularly in far-off inland bush townships. What is a Nut? Imagine a long, lank, lantern-jawed, whiskerless colonial youth—generally nineteen years of age, with a smooth face, destitute of all semblance of a crop of 'grass,' as he calls it in the vernacular." JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Norwood, Mass., June 8.

Literature

BOOKS ON RUSSIA.

Modern Russia. By Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Russia of the Russians. By Harold Whitmore Williams. The same. $1.50 net.

Behind the Veil at the Russian Court. By Count Paul Vassili. New York: John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

Interest in Russia, as a developing and changing country, apparently continues unabated. Three books dealing with the topic, each of them worthy of careful attention, but written from widely different points of view, have appeared within the space of six months.

Gregor Alexinsky, the author of "Modern Russia," is a revolutionist of university training, who, after some experience of prison life, was elected a member of the second Duma (1907), in which short-lived body he was a leader of the Social-Democratic party. The aim of his present book he defines as follows:

> I have no wish to speak as a prophet unveiling the future. . . . Nor do I speak as a political agitator; my aim is quite otherwise. I hope to speak the calm language of facts and figures and exact data. This book, in my intention, should be a small encyclopædia of Russian life in all its manifestations; an unpretending photograph, which seeks to reproduce, as faithfully as possible, the contours and the colors of reality (p. 9).

Alexinsky's performance does not correspond to his profession of faith. On the whole, his work may be regarded as a political tract in which Russian history and social conditions are interpreted by the formulas of Marxian economics. Writing with apparent haste, he shows scant ability to take the point of view of the uninformed foreigner and a typically Russian ignorance of the first principles of orderly exposition. He gives no account, for example, of the fundamental differences between the Russian nobility and that of any one of the Western countries. That Leroy-Beaulieu and Wallace have already given luminous discussions of the subject is no excuse for silence in a book that is meant to be self-sufficient. He devotes equal space, five pages each, to a description of the rural commune and to the career of the police spy Azev. He wastes two pages in expounding the axiomatic thesis that "to comprehend the political history of any country we must examine its economy" (p. 36).

Mistakes of detail are frequent; one finds astounding statements like: "The Little Russians speak a dialect which is almost the old Slav language" (p. 29), and "the apostles of Christianity in Russia, having found no ready-made alphabet, created one themselves, and then composed a special language in which the religious services were celebrated" (p. 71). More important, it is an utter perversion of history to say that the Russian monarchy "has always been dependent on the nobility, and that its actions have merely expressed the interests of the latter" (pp. 174, 175).

Yet all these failings do not prevent Alexinsky's book from being of considerable value. No other writer makes so clear the immense changes that the advent of capitalism has worked in the Russian social fabric, even though one may demur at the extreme view: "Capitalist industry is the factor that determines the character and the tone of Russian life. The conflict between town and country . . . is resolved in Russia in favor of the town. The village, despite its quantitative superiority, plays a subordinate part in the social life of the country" (p. 110). Most important, Alexinsky gives, in part unconsciously, a really authoritative statement of the ideals and of the general point of view of one influential school of Russian radical thought. One may be glad that he has not sacrificed vividness of treatment in his ineffectual striving for scientific impartiality.

Dr. Williams is a man of different type. He is a research fellow of the School of Russian Studies at the University of Liverpool, an institution that is doing much to further an enlightened interest in Russia among speakers of English, and is an editor of the *Russian Review*, the periodical published by that school. This quarterly, one may remark in passing, is now entering on its third year; it is not only valuable in itself from its articles dealing with current affairs in Russia, but is an excellent guide to the literature of the subject in English, French, German, and Russian. It is the single periodical in English devoted to a Slavic topic. Dr. Williams, as might be expected, writes as a careful, scientifically trained student of Russian conditions, not as a partisan of any political party. His book may be recommended without hesitation as the best introductory account of present-day Russia that exists in English, or, so far as the reviewer is aware, in any language. Its only rival is Wallace's third edition (1912) of his classic treatise, which was first published in 1877. But Wallace's revision is, to speak frankly, a piece of patchwork, and his temperament, which seems to have grown more conservative with advancing years, makes him an unsympathetic critic of much that is characteristic of Russia in our time.

Dr. Williams carries out, in a general way, the programme sketched and then neglected by Alexinsky. In a chapter of fifty pages on The Growth of Russia he gives an epitome of the salient features of the national history, based, as was inevitable, on the writings of Kluchevsky. Owing to its extreme compression, his section is difficult reading, but it will repay close study. There follow admirable essays on The Bureaucracy and the Constitution, The Press, The "Intelligentsia" (or educated middle class), Church and People, Peasants and Proprietors, and Trade and Industry. These are illuminating, first-hand accounts of the fea-

tures in Russian life that distinguish it from that of western Europe, and in particular from that of England. Other chapters are devoted to Literature, Music, The Theatre, Painting, and Architecture. Here, with true literary tact, Dr. Williams pays slight attention to familiar topics, while he lingers over those that are less well known but of more contemporary interest. Thus of Turgenieff and Tolstoy, information as to whom is readily accessible, he says little; on the other hand, he gives an excellent account of the writers of the last ten years, and in particular of the "modernist movement," which is practically unknown to English readers. He closes his volume with an entertaining chapter on the characteristics of St. Petersburg life.

Mistakes of detail are rare and unimportant. But one is surprised to find that Dr. Williams attributes the origin of the Dukhobors and some other heretical sects to the great schism of the seventeenth century. This is in direct conflict with all the authorities known to the reviewer, who agree in describing these sects as of a protestant character and wholly unconnected with the schism.

Optimism and sympathy characterize Dr. Williams's style; he writes of the Russians as of friends who have a great future before them. Without quite rising to the stature of Wallace or Leroy-Beaulieu he has produced a truthful but kindly book, for which every lover of the Russian people may be grateful. The volume is well illustrated with photogravures.

The question of the value of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" depends on its authenticity. According to a "publisher's note," the writer who is hidden under the pseudonym "Count Paul Vassili" "held an important post at the Russian Court" and died but a few months ago. The volume, which is said to have its source in Count Paul Vassili's diary, must be a compilation from that work rather than a transcript from it; the journal form is nowhere evident, and the whole book is carefully proportioned and developed to a climax with no small literary skill. It gives character sketches of most of the members of the Russian Imperial family and of many prominent statesmen and social leaders, from the decease of Nicholas I (1855) until our own day. The mental attitude is that of a conservative, though not entirely bigoted, man of society; Count Paul Vassili regards the conscientious but stupid reactionist, Alexander III, as "the best and wisest sovereign that Russia ever had," but admits that the day is past, even in Russia, for an autocracy such as he upheld. Always bright and entertaining, Count Paul Vassili's book is often, especially in its later chapters, of considerable historical importance. It gives a view of Father Gapon and the Bloody Sunday massacre, for example, which is in sharp contrast with the accounts that have been accepted by most English writers. Gapon is here said to have acted under instructions from Count Witte in stirring up the workingmen's procession that ended in so tragic a fashion, and he was himself murdered, not by revengeful revolutionists, but by Government agents who wished to dispose of a tool who knew too much. Whatever amount of truth there may be in this version of the matter, it is at least interesting if it be a true reflection of beliefs current in Russian court circles. On the whole, however, Count Paul Vassili will appeal more to readers fond of familiar gossip about high society than to serious students of Russian affairs.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Milky Way. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This gracefully written story of sentimental vagabondage takes its title from a Provençal proverb, "He who is light of heart and heels can wander in the Milky Way." It differs from other tales of its class chiefly in its intensely feminine point of view. The familiar artist vagabonds of fiction have been men, or, like Mr. Locke's Clementina, women of rather masculine type. But Vin Lovel, who relates her adventures in the Milky Way, is a very youthful girlish vagabond; and the whole tone and quality of the book, its opinions, its impressions, its style, are as feminine as can be imagined. Even the hero, we regret to add, is open to the suspicion of being a girl in disguise. It is to be feared that the heroine deceives herself when she decides that she is in love with him. For her own part, she is a young person who amusingly combines a sort of innocent sophistication with a slightly self-conscious naïveté. The book abounds in delicate and finished bits of description, and in the sort of "coterie speech" that artists are supposed to affect. The reader feels rather surfeited before he finishes it. Even an idyl can be too sugary: and this one is also a little too long.

E: The Complete and Somewhat Mad History of the Family of Montague Vincent, Gent. A Novel by Julian Hinckley. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is a first novel which unfortunately attempts to be clever in several different ways. The sub-title, for example, suggests Mr. Chesterton. The elaborate and quaint chapter-headings betray an admirer of Mr. De Morgan. The style of the narrative is frequently brilliant, but never trustworthy. When the author (or the proof-reader) falls into foreign tongues (dead or alive), the result is too likely to be sketchy—like the "quadurpedante putrem" of p. 192. And though we fancy ourselves setting out upon an easy road of romance, it is not long before we find satire grinning in the path. Looking back from the end of all the pages, we perceive that this is intended to be an arraignment of society. When we notice that much of the action takes place in Newport, with no sparing of the Casino and the other accessories recognized in connection with that abode of vice and fashion, we are prepared for at least all that follows. Montague Vincent is a parasite, snob, and drunkard. We feel bound to express the opinion of him that the manners here recorded would hardly pass muster even in Newport. At his face value he is a person of sufficient quality to engage the interest and the patronage of aspiring plutocrats in the toils of feminine ambition. In fact, the only thing really to "Monty" Vincent's credit is his daughter Edith, known by her initial, and heroine of the story. The impossible millionaire and aristocrat who befriends her and her mother plays his difficult part as well as his author will let him. Indeed, the effect of the book as a whole is of a well-meaning and too facile writer struggling to make use of sufficiently good materials.

The Desert and Mrs. Ajax. By Edward Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The first novel of a mining engineer may or may not be more interesting than the first novel (or play) of an elevator boy. The publishers of this story appear to believe that something distinctive has been done. Our complaint would be that the writer has made too trifling use of his materials. In his anxiety to avoid the conventional melodrama of the mining camp, he has provided exactly that commodity, overlaid with farce. The initial idea of a stranded circus troupe adopted by a wealthy ranchman and gold-miner is good for farce. Mrs. Ajax is the Strong Woman of the disbanded company. There are a snake-charmer, a wild man, a pair of Irish acrobats with Italian names, and, above all in importance to the tale, a trapeze "artiste," with whom the ranchman falls in love, and who turns out to be the daughter of the villain. She, being somewhat incredibly modest and ladylike, also falls in love with her host at the earliest possible moment, but he is as blind to the fact as the author requires him to be, and we are destined to read a considerable number of pages before his eyes are opened and all is well. There are a number of good farcical scenes, and the lingo spoken by the personæ is of the best "American" type. It is not, however, quite natural that the capitalist gentleman from Philadelphia, allied to the Biddles, should employ that lingo as expertly as the ranchman or Mrs. Ajax herself.

Idylls of a Dutch Village (Eastloorn). By S. Ulfers. Translated by F. Williamson-Napier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The word *idyll* is (for a wonder) well chosen to express the quality of these sketches—or perhaps one feels this because they so strongly suggest the memorable "Auld Licht Idylls" of Mr. Barrie. Here, as among the Thrums people, religion is a matter of burning importance. The Eastloorn peasants, however, are of milder, more childlike temper than Mr. Barrie's dour Scots, and their chronicler describes them with comparatively small play of humor. Their manners are of less concern to him than

their individual and composite character. The spirit of the book is religious rather than "literary." Eastloorn has two churches, the Reformed and the Dissenters. The schism is of recent occurrence; and the fact of their difference remains a sort of shame to the gentle peasants, instead of being a constant delight, as to the belligerent Scotch. Each of the congregations has an admirable man at its head, Senserff, courteous and strong, and young Walter, impetuous, generous, and prone to ignore the constraint of his cloth. And besides these good men is Wiegen, the Dreamer, a shepherd lad who dreams of a Church without rules and divisions, a Church which shall be one and the same as the Kingdom of Heaven. Its membership he finds in unlikely places, often quite unconscious of it; so, though the Reformed people and the Dissenters have only one minister apiece, Wiegen's church has them both. The sketches together make a clear picture, and a very human picture.

OLD DECAY AND A MODERN INSTANCE.

Ancient Rome and Modern America: A Comparative Study of Morals and Manners. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Ancient Rome has hardly a valid claim to the prominence which it receives in the title of Ferrero's new volume. The reader feels, at times, that the few chapters which really do carry him back to the Consuls, the Emperors, and the eagles are no essential part of the work, which is a comment on the dominant tendencies and possible outcome of our modern civilization.

Somewhere in his earlier writing the author has insisted that what Cato and his kind denounced as decadence and corruption was in reality only what we moderns generally regard as "progress." On a smaller scale the territorial expansion of Rome had engendered that growth of public and private wealth and those lavish habits of living which were fostered in the modern world by the discovery of the two Americas. But as the more conservative of the Romans, "the Puritan party," as he often calls them, looked with stern disfavor upon the daring innovations of the "progressives," so many to-day find only decadence in the intense devotion of the apparent majority to the accumulation and enjoyment of material wealth. Discussions as to national progress are fruitless because the two parties are too widely separated to comprehend each the other's point of view.

Ferrero's alleged purpose in this volume is rather to state the dispute than to decide it. "The author . . . has not so much confidence in his own wisdom as to try to discover whether man is really progressing or not; whether he is moving down the valley of the centuries towards a fixed goal, or towards an illusion which retreats with each step he takes in its direction." The reader who thinks that he finds such a verdict is warned to rest assured that he is mistaken. Yet we are told in an early chapter that Rome in her era of expansion and material greatness and America of to-day are in many things peculiarly alike, and we are shown in detail that this likeness applies to the accumulation and lavish employment of wealth, with its tendency to draw men together into great cities. And later on comes another chapter in which excessive urbanization, the inevitable result of the dominance of material standards, is spoken of as "that disease which corrupted the trunk of the Roman Empire, and which is beginning slowly, subtly, insidiously to eat the heart out of the modern world."

In the drawing of detailed parallels between ancient and modern institutions one may not always follow Ferrero with safety. He tells us, for instance, that the legal *injunction*, about which discussion has raged so violently in recent years, "is nothing else than the *edictum* of the Roman magistrate; the power, that is to say, which the Roman magistrate possessed, and which the American magistrate, maybe in a less degree, possesses, of making good with his personal authority the lacunæ and deficiencies in the law on every occasion when public order or the principles of justice seemed to demand it urgently." Thus the two institutions are identified by a definition which cannot be accepted as at all adequate for either one. In respect of the chapter on the Trial of Piso, the Governor of Syria under Tiberius, accused of poisoning Germanicus and committing various other offences, one might pick serious flaws in the author's dealing with Tacitus, if it were worth while. In recent times the motto of a certain class of writers on Roman imperial history might seem to be, "If you have no case, abuse Tacitus." Tacitus has his defects as an historian, defects not usually difficult to detect and discount, but he is at least entitled to be correctly represented. The statement that Tacitus did not believe in the charge of poisoning brought against Piso is correct, and we know that it is correct from statements made by Tacitus himself so plainly that it is absurd for Ferrero to add that "with his usual malice he has done all he could to induce posterity to accept it as true." And only out of his own imagination can he get a conception of the elder Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, which could lead him to refer to her as one "whom grief was robbing of the little sense which nature had given her." With all the faults of our ancient historians, we shall hardly reach solid ground by substituting our own imaginations for their statements.

The present volume contains many references to another which has already appeared in Italy, but is not to appear in English dress until the coming autumn. Its title is "Between the Old World and the New," and it is in the form of a series of dialogues assumed to have occurred between a party of men representing various degrees of culture and casts of thought, in the course of a two weeks' voyage from South America to Europe. Its fundamental theme is the same as that of the present volume.

BEGINNINGS OF SOCIOLOGY.

The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by R. G. Collingwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60.

Vico, a great intelligence of whom Michelet long ago remarked that he lived in the eighteenth century but wrote for the nineteenth, remains in the twentieth an unduly neglected figure in the history of modern thought. Of late, however, there have begun to appear increasing indications—of which the present work is the most important—that the uniqueness and significance of his historic rôle are likely hereafter to receive general and adequate recognition from the historians of ideas. The fate of his doctrines is one of the most striking among the many illustrations of the truth that a philosopher's reputation depends upon neither the originality nor the fruitfulness of his ideas, but upon their congeniality to the mind of his generation—or else upon their good fortune in chancing to be noticed by some later generation at the moment when it is ripe for them. A wide influence upon the movement of modern reflection Vico never exercised, though in one or two cases he communicated new intellectual impulsions to men who were themselves destined to exercise such an influence. In his own day he was a voice crying in the wilderness; and when, long after, certain of his characteristic ideas began to enjoy an enormous vogue, they owed this in the main to the work of men who knew little or nothing of him. His interest for the historian, therefore, is of a special sort, and, undeniably, of a secondary order. His philosophy was an isolated phenomenon from which no great effects directly followed. But it was prophetic of a momentous intellectual revolution which, beginning about half a century after his death, has lastingly altered men's habitual ways of thinking about many matters.

Of Vico's age the sacred word was "nature." The "law of nature" was its favorite name for the sum of all moral truth, "natural religion" was its characteristic faith, "natural rights" were the basis of most of its distinctive political theories, the "state of nature" was the model of social life, and the "physiocracy" was shortly to become the ruling doctrine in economics. In whatever province applied, the conception of "the natural" as the ideal had primarily two implications. It set up an absolutely rigid and universal standard, the same for all times and all peoples; thus the "religion of nature" was held to be "as old as the creation," and to have received no subsequent additions, except by way of corruption. And consequently this quest for that which is valid "according to nature" involved also an inability to see in history anything more than a long, unhappy record of deviations from the simplicity and uniformity of the natural order of things. Vico's greatness lies chiefly in the fact that he was apparently the first of the moderns to conceive clear-

ly the idea which was eventually to give to all the seventeenth and eighteenth century talk about "nature" a strange and hollow sound—the idea, namely, of an order of historical development through which all peoples normally pass, of a series of stages of culture having each its appropriate institutions and modes of life, among which the earlier were by no means better or more venerable than the later. In the twenties of the nineteenth century this idea was still so unfamiliar, at least to the British mind, that the youthful John Mill's first acquaintance with it, as his "Autobiography" tells us, revolutionized his "system of political philosophy." But it was this, in essence, that constituted the theme of the *scienza nuova* which Vico proclaimed in 1725. He thus foreshadowed that historical or revolutionary relativism which was to dominate much of the thought of the later century—the habit of making allowances for the stage of development reached by any social group, of regarding political systems and even moral values as relative to specific historic situations, and of viewing those situations themselves as continuously in process of transformation.

It was under the guidance of this general insight that Vico was led to anticipate the historical science of a much later day in those new "rules of method" which Croce briefly enumerates:

> . . . his skepticism as regards the narratives of ancient historians, his recognition of the superiority of documents and monuments over narrative, his investigation of language as a storehouse of primitive beliefs and customs, his social interpretation of mythology, his emphasis on the spontaneous development rather than the external communication of civilization, his care not to interpret primitive psychology in the light of modern psychology [*i. e.*, not to assume the mental processes of a savage to be essentially like those of an eighteenth-century *philosophe*].

And it was this methodological wisdom which, in turn, made it possible for Vico to hit upon particular historical facts or hypotheses the rediscovery of which was to be the foundation of the fame of not a few later writers. Such were the theory of the popular origin and composite character of the Homeric epics, the reconstruction of Roman history, the interpretation of the greater part of it as an economic class-struggle, the new appreciation of Dante, the doctrine (enunciated as a novel paradox by Macaulay in 1825, in the essay on Milton which established his reputation) that poetry, since it should be simple and sensuous and deal with particulars rather than universals, is the more natural expression of a barbaric than of a highly civilized age.

Yet Vico was so far the child of his time that he was unable to conceive of the phases of a people's or of humanity's history as an unbroken progression; it was for him rather a repeated cyclic process, in which three ascending stages were regularly followed by two stages of retrogression, bringing in a "reflux of barbarism." His great idea, moreover, apparently came to him as a deduction from an essentially fantastic idea. The basis of his philosophy was the principle that a mind can know adequately and with certitude only that which it has itself made. Hence Vico regarded with skepticism physical science and, still more, metaphysics—except when "revelation" supplements our natural powers. For since man did not make the external world, he cannot truly know it. But the institutions and the processes of human society are man's own work; and it was therefore in history and in what would now be called anthropology and sociology that Vico found the proper study of mankind. As so often has happened in the history of ideas, a profound and permanently valuable thought emerged as a seeming by-product of a crude and ephemeral one.

Croce's exposition sometimes presupposes an acquaintance with Vico's text which the non-Italian reader is unlikely to possess. For the most part, however, it gives a readable as well as a highly illuminating account of the entire movement of the philosopher's thought; and it will probably long remain the most authoritative treatment of the subject. In nearly all respects the book is an admirable example of the way in which the history of philosophy should be written.

A GREAT LADY.

Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine, 1522-90. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

This book is decidedly superior to the average run of attractively printed and sumptuously illustrated "romantic" biographies of illustrious personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have poured forth in steadily increasing profusion from English and American presses during the past ten years. The author is well acquainted with the period, as her numerous previous works attest; she has read around her special subject as well as upon it; she has utilized manuscripts as well as printed sources, and most of her statements are supported by accurate references to them. There are a few minor errors and inconsistencies, especially in matters of chronology; and the text and footnotes sometimes fail to show that the author has availed herself of all the information contained in the works cited in her very copious bibliography.

Considering the length and cosmopolitanism of her career, it is certainly surprising that no modern biography of Christina of Denmark has hitherto been written. She is best known to the world by the famous portrait, now in the National Gallery, which Holbein painted in 1538 at the command of Henry VIII, and with which that monarch was so delighted that he promptly fell in love with its subject, and vowed that he would have the Duchess even if she came to him without a farthing. It is in a way poetic justice that Isabella should be thus immortalized by a portrait painted with a matrimonial end in view, for her whole career is a significant exemplification of the policy epitomized in the phrase *tu, felix Austria, nube*. She was the offspring of a union arranged by the Emperor Maximilian for the purpose of introducing Hapsburg influence into the Scandinavian lands in the north—her mother, Isabella, granddaughter of the old Emperor and sister of the future Charles V, being married in 1515 to Christian II of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But the miraculous success which usually attended Maximilian's dynastic ventures was in this case conspicuous by its absence. Less than eight years after his marriage Christian of Denmark was deposed and driven from his realms with his wife and three children, of whom Christina was the youngest. He was forced to seek refuge at the Hapsburg court in the Netherlands, and his efforts to regain his lost throne, in 1532, ended, as is well known, with his capture and lifelong imprisonment.

Two years later his daughter Christina, at the early age of twelve, was wedded to Francesco Sforza, of Milan, in token of the latter's reconciliation with the triumphant House of Austria. The death of Francesco in October, 1535, left Christina widowed and childless; during the next six years her hand was vainly sought by various kings and princes until, in 1541, she wedded François, Duke of Lorraine, again as a measure to strengthen the position of the House of Hapsburg. The marriage was altogether happy, and three children were born of it, but, like Christina's earlier union, it was cut short by the untimely death of her husband in 1545. She never married again, but devoted herself for the remainder of her life to the administration of Lorraine, to the advancement of the interests of her Hapsburg kinsmen, and to their reconciliation with the race of Valois. She presided at the Peace Conference of Cateau Cambrésis in 1559. Her unceasing efforts for the glory and welfare of the Imperial house are the more remarkable after the Emperor's death, in view of the neglect and injustice which she suffered at the hands of Philip II during the last thirty years of her life—a treatment traceable in large measure to Christina's frank disapproval of his policy in the Netherlands and in Milan, and to her intimacy with many of the leaders of the Dutch revolt.

It is a pity that the author does not give us fuller information concerning this latter half of her subject's life. Whether it is that material is lacking, or that political and diplomatic negotiations have been deliberately sacrificed to descriptions of marriages and courtships, one somehow feels that less than justice has been done to these important years. From beginning to end, however, the book holds the reader's attention, and gives a faithful portrait of one of the most charming, high-minded, loyal, and devoted women of a period in which feminine influence was unusually predominant in political life.

Notes

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces for early publication "Love Insurance," by Earl Derr Biggers.

"The Dons of the Old Pueblo," by Percival J. Cooney, and "Idle Hours in a Library," by William Henry Hudson, will be published shortly by Rand, McNally & Co.

On the autumn list of the Century Company are "The Lure of the Land," by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and "Recent American Diplomacy," by W. Morgan Shuster.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the publication to-day of two additional volumes in the Home University Library series: "Sex," by J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes, and "Wars Between England and America," by Theodore C. Smith. The same house announces the immediate publication of a vocabulary edition of Gustav Frenssen's "Peter Moors Fahrt Nach Sudwest," prepared by Herman Babson.

The University of Chicago Press announces the forthcoming publication of: Volume VIII of the Proceedings of the American Sociological Society; Part II of the Thirteenth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education; "The Osteology of Some American Permian Vertebrates," by Samuel W. Williston; the Lincoln and Douglas Debates (Publications of the Chicago Historical Society). For publication in the autumn the same press announces the first two volumes in the University of Chicago Science series: "The Origin of the Earth," by Thomas C. Chamberlin, and "Isolation and Measurement of the Electron," by Robert A. Millikan.

H. C. Washburn's "Illustrated Case Inscriptions from the Official Catalogue of the Trophy Flags of the United States Navy," while intended primarily as a guide to the collection at the Naval Academy, has usefulness also for students of American naval history. The flags, 172 in number, occupying forty-one eases and twenty-three panelled spaces, are reproduced in full-page process illustrations, with the descriptions relating to them opposite. The preface gives an interesting account of the delicate and ingenious method of restoring and preserving the flags.

"In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers," by C. H. J. Snider (Lane; $1.50 net), is described in a sub-title as having to do with "Fights and Flights of Frigates & Fore-'n'-afters in the War of 1812-1815 on the Great Lakes." These fights and flights are made to live again by resort to the method of dialogue, and by a vivid, conversational style throughout. The author has genuine narrative skill and an evidently congenial subject.

With no indication in the latest and twelfth volume of any approach to completion, "The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce" (Neale) continue on their way. Notices in the *Nation* of earlier volumes have mentioned appreciatively the solid and enduring portions of Mr. Bierce's work, and deplored the judgment that has attached them to a greatly preponderating mass of ephemera. Following the principle that frozen journalism makes literature, the *édition de luxe* has still probably in the neighborhood of a million words of Mr. Bierce's newspaper-work to convert into material for a gentleman's library.

The title of Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet's book about Greece, "Days in Attica" (The Macmillan Co; $2 net), with its pleasant reminiscence of Aulus Gellius, has not been so strictly interpreted as to prevent the author from allowing the traveller in Attica to make the proper approach, historically and geographically, by way of Crete and the Argive plain. Professor Bosanquet's share in the discoveries of recent years in Crete is well known to scholars; familiarity with the conditions and results of his work and of the work of other archæologists has enabled his wife to write authoritatively if lightly of the brilliant old life revealed by excavation. Her book deals agreeably and clearly with the more obscure chapters of Attic history, Byzantine times, the days of Frankish rule when Walter of Brienne was Duke of Athens, the dark age under the Turks with the Venetian interlude, and the period of rediscovery and loot that preceded the birth of modern Greece. Each of these periods has left interesting physical records in Attica, too often overlooked. Finally, in describing modern Greece, Mrs. Bosanquet's book gives, instead of the hasty impressions of a traveller, the experience of one who has lived in the country and learned to know intimately its aspects and its people. It would be ungracious to express regret that a volume which contains so much should omit almost entirely to suggest the literary associations that make Greece a haunted land. If it had dealt with these it would have had to double its bulk. But it may be permitted to hope that in a future edition the admirable bibliography will include the Allinsons' "Greek Lands and Letters."

The ambitious lady who changed her name from Gubbins to the more eligible-sounding Oscroft lacked sadly the light afforded by Ernest Weekley's "Romance of Names" (Dutton; $1.25 net); for she would have learned that Oscroft was derived from some humdrum toiler by an ox pasture, whereas Gubbins, as *Gobin*, crossed the channel with the Conqueror. The reader of this diverting book (a companion to the author's "Romance of Words") must, indeed, smile at its title, for its quest of name-origins rarely leads to anything very romantic. Rather it hunts down the fiction dear to family vanity with implacably disillusioning fact. Thus surnames derived from place-names, instead of pointing to ancestral ownership, were usually acquired when the locality was left. "John Tiler leaving Acton, perhaps for Acton's good, would be known in his new surroundings as John Acton." Napier of Merchiston took the motto *n'a pier* (has no equal), "but his ancestor was a servant who looked after the napery." Seymours may derive from the aristocratic St. Maur, but only by threading their way back among numerous Seamers or tailors. Gosling, it is true, has suffered a sea-change from Jocelyn, but this fine name dwindles etymologically into "little Josse." Sometimes we are left with a choice. Boon and Bone families may stop either with *le bon* or *de Bohun*, according as they affect kind hearts or coronets. Professor Weekley has kept a middle course between a too learned and a superficially popular treatment. Although constrained by limits of space to forego the proofs of his derivations, he shows by his handling of a specimen problem in the name Rutter that he has a critical command of the sources.

Ground that has been tilled many times before is turned over again in Henry R. Norton's "The Story of California" (McClurg; $1.50 net). Mr. Norton tells the romantic story in entertaining fashion and without tiresome details, beginning with the time when the number of Indians in the region now known as California was estimated at 700,000 and ending with the great earthquake and fire of 1906. "The Old Franciscan Missions of California" (Little, Brown; $1.50 net), by George Wharton James, covers in detail a period to which Mr. Norton could give only a few chapters. It is based on Mr. Wharton's "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," and offers nothing new in the way of research, its aim being to serve as a guide to the tourists who are becoming increasingly interested in the Franciscan Fathers. "Through Our Unknown Southwest" (McBride; $2 net), by Agnes C. Laut, is concerned in about equal proportions with the scenic wonders, the climate, and the inhabitants of that fascinating region. The writer takes us through forests, telling how men became millionaires by rifling the public domain. She tells how one can travel economically here and in the land of the cliff-dwellers, the petrified forests, and the painted desert, concerning all of which many interesting details are given. A chapter is devoted to San Antonio, the Cairo of America. The book as a whole is a strong plea for the doctrine that tourists will find America quite as well worth seeing as Europe.

One knows in advance that a volume on Euripides by Gilbert Murray will be anything but dull, and one's expectations in this wise are met by the little book, "Euripides and His Age," which is among the recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net, each). In the introduction is a pregnant comparison of the Victorian age with the Periclean, farther on a contrast between poets, ancient and modern, which is not to the advantage of the moderns, and always that discriminating praise of the greatness of the Athenian civilization which is characteristic of Dr. Murray. The author's vigorous taking up of the cudgels on behalf of the Sophists, his plea for a higher place than is usually assigned to Euripides, his mocking at the worship of tradition that so often bound the Greeks of that day and held them from understanding the playwright—these are but a few of the matters that make the volume as readable as it is thought-provoking. Another of this series, dealing with a literary subject, is H. N. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin, and Their Circle," in which the ideas and achievements of Thomas Paine, William Godwin, Shelley, and Mary Wollstonecraft are critically examined and clearly set forth. "The history of the French Revolution in England begins with a sermon and ends with a poem." In such direct, forthright sentences is the book written, but without the dogmatism that sometimes accompanies that style. We are carried into a far different region by William R. Shepherd's "Latin America," a volume that sets itself a definite task and sticks to it in the face of frequent temptation to overstep the limits chosen. The plan of the book is, not to take up the twenty countries separately, one after another, but to present phases of their civilization, speak-

ing of the individual nations in drawing comparisons and contrasts among them with reference to the topic under consideration. The first sixty pages, although analytical rather than chronological, cover the period before the struggle for independence; the remaining 180, along with what narrative account is necessary, give a picture of the economic, social, political, and cultural conditions now prevailing. The result is the best volume, for the size, upon the subject. The index is inadequate.

No timelier topic could be presented than that of unemployment, which is handled by Prof. A. C. Pigou. The comprehensiveness of his treatment is shown by the fact that he considers not only the remedies for lack of work, but also, since "not even the adoption of all of them together would avail to abolish unemployment," palliatives for this unfortunate condition. Among these palliatives he reckons as chief the device of meeting periods of depression by organized short-time work, instead of the usual dismissal of employees, and the device of insurance against unemployment. The danger of simulating inability to find a job, which makes so many persons of humanitarian inclinations doubtful of the practicability of unemployment insurance, Professor Pigou feels is warded off either by leaving it to the trade unions to manage as a private scheme, or by the development of labor exchanges, which take upon themselves the whole task of bringing together the workman and his work. In this country, certainly at the present time, neither of these methods could be relied upon to extend the benefits of such insurance to more than a very small proportion of the workers. Co-partnership and profit-sharing, which are the subjects of a volume by Aneurin Williams, are also much farther advanced abroad than in the United States. For this very reason, Mr. Williams's account of these developments in England and France ought to be of interest to us, especially as he includes in his survey what has been done in this country in those directions. His book was written before the Ford plan of profit-sharing was announced, but he has other examples of significance, notably that of the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company, of St. Louis, which includes its customers along with its employees in a co-partnership arrangement. Paul Vinogradoff's "Common-Sense in Law" demands closer thinking than the title would suggest. It is not a volume dealing with the demands for simplification of legal processes, but a thoughtful examination of the nature and the rules of law. Finally, we have two volumes on scientific subjects: "Nerves," by David Fraser Harris, and "The Ocean," by Sir John Murray. Professor Harris sets forth in non-technical language the place and powers of the nervous system, while Sir John Murray gives a general account of "the science of the sea," from the depth of the ocean to the life, plant and animal, that flourishes in it.

There is something Christian in the spirit of Virgil's pastorals. Victor Hugo saw that the dawn of Bethlehem had first lightened the forehead of Rome. Intuition, no less than the allegorical method, led the Church Fathers to find in the mysterious prophecy of the fourth Eclogue something akin to the Jewish hope and the Christian belief in the coming of the Messiah. That Virgil knew the book of Isaiah at first or second hand is a perfectly possible, but by no means necessary supposition; we do not need it to account for the tender, brooding mysticism of the poem and its Messianic prospect of better things to come. There we had better let the matter rest. Not so Mr. Vincent A. Fitz Simon, M.D., who, in "The Ten Christian Pastorals of Virgil" (Little & Ives), finds meanings that put the primitive exegesis of a Lactantius or a Fulgentius to the blush. The clue is a cipher, which we have studied, but do not pretend to have mastered. A table of "allotrops" shows how, by the substitution of one letter for another, the word *locus*, for instance, by "straight reading gives *rogus, varus, occus, bolus, palus, fucus, coeus, garus, lucus*, etc.," while "transposition gives *pasco, posco, equus, aulus, lator, pluma, turba, credo*, etc." It would be a dull wit that could not with such help find all the articles of the Christian faith in the Eclogues, or, indeed, in any Pagan work. The author discovered his cipher in Hesiod, corroborated it in Homer, and promises soon "The Christian Odes of Horace." We are not surprised that the Scholiasts and the Schoolmen knew the art, or that the writer of "Shakspere's Plays" (quotation marks not our own) practiced it in his works. The author knows his Virgil, the merely literal Virgil, well, and translates him into rather pleasant blank verse. A valuable by-product of a crazy theory is, not infrequently, a minute acquaintance with the facts which the theorist wishes to transcend.

The arrangement of Shakespeare's sonnets in the first edition, which was published by Thomas Thorpe in 1609, is, of course, not authoritative. Consequently, from the second edition (1640) on, various attempts at rearranging them have been made. It is incredible, however, that Thorpe's publication should offer us a mere jumble, which one is at liberty to reshuffle like a pack of cards, yet this is the implication of "The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence" (Putnam: $1.75 net), by the Countess de Chambrun. She offers here in her seventh chapter a reprint of the sonnets, but in a new order, "grouped by subjects." For instance, opening the book at random, we find the following sonnets printed in the order given: 53, 106, 68, 126, 37, 91, 48, and so on. This procedure results in the separation of sonnets that obviously belong together. Thus No. 72, which is the second in a group of five written in anticipation of the poet's death, is set between Nos. 90 and 92; and No. 103, which is the last of a group of three that apologize for a period of silence in praising the person addressed, is placed among the sonnets that deal with the theme of the rival poets.

The author's proposed new grouping of the sonnets throughout strikes us as highly injudicious. The first five chapters are devoted to a rambling discussion of the thorny problems that are connected with these famous poems, without adding anything new to knowledge. Most people will agree that Shakespeare's "fair youth" was very likely the Earl of Southampton, and Chapman will do as well as any other for the rival in his art whom the poet especially fears; but it takes a stronger faith than ours to believe that the "W. S." of Willobie's "Avisa" (1594) was Shakespeare, or to follow Mr. Acheson, as our author seems inclined to do, in his identification of the "dark lady" of the sonnets with the mother of Sir William Davenant. Countess Chambrun points out that in the British Museum copy of Thorpe's edition the first 126 sonnets, according to marginal indications, constitute Series I, the next 26 Series II, and the concluding two sonnets Series III. But this discovery (if such it be) has little value, for previous students of the sonnets have recognized just these divisions in Thorpe's arrangement of the sonnets. Finally, we may remark that the author does not quote quite accurately the passage from "Love's Labour's Lost": "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps" (Act V, sc. i). Moreover, the words are spoken by Moth, not by Biron. Altogether, the reprint *in extenso* of Rowe's "Life of Shakespeare" (Appendix I) seems to us the only valuable part of this work.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

An important precedent has been set by the House of Commons in deciding to appoint a committee to consider the grievances of post-office employees. The committee is to consist of a representative of the department itself, two representatives of the staff, and a representative of the Treasury, with a chairman appointed by the Board of Trade. This body will possibly be the model of a permanent Civil Service Conciliation Board, to deal with every difficulty as it arises in any of the governmental departments. At present there is a good deal of concern as to the increasing pressure exercised by public servants upon members of Parliament, especially in those constituencies where there are large bodies of voters of this class. Some kind of independent committee seems desirable for the control of matters relating to conditions of work and labor in Government employment—of course, with Parliament still retaining the authority to prescribe the general conditions under which it will act.

Addressing a recent meeting of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll took a hopeful view of the prospects of English literature. In his warning against pessimism he recalled how, in 1859, Cardinal Newman said that the canon of classical literature was closed and that no more great books had been produced. "Has Cardinal Newman's prophecy been fulfilled?" he asked. "I will mention a few names just as they occur to me: Swinburne, Meredith, Thomas Hardy, the two Rossettis, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and I could give names from the roll of the living."

Pleasant memories hover round the paintings in the collective exhibition of his work which René Ménard is giving in Paris. His pictures are for the most part classical Greek idylls which might illustrate Theocritus; and, in spite of his original color-scheme, their stretches of blue sky and bluer waters, with hillsides where cattle graze and heroes and goddesses foregather in the shade, might well be Sicilian landscape. There was Greek in the family. Among the pictures, the State has lent from the Luxembourg galleries the well-known portrait of the painter's uncle, Louis Ménard. He was called "the last of the Pagans," but might better be named the first of a Renascence of that which is as lasting as Grecian hills and seas. It was he who was Anatole France's master in Greek and Paganism.

For ten years, this Louis Ménard also painted and had his pictures hung in the annual Salons. Then he retired within himself, known only to the elect few who listened to his discourse as Plato and Alcibiades to Socrates, or Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller to Bronson Alcott. One day he said to Heredia the poet: "I have a dove, let us sacrifice it to Venus." "I don't like pigeon!" was the poet's Modernist reply. Towards the end of his long life in the high solitudes of the Latin Quarter, some one ventured to inquire the fate of his paintings. "Come with me," said Louis Ménard, with his most esoteric air; and leading to his waste room, he pointed to his entire art production—paintings all unsold. The war drew him for a time from his hermitage, and he wrote a letter of note to the London *Daily Telegraph* in defence of the Parisian people. He would have been of the Commune like his friend Vallès, but for a providential pleurisy. The Imperial University had long since rejected his doctor's thesis to show that "Polytheism must be the best religion since it ends inevitably in the Republic!" The son of the great Berthelot, who with Renan was of his inner circle, has gathered his literary [illegible] in a little volume, which is already hard to find.

A scant compensation for the upsetting of the world in the transformation of Turkey is the opening up of New Rome to our curiosity.

Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples.

What Byron sang and Hubert Robert painted in the first fever of Roman excavation is again to be seen in Constantinople. Beside the sea of Marmora, the palace of the Persian Hormisdas, which was the dwelling of Justinian before he was Emperor, has long lain in ruins beneath figtrees bending with fruit and rose baytrees in flower. Its construction and decoration by the cleverest artists of Constantine's reign were known from history. René Mesguich, who is an architect issuing from the Paris Beaux-Arts, has been entrusted by Alil Bey, director of the Imperial Ottoman museums, with the task of exploring the ruins. Otherwise, they were bound to disappear under modernizing Young Turkey. He is already advanced enough in his work to be able to offer a series of marvellous photographs to the Académie des Inscriptions. They show the noble architectural features which he has found, arcades and terraces and colonnades and sculptures in relief—mutilated by time, but still preserved by enwrapping Nature. The plan of the great palace has been restored entirely. The "Society of Friends of Stamboul" has taken it in hand to avoid the destruction of the remaining ruins. M. Mesguich is now working, with full hopes of success, at the complete reconstitution of the building which was a glory of Byzantine art.

The little town of Fiesole, near Florence, has always been a rich mine of Roman and Etruscan antiquities; the Roman theatre is one of the best preserved in Italy, and excavations from time immemorial have brought to light many valuable finds. Some forty years ago a few architectural fragments, discovered in clearing the ruins of the theatre, were collected in a warehouse in the Palazzo Pretorio; four years later other objects obtained from public bodies and private persons were added to the collection. In 1910 important excavations were made, and the objects unearthed were so numerous that the old quarters proved insufficient to house them. It was decided, therefore, to erect a new museum. The building, which was begun in 1912, has now been opened, and forms an important addition to the attractions of Fiesole. The Museum Faesulanum is in the style of an Ionic temple with a colonnaded pronaos and elegant decorations in the classical manner. The architect is Sig. Ezio Cerpi, while the arrangement of the collections is the work of Sig. Edoardo Galli, who has also provided a useful guidebook to the antiquities of the town. Among the many funereal steles here exhibited is one which had been lost 150 years ago, and was rediscovered by Sig. Galli himself; it is adorned with a hunting scene and two Elysian scenes—a dance and a banquet. Among the Roman objects one of the most important is a marble sarcophagus decorated with a scene of the chase of Meleager, a fine specimen of Greek art of the second century. Among the objects of especial interest for Fiesole are the fragments of a bronze wolf discovered in 1882 and the marble frieze which had decorated the *pulpitum* in the orchestra of the theatre; on it are represented a youthful Dionysus with a panther and Eros, while at the sides are heavenly and marine monsters, satyrical masks, and winged genii. Sig. Galli believes that the nucleus of this piece of sculpture formed part of the temple of Claudius, who had restored the theatre, which dates from the days of Sulla, and that it was afterwards altered during the reign of the Emperor Septimius Severus, who rebuilt the theatre. There are also many fragments of a huge temple discovered between the theatre and the Acropolis, of which little is known. The objects of the Barbarian age are of trifling importance.

In connection with the Berne exposition, a meeting was held at the Swiss capital, attended by Russian professors, newspaper men, and diplomatists from various parts of Europe, to discuss the proposal to found a Russian university in western or central Europe. It was decided to establish in one of the larger European cities a university for Russian students who, prevented for political or other reasons from obtaining higher education in their own country, are forced to apply for admission at the German, French, and Swiss universities. Of late the German authorities have been discouraging this immigration, partly because many of those matriculated entertain revolutionary ideas, and partly because the German students themselves complained that the foreigners took up too much room in the lecture rooms and laboratories. As a consequence of this, the Russians passed on to Switzerland. Until the new university building was opened a few months ago, the Slav invasion caused much crowding and inconvenience at Zürich. At Berne, Lausanne, and Geneva, the same conditions prevailed. It has not yet been decided whether the new Russian institution shall be independent, or established as an annex to some university already existent. It seems probable, however, that it will be situated at Geneva, that it will be associated with the University of Geneva, and that its students will be admitted to the courses of the Swiss university, although they will have a building of their own, with professors of their own nationality.

Science

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STAMMERING.

Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech. By C. S. Bluemel. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $5 net.

Any physical theory of stammering, according to the author of this book, is thrown out of court by the fact that the stammerer does not always stammer. Consequently he approaches the subject on the psychological side. Following what he takes to be accepted psychological doctrine, he teaches that the speech organs are controlled by mental images. A word must be present "in mind" before it can be spoken; either its sound or the feeling of pronouncing it must be recalled to mind in order to give the speech organs their proper cue for action. The consonants, he believes, are usually recalled by their feeling and the vowels by their sound. Now some individuals have little power of "auditory imagery," *i. e.*, of recalling sounds to mind, and they are likely to be brought to a halt in speaking, for lack of the auditory image of some vowel. They come to a halt upon a consonant, not from any difficulty with the consonant itself, but because they cannot remember how the following vowel sounds nor how the mouth feels in uttering it. The author believes that he has thus laid bare the fundamental cause of stammering, though he recognizes that aggravated forms of the trouble are superinduced by fear, nervousness, and auto-suggestion.

It is to these latter causes that the best modern authorities are inclined to attribute the whole disorder; but the author holds that such a theory does not go to the root of the matter, nor explain the origin of the trouble, which usually occurs in early childhood. "At this age the child is not addicted to reflective self-analysis. He is not an introspectionist; he is an animal leading a sensory-motor life. The child does not reflect upon his own idiosyncrasies; and at an early age his peculiarities of speech pass unnoticed." The author underestimates the reflective powers of children. At about the age of four, the child is rather attentive to his speech, and is subject to considerable criticism from his elders and from other children. If he stumbles or mispronounces, some one is pretty sure to pass remarks and perhaps laugh at him, or urge him to try harder. Thus embarrassment and undue effort are excited and the stammering may become a habit. We have observed this process in boys of four, have seen their evident fear of words on which they had previously stumbled, have heard them say that they "couldn't say that word," and have even found them resorting to that familiar device of the stammerer, circumlocution, in order to avoid a troublesome word. But we have also seen them cured in a few months by simple reassurance and avoidance of ridicule and exhortation.

It must be said, then, that the author does not successfully combat the theory that

stammering is produced by nervousness, fear, and auto-suggestion. For his own theory, he brings forward no direct evidence, although he is able to explain by it much of the paradoxical behavior of the stammerer. He derives his theory from what he regards as accepted psychological principles, but many psychologists would to-day be very dubious about the important rôle which he assigns to mental images. If the fluent speaker has a succession of verbal images running through his mind, ahead of the spoken words, these images are too elusive to be observed, and the probability is that speech follows thought directly, without the intervention of images. Also, there is no evidence that the stammerer is deficient in verbal imagery in comparison with the fluent speaker.

While the author's positive theory is thus open to doubt, his presentation of the facts of stammering is eminently sane and illuminating; and the same can especially be said of his second volume, in which he summarizes and criticises the numerous devices that are practiced upon the stammerer with the promise of curing him. Merely to pass in review the bewildering array of "cures" that have been invented from time to time, and are continually being put forward as new discoveries, with exaggerated claims, is to conceive a hearty distrust of the whole fraternity of "speech specialists." The author's statistics show that, although a majority of the pupils in "stammering schools" receive some temporary relief, not over two to five per cent. are permanently cured. The stammerer has been for many years the easy prey of the charlatan. This is not to deny the existence of a few sincere and scientific students of the matter; but the author does well, in the interests of stammerers, to show to what an extent they are exposed to humbug and commercial exploitation.

Dr. Frederick W. True, zoölogist and assistant director of the Smithsonian Institution, who died on June 25, was born in Middletown, Conn., on July 8, 1858. He graduated from New York University with the class of 1878, and in 1881 he took an M.S. degree. In 1897 New York University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. He was custodian of the collections of the United States Fish Commission at the Berlin Fisheries exhibition in 1880, and from 1881 to 1883 was librarian of the National Museum. From 1883 to 1892 Dr. True was curator of mammals in the same museum; he was executive curator 1892-9, and head curator of the department of biology 1897-1911. He was appointed assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1911. Among his publications are: "Review of the Family Dephinidæ," 1889; "The Whalebone Whales of the Western North Atlantic," 1904; "An Account of the Beaked Whales of the Family Ziphiidæ," 1910, and also numerous short papers on fossil cetaceans and other mammals. Dr. True was a member of the American Philosophical Society and of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a corresponding member of the Zoölogical Society of London.

Drama and Music

BJÖRNSON IN ENGLISH.

Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson. Second Series. Translated with an introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The present volume, forming the second series of three plays by Björnson which Mr. Björkman has translated, contains "Love and Geography," "Beyond Human Might," which is the second part of "Over Evne," and "Laboremus"—all interesting and significant dramas, no one of which, we believe, has been rendered into English before. The first play is a comedy which ultimately breaks down into sheer farce. A writer on geography becomes so thoroughly possessed by his work that he completely sacrifices his family to his mania for maps. He sends his daughter off to boarding school so that he can have more room for his charts. His cumbersome notes and geographical apparatus encroach more and more upon the rest of the house and drive his wife into smaller and smaller quarters. At last she revolts against his selfishness and leaves home for an extended vacation. In the second act the scholar appears at first delighted with his freedom, then bored, and finally distressed and overwhelmed with loneliness. Thus far the play is full of spirited fun and arouses really thoughtful laughter. It is an exceedingly good study of the nervous irritability and dependent egotism of a high-strung scholar.

The third act is a wild and incoherent romp. The geographer seems to be really in Bessarabia, but his ghost haunts the house and frightens the loutish servant into meaningless horse-play. Ultimately, the scholar is chastened and humbled so that his family can be reëstablished upon a sane basis. This last act is characteristic of much of Björnson's dramatic composition. The creative energy with which he begins a play often seems to fail before he has finished it. One feels that he sets to work with fine poetic enthusiasm, but that before the piece is finished the impulse is spent and he is compelled to express other than the artistic elements of his personality. He finishes this play, begun as a comedy of character, only by drawing heavily upon his almost boundless sources of animal gayety.

"Beyond Human Might" is the second of two plays called "Over Evne." Mr. Björkman published a translation of the first play in his previous volume under the title "Beyond Our Power." It seems a little unfortunate not to have called both dramas by the same name. To be sure, it is not necessary to read one to understand the other; but there is a vital connection between the central ideas of both tragedies. The hero of the first play is a certain Pastor Sang, who deceives himself into believing that he has achieved supernatural power of healing through prayer; the hero of the second play is a son of the clergyman, who is also under the tyranny of the supernatural in a different form. He, too, has something in him that carries him beyond his power; his will is as extravagant in its ambitions as that of his father. He is interested as a philanthropist in the workmen's side of a colossal industrial struggle. He believes that their cause can be really advanced only by some splendid act of martyrdom. Accordingly, in a plot intended to destroy by dynamite a great number of employers assembled in conference, he takes the part which devotes him to death. The plot succeeds; he is killed, and with him every one of the capitalists except their inexorable leader. But the catastrophe only injures the cause of the laborers. Their courage shattered, they are more servile than ever before. One who attempts action beyond human might delays human betterment. The tyranny of the supernatural is inimical to social progress. This idea permeates much of Björnson's later work.

The play during the first three acts, though occasionally melodramatic, is an absorbing and powerful tragedy. The last act shows the author's customary loss of creative ardor. It is a kind of fantastic epilogue in which two young people, Credo and Spera, play important parts. They are the heirs of the obdurate capitalist, who sympathize, nevertheless, with the plans of the martyr's sister for social reform. Their names are fair indications of their nature. They are clearly allegorical figures who serve to express the nineteenth-century worship of the future merely because it is the future. Björnson as clearly as any of his contemporaries believed firmly that the solution of all social problems would be found by letting the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change. Partly because we have begun to see the shallowness of this blind worship of the god of flux, much of Björnson's impassioned preaching seems to-day rather hollow.

"Laboremus," a play published as late as 1901, shows no diminution of the author's power, though it seems much less charged with excitement than his earlier work. It is a psychological study, made clearly in the manner of Ibsen, of the influence which a young musical adventuress, Lydia, exerts upon mankind, and particularly upon a young composer. Her influence is ultimately nullified, however, by another woman, who insists that the egoistic, erotic æstheticism of Lydia yield to an art cognizant of moral values. The play is one of the most charming and most skilfully constructed of all Björnson's dramas.

It is not entirely pleasant to students of Björnson to have him introduced to American readers through Mr. Björkman's imperfect English. The translator has not yet rid himself of certain disagreeable Teutonisms, and does not appreciate the difference between colloquial idioms and downright vulgarisms.

"The True Adventures of a Play" (Mitchell Kennerley), by Louis Evan Shipman, is a little

book full of useful information and warning for inexperienced and sanguine young dramatists, although it offers little that will seem new or strange to the initiated. It sets forth in detail all the author's negotiations with managers, actors, and agents in the effort to dispose of his comedy, "D'Arcy of the Guards," which, in the end, brought considerablo profit to himself and its producers. It cost him three years of continuous disappointment to get a hearing for it in this country, and nine more to secure a London opening. Over and over again in these periods the cup of promise was raised to his lips only to be dashed aside at the critical moment. He tells his story humorously, and it is well worth reading, but the moral of it all would have been more significant if the play itself had been of more distinguished merit. After all, he had better luck than some others, better luck, for instance, than poor Hart Jackson, who vainly hawked "The Two Orphans" about everywhere until, sick and poverty-stricken, he was glad to sell it for a few hundred dollars, while the purchaser made a fortune.

Mr. Edwin Björkman need make no excuse for including the "Five Plays," by Lord Dunsany, in the Modern Drama series (Kennerley; $1.75 net) which he is editing, although they are of uneven quality, and the best of them scarcely deserves the glowing eulogy of his preface. They exhibit, nevertheless, fantastic imagination of an uncommon and powerful order, and are written admirably, in vigorous prose, of almost classic purity. Actually, they are dramatic episodes rather than plays, being very brief, while the virtue in them is descriptive rather than constructive. As Mr. Björkman observes, they belong to no particular category. They are fairy tales, spiced with social and political reflections, charged with cynical insight and a keen sense of theatrical situation. For dramatic effect and satirical humor, "The Gods of the Mountain" is, perhaps, the most striking of the series. In this piece, Agmar, a masterful old beggar, with six associates, impersonates the seven green jade gods, who are the tutelar deities of the city of Kongros and dwell upon the distant hills. For several days they grow fat upon the offerings bestowed upon them by the fearful citizens, ready dupes of their imposition. When the report comes that the stone gods have left their ancient seats and are coming to town, the scoffing Agmar, equally contemptuous of gods and fools, refuses to believe it, but presently the stone images march in upon him, and he and his horrified confederates are petrified where they sit. This preternatural vengeance is out of harmony with the whole tone of the play, but it is ably stage-managed, with all the apparent sincerity of veritable tragedy, and the arch-impostor, Agmar, who is so signally punished for his irreverence, is a vital and original sketch.

"The Golden Doom," also a satire on priestly inspiration and superstition generally, is a clever conceit, ingeniously developed. A little boy, desiring a new hoop, scribbles a nursery rhyme on the iron door of a mighty king's treasure house, and so starts a panic. The high priests solemnly decide that it is a portent from the stars, whose worship has been neglected. Nothing, they say, can avert calamity from the kingdom, save the sacrifice of that which is dearest to the King, his pride. Thereupon, the monarch humbly deposits his crown and sceptre before the door as a peace offering to the gods. These the little boy secretly appropriates to use them as hoop and hoop-stick, and upon their disappearance there is great rejoicing, because clearly the wrath of the gods has been appeased. The tale is told with imposing gravity, picturesque imagination, and a rich under-current of satirical humor. Original in idea, fresh and dramatic in treatment, it has both literary excellence and dramatic point. In "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" there is less originality of theme, but the narrative is exceedingly vivid. The sense of atmosphere, that of far Oriental antiquity, is strongly marked. Argimenes, deposed and enslaved by King Darniak—an abject wretch, glad to gnaw the bones of a dead dog—finds in the dirt an old sword, which inspires him to head his fellow slaves in revolt, and enables him to slay and supplant his tyrant. In the moment of triumph his first thought is of bones and water. On the surface, this is a story of the Arabian Nights, but the real theme is the readiness of submerged masses to rise against their oppressors whenever they can find a leader, and it is illustrated with trenchant speech and much picturesqueness of detail. The other two plays, "The Glittering Gate" and "The Lost Silk Hat," are clever in their way, but may be dismissed briefly. The first, in which two criminal ghosts find the reported joys of Heaven to be fictitious, belongs to a somewhat cheap order of grotesque irreverence, while the other is a clever bit of farcical nonsense. But the volume, as a whole, reveals the author as a writer of lively, powerful, and sometimes poetic imagination, with revolutionary ideals and real literary ability.

Sydney Grundy, the dramatist, who died in London on July 5, was born at Manchester, England, on March 23, 1848. He was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and became a barrister in 1869, practicing his profession in Manchester until 1876. He was unmarried and was a member of the Dramatists' and Garrick Clubs, in London. His first play was a one-act piece which he called "A Little Change." It was produced at the Haymarket Theatre in London, and received favorable notice, although it was not conspicuously successful. His next attempt, "Mammon," a three-act comedy, was produced in 1877, and obtained the approval of W. H. Vernon. Then followed "The Snowball," in three acts, in 1879, and "In Honour Bound," in one act, in 1880. Mr. Grundy wrote the libretto of "The Vicar of Bray" in 1882, and in 1892, after having been successful with several other plays, he wrote the libretto of "Haddon Hall" for Sir Arthur Sullivan. Other plays were: "A Pair of Spectacles" in 1890, "The Degenerates," 1899; "Frocks and Frills," 1902; "The Garden of Lies," 1904; "Business Is Business," 1905, and "A Fearful Joy," 1908.

The operas selected for the opening week (September 14 to 19) of the Century Opera Company, in the renovated Century Theatre, are Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" and Bizet's "Carmen," both of which have been unduly neglected in New York in recent years. Each week an opera will be added to the repertory, alternating with one of the preceding week. Thus, in addition to the two works named, during the first four weeks "La Bohême," "William Tell," and "Traviata" will be produced.

In view of Mr. Dippel's intention to end his season at the Century Theatre next spring with a series of Offenbach, Lecocq, and Planquette revivals, it is of interest to note that in Paris these composers are still in favor. The Gaîté-Lyrique gave, last year, seventy-eight performances of "Les Cloches de Corneville" (known in America as "The Chimes of Normandy"), sixty-five of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and forty of "La Fille du Tambour-Major."

A striking illustration of the saying that there is always room at the top is to be found in Dresden, where the late Ernst von Schuch's place as chief operatic conductor is not to be filled at present because, as the official announcement states, there is no first-class authority available to take his place.

Although singers and players are now able to obtain better pianists to accompany them than at any previous time, the death of Erich Wolff, a year ago, was felt as a great calamity. One reason why he was able to accompany songs so sympathetically was that he composed good songs himself. Shortly before his death, in Berlin, he made arrangements with the representative of an American publisher to have his songs printed with English texts.

On looking at the official figures of the performances of the Paris Opéra in 1913 one would conclude that Richard Wagner is the favorite opera composer in France, for seven of his operas received forty-eight performances in all. Verdi came next, with thirty-two performances of two operas; Gounod's "Faust" was heard twenty-five times; Massenet was represented by his "Thaïs" and "Roma," which, together, were sung eighteen times. At the Opéra-Comique, however, five of Massenet's other operas had, altogether, ninety hearings, while at the Gaîté-Lyrique twenty-three performances of his "Don Quichotte" and "Panurge" were given. This record makes Massenet, with 131 representations of nine operas, decidedly the favorite composer in Paris. Yet in London Massenet has hardly yet been discovered! Next to him, the most popular composers at the Opéra-Comique were Puccini, whose "Bohême," "Tosca," and "Butterfly" had fifty-eight performances; Charpentier, whose "Louise" and "Julien" together reached the figure forty-five, and Bizet, whose "Carmen" was heard forty times.

Edgar Poe's "The Bells" has been set to music by the Russian composer Rachmaninoff. Its first performance was conducted by the composer himself at Moscow, where it aroused much enthusiasm, as the correspondent of the London *Musical Record* relates. It consists of four movements, the first expressing the sheer delight of living; the second, the awakening of love. The third part presents a tone picture of a great fire, with alarm bells and the attempts of men to fight the conflagration. A funeral march is heard throughout the final movement, with tolling bells and other mournful sounds.

Bell sounds are coming more and more into vogue in concert pieces and operas. Wagner and Grieg showed the way. It was no doubt Grieg's "Glokkenklang" (which Anton Seidl arranged for orchestra) that suggested to Debussy the musical possibilities in the overtones of bells. Now comes Leo Ornstein, whose "Deux Impressions de Notre-Dame" a London reviewer calls "the most interesting studies in bell tones which have yet been heard."

Art

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

London, June 25.

For the first time, a representative exhibition of American art has been made in London. An excellent show was held by Americans in Paris in 1900, a second a few years ago in Berlin, and a third in Rome. But London hitherto has seen little of American art save the work of American artists who live there. Now, however, at this summer's Anglo-American Exposition, at Shepherd's Bush, London has at last given the chance Paris, Berlin, and Rome gave, and advantage has been taken of it. Work comes from American artists at home, from American artists on the Continent with headquarters in Paris, from American artists in Great Britain. I do not believe that ever, in New York or Philadelphia, Chicago or St. Louis, have these three groups joined together in a more characteristic collection. America sends paintings by Alexander, Chase, De Camp, Henri, Cecilia Beaux, Vonnoh, Dewing, Tarbell, Arthur B. Davies, Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, by Redfield, Gardner Symons, Metcalf, Schofield, Dougharty; also drawings in a variety of mediums by almost all the better-known illustrators. Paris contributes examples of the older painters there—MacEwen, Dannat, Alexander Harrison, Melchers, Elizabeth Nourse—as well as of the younger men—Frieseke, Richard Miller, Maurer, Hawthorne, Max Bohm, Walter Griffin, Ullman, Van der Weyden, Hopkins. London is well to the fore with Whistler and Abbey among the dead, and with Sargent, McLure Hamilton, Pennell, Mark Fisher, Mura, Muhrman, Clifford Addams, MacLaughlan, Charles Henry White, Wehrschmidt.

The names alone will give some idea of the quality of the collection. It would be useless to describe the work in detail, for most of it has been exhibited more or less recently in American galleries, at the Paris Salons, and at different exhibitions in London. Besides, in any case, the present interest would be, above all, in the opportunity of seeing it under one roof with a collection of British work and of studying the comparative tendencies and accomplishment of the two countries. I ought in justice to add that on the British side the opportunity is by no means as complete as it should and might be. The British, on these international occasions, usually succeed in giving an official rather than a representative show. Nothing else could be expected when the matter is left to the Royal Societies under the auspices of the Royal Academy. Within these limits, the committee no doubt have spared no pains, the British section no doubt comes fully up to their ideals; they have even borrowed from the past to strengthen the present, according to their ideas of strength. But if men of yesterday, like Millais, Watts, Cecil Lawson, Buxton Knight, Albert Moore, have a place; on the other hand, among the absent are men like Nicholson, Clausen, John, Lavery, Brangwyn, Orpen (though himself on the committee), Ricketts, and far too many members of the younger and more independent bodies, as well as the more independent Academicians—artists who, if not exactly masters, are at least far more representative of the accomplishment and tendencies of British art at the present day. However, a fairly suggestive comparison is still possible.

The first thing that strikes one is the difference in the arrangement of the two sections. The walls in the British section are a decided improvement on the walls in the Academy, but, then, the old Academic method of hanging has found rebels within the Academy itself, as one of the rooms there this year proves, and overcrowding, now that every other country has learned the mistake, is beginning to go out of fashion even in England. But merely not to overcrowd is not to make beautiful walls. Something more is needed, and this something more, which the British section does not provide, the American does. The three American groups remain distinct in the galleries and the catalogue: the work from home under the charge of Hugo Reisinger, chairman of the American committee, kept together; the work from Paris, hung by Frieseke and Van der Weyden in its special rooms; and so also the work from London, arranged apart by McLure Hamilton and Pennell. Painters often are not the best hangers, but in the rooms of the Paris and London groups there is feeling not only for space, but for balance, for pattern, for decorative harmony. The tone of the background has been considered. The result is that the walls impress one with a sense of beauty, color, design, before a painting or drawing is looked at for itself; and I know of nothing more charming in its way than the long narrow room in which, under a velarium, against silvery white lines, divided into panels by the black woodwork and a gilt moulding, the lithographs, etchings, pastels, and water-colors of the Americans in London are hung: for each, a separate series that does justice to the artist and his work.

That all work must gain from good and sympathetic hanging there can be no question. But it is not simply because of the arrangement that the American section is so great a contrast to the British. To pass from the British galleries into the American is to find one's self in a new atmosphere. It is impossible for the least observant not to be conscious of the difference. But for almost a month the London critics held their peace. Within a fortnight of the opening of the show only two notices had appeared. Now that others are getting into print, the silence is broken by the faint praise that is worse than loud abuse. It must be confessed that this is a disappointment to all who have worked to make the exhibition the distinguished success it is.

With the exception of one or two critics who have been genuinely interested and not ashamed to admit it, the few who have ventured beyond the most perfunctory notice have had but the same criticism to make. American art, they say, owes its inspiration to France, is but a reflection of French art, has developed no national characteristics. But Americans, to oblige the British critics, could not at the start have forgotten the centuries of tradition they carried with them from Europe in order to take over the aboriginal traditions of the Red Indian; nor could they object in recent years to study in Paris, since it has been the chief artistic school for Europe and America both. It would be quite as true to say that British art as seen at Shepherd's Bush shows French influence, for many of the British artists who are represented have also imported methods from Paris. France alone cannot be held responsible for the enormous difference in the work of the two countries; neither is it a difference that can be attributed altogether to subject. Americans paint much the same kind of subject as British artists, though, unless painting for illustration, they are less addicted to anecdote, and though, of course, detail has its American character.

But it is in their attitude to their subject that they differ—in the greater life and vitality, the keener concern for technique, the fresher vision, the more independent point of view they bring to it, and to their treatment of it. This may not invariably mean greater accomplishment. The fact is, there are many things which, for the credit of American art, might better have remained at home. But there is no question that as a whole the collection gives an impression of life and energy not found in the work of British artists, whose philandering with French methods never quite frees them from their inherited restrictions and dull technical routine. The American artist may be dealing with a problem appropriated from other lands or other schools—a problem making no claim to originality—but he approaches it with a zest, an energy, a straightforwardness all his own that forces you to look with interest at the result he gets from it, no matter if you do not always approve. He gives you the same comfortable assurance of a vitality equal to the problem that I have so often pointed out as the chief merit of Sargent's paintings when they hang in the midst of anæmic Academic commonplace at Burlington House.

If the subjects of the American artist do not differ very materially from those of the British artist, he paints them under a very different light and in a very different atmosphere. The Englishman who has never been in America and knows nothing of its high luminous skies, its pure brilliant sunshine, its clear distances, its delicate foliage, may see affectation or sheer invention in many of the American landscapes and studies of light. The illumination in Childe Hassam's canvases, for instance; the radiance that fills the sky in Redfield's snow scenes, the tender purity

of Alden Weir's night, these effects are as American as are the details in Pennell's Panama, Philadelphia, and New York lithographs. It is for this reason that the landscapes strike one as still more distinctly American and more original, perhaps, than portraits painted in the even studio light which is much the same in all countries. Portraits by Alexander and Miss Beaux, Henri, and Wiles might have been painted in London for anything characteristically American in the lighting.

If the landscape painters use their eyes to see the landscape before them as it is, and not as a convention to which they think it should be reduced, one or two have a trick of looking at it almost as if through a camera. It is hard to understand why they should, for this photographic vision betrays itself in the canvases of some of the most accomplished and brilliant painters who are too sound draughtsmen to be in need of the prop of a snap-shot or to be bothered with it. It is probably a defect of the eyes which, if not corrected, might in the end mislead the painter almost as hopelessly as the use of the *camera lucida* eventually ruined the vision of Rico and other Spaniards of his day.

To few artists of late years has been given such a chance to devote themselves to mural decoration as to the Americans. It is a pity that it was impossible to include examples of their work. The decorative intention may be obvious in the paintings of men like Frieseke, Richard Miller, Ullman, but these as obviously were not designed to fill any definite wall space. The only compositions done frankly for decoration come from two artists living in England: Mrs. Sargent Florence, who shows the big cartoons for her frescoes in Oakham Old School, and James M. Willcox, who exhibits, I believe, for the first time, and whose panel, though there is no mistaking the source of its inspiration, gives decorative promise both in color and line. The illustrations, contributed by the American Society of Illustrators, extremely well hung and grouped as they are, prove, with a few exceptions, a disappointment. They are mostly the elaborate oil paintings and color designs in vogue to-day, when American editors and publishers seem to be forgetting the high standards and splendid work of the last quarter of the last century. Of that period there are a few fine reminders in the rooms of the American artists resident in London, where Abbey's pen drawings for "She Stoops to Conquer" and some of the Old English Songs hang together with a beautiful series of Timothy Cole's engravings and a few fine examples of Henry Wolf's.

Another cause of regret is that, because of the difficulty and expense of transport no doubt, there is scarcely any American sculpture. But whatever the omissions and mistakes may be, the collection is one of unusual interest, presented to the public with a dignity that is an honor to American art. N. N.

Finance

IN THE NEXT SIX MONTHS.

It is a tradition of the markets that the middle of the year is a milestone of much importance in the financial movement of the twelvemonth. New influences then begin to assert themselves—notably the harvests. The season of greatest activity in trade falls in the last half of a year. Its requirements from the money markets test the question whether financial conditions generally are sound or not.

A year ago this present week, it was the commonplace of mid-year financial comment that not only did the ending of the first half of 1913 complete a very extraordinary period in the financial markets of the world at large, but that those markets were entering on a second six months' period which was in some ways surrounded by more perplexity than any similar period in many years. The same statement would apply with equal exactness to the present moment.

The first half of 1913 had included the Balkan Wars; the acute and prolonged uncertainty as to whether the larger Powers would be drawn in; the failure of a series of large Government and corporation loans to find a market, and the consequent tying-up of underwriters' resources. On the markets these events, with the very high money rates and very low bank reserve at Paris, and with our own impending tariff and banking legislation, had led to the repeated prediction that the result was sure to be an "autumn panic."

Nothing could have been more astray from the actual results than such prediction. The fighting definitely ended. Outpour of new securities at London and Paris halted, and underwriters who had been "landed" with 70 or 80 per cent. of older issues gradually sold what they had to the general public. The French market eased; the Bank of France gained $40,000,000 gold. Not only did no "autumn panic" happen, but in July the New York stock market began to rise; it was up 10 or 15 points for active stocks by the middle of September. When the advance ended, the market fell into dulness, followed, however, by what was called at the time the "bull movement" of last January. Not least remarkable, all this happened in the face of failure of the Southwestern corn crop.

The half-year which has now just ended has been a period of financial stagnation, trade dulness, and extreme confusion of financial opinion; and that description applies no more to the history of the period in the United States than in Europe, Canada, and South America.

The one common characteristic has been the desire by each market to blame the Government in its own particular country, for all that happened or that did not happen in finance and trade. London has ascribed its unsatisfactory conditions to the "Ulster controversy"; Paris, to the Socialist activities in the Legislature; Berlin, to the "relations with Russia and the Balkans"; New York, to the "Trust legislation" and the "uncertainty about the rate decision."

How far the political unsettlement has itself been a consequence of business disturbance, and how far that disturbance has been due to entirely other causes, with the financial public adopting the always convenient plan of blaming the Government for bad times—these are topics for endless debate. What is not open to debate is the fact that, instead of the stringent European money market of 1913, that of the past six months has been exceptionally easy.

The three greatest Continental banks have built up their gold reserves to by far the highest figure in their history, and the European money markets have ruled at normal figures. On the other hand, our own export to Europe of a sum of gold unprecedented for the period has been received in the American markets with entire calmness. The reappearance of an "import excess" in our monthly foreign trade returns was hardly discussed at all, outside of Congress.

How, then, about the closing half of 1914? The outlook is just a little singular. First stands the enormous wheat harvest in this country, coming at a time when Europe's wheat supplies are unusually low, and promising, therefore, both to reverse the recent movement of foreign exchange against us, and to give food at fair prices to the world at large. Next is the coming introduction of the new banking system which cannot fail in time to exert a potent influence; certainly not in the direction of continued forced contraction. What will be the nature and result of the Congressional elections is a question of much importance, to a community obsessed with the idea that present political conditions have caused all its ills. No doubt, something will depend on the form in which the "Trust bills" reach enactment—if they reach it at all this present season—and on the nature of the "rate decision."

But, meantime, the situation is that a windfall of agricultural wealth is descending on the country, at a time when stocks of merchandise of all kinds are admittedly very low. That is one problem which must be worked out, and which will certainly affect the finances of the period. At the same time, France has this week placed its long-deferred public loan upon the market, and England must, within the next few weeks, settle the Ulster trouble. And if so, what then? It is not very difficult to say what would be the natural result, in an ordinary period. But is this an ordinary period? The next six months should largely settle that. They ought also to determine what was really the significance of the as yet mysterious outburst of world-wide financial enthusiasm, at the beginning of 1914—a market forecast which has thus far been singularly unfulfilled, in this country or in Europe.

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Harman, E. G. Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon. London: Constable & Co. 16s. net.
Harris, E. E. The Game of Doeg. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Barton, Bruce. A Young Man's Jesus. The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Ward, F. K. The Land of the Blue Poppy. Putnam. $4.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumor with regard to the Mexican situation has spoken with more tongues even than usual during the past week. Gentlemen who formerly adorned Gen. Huerta's Cabinet have fallen into the habit of arriving at Vera Cruz with authoritative but wholly contradictory reports as to the Dictator's intentions. From the protocol which Huerta addressed to the newly assembled Congress on July 8 it was understood that he intended shortly to retire from the Presidency, and the appointment on Saturday of Dr. Carbajal as Minister of Foreign Affairs was thought to indicate that he would be Huerta's successor. The fact remains, however, that Gen. Huerta is still the ruling power in Mexico City, and as we write there comes yet another report from Vera Cruz that he has asserted to the Senate that he has no intention of withdrawing from the Presidency.

There seems to be less reason than ever to suppose that Gen. Carranza will appoint delegates to confer with those of Huerta on the question of the Provisional Presidency. The present intention of the Constitutionalists is obviously to come to terms only in Mexico City itself, and the plans of the principal leaders appear to be going forward for a simultaneous advance on the city. Guadalajara was captured by the troops of Gen. Obregon on July 9, and Guaymas, the most important seaport of Sonora, was abandoned by the Federals on the following day. Preparations are now being made for an attack on San Luis Potosi, and with the fall of that place the way will be open for the final combined march of the three armies, under Gonzales, Villa, and Obregon, on Mexico City.

Rumors have persisted of continued difficulties between Villa and Carranza, and there have been frequent reports that the former was about to set up an independent republic in northern Mexico, but these reports have lacked substantiation, and it seems improbable that any differences that may still exist between the leaders will be allowed to interfere with their plans. An interesting statement by Gen. Carranza was published in the papers on Sunday, in which he reviewed the entire situation and outlined his future policies. At the same time a statement was given out by his private secretary affirming the re-establishment of complete harmony among the Constitutionalist leaders.

As a result of the unsettled conditions in Hayti and Santo Domingo, the Administration on Monday announced that 700 marines would be sent to Guantanamo, Cuba, to be held there in readiness for a movement into either country. The official announcement of the dispatch of this force explains that it is sent in case of emergency, so that it shall be available for the protection of life and property. Emphasis is laid on the fact that the measure is purely of a precautionary nature.

A resolution was passed by the National Education Association on July 9 recording its belief in the principle of political equality for both sexes.

On July 9, Mr. Page, the United States Ambassador in London, announced in a speech that a new treaty was being concluded between this country and Great Britain whereby a commission was to be set up to which either Government might refer any question arising between them.

The bill providing for a new form of territorial government for the Philippine Islands was laid before the House on Saturday. The bill, which does not set any specific date for the independence of the islands, provides for the creation of a Filipino legislature consisting of two branches, which may pass laws for the government of the islands, but shall not have power to pass any legislation affecting trade regulations, tariff revenues, or currency, nor shall it legislate concerning the disposal of public lands or of mining rights, except with the approval of the President of the United States.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway was handed down on Monday. The Commission holds the old management of the railway to have been criminally negligent and subject to prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust and other laws. It estimates that between $60,000,000 and $90,000,000 was lost through reckless financing, and has referred to Attorney-General McReynolds a complete record of the testimony taken before the Committee. Comment on the matter will be found elsewhere.

The part which Col. Roosevelt will play in the election of a Governor of New York State appears, after all, not to have been definitely settled by his thrice repeated denial that he himself would be a candidate. Neither Mr. Whitman nor Mr. Hinman possesses, in the Colonel's estimation, the ideal qualities which alone can deserve Progressive support in a fight for the Governorship, and there seems to be at least a possibility of the discovery being made that only one man in the Progressive party is the fortunate possessor of those attributes. Should the Colonel, after all, be persuaded to present himself as a candidate, he can rely on the support of ex-Gov. Sulzer, who declared recently that he would not be a candidate if Col. Roosevelt should enter the field, adding that he would not "do anything to hurt the Colonel."

The Boston Circuit Court of Appeals, on July 9, handed down its decision in the Dolan case, concerning which we publish elsewhere an informing letter from our correspondent in Paris. The Court of Appeals reversed a decision of the United States District Court in Boston, sentencing Henry Munroe, a banker doing business in New York and Paris, to ten days in jail and a fine of $250 for refusing to produce checks filed with his firm in Paris by Miss Dolan, a dressmaker, who was accused by the customs authorities of undervaluing certain goods purchased in Paris. The interest of the case lies in the fact that had the banker complied with the demand of the Treasury and produced the checks his firm in Paris would have violated the French law under which it carries on business.

The report of the Commission, under the presidency of Lord Mersey, which has investigated the sinking of the Empress of Ireland by the collier Storstad, in the St. Lawrence River on May 29, was published on Saturday. The Commission finds that the Storstad was to blame for the disaster, the collision having been brought about by its change of course during the fog. The action of the third officer of the collier in changing the course of the vessel without instructions from his superior and in failing to call the captain when he saw fog coming on is characterized as "wrong and negligent."

Speaking in the House of Commons on July 10, Sir Edward Grey issued a warning to China that trouble is likely to result from its refusal to sign the convention in regard to what territory shall compose Outer and Inner Tibet which was reached recently at Darjeeling. "If China does not sign," said Sir Edward Grey, "but resorts to an aggressive policy, the consequences must be disastrous for China."

The situation in Ireland, on which we comment elsewhere, remains unchanged, and the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, which took place on Monday, passed off without any untoward incident. On the same day Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons that he could not say when the amending bill to the Home Rule bill, which left the House of Lords yesterday, would be introduced in the Lower House.

The new French loan of 805,000,000 francs, which was issued last week, according to a statement of the Ministry of Finance, was over-subscribed forty and one-quarter times.

The French Chamber of Deputies on July 8, by a vote of 461 to 35, passed the appropriation bill for 2,000,000 francs to cover the expenses of an official French exhibit at the Panama exposition.

Prince William of Wied is still Mpret of Albania, but his position appears to grow daily more unenviable. The Mussulman insurgents have been almost uniformly successful and on Monday, following close on the taking of Koritsa last week, news came of the capture of Berat, an important town thirty miles northeast of the port of Avlona.

Elections for the Upper House of the Danish Parliament, held on July 10, resulted in an assured majority for the Government on the question of the amendment of the Constitution on a democratic basis.

The deaths of the week include: Ex-Senator Edwin Bailey, July 8; Henry R. Emmerson, Fred A. Busse, Brig.-Gen. Garrett Lydecker, July 9; Prof. Julius Rodenberg, Lady Hardinge, Melville E. Ingalls, July 11; Justice Horace H. Lurton, Capt. Edwin V. Gager, July 12; Earl of Ellesmere, July 13.

The Week

There was much jesting about Secretary Bryan's "peace treaties" with Salvador and Denmark; but it is now his turn to be amused. One can imagine the gratification with which he looks forward to showing honest scorners that the list runs from Salvador to Great Britain and France. "These documents to which M. Jusserand and Sir Arthur Spring-Rice have just set their hands —is there anything ridiculous about them? They enunciate the identical principle on which your despised little Salvador joined me." The cabled editorial comments of the London *News*, the feeling at the peace centenary meeting at which Ambassador Page last week announced the virtual conclusion of the new treaty, supplementary to the old arbitration agreement, must indicate a general British sentiment towards it and its spirit. Certain of the weeklies have inclined to question its worth. They call attention to the fact that the "peace treaty" provides for no arbitration; that it merely binds two nations to refer to an investigating commission, for one year, any question not affecting national honor; and that even the report of this commission is not binding, although it is to be published to the world. They ask whether so weak an agreement will halt excited nations. But others are favorable, and John Bassett Moore, whose erudition was so set off against Secretary Bryan's amateurishness, pronounces the treaties an advance on anything before them.

Mr. Bryan's statement of the Colombia situation is a simple, direct, and in the main effective presentation of the case in favor of the pending treaty. What he says about the form in which the expression of regret is made cannot be said to be of much force; the expression is unfortunate, and the fact that it is "identical in meaning and almost identical in words" with that in Mr. Dubois's memorandum has little to do with the question. But the facts bearing on the substance of the treaty are quietly and concisely set forth, and any objection to the treaty is bound to take cognizance of them. That Colombia is anxious to submit the question to arbitration; that, as we will not arbitrate, we are in honor bound to satisfy fully any just claim on her part; that she has "suffered great financial loss in the separation of Panama from her"; that what we offered Colombia before separation was not only $10,000,000 down, but in addition $250,000 a year for one hundred years, the capitalized value of which annuity may fairly be set down at $7,500,000; and that this total of $17,500,000 was offered for the canal route only, Colombia retaining the State or Department of Panama—these are the elements of the case, as Mr. Bryan states it. And he concludes with an appeal for the settlement proposed in the treaty on the ground not only that it is just, but that this nation "can afford to be generous in the settling of disputes, especially when by its generosity it can increase the friendliness of the many millions in Central and South America with whom our relations become daily more intimate."

The troubles in Santo Domingo and Hayti are evidently very serious, and such as to justify our Government's sending of a considerable body of marines to Guantanamo, to be ready for an emergency. "The United States," says a Washington dispatch, "is particularly interested in the affairs of the Dominican Republic because of its present capacity as receiver and disburser of Dominican customs and revenue." For several years, the custodianship of the Dominican custom houses by the United States seemed to operate as a sovereign specific for the disease of revolutionism in Santo Domingo; but it has now for some time been apparent that this policy has not the infallible virtue predicted for it when it was adopted. The experience is significant in relation to other disturbed regions in which we may be tempted to adopt a similar course upon the inducement offered by its supposed ease and simplicity.

In order to understand the nature of the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on the finances of the New Haven Railroad —especially the conclusions regarding civil and criminal liability of the directors in office during the period reviewed—it is necessary to recall the Congressional instructions under which the investigation was pursued. In the Senate resolution of February 7, the Commission was directed not only to make public facts in its possession regarding the New Haven's financing in that period, but to reopen its inquiry into the company's affairs "with a view to ascertaining" these four points: "First, what became of the funds of said company invested in the various enterprises and corporations" with which, or through which, the New Haven had operated; "second, whether the person or persons authorizing such investment of the funds of said company, and the person or persons receiving the benefit thereof, are liable to punishment under existing laws; third, whether under existing law such funds so invested can be recovered on behalf of the stockholders of said company; fourth, what legislation, if any, is necessary to prevent the recurrence of similar transactions." It will be seen from these citations that, in its recommendations as to suits against the then existing directors—the part of the report which seems to have startled Wall Street—the Commission merely followed explicit instructions. When the full text of the report is examined, in the light of these instructions, it will be seen that its information as to what became of the funds expended in the various undertakings is somewhat fragmentary. The Commission submits, as a "reasonable estimate of the loss" to the New Haven "by reason of waste and mismanagement," a sum "between $60,000,000 and $90,000,000." This loss is specifically assigned to the acquisition of the Boston & Maine, the purchase of the various Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island trolley companies, and the New York, Westchester & Boston deal.

In its summary of the facts in this unhappy New Haven matter, and in its very severe arraignment of the Mellen administration, the Commission merely repeats in greater detail the conclusions drawn by all thoughtful readers of the recent sensational testimony. Mr. Mellen is not spared; the Commission rightly refuses to permit him to hide his responsibility behind the imposing figure of the late Mr. Morgan. There is no blinking the grave responsibility of the powerful Wall Street interests on the company's board, and, in face of the evidence, there could not be. But Mellen was both director and president; the practices of his management extended not merely to the "Westchester deal" and the "Rhode Island trolley purchase" (for which he voted, though declaring his disapproval of the terms), but to the devious financial methods exposed in every direction, to the expenditure of the company's funds for subsidizing the press and "educating public opinion," to the payment of unitemized vouchers, to the Billard legerdemain, and, finally, to the bold and publicly avowed purpose of establishing a transportation monopoly in New England, regardless of the laws which Mellen perfectly well knew stood on the statute books. Under such circumstances, his comment that the Commission's findings are "the report of a political tribunal, made for political purposes," is nothing short of impudence.

We regret to have been led by an erroneous Associated Press dispatch into doing President Wilson a serious injustice. We spoke of civil-service reform having been "wounded in the house of a friend" through President Wilson's order exempting from the rules the new "commercial attachés." The dispatch on which our comment was based was very explicit, speaking of "the fourteen commercial attachés authorized by the new Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill." The fact is that the fourteen posts to which the President's exemption order refers are not those of commercial attachés abroad, but those of commercial experts in the Department of Commerce, which have nothing to do with the positions about to be created in the Appropriation bill. And we learn that the reason for the exemption of these posts is that the experts required for the specific purposes in question could not be procured under the civil-service examination, and that there was no list of eligibles. As for the new commercial attachés, if we had had clearly in mind the history of the Appropriation bill we should have remembered that these places were—much to our regret—not placed under the civil-service rules, but expressly put outside the classified service, and made subject only to examination under direction of the Secretary of Commerce.

The Jones bill, reported Saturday, not merely follows the Democratic pledge that independence be granted the Philippines as soon as a stable government could be established in the islands. It looks to effective steps to bring about conditions that will permit the severance of political relations with the United States. The substitution for the Commission of a popularly elected Senate follows naturally the action of the Administration last autumn in giving the Filipinos a majority in the upper appointed body. The new bicameral Legislature, with full powers of legislation except as regards tariff, currency, and public lands, and the restriction of a Congressional veto, will give the islanders full room to demonstrate their governmental capacity. The suffrage is also enlarged. Under Governor-General Harrison, and with the admirable order that has characterized the Filipinos in the recent uncertain months, the development of a stable government should be rapid. Friends of the Philippines, as well as advocates of caution, may be glad that the eight-year date for independence proposed in the first Jones bill has been dropped. As Commissioner Quezon, who accepts the new grant of autonomy as "a step forward," remarked two months ago, a definite date is not necessary to show that the United States is acting in good faith, and "an indefinite date, if sincerely held in mind, is a great deal better than the establishment of a fixed date which may or may not be thus sincerely held."

Judge Lurton's death, at the age of seventy, closes a career of only five years in the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision with which his name is most conspicuously connected is that of the famous mimeograph case, in which the control of a patentee over the conditions of sale of a patented article was upheld in an extreme form. The Court divided four to three, Chief Justice White being with the minority and declaring the most emphatic opposition to the doctrine laid down in the majority opinion, which was written by Justice Lurton. Such division of the Court has, however, during the past few years been very rare, instead of being the rule in crucial cases, as had seemed to be the fact for a number of years before. What with this change, and the very remarkable contrast which the condition of the Court's calendar presents to what had long been customary, a vacancy in the Supreme Court does not carry with it the disturbance either of mind or of court business which was once associated with it. The Court has so energetically disposed of the cases before it that hardly anything is left unfinished; and, whoever may be chosen to succeed Judge Lurton, there will be little or no speculation as to the effect of the appointment on the decision of any particular case.

Democrats may feel concerned over the impending party losses in Louisiana, but we see no signs of the enthusiasm which the prospect of the corresponding gains might be expected to inspire in the ranks of the "Onward Christian Soldiers." Nor is it likely that such enthusiasm will be successfully manufactured on any great scale, even if the insurgent Louisiana Democrats should succeed in sending to Congress several Representatives labelled Progressive. It is perfectly natural that Louisiana men who have been hard hit by the sugar clause of the Underwood tariff—incomparably the most severe cut suffered by any protected industry—should revolt against the party responsible for it; and everybody knows that it is solely on account of this grievance that the Louisiana men have seceded. That it is "bully" for the Colonel is undeniable; indeed, such an accession, however fortuitous, would be welcome to any party leader, to say nothing of a leader—and an ex-President of the United States—who welcomes the *American's* support of his position in regard to Colombia with a "Bully for Hearst!" But as for the new departure being any sign of the advance of the Progressive party's principles in Louisiana, that is not asserted even by those who cheerfully acclaimed Flinn's Progressivism as a pure and beautiful change of heart.

In the *Delinquent*, a monthly publication of the National Prisoners' Aid Association, Dr. William Healy, director of the Psychopathic Institute of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, gives some leading results of a five years' study of offenders that have been dealt with by that court. Both the spirit of the paper and the statistical results recorded are in striking contrast with current easygoing pronouncements in similar matters. Dr. Healy has made use of the Binet tests as an aid in the inquiry where they seemed desirable, but he recognizes the sharp limitations to which their utility in this field is subject. The transfer to adults of tests proper in the case of children is characterized as scientifically unwarranted; and Dr. Healy further remarks that "we must remember that no one as yet has given us the results of these tests as applied to hundreds of ditch-diggers, or section hands, who in their lowly spheres form most useful members of society." As for the statistical data, the most interesting are those concerned with 1,000 recidivists, whose average age was about fifteen years. These, says Dr. Healy, have been graded by mental tests most carefully, with the result that 3 per cent. are found to be "considerably above ordinary in ability," 55 per cent. "ordinary or fair in ability," 9 per cent. "poor in ability," 8 per cent. "mentally dull, but suffering from defective physical conditions, or disease, or bad habits, which may be the cause of the dulness"; after which follow the "subnormal," the "feeble-minded," etc., the aggregate of all these classes being 25 per cent. This is very different from the 80 per cent., and 85 per cent., of adult delinquents which have, in certain quarters, been glibly assigned to the class of morons or worse, as the result of a mechanical subservience to the supposedly infallible dicta of the Binet tests. When science applied to human affairs goes hand in hand with a sober and cautious exercise of the thinking faculty, it does not deliver judgments which fly in the face of common sense.

More evidence that new depression is but old psychology, writ large, comes out of the Middle West. Mr. Ford was duly enthusiastic after his White House interview the other day, but the unnamed Chicago manufacturer who has furnished the President with such a handsome testimonial goes him one better by giving "instructions to immediately increase operation at one of our plants from 75 to fully 100 per cent. capacity." Other plants under the control of the same manufacturer will be operated at maximum capacity "just as quickly as improved conditions permit," but the one plant first mentioned does not need to wait for mere conditions; its paralysis has evidently been psychological. Political opponents will be quick to see in the circumstances of such a conference an admission by the President of responsibility for the state of business health. But all that can really be charged up against him in this respect is confession of responsibility for psychological depression; and with reference to this malady he is displaying all the conjuring power of a medicine-man, provided only he can be brought face to face with the patient in private. As soon as he can develop a method of absent treatment, the Republicans and the Progressives will find one of the historic arguments against Democratic success hopelessly shattered.

Salem is hoping to rebuild her burned section in such a way that, like Chicago and some other cities, she may be able to speak of "the fire" as not altogether a calamity. Beauty as well as safety is to be sought. "Three-deckers," which formerly lined the shore, are to be placed under restrictions which will make them unprofitable; and the land along the harbor line is to be converted into a parkway. Streets are to be widened, according to the plan of the City Engineer, and hundreds of shade trees planted. The City Council has adopted an ordinance requiring all roofs to be of slate or other non-combustible material. Arrangements are being made for an additional supply of water. In this connection the deputy chief of the State Police told the New England Fire Chiefs' Club a day or two ago that Boston or Lynn might be found not to have a water supply adequate to cope with a great fire. He was also of the opinion that a good sprinkler system in a certain building would have averted the conflagration in Salem.

The *Unpopular Review* for July-September confirms the welcome impression given by the preceding issues. In days when shallow dogma and gossiping statistics are uttered with solemnity, it is refreshing to turn to the philosophic breadth, the culture, the poise of most of these essays. Reactionary they will be called by many, which is only another way of saying that they are deliberate. They assert the rights of property, resent needless inroads into the liberty of the individual, exalt the claims of a classical education, and defend other principles which the undiscriminating humanitarian to-day belittles. The vigor and conviction with which they are written furnish encouraging evidence that "high-browism," properly directed, may yet become the truly radical attitude in this country. If the present-day confusion of terms is ever dispelled, it is quite possible that progressives will identify themselves with such energetic protest against headlong propagandas as is evident in this issue of the *Unpopular*.

If theatrical managers took any interest in the opinions of either writers or critics of plays, they would find something worthy of attention in a recent interview with Henry Arthur Jones. In response to an inquiry as to the future of Shakespeare on the English-speaking stage, Mr. Jones was not hopeful. Despite the 139 performances of Shakespearean plays in this city during the past year, he feels that the hold of the great dramatist is likely to grow less and less. The trouble is not that we have swung away from Shakespeare, but that we have failed to keep up the art of speaking blank verse, and have tried to compensate ourselves for this loss by elaborating the scenery. "If we should have great actors speaking blank verse," thinks Mr. Jones, "that would tend to draw the public." But why haven't we great actors, or at all events actors who can speak blank verse? Here our English visitor is inferentially unkind to our managers, for he suggests repertory theatres "where a succession of the best works can be played throughout the season." This, he believes, would tend to raise the standard of both the drama and the acting. "It is only by constant acting in the best plays that great actors and actresses attain the summits of their powers, and it is only by seeing a constant succession of the best dramas that playgoers can have their tastes formed and steadied." Mr. Jones thus again adds his voice to that of the serious-minded dramatic critics in this country. Like them, he is old-fashioned enough to think that it is better to develop great actors than great managers.

With an American winner of the French official prize for the best invention in aeroplane stabilization, and with W. L. Brock victor in the London-Paris and return race, our country has growing cause for pride in its airmen. One reason for the comparative paucity of our records in aviation is the advanced state of European military aeronautics, provision having been made only within the month for the development of our own corps. The race which took place on Sunday was an impressive showing of the ease with which great feats are now accomplished. Of four competitors whose machines gave genuine promise, two completed the trip, one was halted when nearly through by the fatigue of a woman companion, and the fourth was on his last lap when a mistake caused by fog dropped him into the Channel. A journey of above 500 miles is thus to be undertaken with all but nonchalant expectation of success. And the last few weeks have been replete with similar achievements. On June 23 a German, Herr Basser, raised Moulinais's duration record of 14 hours 20 minutes to 18 hours 10 minutes, and a week later it was again raised by Herr Landmann, of Berlin, to 21 hours 49 minutes. Since that time a French army dirigible, the Admiral Vincenot, has remained in the air for 35 hours 39 minutes, the previous record having been thirty-one hours, established by one of the Zeppelins.

The celebration in Ulster of the 225th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne passed off without the disorder that had been feared. The celebration, indeed, is stated to have been the quietest held in recent years, the "armies" of both sides having assisted the police in maintaining order. The whole situation appears to be in the highest degree paradoxical. Sir Edward Carson has taken a further step forward in having delegated to him by the provisional government of Ulster the power to decide the moment when armed resistance to Home Rule shall begin, and he has reiterated his oft-repeated warnings to the Government of a day of reckoning soon to come; yet at no time apparently within the past year has there prevailed a greater feeling of hopefulness concerning the outcome of the situation. This hopeful feeling was reflected in a speech delivered on Saturday by Augustine Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in which he declared that, although the situation in Ireland was grave, he was never more sanguine than now that a reasonable and proper settlement would be reached.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

Events have already shown that it was premature to declare last week that the long-predicted break between President Wilson and the Senate had come. Thus far, it is more of a flurry than a war. It is not the Senate as a whole that is arrayed against the President. Still less is it the Democratic majority in the Senate. To be precise, it is only the Banking and Currency Committee—or, rather, two Democratic members of that Committee, joining with five Republicans to vote to reject the nomination of Mr. Jones as a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The elements of a pretty quarrel are here, confessedly, but we are still very far from anything like war to the knife.

Sharp issues between various Presidents and the Senate have not been infrequent during the past thirty years. Grover Cleveland had something like a fight with the Senate early in his first term. The majority was then Republican; and, skilfully led by Senator Edmunds, sought to make trouble for the new Democratic President in the matter of furnishing papers relating to removals from office. President Cleveland firmly stood his ground; and had little further trouble with the Senate until his second term, when it was tainted with free-silver heresies and sought to thwart his financial policies. President Roosevelt locked horns with the Senate on the question of his railway bill. At first defeated, he was later victorious. These and other breaches between the Executive and the Senate had a good deal of prominence given to them at the time. They take their place, along with minor differences and petty controversies of which the public hears little, in the continued struggle between two powers in our system of government, to determine which is the stronger. One seems to be at one time, another at another. Until the present, Mr. Wilson has been able to work so well in harmony with the Democratic majority in the Senate that he has had the appearance of successfully imposing his will upon the upper house. It is probable that he has yielded in small matters—given away, for example, in details of patronage—more often than most people know. A well-timed sop to a Senator often helps him to see more clearly the merits of some large measure. However that may be, President Wilson has been remarkably successful, until now, in winning the Senate over to all the main features of his policy. It is that fact which makes the vote of the Senate Banking Committee last Thursday seem like his first important check. The correspondents speak of it as a "blow"; but that depends on how it is followed up, and on the question whether any blows are struck in return.

If there is to be a real fight between the President and the Senate over the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Jones, it must be said that Mr. Wilson is fortunate in the choice of both place and cause of battle. For here is not a case where Presidential "usurpation" can be charged. There is no infringement of the rights or dignity of the Senate. Nor is there even any dispute about an unfair distribution of patronage, as between parties or localities. President Wilson was charged by law with the important duty of selecting the five appointed members of the Federal Reserve Board. He took his time about it, stated that he should regard these highly important nominations as entirely outside the political field, and finally made nominations which commanded almost universal approval. Three of the nominees were soon confirmed, without any fuss. But for some reason the Banking Committee singled out two of them for all kinds of irrelevant and annoying inquiries. Hence the whole trouble. Hence the President's public statement that he stands by the two nominees, and that he expects the Senate to confirm them. With or without an adverse report by the Banking Committee, his position is that the Senate should have a square vote on Messrs. Warburg and Jones, so that the country may know if a man of the peculiar fitness of Mr. Warburg, at least, is to be kept off the Federal Reserve Board for motives which Senators dare not avow.

Was this a genuine *casus belli?* We doubt it. With neither side spoiling for a fight, a way of reasonable adjustment ought to be found. In the case of Mr. Warburg, he has already made sensible and dignified answers in writing to the questions addressed to him by the Banking Committee. If it had any other really important inquiries to make of him, we presume that he would have no objection to responding further in the same way. He simply declines to go in person before the Committee for the purpose of unlimited cross-examination; and in that attitude he has the hearty backing of President Wilson. In the end, it may be hoped that reason and good temper will prevail. Senators who keep their weather-eyes open can hardly fail to conclude that this is an instance where their discretion will be the better part of valor. For the manifestations of public opinion have already been such as to show that, if there actually is to be a fight over the nomination of Mr. Warburg, the great mass of sound sentiment in the country will be on the side of the President.

THE WOOING OF BIG BUSINESS.

Big Business might be excused for falling into the hackneyed "This is so sudden," in presence of the amorous advances which President Wilson made to it last week. It is so long since anybody has thought of it as a beloved object! For years it has suffered not merely neglect, but contumely. It was not permitted to be even a wall-flower in the room where the merry dance of popular agitation was going on: it was shut out of the ball entirely. And now the very master of ceremonies comes up to make proposals of marriage. It is not strange that Big Business blushes with pleasure. So dreary a time has it been since any prince drew near to sigh and look and sigh and look again.

In all seriousness, men of large affairs must have rubbed their eyes as they read President Wilson's statement. Issued primarily in connection with the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Jones as members of the Federal Reserve Board, it runs far beyond this immediate occasion. It points to an attitude on the part of the President which, if not new, he has not hitherto assumed, and to a party policy which, so far as he is able to dictate it, will be something like a radical change for the Democrats. After all the vehement denunciations of large business companies and their managers, we now have it, on the President's word, that "the vast majority of the men connected with what we have come to call big business are honest, incorruptible, and patriotic." Can such things overcome the heads of corporations like a summer cloud without their special wonder? But more is to come. The President distinctly speaks of an alliance. Not only must the Democratic party be thought of as no enemy to business, big or little, but it is now the duty of statesmen to seek in every way to coöperate with business men of ability and character, with the aim to use "every force for the upbuilding of legitimate business." If Big Business asks more than that, it must be hard to please. As a matter of fact, the reception given to the President's words, both by public men in Washington and by business men everywhere, shows that, if Mr. Wilson's declaration is sincere, it will not be with him a case of unrequited affection.

Mr. Wilson speaks of our having reached a "turning point in our development" which

demands the adoption of such a policy as he suggests. The phrase is vague. Probably he left it so purposely. It might mean the stage of legislation by Congress which has been reached. It might refer to the trade situation and the agricultural promise. It might have political bearings. Either one, or all together, the result is much the same. The President who has so long been charged with austerely shunning the visits and the counsels of men engaged in the great industries and in commerce, who has been accused of knowing nothing and caring less about business, has now made what is, in effect, a new departure. He invites and welcomes aid from the very class of men on whom, it has been said, the doors of the White House have been closed. Doubtless, Mr. Wilson's friends will protest that this means no real change in him. But it will be received by the country as a radical change. It will be thought of as an obvious political *coup*—fairly Rooseveltian—and the motives and effects of it will be everywhere talked about.

Plenty of reasons for the President's move lie on the surface. Business has been checked for some months, and the result has been, as was inevitable, to make the Administration unpopular. The thing could, to be sure, be explained. There has been something like a world-wide depression. American business has been no harder hit—probably it has suffered less—than business in Germany and England and France and South America. But an impatient people doesn't want explanations; it wants remedies. Moreover, the political calamity-howlers were abroad in the land. The Colonel heard the dismal notes, on his return, and promptly joined in the wailing. A wretched failure of an Administration, this, that couldn't assure prosperity, and see to it also that prosperity was "passed round"! President Wilson has taken no public notice of these ululations from the Colonel, but we may be sure that he has not overlooked them. In laying down broadly his new programme of coöperation with Big Business, he may be thinking of a "turning point" in the sense that the time has now come to turn and rend his political enemies.

The chief question to ask in connection with the President's policy of seeking friendly relations with Big Business is whether it is in itself sound and right. On this point there can hardly be two minds. Prejudice may dissent from the policy, but real thought cannot. A millionaire is a citizen for a' that. The fact that interests are large should not debar them from consideration by a government that is built upon the conciliation and union of all interests. In all this, the President is walking on firm ground. But will he succeed? This is the second and minor question which many will be debating. There can be no sure answer to it except the event. Already Mr. Wilson has succeeded to this extent, at least, that he has shown to the country that he has an open mind. To some people he will have revealed, also, that he is no child in politics. That his Administration is at present unpopular, he must be fully aware. Whether he can recover his popularity, we shall see. It has been said of English statesmen that they are often able to overcome an intense temporary unpopularity, provided that the public has faith in the stanch sincerity of their character. Whatever else Americans think of Woodrow Wilson, they believe he is honest.

RHAPSODY AND REVOLUTION.

The leading place in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July is given to "A Message to the Middle Class," by Seymour Deming. Assuming that the initials "E. S.," attached to the appended article, "A Reply," are those of Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, this place is assigned to Mr. Deming's article not because the editor regards the "Message to the Middle Class" as a sound one, but because it is eloquent, moving, and calculated to arouse emotions which, as "E. S." says, "should make us better men and women." Certain it is that many of those who read Mr. Deming's appeal will be profoundly stirred by it; and they will be helped in recovering their mental balance by the reply of "E. S.," which pits eloquence against eloquence, emotion against emotion. On the largest lines, too, it arrays facts against facts; for over against Mr. Deming's idealization of the movement of the have-nots against the haves, and belittling of all that characterizes "middle class" standards and ideals, "E. S." sets the ugly and sordid aspects of the one and the high attributes and the priceless historic achievements of the other. He does not, however, enter upon any discussion of the general truthfulness of the picture Mr. Deming draws, or of the intellectual integrity of his comments upon it; and it is the lack of such truthfulness, and the absence of such intellectual integrity, that constitute the most essential weakness of the article. We may be swept off our feet for a moment as we read it; but we presently realize that what we have been listening to is not an eloquent presentation of the truth, but a rhapsody poured out by an enthusiast.

Mr. Deming's message, in a word, is that the "middle class," instead of allowing themselves to be ground to powder between the upper millstone of the plutocracy and the nether millstone of the laboring classes, and instead of vainly striving to make themselves part of the selfish and tyrannous little circle of the rich, cast in their lot frankly and whole-heartedly with the vast, human, kindly army of the poor:

> Does it ever occur to you that if your pity drew you to take sides with the oppressed, your unlooked-for reward would be a sudden and overwhelming power to end oppression? Does it ever occur to you that, once you joined forces with the poor (who, you have been told, cannot help you), together you would be suddenly invincible and need no longer dread each other—nor the rich, nor poverty?

Throughout the article, the "middle class" is represented as in a condition bordering on the desperate. Physicians, lawyers, teachers, persons employed in the various forms of salaried work of all kinds, persons engaged in business on their own account upon a moderate scale—all these classes of people are depicted as being shoved to the wall in merciless fashion. Yet there is not the slightest reason to believe that anything of this kind is true. It is true that the birth-rate in the "middle classes" has greatly declined; but that is quite as easily explained—in so far as the explanation is economic—by a rise in our demands for comfort, or ease, or luxury, or culture, or pleasure, as by a fall in the disposable means. As for the "high cost of living" upon which Mr. Deming lays as much stress as upon the declining birth-rate, it never occurs to him, or to any of the writers of his type, that this matter of high prices is an extremely recent phenomenon, that nobody knows how long this phenomenon may last, and that there is no reason to suppose that incomes in the "middle class," as elsewhere, will not adjust themselves to it. Karl Marx is proved to have been diametrically wrong in his predictions of the rapid disappearance of the middle class, made three-quarters of a century ago; but his error, based on broad and deep, though mistaken, considerations, was respectable. What the rhapsodists do is to make the same kind of prediction on the basis of loose assertions which hardly rise above the rank of tittle-tattle.

But it is not in regard to the economic facts that the looseness which characterizes the rhapsodists is most seriously manifested. They represent the society around them as hopelessly degraded, intellectually and

morally; a position which they find it easy to prove by the simple process of assuming that everybody who does not promote the revolution which they regard as necessary for the world's salvation is either a knave, a coward, or a fool. "The ministers, poor fellows, are bursting with this message—if you would only untie the gag"; so much for them. "If your paper ventured to tell you" this, that, and the other which, of course, Mr. Deming *knows* to be true, "you would stop a paper which printed such seditious blasphemies." As for the colleges, "to expect them to assume a moral leadership which would instantly pitch them into conflict with the rich testator whose favor they are obliged to win is to expect fire to be wet." That preacher, or editor, or college professor may actually be quite honest and intelligent, and even courageous, though taking a different position from his on the state of the world, does not seem to occur to Mr. Deming's mind as a possibility.

How this state of mind interferes with the capacity to see anything straight may be illustrated by two instances. Mr. Deming complains that "the radical clubs in the colleges were started, not by the faculty, but by the students"—a remark absurd enough in itself, since the faculties do not start either conservative or radical clubs; but still more absurd when one considers that the movement towards economic radicalism among the educated classes in this country—and especially among the students themselves—has been in very large measure created by university professors. And speaking of newspapers, Mr. Deming says: "The prophet Isaiah might speak to them with the tongues of men and of angels, and the morning papers would record that 'the prophet Isaiah also spoke.'" Well, we don't know how much space the newspapers might give to the prophet Isaiah; but if we were called upon to name the person who, next to the President of the United States, has been getting most space in the newspapers in the past few months for anything he might happen to say, we should be inclined to guess that it was Upton Sinclair.

OUR MILITARY PROPAGANDISTS.

President Wilson's taking Gen. R. K. Evans to task for indiscreet post-prandial remarks is in line with his rebuke to the officers who took part in the famous Carabao Society dinner. The indiscretions of our generals in their public utterances are not, we believe, paralleled anywhere else. They do not realize, or at least many of them do not, that a man who dons the uniform thereby forfeits many of the privileges of the free-born American citizen; he has to submit to discipline, to being ordered about by others no better than himself; he virtually forfeits his right to vote and to take part in politics, with the right publicly to criticise our Government. These things may be hardships to some natures, but no one is compelled in this country to be a soldier. If one voluntarily enters the profession, he must take the disadvantages with the advantages.

Just how far an officer may go in his public utterances is everywhere a difficult question. In Germany the rule seems to be that if you wear the "gay coat" you may say with impunity pretty much everything you want to, provided you criticise others than your own class and the army. You may call a Socialist any kind of name you please, and all will be well; you may even run your sword through a civilian after you have exasperated him into striking you; all will still be well. It is only when one begins to find fault with the service, or to doubt the wisdom of the existing social order, that disciplinary measures are encountered. Even if one is merely a retired officer, punishment follows speedily. There is complete license to be as autocratic and as militaristic as one chooses. No officer can go too far to suit the powers that be in upholding the military caste, or in demanding more and more sacrifices from every other class in the nation, in order that the military may be supported in greater and greater state and power. In the name of war and peace, national honor and greatness; by the fear of other people's greed and ambition, the doubters are put down and the public lulled into stupid acceptance of it all by the assurance that these military overlords are specialists alone competent to judge what is best for the country.

How shall it be in a republic? What shall be the attitude of the American army officer who believes that the country is bound straight for perdition because, instead of 500,000 men under arms, we have only 80,000; who feels that we are courting national disaster because we do not have at least half a million regulars, a National Guard of 150,000, a reserve of 100,000 graduates of the regulars, military drill in every college, and rifle clubs in every hamlet? Must he choke down his emotions? Is he to be treated like Cassandra and have his dire prophecies of evil entirely ignored, or suppressed, when he can see a frightful *débâcle* like that of Sedan so plainly ahead of us? Or shall he be allowed to agitate, to express his views on all public occasions, to publish his beliefs in special organs, to carry on a propaganda for this, to him, all-important reform? Is the army officer not an expert? is he not alone competent to advise, like a doctor on medical matters, a lawyer in things legal, an engineer in his particular field of knowledge?

These questions are by no means academic, for we are witnessing at Washington the rise of a most powerful army and navy clique, and a determined effort to rouse the military spirit in this country. There is being carried on in such publications as the *Infantry Journal* a vigorous propaganda for more men, more regiments, more brigades. There is an effort being made to influence the writing of American history so that it shall be treated from the military point of view; and the American Historical Association has fallen in line to the extent of offering a prize for military essays. The nature of the agitation for a huge navy, through the Navy League and in dozens of other ways, is well understood by those who follow its course. Our undergraduates are being drawn in through summer camps; a National Guard lobby of great influence with the press has arisen. And some of our generals, like Leonard Wood and Tasker H. Bliss, go up and down the country urging publicly more men, more arms, more withdrawals of men from productive employment.

To our mind, Mr. Wilson could not easily render a greater service than sternly to check all this militaristic campaign. The indiscretion of Gen. Evans anent the Monroe Doctrine seems of slight importance compared to the systematic efforts to aggrandize the military and naval establishments. The expert argument must not be allowed to prevail. Nearly every army or navy officer stands to profit by every increase in his service, or its power, and no experts that we know of are so uncertain of their science and dissatisfied with its every advance as these. Nobody ever heard of an army or navy officer who thought any nation had troops or ships enough; if there are exceptions, they are too few to count. Germany enormously increased her army last year, but her generals cry for more troops to-day. No other experts are so curiously out of touch with the constructive civilian life of a nation as the military; they care not what the Treasury burden for wars past or present may be; if it is 70 cents out of every dollar, as with us to-day, why, theirs is still the cry of the daughters of the horse-leech.

If necessary, every other cause may suffer; they wish hundreds of millions each year to prepare for war. For scientific war-prevention in other ways they care not at all; and while their doctrine is peace by virtue of being armed to the teeth, consciously or not it is war that the majority desire (fewer in our army than any other), because it is through war only that imperishable military reputations are made. It would be unjust to cite Capt. Hobson as a typical military prophet, for he has been so wild and unbalanced as to write himself down a joke, or worse. Yet he sees eye to eye with our military propagandists, to whose determined efforts to exalt their own class Mr. Wilson's attention should be directed. He would be thoroughly justified, in our judgment, in rebuking the big-army campaigners among our generals, besides stopping their militaristic propaganda and that of their subordinates.

COUNTING THE COUNTRY'S WORKERS.

That Truth is at the bottom of a well is a saying much older than the United States Census; but it certainly derives added significance from the difficulties which one necessarily encounters in grappling with that vast apparatus of statistics. Nor do we say this in a fault-finding spirit, though we do believe that by devoting more earnest attention to those things which make for facility in the use of the statistics the value of the Census publications might be very greatly increased. The difficulties we have more especially in mind at this moment are those expressly arising from the very effort of the Census authorities to improve their work from year to year, and decade to decade; an effort that is clearly praiseworthy, but which nevertheless carries with it the tremendous drawback of often making comparisons—sometimes comparisons of the most fundamental sort—either meaningless or impossible. Perhaps no part of the Census is of greater and more general interest than that relating to the occupations of the people, classified in all the various ways that are pertinent; and our interest in all this lies chiefly in whatsoever may indicate the tendencies of the time. To know what percentage, for example, of females are engaged in "gainful occupations," or in a particular division of these occupations, is interesting; but of far greater interest is the question how this percentage compares with what it was ten years, or twenty years, ago. And if the classifications, or the instructions given to the enumerators, have materially changed, one must walk extremely warily in making the comparison.

In the brief summary issued for the press of the results of the census of occupations for 1910, it is stated that in that year the number of children from 10 to 15 years of age engaged in gainful occupations was 1,990,225, being 18.4 per cent. of all children of those ages, while in 1900 the number was 1,750,178, or 18.2 per cent.; and the following important remark is added:

> The increase from 1900 to 1910 in the number, and hence in the proportion, of all children 10 to 15 years of age engaged in gainful occupations was confined to children engaged in agricultural pursuits, where the increase was 369,283, or 34.8 per cent., for both sexes; 166,394, or 19.5 per cent., for the males; and 202,889, or 97.9 per cent., for the females. There was a marked decrease from 1900 to 1910 in the number of children 10 to 15 years of age engaged in non-agricultural pursuits. This decrease was 129,236, or 18.8 per cent., for both sexes; 77,666, or 19 per cent., for the males; and 51,570, or 18.5 per cent., for the females.

So far as the question of child labor, as usually understood, is concerned, this is sufficient to prevent false conclusions from being drawn—sufficient to indicate that, so far from child labor being on the increase in non-agricultural callings, it has diminished by a large amount absolutely and by a most impressive amount as a matter of proportion. For it must be noted that this decline of 19 per cent. in the number of child workers was made in the face of an increase of more than 20 per cent. in the population; which means that the proportion of workers from 10 to 15 years of age to the whole number of children of those ages was only two-thirds as great in 1910 as it was ten years earlier.

But turning to the big volume on which the summary is based, we find that the introductory statement clearly and candidly points out that the apparent increase in the figures for the agricultural occupations is so largely due to a change in the method of taking the Census as to make it in the highest degree doubtful whether there was any real increase at all; and this remark applies with even greater force to the enumeration of women in agricultural pursuits than of children in those pursuits. We cannot go into details; suffice it to say that the matter turns chiefly on the greater strictness of the instructions given to the enumerators for the present Census to include all women and children engaged in farm work on their home farms. Thus it turned out that the number of "female farm laborers" in 1910 showed an increase of 129 per cent. over 1900, a result manifestly impossible as a matter of actual fact. The whole subject is treated with entire fairness in the Census report, and an attempt is made to estimate the correction which ought to be applied so as to make the comparison accurate. In the domain of manufactures, trade, transportation, etc., this cause of error does not operate to any serious extent. In enumerating persons who work for wages, or are otherwise regularly employed upon a business basis, there is little room for uncertainty.

Of the whole body of workers for gain in 1910, according to the tables, 21.2 per cent. were females, as against 18.3 per cent. in 1900; and, in spite of the allowances of which we have been speaking, these figures probably represent with a fair degree of correctness the actual increase that has taken place in the proportion of woman workers. Of individual items of interest there is a great multitude. Thus, one is struck with the fact that under the general head "Domestic and Personal Service" there are set down 2,620,000 females in 1910, as against 2,095,000 in 1900, an increase of half a million, or 25 per cent., while the country's population increased only 21 per cent.; but this does not mean a sudden rush into the ranks of female domestic servants, whose number has increased by only 140,000, or 11 per cent. Under professional service, the number of females rose from 828,000 to 1,152,000, or 39 per cent.; and the separate heads under this are of more than ordinary interest. The most striking showing is that of the women physicians and surgeons, who have almost doubled their numbers, being nearly 14,000 in 1910, as against somewhat more than 7,000 in 1900; lawyers are only 1,300, but their gain in the decade was 33 per cent. Of architects we find 302 set down for 1910, as compared with only 100 in 1900. Along with this goes the astonishing increase in "Designers, Draughtsmen, and Inventors," from 941 to 2,828; but when one casts his eye upon the corresponding figures for males, and finds that the jump there was almost as great—from 18,943 to 46,485—one suspects that the classification imp has been at work at this point. It is with the Census figures as it is with so many other things in this troublesome world—if we wish to be sensible, we must steer a course between taking a thing at its face value, and incontinently throwing it into the ditch. The Census is valuable, indeed it is invaluable; but in using it we must constantly keep about us both our judgment and our conscience.

Foreign Correspondence

THE EXODUS FROM LONDON—THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUTOMOBILE—WOMEN'S PAPERS—LORD BRYCE AT OXFORD.

LONDON, July 5.

The more London grows, the smaller it becomes. For it expands nowadays by sending its own citizens over the border into neighboring counties, and thus reducing its population figures. Within the decennium 1901-1911 there was a net loss of more than half a million persons by migration from the administrative county of London. During this period the region immediately outside London recorded a net gain by migration of 363,000.

These figures are given in a remarkable collection of London statistics just issued by the London County Council. It is the sort of book which every one who makes arithmetic his hobby will take with him to the seaside for his holiday reading. It tells him how many volumes are lent every year by the public libraries, how many meals are supplied free to necessitous children, how much seating accommodation is provided by the theatres, how many persons take a dip in the public baths, how many weights and measures are examined by the inspectors, how many hours of sunshine London enjoys week by week, which of the metropolitan boroughs has most bachelors, and which of them the fewest widowers.

In spite of the density of population, nearly 9 per cent. of the total area of London is occupied by parks and open spaces, but the proportion varies greatly in the different boroughs. More than 25 per cent. of Westminster is open space, whereas congested Shoreditch has less than 2 per cent. The County Council adds notably to the attraction of the open spaces under its control by providing music during the summer. Every Thursday evening bands employed by the Council are playing in twenty-five different parks and recreation grounds. On Sunday evenings the number rises to thirty-three. Most of these bands are hired, but three of them—two military and one orchestral—are kept up by the Council itself.

Not only is the central London of a few hundred years ago rapidly disappearing, but even the suburbs of the early Victorian era are being destroyed. This week the home of Ruskin's childhood at Herne Hill has been in the hands of the housebreaker. The house was bought by Ruskin, senior, when his son John was four years old. The room below the nursery was the study in which the first volume of "Modern Painters" was written. Even within his own lifetime Ruskin deplored the vulgarization of this district by the erection of crude villas in place of the fine old merchants' residences with long gardens.

Of late years the automobile has immensely accelerated the disappearance of houses like Ruskin's. The business man who is prosperous enough to afford a residence of this type looks for it many miles further away from the city. Not only Herne Hill, but Denmark Hill, where the Ruskins lived later, and the whole of the region round the Crystal Palace, are being completely changed in character through the same cause.

The hotel-keepers and tradesmen of Henley are beginning to realize the difference the automobile is making during the regatta week. Formerly visitors to this great river festival made their home in the town itself for a few days, and exorbitant prices were paid for rooms. It is now the fashion to motor out from London day by day, returning each evening after the last heat has been rowed. The houseboat, where little groups used to be entertained during the Henley week, has seen its best days. The motor launch is now far more popular—except with the local shopkeepers.

It is remarkable that, although so many Englishwomen have taken up journalism as a profession, there does not exist in this country a single woman's paper of the first class. If one were to make a list of the dailies and weeklies that are conspicuous by their literary ability or by their influence on public opinion, no woman's paper would be included. This deficiency is the more notable when one thinks of the great vigor and enterprise of the suffragist propaganda, which emphasizes the doctrine that women have important public interests of their own. No daily paper in the United Kingdom takes its editorial policy from a woman's direction. Women journalists are frequent contributors of special articles, but editorially their influence on the daily press is less to-day than when Harriet Martineau was a leader-writer on the *Daily News* and Frances Power Cobbe on the *Echo*.

Among the weeklies, there are a few women's papers, published at sixpence, that have a large circulation and are paying properties. But if they fairly represent the quality of women's thinking on public questions, the strongest anti-suffragist disbelief in women's political capacity is amply justified. At the end of the week one may often see in some of the daily papers a column of extracts from editorials in the new issue of the *Spectator* or the *Nation* and other papers of that type. It is never thought worth while to reproduce what any of the women's papers is saying on any serious topic of the hour.

Dissatisfaction at this "failure of the woman's press" was voiced last week by a woman correspondent of the *Times*, who complained of these papers for representing the woman of to-day as "a poor thing, devoid of industry and enterprise, utterly without influence on her time." The complaint has received so little support that one may doubt whether the discontent is shared by more than a very few women readers. Indeed, one of the ablest of women journalists, who writes for the *British Weekly* under the pseudonym of "Lorna," comes boldly to the defence of the women's papers for neglecting serious problems. "What do we really require," she asks, "from the ladies' papers? Speaking for myself, I want, first, attractive, well-illustrated advertisements." She then goes on to tell how, supposing she has bought a new evening dress of pink brocade and wants a pair of brocaded shoes to match it, she turns to the current number of one of these weeklies, and finds a full page illustrating the latest evening shoes, the prettiest buckles, the daintiest and most economical styles. She declares point blank that "the *raison d'être* of the ladies' weeklies is to cater almost entirely for the practical requirements of women."

The Oxford honorary D.C.L. degree would seem to be an eminently fitting recognition of a public career like Lord Bryce's. That distinction, however, is one that can never be his. Such is the penalty of a too successful youth. He won the Oxford D.C.L. in the ordinary way at the age of thirty-two, and the same university cannot confer the same degree on the same man a second time. On his admission to the doctorate in the faculty of law, a candidate receives from the vice-chancellor the privilege "legendi, disputandi, et cætera omnia faciendi quae ad statum doctoris in eadem facultate pertinent." That authority cannot be conferred upon him again later. It would be like the re-ordination of a clergyman. So it happens that while other British universities, as well as universities in America and Australia, can inscribe Lord Bryce's name on the list of their honorary D.C.L.'s or LL.D.'s, his own alma mater—in which he was for nearly a quarter of a century a regius professor in that same faculty—is debarred. Luckily the modern degree of D.Litt. has provided a means of overcoming this disqualification in some measure. If it had existed forty or fifty years ago, no doubt Lord Bryce would have taken it, and thereby stopped up that avenue to future academic recognition. As he had not that opportunity, the University has been able, at this year's Commemoration, to show its regard for one of its most eminent sons by conferring upon him the honorary degree of doctor of letters.

H. W. H.

THE INNOCENT AMERICAN ABROAD—HIS RIGHT TO PAY INCOME TAX AND TO PROTECTION—ANOMALIES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S ATTITUDE.

PARIS, July 5.

That the Government at Washington should have a way of its own—different from the rest of the world—in carrying on its foreign relations, is not wonderful; but the results to individual American citizens are sometimes as good as a play. The latest case was brought before the Paris civil courts on the first of this month, with particulars so extraordinary that they were at once cabled over and have already received surprised and puzzled comment and answer from New York. What has not been cabled is the fact that our Government has been steadily increasing its claims to exercise powers in a foreign country which foreign governments have never recognized; that it applies these claims to foreigners living in their own country, as well as to American citizens living there, and that this goes along with a more general contention that residence abroad on the part of American citizens, if not a criminal offence, at least gives the Washington Government the right to diminish and even abolish utterly the citizenship of these Americans.

The former cases concern the United States Treasury; the latter the Department of State. The former raise questions of international law, particularly whether one government can exercise police powers in the territory of another without the latter's consent; the latter suppose that the American Government can read into its powers over American citizens something that is not mentioned in the American Constitution. And all these governmental assertions of rights and powers which other governments do not enjoy have been steadily growing in the policy of Washington since William Marcy and Lewis Cass and other authorities of a time when it was

still more important that we should exist nationally than internationally. Of course, we all start from the general principle which the poet Coleridge noted in the rising republic:

> This Yankee nation
> Is the biggest in creation!

The present is a Treasury case, and it involves an American judge ordering an international banker, under penalty of fine and imprisonment for contempt of court, to do in Paris something which the Paris judge may punish him for doing as contrary to the French code. This legal wrangle may be compromised; or the American who has been imprudent enough to try to do banking outside of America may have to pay the penalty. That is comparatively unimportant, though the bank in question has been established in Paris—under French law—for sixty years or more, to the great convenience of Americans travelling abroad. This will naturally not appeal to the Congressional authority who declared: "Good Americans stay at home!"

The contention of the United States Treasury goes wider and deeper. A poor American dressmaker buys gowns in Paris, imports them into the United States, and insists on paying customs duties only on the prices stated in the certificate which she has been careful to obtain from the American Consul in Paris. The agents of the Treasury begin by asserting that these certificates do not declare the genuine cost of the gowns—and so the Treasury Department has to turn itself into a detective agency in France to find out what the real cost was. It finds out that the dressmaker paid her bills at the Paris branch of the American bank—and it demands of the American banker in New York that he produce the lady's bank account of Paris. The Paris bank is a separate institution in French law and is not allowed by French law to do anything of the kind. Thereupon the United States Treasury brings suit in America and the American judge orders the banker in America to produce his Paris books, which teaches him that he may have erred in thinking he could do business outside of his own country in the way citizens of other countries are allowed to do. What is more important is that the agents of the United States Treasury have been trying to teach foreigners themselves a similar lesson. How it has been received may be judged from extracts of an article in the *Journal of Swiss Employers' Associations:*

> Since the beginning of the year, St. Gall (capital of the Swiss canton and an exporting centre of embroidered cotton goods) has had a Commission sent by the United States Treasury to proceed to an examination of the business books of the exporters of the city—in virtue of paragraph U (section 3) of the new American Tariff law. Lately, in a "friendly conversation" with the principal representatives of the embroidery industry and export trade of St. Gall, the president of this American Commission drew the attention of those present to this fact: "They would do well to hand over their business books and papers to the Commission, keeping nothing back—for any refusal might become harmful to their interests!"

I have not space to relate the ignoring and neglecting at Washington of the interests of Americans themselves when they wish to do export trade, resulting from ill-made commercial agreements in consequence of such tariff laws. But a similar original and regardless way of treating American citizens who exercise their natural rights as men to live abroad, often while working for American interests, may be noted in the policy of the United States Department of State under all Administrations.

First, the expatriated American was decitizenized—on the ground that the Constitution allows no difference to be made between naturalized and native-born. An exasperated American in Paris once scattered widely visiting-cards with this monumental inscription from a letter of William R. Day, then Secretary of State, and now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States:

> "Americans voluntarily residing permanently abroad forfeit all right to the protection of this Government!"

In all countries of Europe, it is only after due process of law—and then under most explicit restrictions—that any business man can be obliged to produce his books and papers, and that for judicial examinations only—yet here were the agents of a foreign treasury demanding the production of books and accounts of this kind unconditionally and under threat of penalties. Naturally, the Swiss Employers' Association remarked: "We very much doubt whether the president of such a Commission would dare to use such language in Paris and Berlin." Probably not in Berlin, but in Paris diplomatic complaints have already been formulated on the part of the French Government. In 1907, an entirely new regulation was issued by the State Department, this time based precisely on this distinction between naturalized and native-born citizens—but it was still denied to native-born American citizens, whom will or necessity constrained to continuous residence abroad, that they had constitutional rights to protection from the Government at Washington as American citizens. From time to time, instances of the application of this power of the State Department to diminish or annihilate the citizenship of Americans have been made known, some comic and others pathetic and sometimes even tragic.

Clearly, other governments cannot acknowledge that American residents are men without a country by virtue of a decision of the United States Department of State—and certainly the American Constitution, while it speaks of naturalizing citizens, never mentions a power of decitizenizing them. This gives all the more zest to the latest pronouncement in the shape of a letter from Secretary Bryan in answer to the American Chamber of Commerce of Paris. The latter "wrote to the State Department at Washington, in the hope of determining, with as much precision as possible, the question of the status of Americans having a foreign residence." To this Mr. Bryan replied (March 18 of this year):

> You inquire particularly: "Will the fact of their having paid such tax (the income tax) and the receipt therefor be considered as evidence of American citizenship, and entitle them in foreign lands to the protection of the United States and the delivery to them on demand of a passport?" Your letter appears to relate to both native and naturalized Americans. . . . The payment of this income tax will also be considered in deciding the question of the right to the continued protection of this Government in cases of *native* American citizens who have resided abroad for a period so long that the natural presumption may be held to have arisen that they have abandoned this country!

"Natural presumption" against a written Constitution! No wonder that, alone among the nations, canny Germany has just accepted for the United States the John Quincy Adams interpretation of the "most favored nation clause"!

S. D.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

[We begin this week the publication of a series of four articles, by Mr. Adams, suggested by Lord Newton's recent Life of Lord Lyons.*—Ed. The Nation.]

I.

Lord Lyons has pressed a point, and the easiest way for Mr. Seward to dispose of it is to yield what is asked. . . . To a mortifying extent Lord Lyons shapes and directs, through the Secretary of State, an erroneous policy to the Government. This is humiliating but true. . . . Lord Lyons is cool and sagacious, and is well aware of our *premier's* infirmities, who in his fears yields everything almost before it is asked.

Thus wrote Gideon Welles, at the time Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. The statements relate to events occurring in 1862 and 1863, the critical period of the Civil War. That they are in all respects historically correct, or that the belief expressed as to the excessive influence of the British Minister in Washington at that time on the American Secretary of State is justified by the facts, few will credit who have made a study of the records. It nevertheless admits of no question that the presence of Lord Lyons in Washington during the first three years of the Civil War was of vital moment for the Union cause. Indeed, it might not be unsafe to say that, had Lord Lyons been a diplomat of another character, and differently disposed—taking, for instance, that view of the situation and exercising that influence on the Government of Great Britain which actually were taken and exercised at the time on the Government of Louis Napoleon by Mercier, the French Minister—it is not unsafe to say that, in such case, the development of events now become historical would have been seriously affected. We cannot, of course, tell exactly how or to what extent they would have been affected; nevertheless, a thorough study of the situation as it existed from the episode of the Trent down to the stoppage of the Laird Rams in September after Gettysburg, can hardly fail to cause grave doubts whether, had another than Lord Lyons—some diplomat of Mercier's type—then filled the position occupied at Washington by him, intervention by European governments in our struggle would not in some form have been inevitable. If attempted, such action could hardly have failed to result in a breaking of the blockade, and by allowing to the Confederacy the egress of cotton and the ingress of arms and munitions, would have affected the situation and its outcome to an extent now impossible of measurement.

Any life of Lord Lyons would, therefore, hardly fail to be of interest as part of our Civil War literature; and it so chances that for reasons little understood, but presently to be explained, Lord Newton's Life has a

**Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy.* By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net.

peculiar interest, as also historical value. It affords a glimpse, at once suggestive and provoking, of a wealth of historical material, a knowledge of which we are as yet almost wholly without. Of it Lord Newton gives an instalment—an instalment merely; but it is an instalment the significance of which has not been appreciated.

It comes about in this wise: We hear a great deal, from those interested in historical research, of public archives and access thereto, and of dates arbitrarily fixed by the various Foreign Offices at which those archives have been, or are to be, laid open to the investigator. It is, however, somewhat surprising to learn, as we do learn from Lord Newton's book, that, so far at least as the Foreign Office of Great Britain is concerned, the papers there to be found are of somewhat secondary importance. A knowledge of the true inwardness of any given situation of a certain sort must be looked for elsewhere. The papers on file in the Foreign Office are even intended at times to deceive. The statement is somewhat startling. How, then, did such a state of affairs come about? The explanation is curious—English!

For at least two centuries now—indeed, ever since the British Foreign Office took its present form—a singular custom as to correspondence has prevailed in connection with it—a custom in no wise generally understood. As Parliament, far back in the eighteenth century—during, in fact, the Walpole epoch—gradually assumed the large state-functions it has since developed, the practice grew of calling on those constituting the Ministry for papers relating to events connected with foreign affairs, especially correspondence. The modern Blue Book thus gradually assumed shape. As this practice grew, its inconveniences made themselves felt. Both the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and those with whom he was in correspondence wrote under a sense of restraint. As the British diplomatic service was constituted, this, not unnaturally, resulted in two forms of correspondence and sets of records—first, the usual official exchanges, including instructions and dispatches subject to Parliamentary call, and so at any time likely to be made public through the Blue Book. Meanwhile, on the other hand, a private interchange of letters, frequently familiar in tone as between old friends and perhaps relatives, would be going on between the British representatives at certain of the foreign courts and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. This was the case more especially in time of exigency. The formal dispatches, constituting the great mass of the correspondence—95 per cent. of it, perhaps—were regularly filed in the official archives of the Foreign Office; and there they are now. The private communications, however, coming from the more important embassies and relating to critical situations, were considered as belonging to the Chief Secretary for the time being. This gradually became a regular and recognized system; and these private communications, often colloquial and intimate, and invariably written with his own hand by either Secretary or Minister, did not come under the eyes of subordinates. No copies of them were, as a rule, kept; and they were looked upon by both writer and recipient as altogether personal and confidential. The Minister or Ambassador, therefore, had his own private files, separate from the official files of Embassy or Foreign Office. The Secretary also had his similar files; and, when each retired from office, he carried his private files with him. Not belonging to the Public Offices, these files were, nevertheless, affected, so to speak, by a public interest; and, while the originals could only be found either among the private papers of the whilom Foreign Secretaries or Ambassadors, it was, and is, distinctly understood that no historical use can be made of this material except with the consent and approval of both the family of the Minister or Ambassador in question, and of the Foreign Office.

Such were the British usage and understanding. Such they now are. Referring to it, Mr. Julian Corbett, in recently editing the private papers of the second Earl of Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty between the years 1794 and 1801, speaks as follows: "Intimate as they are, going deeper into the well-springs of history than do the regular official documents, such papers seldom or never find their way into the public archives of the kingdom, and but for the action of the Society and the public spirit of their owners would remain almost inaccessible to students."

The Lyons papers, including the personal correspondence between Lyons, while in Washington, and Earl Russell, then Foreign Secretary, were, though sixty years later, similar in character to those referred to by Mr. Corbett. In his care of papers, also, Lord Lyons was most systematic. Unsparing of himself in the matter of labor, his habit was to make copies in his own hand of his more intimate letters to those at the head of the English Foreign Office during his long political career. Lord Lyons died in London, at the residence of his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk, on December 5, 1887, and his papers are now in Norfolk House. Lord Newton, the second bearer of the title, and an Oxford man—then known as "Tom" Legh—entered the diplomatic service under Lord Lyons at Paris in 1880. Now an active member of the House of Lords, he is somewhat noted for the humor which he at times injects, in a way peculiarly his own, into the proceedings of that essentially sedate body. A suggestion of this crops out in his "Life of Lyons," where he prints a brief note from his principal to a brother diplomat, reading as follows: "I have settled that Legh is to be at Berne on the 28th, and I hope you will like him. He is clever and well informed, though some people think he does not look it" (II, 220). The future Lord Newton, coming thus to know his chief personally, grew to entertain a most profound and sympathetic respect for him. Familiar with his official habits, he has had free access to his voluminous but well-ordered papers in the Norfolk House receptacles. Upon them, and not on blue-books and official formalities, his biography is based. Hence the importance of this publication in connection with the inner diplomatic history of our Civil War. Of course, for such use as he has made of these intimate, semi-official papers, Lord Newton had the sanction of the British Foreign Office.

Unfortunately, Newton was not associated with Lord Lyons during the latter's American experience. That covered what was, from an international point of view, the most diplomatically interesting period in our entire history; and the position held by Lord Lyons was the most important in the diplomatic service. It is this which makes a Life of Lord Lyons, based, not on blue-books or official documents, but on the private papers left by him, a noticeable addition to our Civil War historical material. The single difficulty is that, unlike the Diary of Welles in this respect, we here and as yet get only excerpts and glimpses. These are, however, suggestive. In fact, so far as it goes, Lord Newton's book is of first-class importance in its bearing on the Civil War.

Belonging to a distinguished naval family, the Second Baron and First Viscount and Earl Lyons was at the age of ten serving as an honorary midshipman. Nature had, however, obviously meant him to be a bureaucrat; and his maritime life fortunately came to an early close. A kindly fate decreed that he was not doomed to live his life out a round peg in a square hole. Going then to Winchester School, he subsequently, in 1838, took a degree at Christ Church, Oxford, being apparently, as Lord Newton says, at that period, "a quiet, well-behaved, hard-working youth, living carefully upon a modest allowance, and greatly attached to his parents and family." Appointed first an attaché to the Mission to the Papal Court, he seems from the beginning to have been, for some reason, probably a family one, a favorite of Lord John Russell, subsequently, during our Civil War, Earl Russell, and at the head of the Foreign Office. Remaining at Rome or at Florence until forty-one years of age, he was, in 1858, offered by Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary in the Derby Cabinet, the American Legation, "an offer which, with characteristic modesty, he accepted with considerable misgivings as to his competence." In the same month, through the death of his father, he succeeded to the peerage. On April 12, 1859, he presented his letter of credence to Mr. Buchanan, then President. Lord John Russell two months later assumed charge of the British Foreign Office, representing the Palmerston-Russell Ministry, which in June, 1859, succeeded that of Lord Derby. Lord Lyons continued to hold the Washington position, with Russell as his chief, until early in December, 1864, the time of Sherman's march through Georgia. Failing health then compelled his

resignation. Lord Lyons thus represented Great Britain at Washington during what was, so far as relations with foreign countries were concerned, the whole critical period; for, at the time of his resignation, the collapse of the Confederacy had practically become a question of time. A diplomatic life at Washington, covering the delicate and dangerous period from April, 1859, to the December preceding the surrender at Appomattox, was necessarily trying to the British Minister; for, as Lord Newton somewhat innocently observes:

It was difficult to discover an adequate explanation of the bitter feeling which, at that time, actuated the majority of the American people against England; and it was still more difficult to combat it, because it was largely unreasonable and quite regardless of facts and arguments. In reality it resulted from the exasperation caused by the civil commotion which constituted the first check to a previously uninterrupted course of progress and prosperity, and the Americans, mortified and angry, found it a relief to vent their ill-humor upon England, against whom they had an old grudge.

Belonging himself to a subsequent generation—being, in fact, only eight years of age when our Civil War came to its close—Lord Newton manifestly is not familiar with the attitude and utterances maintained during that struggle by the English class to which he belongs. It is also now a thing of the past. Had he been better acquainted with the tone of the London press and the peculiarly British social bearing during that period, he would have a more realizing sense of what might pass for a sufficing explanation of the feeling referred to. That attitude and tone can best be expressed by a recurrence to the vigorous figure of speech once addressed by the late Baron Mawle as a rebuke to Sir Richard Bethel, subsequently Lord Westbury, for his demeanor and language towards his professional opponents; he would, Mr. Justice Mawle observed, do well to remember that they were vertebrate creatures, while Sir Richard's bearing towards them "could not be considered otherwise than offensive if assumed by the Almighty in contemplation of a black beetle." The tone and attitude at that time habitually used in England are, both to English and Americans, now simply inconceivable. They were those of unrestrained and studied insolence. Though in no way personally familiar with that particular phase of what Tennyson termed the "stony British stare" and accompanying speech, Lord Newton himself in the course of his diplomatic experience came in contact with a not altogether dissimilar situation, which he describes with that saving sense of humor already referred to—the Franco-Prussian feeling towards his country during the war of 1870:

Upon the whole, it is not surprising that our attitude provoked excessive irritation on their part, for we were continually harping on and deploring the iniquities of war, while perfectly ready to make a handsome profit out of it by selling anything to the belligerents. The late Sir Robert Morier admirably described the British attitude as it appeared to German eyes. "We sit by like a bloated Quaker, too holy to fight, but rubbing our hands at the roaring trade we are driving in cartridges and ammunition. We are heaping up to ourselves the undying hatred of this German race, that will henceforth rule the world, because we cannot muster up courage to prevent a few Brummagem manufacturers from driving their unholy trade." It is only fair to add, however, that German censure was confined to England; the Americans, who exported arms in just the same way, were never denounced, but possibly this was due to the fact that they assumed a less self-righteous attitude (I, 344).

Books and Men

THE ONE SUBJECT.

A woman was standing at the street-corner, holding up a book so that every one could read the title. She had other copies of the same book in her left hand, and balanced in the crook of her elbow was a placard bearing the title, the name of the author (also a woman), and the price of the book. The woman's face wore a rather defiant expression, as if she might say: "You think this is unconventional, do you? It shocks you—now, doesn't it? Prudes! Hypocrites! I dare to bring you the truth—do you dare read it?"

She was in the full glare of the sun, which was very hot even at that late hour of the afternoon. The heat steamed up from the asphalt, but the woman had a martyr's spirit, and she kept the hand holding the book high above her head, like Liberty with her torch. I watched her for a few minutes, until I had to hurry for my train, but nobody bought the book, nobody gave to it or to her more than a passing glance. Yet ten or twenty years ago the same book, had it been written then, would have attracted a small crowd, even if exhibited in a shop window. Probably no woman could have been found to sell it on the street. The indifference of the passers-by marks the distance we have gone in a dozen years.

If there was silence, prudishness, a conspiracy to ignore the facts of sex, it has all been thoroughly dispelled. A blatant screaming has succeeded, and the subject is tiresome, past telling. A man who had one evening to spend in New York last summer picked up a newspaper with a view to determining what play he should see. After a while he put down the paper with a groan. "There's nothing I care about," he remarked, "nothing but white-slave plays and poison-needle dramas."

From the foolish extreme of silence the rush was made to the equally foolish extreme of noisiness. Children were distressingly ignorant once; many of them are becoming painfully scientific. The conversation of some of them sounds like excerpts from an obstetrical journal. As for the adults—

"I sought refuge in conversation with the woman on my left," says a man in a skit in "Vanity Fair," by Anne O'Hagan. "She looked like the kind I used to know—pretty, vivacious, smartly dressed. We got along all right for a while, and by-and-by we came to the place when it seemed seasonable to say: 'Why didn't I know you before? Why didn't I know you in time to enter the lists, at least?'

"She laughed, but she didn't say 'flatterer,' or any of the old things like that. Instead, she remarked:

"'Speaking of sex-attraction, were the tribes in the part of Africa you have been in polygamous or polyandrous?'

"That's what she said, 'speaking of sex-attraction.' We weren't speaking of sex-attraction at all. I wouldn't speak of such a thing to a woman for the world! Tell me—we're old friends—we've known each other since we were little shavers. Tell me what's happened to this town? What's happened to the women? What's happened to conversation? To recreation? To the little arts, and graces, and follies of life? To flirtation?"

"'What has happened,' I informed him, 'is the awakening of the social conscience.'"

Seven or eight years ago it was that sex must be eternally discussed in fiction and in the drama for reasons connected with art. Puritans were trying to stifle art. Then the same subject had to receive literary expression for sociological reasons, to preach and to teach. Less was said about the stifling of art. Now, the extreme novel and play of this type seem to be passing; the heroine shudders on the verge of the disreputable, but clings to doubtful respectability. The wanton goes out, and the *demi-vierge* enters. A novel of the moment, which its publishers insist everybody is talking about, describes for several hundred pages how nothing really happened to the heroine. And its author—a full-grown man—completes the picture by gravely discussing the women's costumes which dressmakers are planning to name after his heroine.

"The fault of the French comic paper," writes Mr. E. V. Lucas, "is monotony. Voltaire accused the English of having seventy religions and only one sauce; my quarrel with the French is that they have seventy sauces and only one joke. This joke you meet everywhere. Artists of diabolical cleverness illustrate it in colors every week; versifiers and musicians introduce it into songs; comic singers sing it; playwrights dramatize it; novelists and journalists weave it into prose. It is the oldest joke, and it is ever new. Nothing can prevent a Parisian laughing at it as if it were as fresh as his roll, his journal, or his petit Gervais. For a people with a world-wide reputation for wit, this is very strange; but in some directions the French are incorrigibly juvenile, almost infantine. Personally, I envy them for it. I think it must be charming never to grow out of

such an affection for indecency that even a nursery mishap can still be always funny."

That one subject may become monotonous, even when that subject is sex, does not seem to occur to a number of novelists and playwrights. Because once the world did not talk about it enough, now it must talk of nothing else. There is a good deal of inverted cant about this, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has pointed out. A certain class of critics would infer that there is some subtle connection between immorality and art—"as if the handling of the lewd, or the depicting of it, were in some sort the hallmark of the true artist. It is not difficult to handle or depict. On the contrary, it is so easy, and so essentially dramatic in many of its forms, that the temptation to employ it is ever present. It is the easiest and cheapest of all methods of creating a spurious effect. The difficulty does not lie in doing it. The difficulty lies in avoiding it."

The masters of the frank and realistic novel, from Fielding to Eden Phillpotts, are thoroughly understandable. Outside the pale of decency, but still no hypocrite, is the writer of intentional pornography. He is not a humbug, at any rate. But the man or woman of little or no power, who forever harps upon one theme, and insists that it must always be harped upon—this person is neither an artist nor a social reformer, but simply a bore.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

A SOLDIER POET IN FRANCE.

Capt. Alfred Droin, in active war-service, during enforced vigils beneath his tent, has written out, in verse responsive to the environment and the race with which he is in new contact, his impressions of Morocco, where he is fighting. This is perhaps very French; and it is also French that he should entitle his *poésies* "Blood upon the Mosque" ("Du Sang sur la Mosquée"), and that his General—Lyautey, "conqueror and peacemaker"—should accept the verses' dedication in a letter for a preface:

Night came—orders were given, each to his post of combat—there was nothing but to wait.

It was then we read your verses—do you remember? We—all of us—remember that serene and kindly reading amid the cannon, under the balls.

True, Gen. Lyautey is himself of the French Academy, which, moreover, had crowned one of the three volumes of poems previously published by Capt. Droin; and the first volume had been guaranteed to be poetry by a preface of Sully-Prudhomme, who was a Nobel Prize poet as well as an Academician.

The sample translated here tries only to keep the visual imagery, with fidelity to the language and its original flow. Ten stanzas from twenty-five have been chosen for the sense:

MOON OF ISLAM.

I.

Far out and slow is quenched the sheen of ocean;
Here, hour on hour, the city darkens, too:
'Tis the sun's death and the nightfall's emotion—
The bright no more, no more the blue.
In Islam's plains, on hillsides and the mountain,
The sleepless couch is haunted by vague fear:
Genii in troops are witching tree and fountain,
And plotting Demons gather near.

Is God to-night this Earth of ours forsaking?
A dog is howling—Night brims o'er with grief:
And in his cries my heart, my heart is breaking,
Sadder and lone this night without relief.

II.

Lo, sudden rays of limpid light
—Witchery eyes that doubt a-tickling—
Filter through breaks in the night
Like white milk from black bottles trickling.

Slow is Time a-whiling
Across the cloudland streams,
Till the spell's beguiling
Drips down gold of dreams.

. . . . . .

Pearls the lilies dazing,
Snow upon the snow,
All the heavens are blazing
In the spell's downflow.

Light all Space refining,
Splendors that glide and glide,
Queen with an army shining,
Holding the heavens wide—

On the vast azure resting,
Rainbow-hued and round,
Moon, in thy calm pure questing,
Earth's primal dawn is found.

. . . . . .

III.

Moon of Morocco, silent friend,
Whose floating robe wraps round my heart,
I—at calm adoration's end—
Feel, too, thy lightsome blessing's part.

. . . . . .

As yon white city to the sky
Lifts up its vaporous mystic grace,
So, Moon, my soul in ecstasy,
Flies up to thy eternal face.

These lines are among the first poems of the book, centring in "Rabat the Victorious," which has also a gentle sonnet with much local color:

This hour incense is breathing from the mosques:
The eve of beauty dies—.

A second part is of "Fez the Holy," with more smell of powder, as in the sonnet on "One that was slain":

The barley waves—a poppy smiles. A stork,
Straight on the battlement, clicks her hard beak.

The third, more exotic still, is of remote "Marrakech the Red," with the Blue Brothers' "Call to the Holy War":

The French are come, more numerous than the flies
On camels' corpses.—

Alfred Tennyson

PERSONAL NOTES

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

Tennyson, born on the 5th of August, 1809, was, as the almanac counts, not quite five months older than Gladstone. But in respect of vitality he was at least five years more worn-out. A friend who visited him a year before his death was surprised to find how shrivelled, withered, and frail he seemed to be. A few scanty locks were all that remained of the abundant hair once the most striking feature in his appearance. His face was brown and wrinkled. One touched tenderly the thin nervous hand he stretched forth, lest peradventure it might be crushed in the grasp. Although it was early autumn and there was a fire in the room, Tennyson sat on a couch with a rug over his knees, and round his shoulders the familiar old cloak fastened at the neck with a brass frog. In the early editions of his works graced with his frontispiece he wears a cloak similar to this. Regarding the faded frayed garment, the thought struck the visitor, "It may have been the very same."

I have an engraving of the earliest published portrait of the poet. It is from the crayon drawing of Samuel Lawrence, and bears a facsimile of the poet's signature, "Ever yours, A. Tennyson," with the initial A picturesquely set above the T so that a loop from it serves to cross the letter. The portrait is not dated. It looks like that of a man of thirty-two—a strong face with an underlying touch of sadness, the abundant unparted hair hanging over it till it meets the high black stock and broad collar of the coat closely buttoned across the chest. He had not at this time begun to grow the beard which in later life grew wild about his face.

It is Rossetti's sketch that made Tennyson's appearance familiar to the world at large. This was done, I think, in 1855, about the time "Maud" was published. It presents to view a tall, stooping, dark-bearded man in a cloak and broad-brimmed hat. Elsewhere we get a glimpse of him in the very prime of life, when, still a bachelor, he lived at Twickenham.

"It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn," William Howitt notes under date 1847, "with a foot on each hob of the fireplace, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced towards the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world."

At this time, though he would not live nearer town than Twickenham, Tennyson was a frequent visitor to London, not unknown at the Cock in Fleet Street, where he was accustomed to take his "perfect pint of port" from the hand of "the plump young waiter." Even in recent years he used to run up to London and wander about the streets and parks. He avoided human-kind

in London as he did at Haslemere and at his fortress in the Isle of Wight, both residences being as jealously guarded from intrusion as if they were seraglios. Wherever he was met, whether in quiet country lanes or amid the turmoil of London streets, none failed to turn round and watch the strange figure.

The only time I saw him in London he was walking in the park, not by the Row, where men and women congregate, but in a bypath under swelling trees that might remind him of his home at Farringford. A notably tall man in spite of his stoop, growing somewhat stout, still walking with long strides, he carried a stout stick, but did not seem to feel necessity for its assistance. A long unkempt beard obscured the lines of his face. It was further disguised by a pair of uncompromisingly large spectacles. In supplement of these there dangled over his closely buttoned cloak a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez, probably used for reading, while the spectacles served for distant sight. He wore a broad-brimmed, time- and weather-worn felt hat, slightly slouched, trousers guiltless of gloss or fashionable cut, with gaiters buttoned over thick-soled boots. Looking at him, one could understand the contempt with which, half a century earlier, he turned upon Bulwer Lytton, "the padded man that wears the stays":

> What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt?

These verses, which appeared in a number of the then newly born *Punch*, will not be found in any of Tennyson's collected works. He was angry when he wrote, Bulwer having in his "New Timon" made a ferocious attack on the then budding poet. "Schoolmiss Alfred," he called him, "Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keats." The sting of the verse lay in the line where Peel was flouted, forasmuch that he "with pudding plumps the puling Muse, And pensions Tennyson whilst he starves a Knowles."

This insinuation, with its unpardonable rhyme, refers to an interesting episode in Tennyson's life. He had published his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," which were hailed with enthusiastic applause by a circle of critics, not including Christopher North, the "musty, fusty Christopher," whom Tennyson, hot-blooded then and quick to hit back, sharply prodded. An effort was made to obtain for him some provision that should enable him to devote his time to the cultivation of his genius free from sordid cares. Carlyle, rarely enthusiastic about his contemporaries, warmly championed the cause, besetting Monckton Milnes with entreaty to see the thing done. Wemyss Reid had a story related to him by Monckton Milnes of a conversation between Carlyle and Milnes that throws a flood of cheerful light on the men and the times as far as the latter affected Tennyson.

"Richard Milnes," said Carlyle one day, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, as they were seated together in the little house in Cheyne Row, "when are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?"

"My dear Carlyle," responded Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own and that the whole affair is a job."

Solemn and emphatic was Carlyle's response:

"Richard Milnes, on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents. It is you that will be damned."

When Milnes at last conveyed the request to Sir Robert Peel, he found the Premier as ignorant of the works of Tennyson as at a later period Lord Palmerston confessed himself to be of those of the poet Close. Milnes sent him a copy of "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," with the result that Tennyson got his pension of £200 a year, which he enjoyed to the end.

When he once began to move he went fast. His average receipts in the way of royalty from his first publishers are understood to have reached £1,500 a year. When he transferred his connection to Messrs. Strahan, they made arrangements which, during the five years the contract ran, brought him £31,000. His contract with his latest publishers included on their part an engagement to pay him £4,000 a year, with special arrangement for any new book.

In one respect Tennyson was the despair of printers and publishers. He could never leave his work alone—was always polishing it. I have seen the original manuscript of "The Princess," recently sold in London. Looking through it I came upon an emendation that will be fresh to the public. It is in the song that Lilia sings, commencing:

> Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums
> That beat to battle where he stands;
> Thy face across his fancy comes
> And gives the battle to his hands.

In the original manuscript the first two lines are written:

> When all among the thund'ring drums
> Thy soldier in the battle stands.

Which shows how, once at least in verse-making, an emendation was an improvement.

Shortly before Tennyson died there came upon the market the manuscript of portions of his earlier work, and some original editions containing interlineations by his pen. He was exceedingly wroth at this incursion upon his privacy, the more so as he was powerless to prevent it. What made it the more painful to him was the recollection that the manuscripts and volumes had been given to intimate friends. That they should now be offered for sale, like old chairs or tables, was a circumstance peculiarly calculated to vex the poet's soul.

He took the best possible means of preventing his memoirs being written, keeping no record of his correspondence, much less building up a diary.

"I will take good care," he said to a friend permitted to join him in the companionship of a pipe, "they shall not, when I am dead, rip me up like a pig."

Rarest among the treasures of book collectors is a copy of the first edition of Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." This is the first work to which Tennyson put his name, and it bears the date 1830. The peculiarity about it is that it includes a number of poems by Arthur Hallam, whose name will live for ever, since it is written between the lines of "In Memoriam." When Tennyson and Hallam were young men they projected a joint publication of their verse. It was actually carried out, as this volume testifies, but only a few copies seem to have been printed. In a note to one of his verses Hallam writes of "my friend whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume." Oddly enough, Arthur Hallam's name does not appear in the imprint, but some one has written with pen and ink after Tennyson's name "and Arthur Hallam." The same hand writes at the head of the second part of the little volume, "Poems by Arthur Hallam, Esquire." Many of Hallam's poems, like Tennyson's, were addressed to anonymous persons or to friends, whose names are indicated by initials. The touch of a vanished hand, doubtless that of Arthur Hallam himself, the original owner of the volume, fills up in one or two places the initials, spelling out the names—Sir F. H. Doyle, J. Milnes, Gaskell, Richard Milnes.

While Tennyson was habitually resentful, even to rudeness, of the approach of strangers, he made surprising exceptions. Mr. Phelps, sometime American Minister at the Court of St. James's, told me of one:

A gentleman of Omaha called upon him with the modest request that he would assist him in obtaining a number of autographs of eminent Englishmen. This visitor was, indeed, not insistent upon exclusion of eminent English women, and if Mr. Phelps could obtain for him a few friendly lines from the Queen, they should have an honored place in his native Town Hall, on whose behalf he had undertaken the commission. Mr. Phelps was struck with the quiet pertinacity of the man, and helped him to a good many valuable autographs.

Appetite growing with what it fed upon, the gentleman from Omaha declared he could not go back without obtaining a specimen of the Poet Laureate's handwriting. Mr. Phelps said he did not know Lord Tennyson personally, and, from what he had heard of him, thought he was not approachable on the subject.

"But," he said, "you write to him yourself in your own way; tell him your business here, and what you want from him."

The gentleman from Omaha obeyed the instruction, and after a few posts there reached him a manuscript copy of the first page of "In Memoriam" in Tennyson's own handwriting, signed by his name.

At one time Tennyson and Gladstone were on terms of intimate friendship, a happy relationship shattered, as in many other cases, by the explosion of the Home Rule question. The two were companions on one of the yachting trips on a big Castle Liner provided by Sir Donald Currie for the statesman's recreation.

Just "befoh the wah" in South Africa we sailed in the Pembroke Castle for Cape Town to pay a visit to Cecil Rhodes at Groote-Schuur. On the eve of starting I received from Sir Donald Currie the following letter giving interesting particulars of the company on this famous expedition:

"Garth, Aberfeldy, Perthshire. Dec. 14, '93. Dear Mr. Lucy: I am sorry you are not going out by one of the fast Mail boats. You will return by them. But as a devoted disciple of my old friend, Mr. Gladstone, solace yourself with the remembrance that you are to sleep in the room he had when I took him the famous trip round the West Coast of Scotland from Barrow (where she was built) on to Norway and to Copenhagen.

"In the saloon, remember 29 Royal personages, young and old, lunched on the 18 Sepr. 1883, and in the Smoking room Tennyson read some of his poems to these distinguished people.

"At the luncheon Mr. Gladstone had head of the centre table. Mr. Tennyson had the portside table, and I had the other. There were present the Emperor and Empress of Russia; the Tzarewitch and all their children; the King and Queen of Denmark and family; the King and Queen of Greece and children; the Princess of Wales and the Royal family of this country; the Hanover family; the brothers of the King of Denmark, Admirals, Generals, Ambassadors, 45 in all. . . .

"My best wishes to you and Mrs. Lucy. Sincerely, Donald Currie."

Far out on Southern seas, sitting in the deck cabin of the Pembroke Castle, where it happened, I heard of a droll incident. It was the habit of Mr. Gladstone and the other guests to assemble after luncheon or dinner, and Tennyson read, or rather recited, some of his verse. Among the guests was the lady who is to-day the wife of the English Prime Minister. The Poet Laureate was much attracted by this bright personality, and as she generally sat near him while he read, he fell into the habit of holding her hand. On the occasion of the luncheon at Copenhagen referred to by Sir Donald, the Empress of Russia sat at the right hand of the Poet Laureate in the little cabin which inadequately serves the purpose of smoking-room on board the Pembroke Castle. Tennyson selected "Maud" for the subject of his reading, and, as usual, became absorbed in his work. When he reached the well-known lyric, "Come into the garden, Maud," his right hand dropped at his side. Finding another there, he, accustomed to the companionship of the fascinating Margot, seized it, and, it was obvious to the shocked lookers-on, squeezed it.

The Empress was naturally a little startled, but made no sign or motion that interrupted the reading.

Later Tennyson asked his confidante how she thought the Empress liked it.

"I fancy she liked the reading," the girl laughingly answered. "But I noticed she looked a little surprised when, having possessed yourself of her hand, you several times squeezed it."

Tennyson was greatly abashed, and was with difficulty dissuaded from explaining matters to the Empress.

News for Bibliophiles

THE DISCOVERY OF LA VERENDRYE'S INSCRIBED LEADEN PLATE.

The Chevalier de La Vérendrye, one of the famous family of Western explorers, and himself a true son of his gallant father, in his report to Governor de Beauharnois of the expedition of 1742-1743, says that on March 15, 1743, "we arrived among the people of Little Cherry. They were returning from their winter hunting, and were two days' march from their fort, which is on the bank of the Missouri. We arrived on the 19th at their fort, and were there received with demonstrations of great joy." La Vérendrye later adds: "I deposited on an eminence, near the fort, a tablet of lead with the arms and inscription of the King, and a pyramid of stones for the Monsieur the General. I said to the Savages, who did not know about the tablet of lead which I had placed in the ground, that I was erecting these stones to commemorate our arrival in their land."

The explorer buried the tablet referred to on the site of the present village of Fort Pierre, South Dakota, and it remained undiscovered almost precisely one hundred and seventy years. A young girl named Harriet Foster, who was playing (February 16, 1913) with other children on a hill near the Fort Pierre high school, found this historically important leaden plate (measuring six by eight inches, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness) protruding from the earth. The plate forthwith came into the possession of George O'Reilly, a boy of fifteen years, whose father deciphered the Latin inscription. It was found to read:

"Anno XXVI Regni Ludovici XV Prorege Illustrissimo Domino Domino Marchione de Beauharnois, MDCCXXXXI. Petrus Gaultier de la Verendrie posuit."

The following translation of the inscription is given in a paper (p. 146) on "La Vérendrye's Farthest West," by Mr. Doane Robinson, secretary and superintendent of the South Dakota Department of History, soon to appear in the "Proceedings" of the Wisconsin Historical Society for 1913:

"In 1741, the twenty-sixth year of our most illustrious Seigneur Louis XV, in the time of his Viceroy, Monseigneur the Marquis de Beauharnois, Petrus [Pierre] Gaultier de Laverendrie deposited [this]."

As 1741 is the year of the departure of the expedition from Canada, it is reasonable to assume that it is also the date of making the tablet, which bears the arms of Louis XV, and fleurs-de-lis in the corners. Rudely scratched on the reverse side are these words:

"Pose par le Chevalyet de LVR Lo Jos Louv La Loudette A Miotte le 30 de Mars 1743."

The editor of the "Proceedings" appends in a footnote (p. 147) this rendering and comment: "'Placed by the Chevalier de LVR [La Vérendrye] Lo Jos [Louis Joseph, his brother] Louy La Loudette A Miotte [the two employees] the 30th of March 1743.' This rude inscription was apparently scratched with a knife, a nail, or an awl, upon the reverse of the plate at the time it was deposited. . . . The identification of the second name (that of the younger brother of the La Vérendrye family) is the editor's conjecture."

Not only does a romantic interest attach to the discovery of the La Vérendrye tablet, but it also settles definitely a question which has long vexed historians—namely, the point reached by the explorers on the Missouri upon their return from the farther West. Mr. Robinson, a careful student of Western history—particularly in its aboriginal aspects—is of the opinion that the "farthest West" of the younger La Vérendryes was "on the Cheyenne not far from the forks." He arrives at this interesting conclusion by allowing six miles for each of the twenty-two days of actual travel between the Western limit of the journey and the arrival of the explorers at the Missouri (Fort Pierre), March 19, 1743.* Many historians, especially the French, have credited La Vérendrye with having reached the Rocky Mountains at some point in Montana. If Mr. Robinson's contention is correct, the Frenchmen stopped far short of the Rockies.

Mr. Robinson submits that, from time immemorial, the Arikara resided at Fort Pierre, and that the chieftain Little Cherry was an Arikara; that the Bow Indians built forts and planted grain, and were allied with the Pawnee-Arikara bands, and that the Kiowa, then occupying the Black Hills, were the hereditary enemies of the Pawnee-Arikara. From these premises, Mr. Robinson suggests the following conclusions:

(1.) That the Vérendryes in their wanderings joined on the upper waters of the Cheyenne a party of Arikara, who united with other allies in a war upon the Kiowa in the Black Hills.

(2.) That upon the return within the time limit, they could not have travelled farther than from the Black Hills to the Missouri.

(3.) That the Vérendryes were not at any time West of the West line of the Dakotas.

The Champlain Society of Toronto will shortly issue the "Journals of La Vérendrye," with an English translation, edited by a competent Canadian scholar, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee. Mr. Burpee has studied the history of Western exploration with care and understanding, and much good work stands to his credit. In his admirable "Search for the Western Sea" (New York, 1908), Mr. Burpee credits the younger La Vérendryes with having at least reached a spur of the Rocky Mountains. It will, therefore, be interesting to learn if riper study of the subject has borne fruit in the form of changed opinions, or whether he is still at variance with the views expressed by Mr. Robinson in the brief paper of which I have here been privileged to give a foretaste.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

*In considering this rate of travel, it should be borne in mind that the La Vérendryes were encumbered by the presence of many Indians and their families; that the ground was in all probability heavily covered with snow, and that the explorers were compelled to live off the country.

Correspondence

THE ARMING OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Irish Home Rule bill has safely survived the threefold ordeal inflicted upon it by the machinery of the British legislature, supplemented by the provisions of the Parliament act, and will, therefore, shortly be placed on the Statute Book. All, however, is not yet well with Home Rule. The amending bill, lately introduced in the House of Lords, will annul some of the essential provisions of the measure, and is more than likely in its final form to contain clauses providing for the exclusion of certain counties of Ulster, and possibly of the entire province.

It is a significant fact that the passing of the bill roused little enthusiasm in Nationalist circles. It would be a mistake to suppose from this that the desire for Home Rule has weakened. On the contrary, it is to-day more widespread and imperative than ever before. The real reason of the lukewarm feeling is the fear that the trouble is not yet over. Moreover, preparations are hot afoot of a nature that tends to distract Irish public attention from the doings of the Parliament at Westminster. The Irish people are making ready to take the conduct of affairs into their own hands.

Since the days when the Fenian movement shook to its foundations the well-built fabric of British statesmanship there has been no movement more significant in its progress and motives than that of the Irish Nationalist Volunteers. Started in the historic Rotunda in November last, it has spread with amazing rapidity throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its programme is the defence of the rights and liberties of the Irish people, and it professes no antagonism to the Volunteers of Ulster. At the outset it was received with scant favor by the leaders of the Parliamentary party, but the people flocked to the standards newly raised, and forced the recognition of all parties. To-day priests, people, and politicians are joining the ranks, and the tread of marching men is heard from Malin Head to Bantry Bay and from Dublin to Innismurray.

There are to-day, leaving out of the reckoning the followers of Sir Edward Carson, 150,000 Volunteers in Ireland, and every week sees the number growing larger. The proclamation against the importation of arms and ammunition into the country is, for all practical purposes, a dead letter, for munitions of war are being steadily imported both in the north and the south. Drilling, rifle practice, route marching, and all the details of the trade of the soldier are going on day and night in all parts of the country, and it is not the intention of those who are at the head of the movement that all this effort should go for nothing. They are working towards a well-defined object.

There is, in fact, an ambitious scheme afoot in Ireland, and this is neither more nor less than the establishment of a standing army in Ireland, composed of Irishmen, and intended to further the ideal of "Ireland a Nation." To the people of this country it may come as a shock of surprise to learn how far forward the work has been pushed, and how comprehensive are its details. Every portion of the country has been mapped out, and arrangements are in course of completion that will provide for the defence of every county and district in a manner in keeping with the latest in military science.

This plan provides for the establishment of an Irish National Army, with a minimum strength of 200,000 men. Of these numbers 50,000 will be required to secure the larger towns and defend ports from attack from within or without, and so maintain the public confidence and national credit. The remaining force, it is planned, will be free to act as a mobile striking force wherever it may be needed.

The organization of the Irish National Volunteers will proceed, as closely as possible, on the following lines:

48 Brigades of Infantry—4 battalions each—192 battalions.
64 Regiments of Light Horse.
64 Field Batteries Artillery.
16 Field Companies of Engineers.

The peace and war establishments of the rank and file may be summarized thus:

	Peace.	War.
Battalion of Infantry	750	1,000
Regiment of Light Horse	350	470
Battery of Artillery	130	146

The peace establishment will be formed by enlistment, for a definite period, after which men will pass into the National Reserve, the war strength being formed by calling up the Reserves. Reserves will be formed of all rank and file who, being efficient Volunteers, have completed seven years' service.

The organization of the National Army will be:

48 Brigades of Infantry, forming 16 divisions of 3 brigades each.
64 Regiments Light Horse, forming 16 brigades of 3 regiments each, and 16 divisional regiments, one to be attached to each infantry division.
64 Field Batteries, forming 16 brigades of 3 batteries each and 16 light batteries, one per Light Horse Brigade.
16 Field Companies of Engineers, 1 company per infantry division.

The details of an Infantry Division will be:
General Commanding and Staff.
1 Regiment Light Horse.
1 Brigade Field Artillery with 3 batteries and ammunition column.
3 Batteries of Infantry (3 battalions each).
1 Field Company of Engineers.
1 Field Ambulance.

The army will be organized on the following system:

(a) Each province will provide:
4 Divisions of Infantry.
4 Brigades of Light Horse.
4 Brigades Field Artillery.
4 Batteries Horse Artillery.
4 Companies Field Engineers.
4 Companies Commissariat Corps.

(b) Each county will provide:
1 Brigade of Infantry, while 16 Brigades of Infantry will be allotted to certain counties or areas according to population.

(c) Batteries of infantry, regiments of cavalry, batteries of artillery, etc., will be drawn from parishes or adjacent parishes.

(d) Companies of infantry, squadrons of cavalry will be drawn from townlands or adjacent townlands.

Even from the rough outline given above some idea will be gained as to the nature of the scheme that is now being put into operation. It may be said that a force such as this can never be raised in Ireland, but those who are in touch with the movement not only believe that it can be done, but that something much bigger will be evolved. The Irishman's love of arms is proverbial, and there can be no mistaking the fact that the arming fever has seized upon the people and that an army of some sort will be the result.

Whether, as is anticipated in many quarters, the placing of the Home Rule bill on the Statute Book will see the Irish Party and the English Liberals free to deal with the amending bill remains to be seen. But it is at all events certain that some steps will be taken to embody the concessions already offered to Ulster and rejected, and upon the strength of the Irish Volunteers will depend to a great extent the ability of the Irish leaders to deal effectively with the new situation. Whatever happens, Ireland will not willingly submit to the partition of the country, and will never again go back to the old position she occupied under the English Government.

There is a new spirit abroad in the land, a spirit of renewed nationality that is not going to submit to the splitting up of the country even in the sacred cause of peace. The Irish Volunteers wish no quarrel with their brethren of the north, who they recognize have as much right to the country as those of the south and west, but to whom they deny the right to dictate terms to the rest of the country. All that they wish is that the Orangemen will put aside the old spirit of intolerance and the groundless fears of oppression at the hands of their countrymen. Their help and wit are needed for the building up of the nation, and the Volunteers are anxious only that all parties join hands for the furtherance of this object. If, on the other hand, the northerners decide to stand where they are to-day, the Volunteers are prepared to defend the rights of the majority of the people against all comers.

Neither is it intended that the force newly called into being should act as a menace to England, provided that England leaves Ireland free to deal with her own affairs as she thinks best. The Volunteers, moreover, will not submit to the treatment meted out to the Volunteers of Grattan's day, when the Irishmen were deprived of their arms, and then disbanded. Instead, they will insist that their arms are a necessary adjunct to their new constitution, inasmuch as the granting of freedom without the means to defend it is a mere trifling with the liberties of a nation.

Frank P. Jones.

New York City, July 2.

THE PRICE OF SUGAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 25 you refer to a statement by the Federal Sugar Refining Company showing "the direct connection between tariff reduction and sugar prices," and indicating "a saving of .58 cent per pound, which means an annual reduction of more than $48,000,000." As I possess a fairly sweet tooth, to alleviate insistence of which my family is kind enough to do a good deal of jelly-making, I proceeded to call for congratulation upon this bright spot in a time of general gloom, when I was shown on the last grocer's charge, "June 19th, 10 lbs. Sugar, 50 cts." That did not seem so very bad, but, on the contrary, was extremely

good, when it was considered that last year's 10 pounds must have cost 55.8 cents. The family, however, was not so sure of last year's price, and so it was looked up, and found to be "10 lbs. Sugar, 50 cts."

Now, I knew it must be that the country grocer was imposing upon the summer resident, and I prepared to confound him with my displeasure. I turned to the Boston *Herald* for June 26, 1914, and, in the price lists, under Refined sugar, granulated and fine, I found "Wholesale grocers quote 4.60c. for less than 20 bbls." I then visited the Boston Public Library and in the files I found the *Herald* for June 25, 1913, with this advice: "Wholesale grocers' price for granulated and fine 4.60 for less than 20-bbl. lots."

I haven't as yet made any expressions to my local grocer, but I should like to ask an editorial suggestion as to the recovery of my share of that $48,000,000.

JAMES P. TOLMAN.

Shirley, Mass., July 3.

[The wholesale price of sugar throughout the world is affected by many causes. The statement made by the Federal Company was based, as we stated, on a comparison between the price of refined sugar in the American market and the price of raw sugar in bond. This difference, according to the figures given in that statement, is now 1.78 cents, whereas during the average of a number of years preceding the lowering of the tariff it was 2.41. The lowering of the difference by .53 cent—which is the figure the company should have given, instead of .58 cent—can hardly be ascribed to anything but the tariff. We see no reason to suppose that, under the old tariff, the price would not now have been .53 cent higher than it is, even if the price on June 25, 1913, did happen to be just the same as on the same day in 1914.—ED. THE NATION.]

"THE LATEST CRIMINALIST FAD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In forming an opinion on the topic of your editorial article, "The Latest Criminalist Fad," one really ought to bear in mind that persons of any age who pass the Binet-Simon test for thirteen years are rated normal.

This being the fact, such adult jailbirds as stuck at twelve, and the younger set who showed a mental development "corresponding to an average age of eleven," so far from exhibiting the "gross mental deficiency" on which you dwell, are actually only one or two school grades below the general mass of voters. In other words, they are about as far below normal as a child who enters high school at twelve is above. From that, of course, they trail down to the obvious mental lack which everybody has always recognized. Or, to put the same thing in another form, what the Binet test shows is that some 80 per cent. of criminals are the adult forms whose larvæ are marking time in the upper grades of the grammar school course, waiting till the law lets them out, but who cannot for various reasons pass on to the abstractions of algebra and the subtleties of Latin grammar.

Now your own authority gives 20 per cent. as a possible ratio for the "mentally defective" in the old, pre-measurable sense, which corresponds to 8, 9, or below of the Binet scale; while you yourself concede that "30 or 40 per cent. might pass without special challenge." But so far as I can discover, even the most "innocent" of your "sanguine scientists" does not claim to have found more than 10 or 20 per cent. of old-fashioned imbeciles in any group of delinquents. They get their "80," "85," and occasionally 100, per cent. of subnormals by counting, as they are careful to explain, persons whose minds are retarded no more than one, two, or three years. In fact, a normal "Gaussian" distribution of the very cases which you cite would give only about 5 per cent. of persons who can by any stretch of words be said to have any "gross mental deficiency." The rest are the vastly more dangerous group whose deficiency is confined to the higher human qualities.

When all is said, however, the statement that a certain adult, whether in jail or out, has a memory span that can cover six digits —seven being normal for a child of twelve— is the statement of a measurable fact. It can, then, be refuted only by more measurable facts—not dismissed with "if this had been true in any sense having a real bearing on life, it would have been discovered hundreds of years ago." E. T. BREWSTER.

Andover, Mass., July 10.

[We did not dispute the correctness of any statement of "measurable fact"; what we objected to was the significance assigned to it. We were trying to put a foolish and mischievous fad where it belonged; and, so far as we can see, there is nothing in our correspondent's letter that has the slightest tendency to show that we failed to do so.—ED. THE NATION.]

COLLEGE FACULTIES AND THE TIME-CARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of June 11 you object to the application of "the yard-stick," the "time-card notion of management," the "efficiency-idea" to our universities. Such application you hold to be a "manifestation of philistine stupidity and arrogance." "It is not more management," you say, "but less management that is wanted in our universities." "The men who make the greatness of a university will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation." "The one thing in which that career [the university career] offers attractions not to be found in most other callings is the opportunity for the free play of one's individuality." "The material rewards in it are small."

A brave position, this—to be held by every ideal university where the faculty thirst only for knowledge, scorn the thought of pay, and measure time only as they attain "the free play of their individuality." But what member of what factulty does not know that this ideal university is, alas! not his? The Platonic Academy *fuit;* but where is it now in our land?

Turning, then, to things as they are, we shall find, I think, that in our huge faculties of many hundred members there are indeed some whose ideals are of the highest and who "make the greatness" of their university; but that there are also others, and more, who make the smallness of their university. For the former—the apostles of learning and research, the St. Pauls—there is no need of time-card or questionnaire; they will work in season and out of season. But for that innumerable choir of lesser angels (whether graded as instructors, full professors, or presidents), is the "efficiency-idea," after all, so bad? Does a show of interest in their performance on the part of department-head or president or State do them harm?

In these latter, who make the smallness of their university, the thirst for knowledge is not the only thirst, and the "free play of their individuality" leads much to play with the golf-sticks, the billiard-cue, and the card-pack. It is these rather than those solitary ones who "will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation." It is these whose ideal of efficiency is reached when they enter their lecture-room twenty minutes after the hour, leave it a quarter-hour early, forget at times to come at all, excuse their classes from the drudgery (to all concerned) of written examinations, vote for holidays on every pretext, ask for promotion every semester, sail for Europe three weeks before commencement every other summer, etc.

There is also another group in every faculty that will be "unspeakably repelled" at having the employment of its time called in question. It is composed of those who are indeed busy, but busy with research on the length of a flea-jump or on the inhibition of the apperception of the infinite with special reference to—heavens knows what (but not the reader). These industrious Faust-Wagners are always writing monographs, journal-articles, and books, with statistical tables equal in bulk to the census or with a nebulosity of thought beyond that of original chaos. How can these be expected to take thought for their pupils' advancement and individuality when so centred upon their own? The most they can do is to issue frequent bulletins to the college paper and the president concerning their publications and the papers they will read before some learned society.

It is perhaps with a knowledge of these facts and a desire to realize so far as possible that other and ideal university of which you write, that the State of Wisconsin has undertaken its university survey and wishes to set "efficiency" as the goal of university striving.

For, in truth, academic liberty unwatched is as seductive as any other. The price of it is eternal vigilance, without which vigilance monastic liberty went to sleep. And, be assured, under the cloak of academic freedom hides many a descendant of the dormiculous jovial monk of the bad old times.

It was bad enough that the ignorant Middle Ages should have been saddled, under the sacred name of religion, with the institution of monasticism. But would it not be worse and more inexcusably ignorant for a modern State, with the monastic warning before its eyes, to saddle itself voluntarily, under the now sacred name of Universal Education, with a huge institution exempt from accountability wherein the beneficiaries of that State may give "free play to their individuality" by repose in sleep or a Dervish dance of self-centred activity?

Therefore, to me it seems not "philistine stupidity and arrogance," but highest political wisdom, that the State of Wisconsin should undertake its university survey. If the State be an organism, then a torpid brain is surely no less an evil than a paralyzed hand. May the survey be made with the microscope (in search of hidden germs of disease) quite as

much as with the telescope (in search of wider horizons)! L. L. FORMAN.

Rome, Italy, July 2.

[To reply to the *argument* in the above would be to repeat the original article; but as to the matter of fact, the class of professors who *are* "unspeakably repelled" by the proposed apparatus of so-called efficiency does not in the least answer to our correspondent's description.—ED. THE NATION.]

THE MEN WHO ARE THE COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Evening Post* of June 26, Senator Root, as chairman of the board of trustees of Hamilton College, is reported as announcing a change of policy, in these words:

"The trustees have adopted a plan of graduated increases [of salary] for the professors. On that plan we shall work, and will press forward toward making the professors, *the men who are the College*, feel that they are appreciated."

Italics are mine. Surely, our doughty Senator and Hamilton College are old fogies. Nowadays, in most of our seats of "learning," the men who "are the college" are the directors of athletics, the managers of student "activities," "stunt" performers, "smoker" panegyrists—in short, anybody and everybody but the humdrum professors, who merely try to teach and to learn. M.

June 30.

THOMAS TUSSER'S POEMS ON THE LIFE OF MAN AND WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Harvard Library last summer I ran across, in the works of Thomas Tusser, two very interesting poems on the life of man, and a poem, even more interesting, on the life of woman. Tusser's works—first published in 1557 as "A Hundred Good Pointes of Husbandrie," later amplified by "A Hundred Pointes of Huswifery," and still later enlarged to "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandry United to as Many of Good Huswifery"—were exceedingly popular. Between 1557 and 1600 no less than fourteen editions of these strange poems on farming and life in general appeared—an average of a new edition every three years for almost half a century. Shakespeare must have been familiar with the poems, though there is no striking similarity between his famous lines in "As You Like It" and the poems referred to above.

Tusser's poem on the life of woman made a rather strong appeal to me, perhaps largely because of its oddity. It may be found in Mavor's edition of Tusser's works (London, 1812), p. 282. I quote the poem with its title:

The Description of a Woman's Age
By Six Times Fourteen Years 'Prenticeship
With a Lesson to the Same

Two first seven years, for a rod they do whine,
Two next as a pearl in the world they do shine.
Two next trim beauty beginneth to swerve,
Two next for matrons or drudges they serve.
Two next doth crave a staff for a stay,
Two next a bier to fetch them away.

ALBERT CRANBERRY REED.

Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, July 2.

Literature

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

The Genesis of Lancaster. The Three Reigns of Edward II, Edward III, and Richard II, 1307-1399. By Sir James H. Ramsay of Bamff. Two volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

England in the Later Middle Ages. By Kenneth H. Vickers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Almost simultaneously in England two publications have appeared treating of the later Middle Ages, one by a veteran writer, who in extreme old age has completed a self-imposed task begun many years ago, the other by a newcomer in the field, who is making his first printed contribution to history on any large scale. The first work, forming the fifth and sixth volumes of the author's "The Scholar's History of England," is not designed for the general public; the other, forming Volume III of Oman's "A History of England," is plainly intended to meet a popular demand for something readable. The two works taken together may be expected to represent in scholarly and readable form the best that is being done in England at the present time for the history of the period.

Sir James Ramsay, an English baronet possessed of leisure and ample means, began his work nearly fifty years ago. "It has been," he says, "my standing occupation since the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. My grown-up children do not remember when it was not in progress." The first volume of the series, covering the last years of the Middle Ages, was issued in 1892. Four others, carrying the narrative from the foundations of England to the end of the reign of Edward I, were added in the decade from 1898 to 1908. Now the last gap has been filled, the period from 1307 to 1399, and the work stands complete, a history of England from the earliest times to the accession of Henry VII, in eight volumes, a monument of industry and critical skill, sober, accurate, and giving full references. The author, now in his eighty-second year, may well look on such an accomplishment with satisfaction, as a task which, though begun in the prime of life, has been pursued into those years that are commonly associated with the leisure of old age. The issue of eight volumes by any writer after he has attained the age of sixty is an event that may well give pause to those who deem a man's work ended at sixty, and the names of Ranke, Waitz, James Gairdner, Henry C. Lea, and now Sir James Ramsay are a witness to the vigor of old age among the historians. Sir James Ramsay's performance is the more remarkable in that his history is not of the arm-chair variety, but one based on a personal inspection of original sources wherever found, and personal visits to the scenes of battles in Great Britain and France that come within the scope of the narrative.

While intending to give the reader a picture of the time, and so following to a considerable degree the path that has been made plain by previous investigators, Sir James has laid particular stress upon two phases of his subject, military affairs and domestic finance. To these subjects he contends that he has contributed a larger array of drier facts than has ever before been communicated to the public. This seems a pretentious claim, in view of the number of dry histories already in existence, but it is probably justified, if monographic literature be excluded from the competition. "The Scholar's History of England" is a thoroughly dry history. The author, with a kind of grim humor, has filled his pages and appendices with facts and figures that can be deemed interesting only by those who find pleasure in statistics. Nevertheless, the conclusions drawn are always valuable. It is worth a good many pages of demonstration to be shown "the utter untrustworthiness of chroniclers' estimates, whether of men (in mediæval armies) or of money (in mediæval estimates), and the undue readiness of modern writers to accept their value," and to be convinced of "the very modest dimensions of all things mediæval except the castles and the cathedrals." At Bannockburn, for example, Sir James will allow only 14,000 or 15,000 men in Edward's army, instead of the 30,000 of Mr. Round or the 60,000 of the chroniclers. In matters of revenue, also, Sir James overturns a good many estimates. He has made substantial contributions to our knowledge of that most intricate of mediæval problems, the customs revenue, and has summarized his pages of statistical analysis in a number of generalizations easily comprehended by the reader, like the remark that "more money could be squeezed out of Normandy alone than out of the whole of England." The chief defect of the work as a whole lies, not so much in its annalistic or strictly chronological form of treatment, as in the entire omission of all reference to the life and activities of the people at large. The history is mainly concerned with the interests of the feudal and governing class.

Mr. Vickers's volume is a book of narrative and description, dealing with events and personalities and lending itself to elaboration of details. It is well written and readable, but five hundred pages of continuous narrative about people that are not very interesting and about events that are not very inspiring tend to grow monotonous, and we doubt if many will be enthusiastic enough to read the work through. The difficulty of Mr. Vickers's method of writing history is that it offers no real opportunity to study the period. The tale runs along the surface and might have been continued indefinitely, as long as the facts held out. Indeed, Mr. Vickers complains in his preface because the general editor reduced his copy by one hundred pages in order to make it fit the series. The facts are well organized and the chapters are well proportioned, but the work as a whole lacks

symmetry and the treatment lacks depth. Little effort is made to gauge the place of the period in English history or to determine the transforming and evolutionary characteristics of the era, a neglect the more serious because of the transitional nature of the events narrated. Too much attention is paid to personalities and too little to social forces; kings and feudal lords fill the scene to the exclusion of burgesses and villeins, and battles bulk larger than religious revolts or peasants' uprisings. The subject matter of the book is well handled as far as it goes, but much that is the object of inquiry by students of England's Middle Ages at the present time is passed over by Mr. Vickers with little or no consideration.

CURRENT FICTION.

The League of the Leopard. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Harold Bindloss has forsaken the great Northwest for the African jungle in his adventure-mongering, and his readers will find his heroes as much at home in their new environment as on the prairie. Instead of fighting fearful blizzards and prairie fires in an effort to grow wheat, their combat is with sun and fever, and the object of their search is gold. From the coast they plunge into the dense forest, their way lying through the leopard country, so called by a league of natives who allow no one to invade their territory, and harass and kill those who make the attempt. Action multiplies in every chapter, and the hair-breadth escapes will keep awake the most jaded reader. The inevitable love-story ends with inevitable happiness, although the death of one of the two adventurers casts a shadow over the return of his comrade.

The Letters of a Woman Homesteader. By Elinore P. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The strong personality behind these letters is shown in a robust observation of Wyoming life, and an unconventional wielding of homely English. Into the former enters one strain that will surprise readers who take as a matter of course a humorous sense of character and a dramatic sense of incident—the writer's appreciation of neutral beauty. "Fancy to yourself," she exclaims upon arrival at her new home, with an eye for color too vigorous for delicacy or accuracy, but genuine, "a big jewel-box of dark-green velvet lined with silver chiffon, the snow peak lying like an immense opal in the centre, and over all the amber light of a new day." Spontaneity is the keynote of all the narration. The homesteader is writing informally to an understanding friend, and her pen enters racily into the doings of Mormons, Christians, and outlaws, of her Scotch employer, the Frenchman Gavotte, and the outdoors-loving, assertive Mrs. Louderer and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. The limitations are those natural to a humdrum, day-to-day chronicle, which sometimes drops into very small talk, indeed. All her sincerity is once or twice needed to redeem patches of gossip. A style abounding in colloquialism is perfectly suited to the matter; while to Mrs. Stewart must be granted an uncommon knack with the vivid adjective, falling into a place where the literary craftsman's hand might put a more colorless word.

Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These twenty-four stories afford a survey of the ironist's work which, while emphasizing the profound sadness of his later periods, does not leave unrepresented the gay loquacity of his first two volumes. "The Death of an Official" is a vaudevillian description of the agony of a functionary who sneezes into his superior's neck at the opera, and, finding his apologies waved off as troublesome, dies of misunderstanding and grief; "Over-seasoned" tells how a surveyor, driven over a lonely road by a moujik, is struck with apprehension lest he be overpowered by the burly fellow, and makes so many references to the arms he has hidden on his person that the countryman springs into the wood in terror, forsaking him in a trackless waste. But the majority of the stories, rough sketches typical of diverse social classes, are as cynical and depressing as the dramas which have familiarized Tchekoff to the English-reading public. "In the Ravine," the longest, may be read as exhibiting evil and injustice in characteristic ascendancy, driving a set of ignorant people into misery and barbarity with whip and balloo. The life of industrial classes and peasants is a twilight materially and spiritually haunted by hardship and oppression, obsession and prejudices; the solemn moments in this existence are chosen without greatly humanizing the scene. Yet the method of the author is not violent: He observes gently and dispassionately, blocking his characters out with salient lines and expressive traits which leave a certain softness of tone over the studies.

Full Swing. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The curious distinction of this book is a heroine whose perversity it was always to sacrifice her heart to her conscience—a Brutus of a woman. The author commiserates with her in her abnormal nobility, and explains that "Agatha had ever a sense lacking"—not the power of loving, but the power of expressing it. When occasion called for display of affection, Agatha invariably labored under a mysterious inhibition. She refused the man who would have made her happy, being at a loss how to accept him, and married a roistering Irish lord, presumably because his wooing did not wait on her sanction. The art of winning a child's affection was, of course, quite beyond her, and she had no instinct to combat her son's infantile preference for his dissipated father's society. She adored him when he grew up, but her passion took the form of excessive self-blame for permitting an imagined development of paternal tendencies. As faultless a youth as ever lived, she nevertheless saw in him a budding Lothario; and when he fell in love with a cousin who had filled a daughter's place in Agatha's heart, she sent him off to the Boer war to save the girl from the son of such a father. These are only a few of her blunders, but the author sees to it that all this lofty virtue does not go unrewarded.

Love and the Soul Maker. By Mary Austin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Austin here attempts to discuss frankly and fully one of the most hazardous of themes. She sets out from a human text in the person of one Valda McNath, who has had an unhappy but by no means rare experience. She has failed twice in her search for "mate-love" (to use a recurrent phrase); first in marriage, then outside. Her husband, a flabby prig, she left after a dozen years, "simply because she couldn't stand him." Her lover, a Social Reactionist, after a short experience with her of the free love which he devoutly advocates, has "retired into a wobbly little pinnacle of a situation that, since he no longer loved Valda, he couldn't do her the disrespect to pretend that he had any obligation beyond his own susceptibilities." Poor Valda, deserted but not debased, is, we are to understand, left spiritually upon the writer's hands, and these pages are a response to her forlorn cry for "a book about it—a believable book"; about, not her own instance, but the whole problem of mate-love from the woman's point of view.

If, to speak to the whole world as one may speak to an intimate of one's own sex is indecorum, this book is indecorous. For herself, Mrs. Austin puts the gist of her treatise (it is a treatise and not a story) in an early paragraph:

> Too many people have got into the way of thinking that to speak of sex experience is to mean something illicit. It is, in fact, the most precious part of our human equipment. I want to say—I don't know why I shouldn't—that I have always found it so, and I wish more than anything else to show you how it derives its importance in our lives from this quality of its preciousness, and not from the effect of disturbing any other set of behaviors we may have agreed upon as moral.

Mrs. Austin is accomplished in the various terminologies of love. In language now cold, now touched with mystical fire, she seeks to analyze or interpret, in the light of the past, the relations of men and women as beings of sex. She says many startling things—or says many things in a way which, out of the context, would be merely startling, as that "it is immensely more important that a mating pair should relish kissing together than that they both should be Presbyterians." But it is clear that she has no wish either to be sensational or to avoid the suspicions of prudery. The upshot

of her teaching is that marriage is the normal but not sole setting for mate-love; that marriage at its best "is one of the activities of woman and not a set mould into which womanhood should be poured"; that the initial function of mate-love is not to produce children, but to inspire to the highest degree of usefulness. "If children are your best, your supreme contribution, let us have them; in any case, children or no children, let us have the best of you." In fine, she wishes love to be recognized as an active principle apart from its phase of race reproduction, apart even from its phase of legal marriage.

RECORDS OF TWO PIONEERS.

Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in Alaska. By Hudson Stuck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks: A Record of Pioneer Work among the Canadian Alps, 1908-1912. By Howard Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $5 net.

The directors of the mission work of the Episcopal Church made no mistake when they sent Hudson Stuck into the wilds of the Yukon. A man of intrepid courage and endurance, with wide open eyes and mind and the knack of putting the results of his observations in attractive form, his heart warm with affection for the natives to whom he is sent, his title of Archdeacon of the Yukon has been as nobly earned as it is modestly worn. As a record of dog-sledding amid the snow and ice and countless deprivations of the Alaskan wilderness, the present volume is worthy of high rank in the literature of its class, but its interest from the philanthropic point of view is still greater. Our defective and inattentive provision for the civil government of Alaska, with its tragic results to the helpless natives, has made a deep impression upon the author, and the "faint hope" which he expresses that drawing attention to these evils may hasten a remedy may be taken as the primary motive of the volume. Alaska is not lawless in the sense of being the scene of frequent and unpunished crimes of violence. Its native population is timid and not generally provided with dangerous weapons. But the laws unstintingly passed by Congress for the protection of the natives, especially from the effects of intoxicants, are allowed to become a dead letter through inadequate means for their execution. Justices of the peace, unremunerated except by fees too scanty to furnish a living, and United States deputy marshals, appointed under political influences, are but a poor recourse for that rigid administration of law and order which alone can save the native Alaskan from threatened extinction.

Dr. Stuck's ideals for his people are thoroughly practical. Such a rudimentary English education as may be imparted to them is well enough in its way, but an honest, industrious, and self-supporting Indian with no knowledge whatever outside the limits of his native tongue is far preferable to one who can read and write English, but who lacks the will or ability to do anything else. The spread of tuberculosis, the worst foe of the native next to alcoholic liquor, is greatly accelerated, he thinks, by the unwise adoption of "civilized" methods of housing and clothing. However unsanitary the huts in which the coldest part of the winter was passed, it was still true that under former conditions the natives lived out of doors for a large portion of the time. At present an ill-ventilated and usually overcrowded cabin shelters them almost the entire year, while the substitution of cotton and shoddy for the skin garments of earlier times leaves the surface of the body exposed to sudden and violent changes of temperature. Recent legislation temporarily prohibiting the sale of beaver pelts has caused the beaver coat and cap again to appear among the natives, and Dr. Stuck very pertinently suggests that if this law was justifiable for a season in order to save the beaver from extinction, it may be justifiable permanently to save the native. Among the possible dangers of unwise philanthropy the system of free rations is, above all, to be avoided. Some would recommend this as making possible a compulsory school-attendance law, but Dr. Stuck's answer is irrefutable:

> With free rations there would be no more hunting, no more trapping, no more fishing; and a hardy, self-supporting race would sink at once to sloth and beggary and forget all that made men of them. If it were designed to destroy the Indian at a blow, here is an easy way to do it.

It is to be hoped that this volume will be widely read, for it is desirable to keep in mind that there are other important interests in Alaska besides coal veins, gold mines, and the building of Government railways.

The interest in Mr. Palmer's book is wholly that of the geographer and the mountain climber. During the five summers here covered he ascended more than thirty peaks of the Selkirk group, fifteen of which had not previously been climbed. As over twenty of these peaks exceed ten thousand feet in elevation, the task required an immense amount of vigorous exertion. It will readily be seen that the record involves a certain amount of inevitable monotony, but this is relieved by a profusion of remarkably successful photographic illustrations. Mr. Palmer argues with reason against a tendency to depreciate the Selkirks from the standpoint of scenic grandeur and beauty. It is not absolute height that determines mountain grandeur, but the suddenness and amount of elevation above a point of view not too far away. In this respect the Selkirks compare well with the Rockies, in spite of the greater absolute height of the latter. "With the single exception of Mt. Robson, so far as the writer is aware, there is no mountain of the Rockies which some one of the Selkirks will not equal in respect to uplift above the base."

Early explorations in this region by the Government of British Columbia, with a view to the promotion of immigration, together with the engineering operations undertaken in process of locating the Canadian Pacific Railway, are succinctly described in the opening chapters. As becomes the work of a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the volume is copiously supplied with appendices stored with information too technical to be woven into the web of the story. The vegetation of the Selkirks is discussed by Prof. F. K. Butters, of the University of Minnesota, a companion of the author in most of his explorations. Prof. E. W. D. Holway is also a contributor to this portion of the volume, and has to his credit a considerable share in the fine photographic work already mentioned. Mr. Palmer's expeditions began as vacation rambles, but the opportunity for more serious work presented itself too forcibly to be disregarded, and the result is an important contribution to the geographical literature of British Columbia. The Geographic Board of Canada has officially sanctioned more than forty local names which he has suggested, and the substance of certain chapters of his book has appeared in geographical periodicals of the highest standing, on both sides of the Atlantic. To the reader who may be tempted into the Selkirks for recreation we commend the following remark of one of Mr. Palmer's men, uttered under the stimulus of five days of soaking rain: "And they call this 'Sunny British Columbia!' Bah! A man's got to carry a slicker, a linen duster, and a fur overcoat wherever he goes."

THE COLLEGE PULPIT.

University Sermons. By Henry Sloane Coffin. New Haven: Yale University Press.

To a volume entitled "University Sermons," whose preface declares that they were preached in some thirteen of the foremost universities and colleges of America, one turns with the thought of discovering what kind of religious instruction is acceptable among college faculties and students, rather than with the purpose of estimating a particular preacher. If Dr. Coffin's discourses may be judged to be representative, we gather that college sermons need not be especially distinguished by learning. Simple preaching, in the sense of doctrine easily understood and expressed in plain language, seems to be demanded. One need not be a master in speculation, nor even a novice in the questions with which present philosophy is busied, in order to follow readily these university sermons. The problems of Eucken and Bergson are not their problems, and the burdens of the men who are striving to bring order and peace out of the confusion and struggle of our modern unrest are not their burdens.

Neither can it be said that college audiences demand eloquence or literary excellence. A matter-of-fact, every-day way of talking is sufficient. The level of discourse is distinctly lower than was deemed appro-

priate by the generation of Channing or Robertson, and one misses the elevation of the sacred eloquence of a Martineau or a Chalmers. After reading these easy sermons, one wonders what an American college audience would make of those high discussions of the loftiest themes which compose the classic volume of "University Sermons," that of Cardinal Newman.

In certain other respects one may derive from these discourses a more favorable view of academic religious audiences. It is clear that he who preaches to them must be sincere, candid, and thoroughly persuaded of the truth he utters. He may not have thought his problem through, but he must have made a bold attack upon it. The attitude towards truth is cordial, and towards life earnest. There is no deliberate avoidance of hard tasks or unwelcome facts. The religious inquirer has marched forth into the world to discover things as they are, even if he is not very keen in their discovery or very deep in his probing. This is not to condemn Dr. Coffin. He knows his audiences, and he has provided what they were able to receive. But one may hope for a better day for religious teaching in American colleges, when, without losing any of the frankness and sincerity which are now current in these circles, their teachers and leaders may assume a deeper thoughtfulness, and both the willingness and the ability to attend to religious discussions with the earnestness which their importance in human life demands.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Pennell of the Afghan Frontier. By Alice M. Pennell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

A picturesque side of British imperialism which Kipling has exploited is the regular recurrence of family names that, in various arduous walks, have been consecrated to service. It is more than likely that in India to-day we should still find a Rivett-Carnac, a Lawrence, a Hornby, or a Gough listed somewhere in the administration, ranging from an isolated frontier post to the vice-regal staff. And the virtue of this fine tradition is that nepotism has so far not besmirched it. Nowhere is it more exemplary than in the mission field. The names of Wilson and Judson involuntarily come to mind, and to these the future will add that of Pennell, medical missionary and educator to India's hinterland on the River Indus. Mrs. Pennell, the author of this interesting record, also belongs to a family intimately connected with welfare in India. On the western coast, where her race first made its home, the Parsee family of Sorabji was an early convert to Christianity, and is a name well known in the Zenana mission work.

Dr. Theodore Leighton Pennell, after a brilliant medical career at University College, London, began his twenty years of service in India by selecting a field unknown to missionary endeavor, and little known to the Indian Government, because it lay in the territory adjoining the political "buffer state," Afghanistan. At Bannu, with his mother, and later assisted by his wife, he made his headquarters, far from official Peshawar, at a time when British control over the marauding tribes on the frontier was first being felt. The punitive expeditions of the past thirty years constitute the tale of its turbulent history. Gifted with remarkable patience and tact, and with the courageous qualities that alone commend themselves to these lawless "sons of Beni Israel," Dr. Pennell slowly won their confidence. No tribute can be too great to pay his courage in pushing his faith among these fanatical followers of El Islam. After acquiring the Pushtu dialect of the Pathans, as the frontier tribes are generically known, he opened a school and dispensary at Bannu; he adopted the tribal dress and food, and, unarmed, he made long pilgrimages and boldly preached in the hostile bazaars. The following passage is characteristic:

> We say diamond cuts diamond, and so I have found that it requires a converted Pathan to cope with a Pathan bazaar audience. Even the appearance of a group of dishevelled, fierce-looking Waziris from the hills is often sufficient to make the down-country catechist suggest that he thinks there has been enough preaching for that day; while when, as sometimes happens in a village, they are armed with Martini-Henrys and pistols and swords, goods are packed up at once for removal. A common Pushtu proverb corresponds to our "Tender-handed hold a nettle, it will sting you for your pains; grasp it as a man of mettle, soft as silk it then remains," and describes the treatment best for themselves; for anything like showing the white feather in the bazaar soon renders further preaching impossible.

Many amusing incidents are narrated showing the conflict between Western medical practice and Eastern superstition, anecdotes that should prove valuable to the profession at large and the medical missionary in particular. Ethnological differences have been observed and recorded, and these, with the folklore, descriptions, and illustrations of a little-known region, present to the student, in an informal manner, the results of a trained and varied experience. It was one of the ambitions of Dr. Pennell that he should some day preach in the bazaars of Cabul, the Amir's capital, and it is to be hoped that, at no distant future, an enlightened Amir will welcome the establishment of a medical mission, particularly one devoted to Zenana work. Since the death of Dr. Pennell, in 1912, the mission hospital at Bannu has become a permanent institution. The profits on this book, and a previous one by Dr. Pennell, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," will be devoted to the Afghan Medical Mission. Further evidence of the closeness of family and service in India is shown in the fact that the introduction is contributed by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, who won fame in the Afghan Campaign by his march to Khandahar, and who was related to Dr. Pennell. In a valuable appendix is a glossary of words used in this region, and uncommon in India.

TECHNIQUE OF MODERN TACTICS.

A Study in Troop Leading. By Majors P. S. Bond and M. J. McDonough. Menasha, Wisconsin: The Collegiate Press, George Banta Publishing Co.

This book is addressed to a special class, not so much of readers as of students. It is not in any sense a textbook; that is, it does not pretend to present in a specially ordered form the principles of its subject, but is rather a formulary, so to say, bearing a general relation to any textbook or treatise whatsoever, or, better, to the general subject of troop-leading. Hence, this book makes no appeal to the civilian, who may wish as a matter of general information to know what the military world to-day is doing in the domain of tactics. It is first and last a book for officers, and chiefly, we take it, for officers of the regular army, since but few volunteers, militiamen, or National Guardsmen will have had the time or opportunity, even if they have had the inclination, to lay the foundation that alone can make the book useful. But to the officer, whether of regulars or of volunteers, who knows his Griepenkerl and the Field Service Regulations, who has solved, or helped to solve, problems both on the map and on the terrain, this book will unquestionably be of profit, because it states concisely the principles that govern, or ought to govern, the various situations that may present themselves.

With this object in view the authors have given us chapters on the usual subjects of patrolling, advance guards, marches, the special tactics of artillery and of cavalry, combat, and so on. They have offered a touchstone by which a student may test his results as he advances. Under these conditions, qualities of style are not to be expected, nor that gradual development of theme without which a professed textbook would be sadly in fault. But this work is so far from being a textbook that its chapters are almost susceptible of separate and independent existences as brief presentations of the subjects treated. This statement should in no wise be taken as detracting from its merits; in our opinion, the authors intended no other thing than this independence of treatment. Since the entire book contains barely 340 pages, it is clear that but little space has, or can have, been devoted to any one subject. Take, for example, the chapter on patrolling: this important matter is treated in little more than eight pages; to conclude from this that the treatment is inadequate would be to commit a serious error, for any commander of a patrol who accurately carries out the prescriptions of this short chapter will have given a good account of himself. The other subjects, of course, are more fully treated; for example,

Outposts and Combat, to each of which some forty pages are given.

The chief characteristic of the book is its compactness, obtained by the complete omission of everything that is unessential. In fact, it is but seldom that one encounters a text so free from anything that would tend to divert the attention of the reader from the real issue. The authors would be the last to claim originality for their effort, but certainly they have succeeded in giving the service a plain, practical, business-like aid in the study of a subject that is likely to grow in importance in our land. Wherever the nature of the subject has permitted it, following the modern practice, they have given examples of orders to be issued. Owing to the special audience addressed by this work, we may pardon the sparing use made of diagrams and the almost complete lack of maps. But it is impossible to pardon the absence of an index; should a second edition be called for, the authors owe it to their readers to make good this deficiency.

DEFENSIVE AGGRESSION.

Roman Imperialism. By Tenney Frank. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Professor Frank has given us in this volume a readable and reasonable account of the territorial growth of Rome, the motives by which it was prompted and controlled, and the reactions of accomplished imperialism upon the centre about which it grew. It is constantly insisted, and correctly so, that the spirit of conquest for its own sake was not a Roman trait at all. The ancient fetial law, treated by the Romans with sincere reverence, regarded war as abhorrent to the gods unless waged to repress aggression from without. It need not be contended that Rome was always accurate in her decisions as to where aggression began, but in the border wars that led her gradually to the absorption of the Italian peninsula the evidence that her action was sincerely felt as essentially defensive is abundant and satisfactory.

The view that economic considerations were a controlling motive in the destruction of Carthage and Corinth in the second century B. C. is effectively combated. The Romans had as yet no vital interest in foreign commerce. Puteoli, one hundred and fifty miles from the city, was allowed to remain the chief harbor for foreign trade, and it was not until 42 A. D. that the sand bar at the mouth of the Tiber was dredged and jetties built so as to provide adequate facilities for large vessels. Evidently, Professor Frank concludes, the "shippers' lobby" had not been an effective force in the Roman Senate. The earlier additions to the empire outside of Italy, both west and east, came rather in spite of the inclinations of the ruling Senatorial oligarchy than in accordance with them.

It is only with Pompey that expansion became for a time a dominant principle. At this period the Roman knights had large investments in the East, and Pompey was one of their own number. By effecting a shrewd coalition of the knights and the democracy Pompey had gained the consulship, and when the chance came of succeeding Lucullus in the East, the handling of extraordinary military power in the interests of the capitalistic class which had made its bestowal possible was the natural result. Julius Cæsar, too, was an aggressive expansionist, but through motives of personal ambition and not because he was pushed on by expansionist sentiment at home, or felt in his own heart that the interests of Rome demanded such additions to its territory as he made. But for the tragedy of the ides of March, the author is of the opinion that he would have gone on, in the spirit of an Alexander, as soon as the necessary reorganization at Rome should have been effected.

The closing chapter sketches briefly the later additions of territory, leading up to the time when "finally the overgrown empire imposed a burden of rule upon the conquerors that levelled the whole state to a condition of servitude." If one had more reason for confidence in the effect of history as "philosophy teaching by example," this volume might be hopefully recommended to those who see in present circumstances a call to our own Government to enter upon a course of expansion southward.

Notes

"Oscar Wilde and Myself," by Lord Alfred Douglas, will be published to-morrow by Duffield.

The following books are included in the August list of Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Perch of the Devil," by Gertrude Atherton; "Every Man His Own Mechanic," by John Barnard; "Some Sporting Dogs," by F. T. Barton; "Dogs, Their Selection, Breeding, Etc.," by F. T. Barton; "Art," by Clive Bell; "The Contented Mind," by Thomas Burke; "English Literature Through the Ages," by Amy Cruse; "Thistledown," by Robert Ford; "The Complete Boxer," by J. G. Bohun Lynch; "A Day in the Moon," by the Abbé Moreux; "Messmates," by Edward Step; "British Painters," by J. E. Staley; "The Life and Adventures of Arminius Vambery," by Arminius Vambery; "Operas by Richard Wagner"; "Insect Biographies," by J. J. Ward; "The French Revolution," by H. F. B. Wheeler; "Garden Trees and Shrubs," by W. P. Wright; "Short Cuts to Sketching," by Hayward Young.

"Who's Who in America" (Vol. VIII, for the years 1914-1915) has come to us from the press of A. N. Marquis & Co., of Chicago. The present issue of this convenient work adds 4,426 new life-sketches, making a total of 21,459. It is hardly necessary for us to point out the high claims of this publication as a book of reference.

We have also received the English Who's Who for 1914, published in London by Adam & Charles Black and imported by Macmillan. This is its sixty-sixth year of issue. As it aims to include the names of notable persons the world over, its convenience for reference is evident.

Readers who wish to keep abreast of current articles on the Italian Risorgimento will regret that the Italian National Society for Risorgimento History has changed the title of its official organ to *Rassegna Storica del Risorgimento* (Città di Castello: S. Lapi). Its editor is Prof. G. Gallavresi, of Milan. The former review, *Il Risorgimento Italiano*, of which seven volumes have appeared under the auspices of the Society, has now been taken over by Sig. T. Palamenghi-Crispi, who, to judge from the first two issues, intends to make it the mouthpiece of his personal opinions (Turin: Fratelli Bocca). Both journals are bi-monthly; but members of the Society receive, besides the *Rassegna*, a monthly *Bullettino*.

With the exception of Green's "Short History of the English People," "all the comprehensive histories of England which could by any possibility be printed in one volume in legible type have been written as classbooks for use in schools, or have at least been composed primarily with a view to the needs of the youthful reader." This condition, coupled with the belief that there might be a place for a one-volume history "of the British nation, not confined to the English people," is the explanation offered by A. D. Innes for his "History of England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" (Putnam; $3.50). Although it appeared in England some time ago, its importation into this country coincides with the appearance of the first volume of his four-volume work on the same subject, noticed in these columns on March 26. The book is bulky, but is attractively printed, readable, trustworthy, and full of pictures, maps, and plans. It should not only "appeal to that vast public who do desire to know the history of their native country, but are repelled by the classbook," but also find readers in this country.

In "Some World-Circuit Saunterings" (San Francisco: Elder; $2), by William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California, "The chief concern is religion," as the compositor irreverently has the author declare. The sly rogue elsewhere makes the pious ecclesiastic describe the bodies at Pompeii as "distorted and writhing *in extremus*." Possibly he did not expect to be found out, as the volume is intended as a souvenir to those who celebrated the Bishop's twentieth anniversary by presenting him with a trip around the world. Naturally more than a quarter of the space is devoted to tarryings during an Easter season in the eastern Mediterranean countries, and all of the sightseeing is done with a cleric's eye. The personal recitals and the momentary infusions of pulpit eloquence render the account edifying for the heavenly-minded.

A second edition of Henry Osborn Taylor's "The Mediæval Mind" has just been issued by Macmillan ($5). The book was reviewed in these columns (July 6, 1911) upon its first appearance. The work has increased little in bulk, the chief addition being a chapter on the towns and guilds of the crusades. There are many minor alterations in statement and in style; all that have come to our notice are distinctly for the better. In its improved form, the book should long remain, with its

sympathetic and discriminating analysis, an indispensable guide to the spirit of the Middle Ages.

The best account of John Woolman supplementary to his Journal has hitherto been the memoir by that other great American Quaker, Whittier, written in 1871; a study acutely critical and sympathetic, though slightly disordered as to perspective by Whittier's inclination to trace too much of the original impulse for the abolition of human slavery to the earnest Jerseyman. To this memoir W. Teignmouth Shore, in "John Woolman: His Life and Our Times" (Macmillan; $1.50), has added only by deepening the picture of the provincial society in which Woolman lived, and collecting a few new scraps of information on his life from Quaker repositories in Pennsylvania and Yorkshire. The bulk of the volume is a reprint, with thin comment, of chronological selections from the Journal, those only being chosen which further the direct narrative action. For a portrait of the heart of the devout tailor, of the inner being of this "schöne Seele," the reader must revert to the complete autobiography. The Bunyan-like struggles between Woolman's youthful exuberance and piety, his slow-maturing protestantism against an unequal social system, his misgivings when his shop became too profitable, his ministrations from a sense of divine impulse, express a character which can be rendered only by his own sustained narrative; and Mr. Shore manifests little talent for the religious and psychological analysis which Woolman so strongly invites.

The chapters on The People Called Quakers, The New Jersey Quakers, Woolman and the Negroes, Philadelphia, and Other Friends are the ones in which the book attempts its service in setting the Journal against its background of time, place, and social and intellectual environment. The material, collected from many sources, is none too well digested. Research, of necessity, was of a generalized, not a localized character, and we see less of what specifically touched Woolman's life than of what was known to be characteristic of his people and province. A praiseworthy picture might have resulted, had the author held to a clearer point of view; but a weakness in the selection of materials results in a disregard of proportion. Thus the chapter on Woolman and the Negroes dismisses ministerial tours along the Jersey coast, in New England, and in Pennsylvania with a few lines each, but includes apropos of an unimportant visit to John Smith, of Burlington, a long description of that town, extracts from Gov. Belcher's journal, B. de Warville's account of the life of the neighboring farmers, Smith's relation of a fire in the meeting-house ten years previous, and a description from a manuscript of a fine day in the meadows near by. Assuming that the author's aim was to present a smooth and comprehensive picture of colonial Quaker life, his jumble of long direct quotations is often inexcusable. It is not mentioned by Mr. Shore that George Fox and William Edmundson, visitors to the Barbados in 1671 and 1675, respectively, fifty years before Woolman's birth, initiated the crusade which regarded slavery as incompatible with Christianity, and which thereafter, as Letters and Petitions show, grew fast among Quakers. Nor does he trace the reformer's difficulty in meeting the two schools of Quakers, one the liberal followers of Penn, the other those of the more ascetic Fox. The humility of Woolman was able to fill the need for cautious tact in dealing with the wealthier Quakers without abatement of his inner zeal; and the instinctive modesty of his narrative makes necessary a careful re-definition of his performance, which this account fails to give. On the other hand, Mr. Shore's appreciation of the beauty and simplicity of Woolman's character is adequate, and these qualities are happily illustrated by anecdotes from the *Friend's Review* and elsewhere.

It is the ironic fate of the Greeks, who were the least sentimental of men, to inspire a modern literature—chiefly English—in which our strong sentimentality blooms unashamed. Pater made this respectable. When he wrote of the Greeks you could see nothing but the whites of his eyes, and his style rose to its highest expression of restrained hysteria. "The Greek Spirit," by Kate Stephens (Sturgis & Walton; $1.50 net), bears internal evidence of not having been written by Pater, but it is executed in his mood of chastened emotion. In its matter it is a good little book; the author cites no authorities, but she is plainly familiar with the recent discussions of scholars, and uses good judgment in her selection among rival theories. Her account of Orphism and the mystery religions is particularly to be commended for its presentation of new theories with a discretion that avoids their most debatable corollaries. She discusses in the light of modern scholarship the Argean civilization that preceded the Hellenic, the heroic age, and the age of personal and political democracy, dwelling on the religion, the art, and the view of life dominant in each. But her sensible judgments are clothed in a style distractingly droll, especially in comparison with the laws of prose in vogue among the people she is speaking of. Of the austere virility of Pericles's funeral oration, she says that "it glows with the amethystine light of a people's grief." In deploring the brevity of the great period, she says, "The centuries the spirit of Greece dured in splendid triumph are as the flight of a bird thro' a summer garden." Her constant violation of Aristotle's canon that prose is one thing and poetry another may unhappily do for her book what she says the poverty of the soil did for Greece, keep out "cupidious inraiders."

The volume which Henri Cordier, member of the Institut, and professor in the School of Oriental Languages of Paris, calls "Mélanges Américains" (Maisonneuve & Fils) comprises twenty-eight papers, ranging from a report on the meeting of the Eighth International Geographical Congress at Washington in 1904 to a description of the exhibits in secondary education at the St. Louis Exposition, and to non-controversial notes on Peary and Cook. The lay interest of the collection is confined to these last two contributions, and to a travel sketch of Buenos Ayres and Argentina. For the historian there are slight memoranda on unpublished Paris documents relating to Père Marquette, and on recent investigations of Columbus's life. But the author is chiefly concerned with the Congrès des Américanistes and its researches into New World archæology and ethnography. To tributes to Dr. E. T. Hamy and Gen. John Read, and digests of the 1910 and 1912 meetings, are added his own incursions into the field—bibliographical essays, and a refutation of the theory that the Chinese legend of the land of Fou-Sang argues early knowledge of North America. Much that is chaff from any point of view might profitably have been omitted. M. Cordier's aim seems to have been to reprint from scientific periodicals anything and everything he has written for a decade relating to America.

A comparative study of constitutional development and present-day administration in the United States, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, entitled "The Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire" (Little, Brown), is written by Arthur P. Poley, an English barrister of imperialistic leanings. About a third of the book is devoted to historical surveys; the remaining chapters deal with questions of public law and contemporary government. The author's method is to outline the government of each federation in turn, emphasizing points of similarity and difference as he goes along. The outcome is far from satisfactory. Superficial resemblances among these federations there are in plenty, as every student of political science knows; and superficial differences, too. But to reiterate them all in scrappy paragraphs is not to "break new ground," as Mr. Poley imagines. What we want to be told is whether all these things are merely superficial or whether they vitally affect the course of daily administration in the different lands. The experienced student of political science has long since found out that similar legal machinery turns out a different product on two sides of an ocean or at two ends of a continent. Mr. Poley has missed most of his opportunities by not carrying his study beyond the limits of merely textual comparison. The judgments meted out upon men and measures are neither sure nor suggestive. Here, for instance, is the summary estimate of Durham's great work in Canada: "His two mistakes were the passing of the ordinance deporting the prisoners and a proclamation to the people of Canada justifying his acts. His success has been justified by time" (p. 185). Surely the great tribune of colonial autonomy is entitled to a more enlightening epitaph than this! The volume makes dull reading and the author's logic is not always better than his style. "The United States," he tells us, "broke away from their Mother Country, introduced a federal system, and has prospered amazingly under it, there seems no reason, therefore, why the three Imperial Federations should not meet with at least as great a measure of success" (p. 445). Even the much-maligned American undergraduate does not often shamble his thoughts into their clothes more clumsily than that.

In Madame N. Jarintzoff's "Russia: the Country of Extremes" (Henry Holt; $4 net), we have a valuable study of a fascinating and apparently inexhaustible subject. The book had its nucleus in a number of articles published in the English reviews, yet, oddly enough, these original chapters are the least pertinent. It is in padding out her material to volume size that the author has given us her best work, and come closest to justifying the title of the book. The original articles were historical in nature, and interesting enough in a rather academic fashion. It is the chapters dealing with the Russia of to-day that give us a vivid picture of a land and a people of extremes—a land of great cruelties and enormous sensibilities, a land of despotism and extraordinary individual liberty, a

nation of illiterates swayed by doctrinaires of the book, a people of that extraordinary emotionalism which we have learned to think essential to the "Slav spirit," yet given to the remorseless application of logical principles. Excellent is the introductory chapter, The Country of Extremes, in which the author states her thesis and supports it with happily chosen illustrations. But better still is the chapter Agents Provocateurs, in which Madame Jarintzoff retells the amazing story of Father Gapon and the terrorist police spy Azeff. Even now the complete facts about these two tragic figures are inaccessible, but so far as the story can be told the writer has told it. The reader will form his conception of the land of extremes from this amazing chronicle of revolution and absolutism in a struggle in which human motive attains a complexity that is almost of the madhouse. It is difficult to say even now whether Gapon and Azeff were police spies or revolutionary agitators, because it would have been difficult for these men themselves to say what they were, so hopelessly complicated was the game which they attempted to play. In these men the extremes of the Russian nature attain a dæmonic climax.

A new book by H. Fielding Hall, "The Passing of Empire" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin; $2.50), is not altogether a wail of despair, though it certainly embodies a counsel of perfection. Mr. Hall, whose previous books on Burma have shown his sympathy with the people and contempt of received opinion, believes that the British Government suffers from fixed ideas, and his laudable object in this work is to overthrow these ideas before the ideas overthrow the empire. The government of the village should be restored to the village fathers; opium should not be prohibited entirely, as it is a useful and at times a necessary drug; local option should go "by areas and not races" (at present in the same area a man of one race is fined for that which one of another race may do). The courts, civil and criminal, are the battlefield of contending perjurers, and law is "mainly a denial of humanity and justice." What won India was English (British) personality, not ability; but nowadays all personality is swamped by education. The Indian civilian should be a good sport rather than a good scholar; this would cure him of priggishness. The district officer should be taught to "try to avoid work as much as he can"; at present he is an officious busybody. The first rule of successful government is to understand the people, and that rule is now ignored. All this is what the Indians nearer home call "good talk," and Mr. Hall's illustrative stories, gleaned from his own wide experience, are capital reading as well as striking evidence in favor of his views.

Disappointment awaits the reader of Charles W. Domville-Fife's "Guatemala and the States of Central America" (Putt; $3 net). Attractive in appearance, coming at a time when our interest in the countries of the Caribbean is greater than ever before, fairly well provided with illustrations, and apparently comprehensive in scope, it is all the more annoying to find, in the first place, that the illustrations do not illustrate the text, and in the second place, that the spirit in which the book has been written is not that of "truth at any price." Beginning with a quotation to the effect that "the lands under the political dominion of the Latin-American nations may be equalled in fertility, natural wealth, and abundance of mineral deposits elsewhere on the surface of the globe, *but they are nowhere surpassed,*" it may fairly be claimed that the note of warning is struck at once. Nevertheless, one is not prepared for such excessive praise and adulation of Estrada Cabrera, coming from the pen of an English writer, even though he did once cause universal surprise by including Guatemala in his book on "The Great States of South America." To any one who has followed the course of the Central American states during the past decade it will certainly be refreshing news to learn that Guatemala "has assumed a thoroughly settled political condition." Of course, a truculent hoodlum on whom a tyrannical schoolmaster is sitting may perhaps be said to have assumed a "thoroughly settled" position.

The author has quoted at unnecessary length from the sacred book, "Popol Vuh." He touches lightly on the Spanish conquest; although he finds space to emphasize the barbarities of the Spanish adventurers, which included "burning, dismembering, the roasting alive of children, the hanging of children by the neck to their mothers' waists, hanging above a fire, disembowelling, flogging, impaling on stakes, and mauling by dogs." These barbarities, which are pictured in the English translation of Las Casas, are accepted by Mr. Domville-Fife, as by so many of his countrymen, at their face value. It is a great pity that Professor Bourne could not have been spared a few years longer to continue his work of counteracting, in the interests of scientific history, the exaggerations of Las Casas. Mr. Domville-Fife lays great stress on the "fêtes of Minerva," with which President Cabrera has been amusing himself for several years past. That Estrada Cabrera's campaign to persuade foreigners that Guatemala is in the forefront of modern progress has not been in vain, is evidenced on nearly every page of this book. Indeed, one almost suspects that the volume must have received official sanction.

To the Biblioteca Classica Italiana Prof. Michele Scherillo, the well-known scholar of the Milan Accademia, contributes an edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," intended for "cultivated persons" and for schools. Having these readers in view, the editor omits those of the *Novelle* which he deems too coarse; but he summarizes the omitted novels without referring to their objectionable passages. His own general introduction of over seventy pages is full of erudition, and may be recommended to mature students of literature. For this excellent series Professor Scherillo has already edited Alfieri ("La Vita Nuova"), Leopardi ("I Canti"), Manzoni (plays and poems), Parini and Pellico (Milan: Hoepli; lire 4).

An illuminating view of several important periods of religious history is given in Vol. VI of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner; $7 net), containing articles Fiction-Hyksos. Among the most interesting of the lower tribes mentioned are the Hottentots (whose origin is still an enigma), the Hawaiians, the great Huron group, and the pagan Huichols of Mexico. On a higher level there is a brief but well-considered account of the Hyksos. The article "God" attempts, not unsuccessfully, a survey of the theistic beliefs of all the known peoples of the world; but to the present reviewer it seems a pity that in the opening section of this composite article, entitled "Primitive and Savage," Andrew Lang has repeated at some length his favorite view that the idea of a supreme being, an All-Father, often self-existent, creative, and ethical, is widely diffused among savage peoples—his argument, giving a one-sided picture of early life, can hardly fail to be misleading, an unwelcome attachment to his great services to the early history of religious conceptions. There are short articles on various subordinate deities and other mythological figures. The history of Christian thought is illustrated by a number of separate studies, condensed but clear. The article "Gospels" sets forth some leading principles of Gospel-criticism, but its conclusion must be checked by consultation of fuller discussions. There is a convenient outline of Gnostic teaching, and a welcome sketch of the constitution and present condition of the Greek Orthodox Church, supplemented by accounts of Humanism and Gallicanism. It will be a surprise to many to find the Gypsies included among Christians, but the documents cited cannot be ignored. In the excellent description of the varied fortunes of the Huguenots the importance of the political element, especially under Richelieu (the unity of France), might perhaps be brought out more prominently. The complicated question of the Holy Grail is fairly treated.

The article "Hinduism" may be called an admirable feat of organization. To give an intelligible sketch of the vast mass of religious thought in the India of the last dozen centuries requires not only minute knowledge of customs, but also perception of their organic relations and historical development; and the article furnishes much desired information about the actual religious life of present-day India. To the literature on the Granth (the Sikh sacred writings) should now be added M. Bloomfield's paper on "Studies in the History of Religions presented to C. H. Toy." The Iranian religion is represented by the articles Fravashis, Gabars (the remnant of the Persian Zoroastrians), and Haoma; in the last-named it would have been well to state clearly, for the benefit of the general reader, that the origin of the name of the plant, referred to on p. 506 f., from the alleged pious sage Haoma, is merely a bit of folklore. For the religion of the Hittites there is a well-considered summary of the details now accessible. A very useful sketch is the article "Greek Religion," which gives the elements of the Hellenic cultus, and traces its development, by periods, down to the disappearance of Greek independence; it is an authoritative introduction to the more extended discussion of the subject. The less-known Græco-Egyptian religion is treated also in an illumining way—the rôle of the Sarapis cult (though its origin is still obscure) is well brought out; the limits of the article exclude the later history of the Isis cult.

In addition to these studies of the great religions, many important early customs are described, among which may be specially mentioned the widely diffused custom of human sacrifice. There is a considerable list of moral and religious qualities, holiness being treated as originally a form of taboo; and, as bearing on the moral culture of the

community, the Mendelian theory (in the article "Heredity") is expounded at length, with a timely warning against rash "eugenic" legislation, especially the attempt to control marriage. Not a few fundamental questions (First Cause, Free Will, Good and Evil) in the sphere of philosophy are treated in detail, and generally freely and cautiously, and philosophers from Heraclitus to T. H. Green receive due mention. Account is taken also of such writers as Goethe, Heine, and Herder. The article "Fiction" gives a substantially full survey of works of fiction, with estimates of their literary value, in all parts of the world from the earliest times to the present, and a few sentences are devoted to those of them that discuss religious questions; but more space might be given in this Encyclopædia to the contributions made in many modern novels to the history of actual religious and moral life, apart from dogma and speculation, under the conditions that confront men and women in ordinary experiences.

One of the best books called forth by the Federal Income Tax law is that edited by Henry Campbell Black, and published by the Vernon Law Book Company, of Kansas City, Mo. Like others of its class, its primary purpose is the preëmption of this field of legal literature, while the editor is waiting for Federal decisions which shall give an authoritative construction to this somewhat novel piece of Federal legislation. The "watchful waiting" character of the book is attested by the Appendix, constituting about one-third of the volume and containing not only the Act of 1913, but all prior Federal income tax statutes, as well as the various State enactments on this topic. Mr. Black holds the opinion that all of this legislation will be treated by the Federal courts *in pari materia;* and that the judicial decisions interpreting the earlier statutory provisions will have value as precedents, when similar provisions of the Federal act are to be construed and applied. The author has gained an excellent reputation as a writer upon constitutional law and the interpretation of statutes, which will secure respectful consideration for the views which he presents on the new Income Tax law. Many of the principles to be applied in controversies under this statute have been worked out by English courts and by some of our tribunals. These are presented with clearness by the author and supported by abundant citations. Treasury decisions under the act of 1913 have been carefully analyzed, and the treatise shows every indication of desire and ability on Mr. Black's part to make it a serviceable and trustworthy hand-book on income-tax law in the United States.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* warns publishers against the delusion of supposing that the public craves "vest-pocket" editions in small print on India paper. The question arises in connection with a 48mo edition of the Breviary, in which, it is alleged, the type is undesirably small, while the paper is so fine in texture that the keenest razor is too blunt to separate two pages stuck together. The critic maintains that the day is past for squat little books of this kind. People do not really want publications that will go into the vest pocket. They much prefer editions after the model of the Dent classics, whose vogue is largely due to the handiness and attractiveness of their format. An essential to real portability is a certain slimness of form, which allows a book to lie evenly and unobtrusively along the person.

The Congress of Ethnology and Ethnography, which lately met at Neuchâtel, was largely attended. It is needless to say that Switzerland presents a field of extraordinary interest to specialists in these departments. There is probably no other country which presents so completely and so variously the *monumenta* of past civilizations—lacustre, Helvetic, Roman, and mediæval. They are piled one upon the other like the geological strata in the Alpine rocks. Consequently, at the present time, when old Switzerland is fast disappearing on account of the exploitation of the country for the benefit of foreign tourists, it is felt that no time should be lost in studying with increasing zeal the peculiarities, archæological, anthropological, and ethnological, which are everywhere in evidence. Even on the surface, the characteristics which distinguish populations living shoulder to shoulder, like those of Grisons, Valais, and the Bernese Oberland, are plainly marked. Not long ago the Swiss Institute of Anthropology was founded at Geneva, which has lately begun the publication of a review: *Archives suisses d'Anthropologie générale.* Hitherto, the publications on this subject by Swiss authors saw the light only in foreign periodicals.

The valuable mural paintings which are so numerous at Bâle are engaging the attention of conservators of art. Among these paintings, the best are to be found in the Münster, in the Predigerkirche, and in the Peterskirche. Some of these artistic treasures at Bâle date from the early Middle Ages. Some were injured in the earthquake of 1356; others have been damaged by the artificial heating of buildings, or by the infiltration of moisture. It is proposed, not to undertake the restoration of the paintings, but only to preserve the colors and to prevent further decay.

The question, what is Switzerland to do with its already large, and always growing, foreign population is discussed in a short treatise entitled "Un Problème National. La Population Etablie en Suisse." The author is Albert Picot, a well-known Geneva advocate. He examines his problem from every point of view, presents interesting statistics as to the peaceful foreign invasion of Switzerland, points out the dangers, and suggests certain remedies. The subject has already given rise to discussions which are to be found in official reports and in pamphlets. To counteract the denationalization of Switzerland, caused by the influx of strangers, M. Picot, following the opinion of the Government commission appointed to inquire into the matter, recommends: (1.) Conservation of the *jus sanguinis* (the nationality of the parents attributed to the children) for foreigners who remain only temporarily in Swiss territory. (2.) Adoption of the *jus soli* (the attribution to the child of the nationality of his birthplace) for children whose father is a native of Switzerland, for children whose mother is a native of Switzerland, and for children whose father or mother has lived in Switzerland for ten years. (3.) Opportunity granted to foreigners to acquire full naturalization (nationalité) if they have been born in Switzerland or have been resident there for fifteen years.

Students of representative government will find much that is interesting in the debates of the Swiss National Council this summer on the question of proportional representation. The system, already adopted in certain cantons, seems to have worked well, especially in preventing certain unnatural alliances between political parties in the minority which were not favorable to political ethics. The debates, while they have not presented much that was new or profound from the scientific point of view, have been serious and on a high plane. The testimony as to the workings of the system of proportional representation, given by practical politicians, furnishes interesting reading.

Science

MORRIS LOEB.

The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb. By T. W. Richards. Harvard University Press. $2 net.

Under this title Professor Richards has edited all of Dr. Loeb's publications on scientific topics, and parts of several essays found in manuscript, adding a few prefatory pages which contain a fitting appreciation of the life and character of the author. The volume is published as a memorial to a man of rare gifts and of many-sided activities, and the papers are of interest as the thoughtful and suggestive contributions of one of the American pioneers of the new physical chemistry. One of the papers, on "The Fundamental Ideas of Physical Chemistry," is of especial significance, as it forms one of the very first presentations of the subject on this side of the Atlantic, and is by a chemist fresh from the inspiring instruction of Ostwald and Nernst. Among the other papers are: "Das Phosgen und seine Abkömmlinge," Loeb's inaugural dissertation for his doctorate at Berlin in 1887; "Coal Tar Colors," an encyclopædia article; "Osmotic Pressure"; "Electrolytic Dissociation"; "Atoms and Molecules," a popular address; "Hypothesis of Radiant Matter"; "Sir Isaac Newton"; and "Oliver Wolcott Gibbs." There are also an address on "The Conditions Affecting Chemistry in New York," the presidential address at the opening of the Chemists' Building, and a number of papers giving the results of various investigations.

Morris Loeb graduated from Harvard in 1883, and afterwards studied under Hofmann in Berlin, where he took his doctor's degree in 1887. He then spent some months in Heidelberg and Leipzig. On his return to this country in 1888 he was so thoroughly imbued with love for science that the brilliant financial position open to him in his father's banking house was ignored, and, after a short time as voluntary private assistant to his former teacher, Wolcott Gibbs, he became docent at Clark University, and two years later professor of chemistry at New York University. This professorship he held for fifteen years, resigning in 1906,

not from loss of interest in chemistry or teaching, but because of the pressure of many outside demands and the responsibilities which came to him at this time.

He always maintained a private laboratory where he continued his investigations as opportunity permitted. In 1908 he was appointed one of the committee of the Harvard overseers to visit the Chemical Laboratory, and it was on his initiative and through the gift of $50,000 from his brother and himself that the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory for research was founded at Harvard.

Another enterprise which took much of his time was the Chemists' Club of New York, and it was largely through his exertions and generosity that the dignified building on Forty-first Street, with its admirable library, its laboratories, and its various provisions for comfort and service, was erected. The large plan for usefulness to the chemists of the country which has been carried out in this unique chemical centre reflects Dr. Loeb's broad-minded attitude of service to his fellows. The Chemists' Club is much more than a clubhouse for local members; it contains an auditorium for scientific lectures, a large and increasing chemical library administered in the interests of all who care to use it, and well-equipped laboratories for private rental.

Dr. Loeb did much to stimulate interest in the notable Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, held in Washington and New York in the summer of 1912, and contributed largely to the success of the meeting. The illness which caused his death on October 8, 1912, is believed to have been due to his over-exertion in welcoming at Washington the delegates to the Congress.

Morris Loeb was a man of high ideals, of keen sympathy, of unselfish and generous devotion to the improvement of the lot of the poor and unfortunate; and his large charitable work, his liberal benefactions, and helpful acts were so modestly carried out that they were almost unknown by the general public.

From among the many tributes to Dr. Loeb's memory which are collected in a memorial volume privately printed by the Chemists' Club, we may quote the following as summing up the general appreciation of his life and character:

Morris Loeb, chemist, investigator, educator, upright and useful citizen, altruist, philanthropist, generous patron and benefactor of art, of sciences, and of all good works, ever ready to bear more than his share of the burdens of the community, and always to be found on the side of righteousness, justice, and truth, lived his life of quiet power without arrogance or display. Always modest concerning his own distinguished career and many accomplishments, with charity towards all and unkind criticism of none, he was ever a courteous, genial, and polished gentleman of high ideals, whose chief aim and purpose was to be of assistance to his fellow-men, and who realized to the full that the highest reward of service is the privilege of having been of service.

Drama and Music

A SUCCESSFUL ITALIAN DRAMATIST.

SEM BENELLI'S STAGE ARCHITECTURE.

Sem Benelli has enjoyed a fair success on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. What shall we say of the extraordinary enthusiasm he awakens in the Italian public? The reception of the "Cena delle beffe" ("The Practical Joke") was comparable only to that of Rostand's "Cyrano" in Paris. His latest triumph, "La Gorgona," the seventh now that he has witnessed, shows that whatever may be the scope of his genius, Sem Benelli has at least caught the secret of moving his contemporaries to a degree that few dramatists of the day have attained.

Sem Benelli's friends have been quick to point out in his verse a rhythm new to the tradition of the Italian classic stage. He has, they say, recreated the eleven-syllable line, bringing it back to conversational reality, freeing it from artificial transpositions, from a general tone of conventionality. Academic criticism is prone to refer to such technical causes phenomena that are really deeper and more vital. If there be in Sem Benelli's poetry a naturalness hitherto lacking to the Italian verse drama, surely it is not merely a question of the position of a cæsura. His alleged superior naturalness must be due rather to a clearer view of reality itself. The objectification of that vision may perhaps demand a modification of inherited poetic conventions. But to understand his art we must do more than isolate these superficial characteristics, which are not the cause but the remote results of his distinctive individuality.

To get a candid view of Sem Benelli, we must brush aside some of the fustian he holds out to his public and possibly to himself. "No people," he says in prelude to "La maschera di Bruto" ("The False Patriot"), "continues in legend the life of its ancestors as does the Florentine," the Italian. The cult of the past is, in fact, one of the great motives in Italian life and letters; that is why Futurism is predominantly an Italian question in art, one extreme producing another. Sem Benelli means to avail himself of this interest in ancient things. He lays his "Love of the Three Kings" in the times of the barbaric invasions. His Rosmunda harks back to Belisarius. The Medicean court of the Renaissance suggests two of his plays; academic life of the sixteenth century another. And now his "Gorgona" utilizes memories of mediæval Pisa. I say utilizes; for in the "Gorgona," as in the other plays, the rôle of history is merely that of a device. It lends probability to various mechanical assemblings of situation out of which emotions may be made to spring. It arouses a sense of vagueness, abstracting the audience from the pressure of immediate associations. Sem Benelli, if he were frank with himself, would admit that to what is not real in his constructions he gives the mask of reality by submerging it in the hazy atmosphere of the past, an atmosphere as hazy as possible. In no one of his plays does he raise an historical question, or reintegrate an historical figure. Not even his Lorenzino requires the author's assurance that "he has lived in his spiritual companionship"; for no one cares, artistically speaking, whether Lorenzino dei Medici was a false patriot or not. Sem Benelli's history is a pose: in this phase of his work he illustrates an hypocrisy common enough in contemporary Italian art to furnish a pretext for the Futurist revolt.

The words "art" and "poetry" are frequent on Sem Benelli's lips. He is proud of his "mesta poesia," that lingers so willingly around love and death, that strikes, indeed, a note of yearning melancholy here and there, but that always struts with an air of self-consciousness. In it, too, much is fustian. His love-making never rises above romanticist banality. There is the expression of passion, then the expansion of it in the customary imagery of the flower, the star, the dream. It is in the "Mantellaccio" ("The Comedians") that Sem Benelli's pose as well as the limitations of his verse become most apparent. There the Novice, a fading echo of Cyrano, wins Sylvia, who recalls Roxane, with the sincerity of his poetry, thrown into contrast with the academic drool of the Ardente. After all, Sem Benelli but substitutes the platitudes of neo-romanticism for the platitudes of the Seicento: "Well I know the silent palpitation of thy fair green," the Novice says to the Emerald mask, "the living image of the placid life that is born of dreams from mountain top to deep of sea. Thy garb of emerald recalls to me the joy of my freedom, when, lost in the open fields, I followed my own fancies, forest birds that forever eluded me, and I found the infinite charm of jewels like unto thyself and thy companions. . . ." "Oh, let me leave thee," says Lamberto to Gorgona, "let me leave thee with my lips' thirst quenched with the warm fragrance of thy breath. Thy kiss, thy kiss, oh dear one, is now more sacred than the limitless love of all that lives. . . . Thou smilest more sweetly than the isle that bears thy name mid the waves of the tempest. . . . Oh the infinite, inexhaustible caress of thy wild voice, thy torrential voice, thy voice of night, thy voice of prayer. Thou didst sing to me thy burning love: it awakened me, it soothed me to sleep. . . ."

It may mean little to say that every schoolboy in Italy has been doing this for a century past. But surely a public that has known a Carducci and a D'Annunzio will not ratify the journalistic criticism which heralds in such work the rejuvenation of Italian verse.

We cannot, of course, dissociate Sem Benelli's characters from the language they speak. The vacuity of the one is the vacuity of the other. If there be one serious attempt at psychological analysis in his work,

It is in the Giullano of "La Tignola" ("The Bookworm"). Here is a case of the proletarian who has read too much; before the mind of a book-store clerk unfold the glorious visions of Socialism and revolution. On the back of a politician he rises within reach of power. At the crucial moment, when he is called upon to make a hypocritical campaign speech, his flight fails. "For you," says the Duke to Giuliano, "I am an adventurer. I spur you to action. I urge you to overcome certain scruples, certain sickly reluctances. And you accuse me of insincerity. I will tell you one thing: your uprightness is a poor justification of your weakling's soul. You like the small, the insignificant, the cosey nook by the fire with the musty odor of books, the painful sacrifice, useless precisely because performed in the dark. You abhor the spotlight, you prefer to gnaw away in obscurity. On that puny background, on the background of your bookstore, you, like so many others, appear heroic. You made a mistake in leaving it. It was your natural element."

Sem Benelli has an interesting problem here: what are the psychological restraints that confront the "academic" temperament in the struggle with affairs? There are in this play a variety of situations, of which I have given the Duke's interpretation. That interpretation should have come from Giuliano himself. The only modern subject in Sem Benelli's plays, as well as his single prose production, the "Bookworm," has been also the least successful. It lacks the distinctive element in Sem Benelli's special power.

This, I have said, is not in history, nor in poetry, nor in character-building. When Sem Benelli's friends have wearied of foisting upon him a literary eminence he does not deserve and cannot sustain, they will recognize in him a scenic artist of unusual skill and daring. It is daring, for instance, to kill the heroine in the third act of "The Love of the Three Kings." In Butti's "Castle of Dreams" there is the same stroke; but Butti fell back on the "House of Usher" of Poe, and produced a resurrection. Sem Benelli surmounts the difficulty in the figure of the blind king, whose uncanny determination to discover the lover of his son's wife sustains interest to the end. Will Rosmunda destroy Alboin? There is no doubt of that from the second act. But it is daring to shift the emphasis from Alboin to Elmichi, as Sem Benelli does in rapidly developing the part of the subaltern towards the end of the play. Stripping "La Gorgona" of its dross, we get back to a perfect bit of stage mechanism: a tangle of unyielding sense of honor in Marcello, of feminine sensibility restrained by an ironclad vow in Gorgona, of intrepid passion in Lamberto. Lamberto must die, of course, but in an unforeseen way. There is simple vaudeville fun in the "Cena delle beffe" and in the "Mantellaccio" ("The Comedians"); an audience will crowd even to a picture-play to see a man undress inside a barrel, and to see a philanderer tied helpless in a chair at the mercy of his victims. If, as in "The False Patriot," a poet, in love with his aunt, kills his uncle, something exciting is sure to happen. No one knows this better than Sem Benelli. These artificial situations are dressed for public parade with a perfect sense of stage effect: historical "atmosphere," romanticist commonplaces unrolled in a fluent verse, and if this is not sufficient, music itself, are brought in to detract attention from the unreality of the wax and sawdust mannequins that people Sem Benelli's artistic world. His name has been used too often as a parasol for D'Annunzio. It could better serve as a refutation of the old saw that Italians have no control over dramatic technique.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

The mad race for something new, which lately prompted the Russian composer, Scriabine, to call perfumes and colors to the aid of his symphonic music, has resulted in Paris in an equally odd experiment, by the opera composer, Isidore de Lara, in uniting speech and operatic song with moving pictures. This "poetic and musical fantasy" is called "Don Juan," and at the performance it was preceded by the playing of Massenet's "Don Juan," the recitation of Baudelaire's "Don Juan," and the singing of airs from Mozart's opera of the same name. In De Lara's "fantasy" three young women, who are unhappy though married, tell one another their adventures with a strangely fascinating man who made love to them in turn in the park. The cinematograph pictures the details. Then this irresistible man appears on the stage. The three husbands run on, too, rapier in hand, and ask who he is. He replies, in "a song of much dramatic power," that he is the immortal Don Juan, the genius of the species. The husbands lunge at him, and he vanishes, while the three wives, who have appeared in the background, burst out laughing. Isidore de Lara frankly admits that he is the librettist and moving-picture arranger, as well as the composer, of this curiosity.

The playwright who arranged "Sumurun" has written a libretto which is to be set to music by Paul von Klenau, the composer of the opera "Sulamith." The hero of this forthcoming opera is one of Holberg's most amusing characters, the peasant Jeppe.

One of the novelties of the next opera season in Boston is to be Weingartner's new opera, "Cain and Abel," which will be given under his own direction. He is to be the chief conductor through two months. "Parsifal" is to be added to the repertory.

According to the most trustworthy of all musical books of reference, Riemann's "Musik-lexikon," Paganini was born October 27, 1782. In the latest biography of this famous Italian violinist, by Julius Kappe (Berlin: Shuster & Loeffler), the date is given as February 18, 1784; but the author does not give his authority therefor. Kappe calls this biography of Paganini "The Romance of His Life," and there is no lack of curious incidents to justify this sub-title. The book includes an estimate of the famous Italian's art by the most popular of present-day teachers of his instrument, Sévczik.

The Harvard *Musical Review* tells a harrowing tale of the difficulties in the way of maintaining an orchestra in a university. The Pierian Sodality is an ancient and honorable organization, dating back to the time when its name probably did not seem ridiculous; yet it will never rival its neighbor, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, if only for the reason that every year one-quarter of its members depart and are replaced by freshmen. A still greater drawback lies in the fact that the conductor never knows how many of the different kinds of instruments will be at his disposal. For instance, during the past term there was a dearth of certain wind instruments, the orchestra having to do without horns or oboes, but being well supplied with flutes, clarinets, trumpets, and trombones. In other years the situation has been reversed. "One year there will be a perfect balance between the sections, and the next there may be a complete absence of inner parts, necessitating an elaborate system of *culing* among the violas and 'cellos."

For less than two dollars it will be possible this summer to hear Wagner's four Nibelung operas in Berlin, as presented in the Theater des Westens by the ensemble of the New Opera of Hamburg. Before the expiration of the copyright, an invasion of this kind would have been impossible. The enterprise is managed by the "Neue Freie Volksbühne," or People's Theatre, an organization which has for one of its objects the gratification of those who cannot afford to patronize the regular theatres or opera houses. It numbers at present about 50,000 members. The initiation fee is twenty-four cents, and the average price for an operatic or theatrical performance is about the same.

Art

THE LAVERY EXHIBITION.

LONDON, July 3.

A retrospective exhibition is a test from which many artists shrink. But John Lavery can face it with the courage of a man who knows that the stage of success and popularity he has reached makes everything he has done and may do acceptable in England. In the catalogue of his show recently opened at the Grosvenor Gallery, is a list of the honors heaped upon him at home and on the Continent. In the Gallery his large royal group, exhibited last year at the Academy, holds the most important centre and serves as a reminder that he has attained the distinction perhaps most craved by, certainly most useful to, the fashionable portrait painter. Altogether, he can afford to be sure of himself and his place, and, in this pleasant confidence, he has withheld next to nothing from the present collection.

The earliest painting dates back to 1879-80, the latest from the present year; in between is a long series, though by no means exhaustive, filling the four rooms and the entrance hall of the Grosvenor Gallery: an amazing proof of his industry and facility. It is this that strikes one first—the enormous amount of work he has accomplished in the last thirty-four years, and also, it should be added, the excellent level of workmanship he has managed to maintain. But

one is even more struck with the fact that his most interesting work is his earliest. In it his development can be traced through the various influences under which he came. There are paintings which seem to show him lingering before the shrine of Bastien-Lepage, still the great master when Lavery was young. There are others, a far larger number, from the time when he, as one of the little group of men who called themselves the Glasgow School, exhibited with them at the old Grosvenor Gallery—the last exhibition given at the old Grosvenor—when they took London, or rather critical London, by storm. One by one, I see again the familiar canvases—the Ariadne, the Tennis Party, the Dawn after Langside, 1568, the often-painted Bridge at Grez, the numerous portraits—that appeared in the now famous Grosvenor exhibition, or at the shows of the then youthful New English Art Club, or in his own first "one-man" show at the Goupil Gallery.

The painters of the Glasgow School were the first to tell you that their masters were McTaggert—now as then all too little known outside of Scotland—the Japanese, and Whistler; indeed, they did more than tell you, they insisted with a good deal of emphasis upon the recognition of their artistic genealogy. It is difficult to trace McTaggert in Lavery, but his debt to Whistler and the Japanese is not far to seek. From them he learned to respect decorative value in his design, to appreciate the manner of placing a subject on his canvas, and the importance of a definite decorative scheme.

Much may always be learned by following the growth of the student, or the young artist, through the successive influences to which he has willingly, even obsequiously, submitted. But the survival of interest depends upon the success with which he realizes his own individuality in the process and expresses it after he has ceased to be the student or the disciple. This is the point, the honest must admit, where Lavery's work begins to be less stimulating. He long continued to be influenced by others. One later portrait suggests de la Gandara, another Courtois, and a third to-morrow may recall somebody else. But all the same, in the 'nineties he began to be unmistakably Lavery—and Lavery arrived does not quite fulfil the promise of Lavery studying and struggling to arrive. He has never forgotten the decorative truths taught to him by Whistler and the Japanese. It is seldom that his figure or his composition is not well placed on his canvas—one reason why his paintings are at a first glance usually so pleasing. But in emancipating Lavery, he evolved Lavery mannerisms. One after another of his later triumphs, belonging to the period when the Glasgow School had ceased to be more than a memory, are included: Spring, Father and Daughter, lent by the Luxembourg; R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, lent by the Corporation of Glasgow; The Lady in Pink, lent by the municipality of the City of Venice; many others lent by national or municipal galleries, innumerable portraits of himself, his wife, his daughter, a long succession of women of fashion. The names of his sitters and his patrons in the catalogue alone explain the popular eminence he has achieved, the official patronage he has received. But you cannot see so many of his paintings together without realizing the monotony of color, the artificiality of pose, the reduction of life and character to a formula, the subserviency to the fashionable sitter, which are now the chief characteristics of his portraits. Of late he has been working in Tangier, there painting marines and landscapes full of reminiscences of Whistler, and it may be that, in the end, this healthy escape from the London studio will help him to free himself from the heavy yoke of fashion to which only the genius among portrait painters never bows the neck. N. N.

We have received the "Catalogue of Books Relating to Architecture, Construction, and Decoration in the Public Library of the City of Boston," which has now appeared in a second edition, with an additional section on City Planning. It is published by the trustees of the Boston Public Library.

The most "lyrical" of the year's paintings in Paris is the work of a woman. Mademoiselle Hélène Dufau has long painted decorations for orders that men successful in the art might well envy—at the Sorbonne, for the house of the poet Rostand, and others of like spread. From her beginning with a Marie Bashkirtseff in 1895, she had a succession of high honors until, in 1909, the state knighted her in the Legion of Honor. This year she exhibits a mural decoration "not made to order"—presumably to content herself. It is Eros and Psyché in an Earthly Garden. Like most earthly things, the garden is very solid, and it is shimmering in splendor, and the figures are very light and ethereal and pagan as Love and the Soul are apt to be, and there is animated Nature rich with tigers and nymphs.

The work contrasts with the numerous and vast mural paintings of male artists—which have been ordered—and which seem to show that these Latin countries of repose are losing, with men at least, their artistic emotions under modern pressure. An exception—and even he won his first honors thirty-one years ago—is Ernest Laurent, who may still stand for New Art in portraits, though he seems utterly a stranger to Americans. The truth is he gives no sign of commercial sense, but he has had votes from brother artists for the grand Medal of Honor. His work is discreet, intimate, of affection that runs not the streets nor turns the home into a stage for those whose pleasure is excitement and publicity—portraits of what the French call the "interior," with gentle lights and dainty colors for furnishings as of some hidden house of life. Rochegrosse, who was once the coming master, frankly acknowledges this dying out of poetic emotion in the title of his big picture, The Death of the Purple. Amid the smoke of factories, a figure radiating light from purple drapery, lies prone, clutching a lyre—and a man in coarse brown modern coat stands sobbing. And some say it is the death of Poesy in our material age, and others that it is Nero or whosoever represents Culture and Power.

The collections of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, known as the Musée Condé, are described by Mrs. J. P. Richter in a sumptuous volume with profuse and excellent illustrations, under the title "Chantilly" (Scribner; $6 net). The text of the work is rather agreeable than important, and consists of two parts, a gossiping account of the history of Chantilly and a desultory description of the treasures housed there. But as a picture-book it is full of delights. The Musée Condé is famous, in particular, for its specimens of the French primitives. It contains the "Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry," by Pol de Limbourg and his brothers, the Book of Hours executed for Etienne Chevalier by Jean Fouquet, and numerous examples of the work of their successors in French portraiture, culminating in the drawings of Jean and François Clouet. While presenting examples of the wide range of the collections, from an archaic Greek bronze Athena to a blatant Détaille, Mrs. Richter has wisely concentrated on early French art, and has rendered a service by making thus accessible a group of admirable reproductions of work too little known by the general public.

Finance

OUR GREAT WHEAT CROP.

There were two points on which interest and curiosity converged in last week's monthly Government crop report—the height to which the estimate of wheat yield had been raised and the initial indication of the corn crop. For the wheat crop—of which the greater part is now practically harvested—the Department of Agriculture's figures are most extraordinary. The average condition assigned to the winter-sown wheat is not only 12½ per cent. above the July condition of last year's record-breaking winter crop, but nearly 14 per cent. above the ten-year average.

Never but once in the thirty-five past years has the present condition been exceeded in July, and then (in 1891) the acreage under winter wheat was smaller by 25 per cent. than it is to-day. When a veteran wheat operator in Chicago, after the Government's April estimate, predicted a total wheat yield of 900,000,000 bushels, or 18 per cent. above the previous maximum, he was looked upon as a dreamer. But the Department itself last week foreshadowed a total crop of no less than 930,000,000.

The great Southwestern drought of 1913, with a resultant loss of 420,000,000 bushels from the July estimate on the corn crop, and the smallest yield in eleven years, left something for 1914 to correct. How much of the interior trade depression, since last autumn, was a consequence of this harvest shortage, it is impossible to say. Farm communities which, instead of having a huge surplus of their staple product to sell, are compelled to buy corn from elsewhere to feed their own cattle, are not very likely to be heavy purchasers of Eastern merchandise. Every one knows into what depths of depression the

failure of the corn crop in 1894 plunged the United States.

Last week's estimate on the corn crop was the first of the present season. Its condition, 85.8 per cent., was 1 per cent. above the July average of the past ten years, and the present indicated yield would, if fulfilled, be exceeded only by the harvests of 1912, 1910, and 1906. On the other hand, condition, acreage, and indicated yield were all higher still in July a year ago; yet the crop in the end ran disastrously short. But even when that July report of 1913 was being published, the cornfields of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, long ill-supplied with moisture, were beginning to wither in the drought. Last month's abundant rainfall made it possible for the Government, in its weekly bulletin of June 30, to say that conditions in that section were "in the main ideal," and to add, a week ago, that "the crop is in excellent condition."

Early in the present year, an eminent financier, noted as one of the most astute and successful forecasters of the movements of finance, had this to say of the American situation: The January rise on the Stock Exchange and the February spurt of recovery in trade were quite false starts; there was much to be liquidated and overcome, in our own and the foreign markets, before any genuine trade revival could begin. The framework was already sound and strong in its fundamentals; but we must not delude ourselves into thinking that a period of gloom and despondency, between then and the middle of 1914, could be avoided. When that psychological moment should arrive—so the forecast proceeded—everything would depend upon the harvest. If we had crops of average magnitude, the real recovery would begin.

The middle of 1914 has arrived, and Nature has certainly done her part. It has been as nearly perfect a season for the fortunes of the great winter wheat crop as the vicissitudes of seasons can permit. The richest production has fallen to the lot of the very section which was hit hardest and which suffered longest by the corn shortage of 1913. The long blanket of heavy winter snows, which prepared the ground and helped along the summer rainfall for the early-planted wheat, has done the same service for the corn crop. If complaint is made that the quite unparalleled magnitude of the wheat harvest is forcing down the price, the answer is that records have been broken, not only in the total yield, but in the average yield per acre. This means that the wheat which an individual farmer has to sell has increased in an unusual ratio—not that his market for an ordinary supply from his own farm is taken away by other competing producers.

Undoubtedly, there is left the question whether, even so, the price of wheat will hold on a basis remunerative to the farmer throughout the season. That depends mainly on two things—his financial or physical facilities for selling his product gradually, so as not to overwhelm the market all at once, and the season's harvests in the foreign wheat-producting states, which will regulate European demand for our own great export surplus. The harvest is of such utterly abnormal magnitude that the first of these considerations is more perplexing than usual. The second must be largely left for later developments.

One of our greatest competitors in the world's wheat-consuming market—India—has run 44,000,000 bushels short of last year's production, which would leave her much the smallest yield in half a dozen years. Of Hungary, the fourth largest European wheat producer, the Liverpool and Vienna trade dispatches report the outlook as distinctly unfavorable. It seems already certain that Russia cannot possibly duplicate its great crop of last year, and meantime the reserve of old wheat in the world's storehouses and ocean grain fleets is 28,000,000 bushels under last July. All these are influences which will operate favorably towards finding a market for our own huge wheat crop.

But it is still too early to be sure what will happen to the rest of the foreign harvests. These shortages may yet be made up elsewhere; one is not apt to learn the full facts as to the international harvest until far on in the summer. Even in such years as 1897 and 1879, when our own bumper wheat crop came to market in a European famine season—with remarkable results on American commerce and finance—it was August before we really knew what had happened in the foreign grain-fields.

It is not, however, too early to direct attention to the manner in which the Western farmer greets the news of the record-breaking harvest, as contrasted with the attitude of the Southern planter when his bumper cotton crops of 1904 and 1911 began to move. No one has heard of Kansas farmers holding conventions to propose that somebody make a bonfire of his wheat. No conventions of wheat growers are being held, and no conclaves of United States Senators from the grain belt, to insist that Congress do something instantly to insure the maintenance, in a full-crop season, of the prices reached in a famine year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Brown. Alice. My Love and I. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Dixon, Thomas. The Victim. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Harrison, H. A Lad of Kent. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Mabie, L. K. The Lights Are Bright. Harper. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Andreyev, Leonid. Love of One's Neighbor. Albert & Charles Boni. 40 cents net.
Everyman's Library: Poetry and the Drama. Björnson's Plays. Hebbel's Plays. The Grettir Saga. The Two Boyhoods and Other Pages and Passages. Asgard and the Norse Heroes. Eric and Enid. Dutton. 35 cents net each.
Flexner, B., and Baldwin, R. N. Juvenile Courts and Probation. Century.
Gollancz, Herman. Sepher Maphteah Shelomo. (Book of the Key of Solomon.) London: Oxford University Press. Price, £2 2s. net.
Home University Library: The Growth of Europe. William Morris. The Wars Between England and America. Chaucer and His Times. Holt. 50 cents net each.
Keltie, J. S. The Statesman's Year-Book, 1914. Macmillan. $3.
Lamb, W. R. M. Clio Enthroned. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $3.
Lowe, Orton. Literature for Children. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Lynch, Ella F. Educating the Child at Home. Harper. $1 net.
McGraw, J. J. How to Play Baseball. Harper. 60 cents.
Porterfield, A. W. German Romanticism. Ginn. $1 net.
Robertson, J. L. Nature in Books. Oxford University Press.
Sears, F. W. How to Attract Success. New Thought Publishers. $1.80.
Southard, C. Z. Trout Fly-Fishing in America. Illustrated. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler. The Art of Being Alive. Harper. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Blakiston. The Bible of To-day. Cambridge: University Press. 3s. net.
Meyer, F. B. Through the Bible Day by Day. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.
Wasson, Rev. E. A. Religion and Drink. Burr Printing House.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cantrill, T. G. Coal Mining. Putnam. 40 cents net.
Kirkaldy, A. W. Economics and Syndicalism. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 40 cents.
Opdycke, J. B. News, Ads, and Sales. The Use of English for Commercial Purposes. Macmillan. $1.25.
Owen, D. Ocean Trade and Shipping. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $3.25.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Baerlein, Henry. Mexico: The Land of Unrest. Lippincott. $2 net.
Hill, R. A. P. The British Revolution. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 50 cents.
Howard, McHenry. Recollections of a Maryland Confederate Soldier and Staff Officer. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co.
King, Wilson. German Three Cities. Dutton. $4 net.
Leyland, J. The Royal Navy. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 40 cents.
Maccoll, Malcolm. Memoirs and Correspondence. Ed. by G. W. E. Russell. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Rapson, E. J. Ancient India. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 75 cents.
Vizetelly, Ernest A. My Days of Adventure. London: Ghatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage. London.
Who's Who, 1914. Macmillan.

SCIENCE.

Broad, C. D. Perception, Physics and Reality. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $3.
Glover, W. Know Your Own Mind. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 60 cents.
Procter, H. R. The Making of Leather. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 40 cents.
Sampson, R. A. The Sun. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 40 cents.
Savage, W. G. Food and Water. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). $2.25.
Sidgwick, Alfred. Elementary Logic. Cambridge University Press (Putnam). 90 cents.
Snell, J. F. Elementary Household Chemistry. Macmillan.
Wallas, Graham. The Great Society. Macmillan. $2.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Kasper, R. A. The Man You Love. Boston: R. G. Badger. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bookman, C. M. Business Arithmetic. American Book Company. 65 cents.
Des Imagistes: An Anthology. Albert & Charles Boni. 40 cents net.

Eisendrath, B. G. Poems. Bloch Publishing Company.

Kemp, Harry. The Thresher's Wife. Albert & Charles Boni. 40 cents net.

Rogers, G. B., and Kirtland, J. C. An Introduction to Latin. Macmillan. 85 cents.

Gilbert Murray's

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914.

Summary of the News

Events have moved rapidly in Mexico. On July 15 Gen. Huerta announced his resignation of the Presidency in a remarkable and characteristic statement in which he challenged comparison of his own honor as a "gentleman" with that of the "Puritan" President of the United States and arraigned "the manifest and decided protection which a great Power of this continent has afforded to the rebels." Immediately after Huerta's abdication Dr. Carbajal, the recently appointed Foreign Minister, took the oath as Provisional President. Gen. Huerta, accompanied by Gen. Blanquet and other followers, left Mexico City for Puerto Mexico, and on Monday evening the ex-President, Gen. Blanquet, and their families sailed from that port for Kingston, Jamaica, on the German cruiser Dresden.

The first part of the Administration's Mexican policy, the elimination of Huerta, is thus accomplished. Dr. Carbajal has frankly recognized that his office is temporary and has stated that he holds it only for the purpose of maintaining order and until an agreement can be reached whereby the Government may be turned over to the Constitutionalists. It is in arranging the terms on which the transfer of authority shall take place that difficulties, in which the Government of the United States cannot avoid being concerned, are likely to be encountered. The Constitutionalists have so far displayed no disposition to grant an amnesty to political offenders, but on the contrary have expressed their intention of bringing to trial any of the leading followers of Gen. Huerta who may be suspected of having been concerned in the overthrow of Madero, and they have further announced that the financial obligations incurred by the Huerta régime will not be recognized. The possibilities of complications with foreign Powers, should these intentions be carried out, are obvious.

Secretary Bryan stated on Monday that the Administration would not approve or support claims arising out of any action by Huerta since October 10, 1913, the day on which he dissolved Congress and assumed dictatorial powers. Mr. Bryan also announced that he had received information from American agents at Monterey that Gen. Carranza would receive delegates sent to him by Provisional President Carbajal to arrange for the transfer of Government. It was stated on Tuesday that, on being notified that such a commission had been sent to effect the unconditional surrender of Mexico City, Gen. Carranza would issue an order suspending hostilities.

The French chargé d'affaires, M. Clausse, in the absence of the Ambassador, M. Jusserand, on Monday requested a personal interview with President Wilson for the purpose of laying before him the views of the French Government concerning the Mexican situation, and, in particular, concerning the killing of two French priests at Zacatecas.

Tentative suits for restitution against the former directors and directors' estates of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad were filed last week by minority stockholders. The amount involved was said to be $306,000,000.

The conferences that have been held between Attorney-General McReynolds and a committee of the New Haven directors with a view to settling the questions at issue between the Government and the line have terminated unsuccessfully, and on Tuesday it was announced that the Attorney-General was ready to present to the President and the Cabinet his plans for filing the Government's civil suit to separate the New Haven from its subsidiaries.

There is a good prospect that the services of Mr. Paul M. Warburg may yet be obtained for the Federal Reserve Board. As a result of a conference with Senator O'Gorman, it was stated on Tuesday that Mr. Warburg had agreed to meet the members of the Senate Committee with a view to coming to an understanding and to giving them any reasonable information that they might desire. The opinion in Washington is said to be that Mr. Warburg's confirmation is assured.

Disturbances have continued in Hayti. Mr. Blanchard, the new United States Minister, reported to the State Department on Sunday that while the attempt to overthrow the Government in Port au Prince had been suppressed for the moment, it had been necessary to declare the city under martial law. On Monday an attack was made by the rebels on Cape Haytien, but was repulsed by the Government troops after a sharp fight. James M. Sullivan, American Minister to Santo Domingo, is on his way to Washington to report to the State Department.

The compulsory retirement from the navy, as a result of action by the "plucking board," of Capt. John Henry Gibbons, who was in command of the Utah at Vera Cruz, has come under investigation by the House Committee on Naval Affairs. A bill for the relief of Capt. Gibbons has been introduced, and if it is found, as a result of the Committee's investigations, that any captain has been allowed to remain on the active list whose record is not so good as that of Capt. Gibbons, it is probable that the bill will be reported to the House. The affair has led to severe criticism of the principle of the "plucking board," and there seems to be some prospect that this highly unsatisfactory method of facilitating promotion, and incidentally of working grievous injustice to efficient senior officers, may be superseded.

It is difficult as we write to say whether the Home Rule question has been complicated or simplified by recent developments. Discussion of the bill to amend the Home Rule bill, which was handed down from the House of Lords last week, and which was to have been brought before the House of Commons on Monday, was postponed by Mr. Asquith, who announced that King George, "in view of the grave political situation, has considered it right to summon a conference of the representatives of the political parties, both British and Irish, to discuss the outstanding points of the problem of Irish government." The conference, which met on Tuesday and adjourned till the following day, is presided over by the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. James Lowther, and is attended by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, representing the Government; Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne, representing the Opposition; Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon, representing Nationalist Ireland, and Sir Edward Carson and Capt. James Craig, representing the Ulster Unionists. The summoning of the conference has called forth criticism of the constitutionality of the King's action, an aspect of the matter on which we comment elsewhere.

The trial of Madame Caillaux, wife of Joseph Caillaux, Minister of Finance in the last Government, for the murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, on March 16, was begun in Paris on Monday. Madame Caillaux's defence is that the shooting was accidental and unpremeditated.

President Poincaré, accompanied by the French Premier, M. Viviani, arrived at Kronstadt on Monday on his state visit to the Czar. After the visit to Russia is concluded M. Poincaré will return the recent visit to Paris of the King and Queen of Denmark.

The French budget, which had been bandied back and forth between the two houses, was finally adopted on July 15, after which Parliament adjourned. The principal cause of the difficulty between the two houses was the clause empowering the Ministry of Finance to collect arrears on payment of income tax if on the owner's death it should be discovered that fraudulent returns had been made. On the Senate refusing to accept this clause it was finally abandoned by the Chamber, with the understanding that it would be replaced later.

News from Albania has been scanty during the past week, but an interesting statement was printed in the London *Daily Telegraph* on Tuesday and cabled to the New York *Sun*, that an offer has been made by Rumania to pacify Albania if all the Powers invite her to do so and send small contingents to assist in the work.

A bill was submitted to the Russian Cabinet on Saturday to abolish some of the restrictions at present existing on emigration and of the penalties attaching to unauthorized emigration. In particular, the bill which is about to be introduced to the Duma is said to contemplate the abolition of the expensive passports which have hitherto been necessary and to substitute a permit in their place which will cost only 10 cents.

The deaths of the week include: Sir John Swinburne, Col. William W. Bennett, Fernand Desmoulin, July 15; Montgomery Schuyler, Rear-Admiral Henry B. Robeson, July 16; Brig.-Gen. Albert Lee Myer, Dr. Lemuel C. Grosvenor, July 17; Sir Christopher John Nixon, Samuel G. W. Benjamin, Rear-Admiral Francis M. Ramsay, July 19; James McCutcheon, July 20.

The Week

The compromises arranged at a White House conference on the Adamson General Dam bill point to the prompt passage of a measure meaning much to the development of water-power. Washington dispatches have outlined the points of debate: the difficulties of jurisdiction over water-power projects between the War and Interior Departments, and the contention of conservationists that one of the clauses in the bill leaves a dangerous loophole. They could not show how important the right settlement of these issues must be. The total development of stream-flow power in this country amounts to about 7,000,000 horsepower—a gain of one-third since 1908. The potential development is variously estimated at from 40,000,000 to 65,000,000, and should in large part be realized in the next few years. New York, with Niagara Falls, leads in horsepower, Pennsylvania in the number of developments; while Georgia has 1,600 developed projects, Alabama 1,300, and Massachusetts and Vermont are not far behind. Yet this is but the beginning. The question of jurisdiction should be easily settled. Congressman Smith has a bill for establishing a water-power commission, consisting of the Secretaries of War, Commerce, and Interior, to compose differences.

With the opening of the Panama Canal and the natural pressure of the older nations for new fields to develop, it is improbable that incompetent peoples will much longer be permitted to despoil a rich area which other peoples are competent and willing to make productive. Upon this natural law, together with its own vital interests, the American policy in Hayti and Santo Domingo is based, and there is absolutely no doubt of the final outcome.—[Washington Dispatch in New York Sun.

Thus is the true inwardness of our humanitarian solicitude about Hayti and Santo Domingo made plain, in an elaborate dispatch which doubtless reflects pretty accurately the sentiment of those who are behind the present movement. What the opening of the Panama Canal has to do with "the natural pressure of the older nations" to get hold of an island on the hither side of the canal, it would puzzle any one to say, were it not that this kind of nonsense-reason to justify robbery is so ancient that it has apparently acquired a sort of prescriptive right to pass current. Æsop did not invent the attitude of the wolf towards the lamb; he only crystallized for all time, in a simple and telling form, an experience which had even then been familiar for ages. But old as it is, this kind of false pretence is still found offensive by honest men; nor is their disgust with the obvious wolf-and-lambishness of the Panama Canal argument lessened by dragging in that other hoary humbug, "vital interests."

The strike threatened by the employees of various Western railways has been averted by a reconsideration of their refusal to accept the services of the Federal Board of Mediation. They explain that their refusal was based upon the idea that acceptance meant acceptance of the principle of arbitration, which, owing to bad faith on the part of railways in repudiating awards of arbitration, they would have none of. However this may be, they now welcome mediation, and the record of the Board in cases in which it has had a chance to try its persuasive powers is such as to give great hope of a real settlement of the matters in dispute. It must have been obvious to the more intelligent, at least, of the engineers themselves that this was hardly a time to choose for a strike. Neither the financial condition of the roads nor the sympathy of the public is favorable to such a move. The important question in the railway world is rather whether rates must not be raised to meet increased expenditures. And in any case, the rights and wrongs of the disagreement are sure to be more fairly ascertained by the Board of Mediation than by an industrial war.

In one feature of penal reform the London *Times* commends the leadership of the United States to the country that has in some things been a pioneer in that work. This is the matter of juvenile courts. "Very young children who break the law are not to be sent to prison—that is now axiomatic," it remarks; and it suggests that the greatest change which Howard would note if he were to come to life and visit England's modern prisons would be the absence of this class of law-breakers. But there still remains the separation of the children's court from the police court, "both in place and as to procedure." Upon this point, the *Times* concedes the superiority of the arrangements in "Chicago, Manhattan, and elsewhere in the United States." It is good to feel that we have led the way in some phases of penal reform, but nothing should blind us to the fact of our backwardness in other respects, as displayed in particular ugliness at Sing Sing.

Now that Charles Sumner Bird is out of the race for Governor of Massachusetts and Samuel W. McCall is in it, the Republicans may well pluck up hope of making an interesting contest, even for Gov. Walsh, whose renomination by the Democrats is assured. Real progressives will have no trouble in voting for Mr. McCall, and hence there will doubtless be a determined effort by the Republicans to turn the Progressive defection which may be confidently expected, with Mr. Bird's name off the ticket, into a rout. Mr. McCall shows tactical skill in his choice of fighting ground. Massachusetts is next only to Pennsylvania in devotion to high tariff schedules, although she has shown a disposition to wabble in this respect that will necessitate the use by the Republican candidate of something more closely resembling facts and reasonable inferences than is yet requisite in the bailiwick of Penrose. Then the former Congressman's fling at Government ownership of railways has a special sting: "I do not believe it wise that the commonwealth should own and operate a railroad within her own limits, and still less, if possible, do I believe that she should own and operate a railroad situated in other States." The reference to the Boston & Maine will be appreciated outside of Massachusetts. It must be admitted that if the Republicans try to "come back" under the leadership of such men as Mr. McCall, their chances will brighten wonderfully.

The outstanding thing in the figures on the cost of governing American cities, just published by the Census Bureau, is its enormous per capita increase. In 1902, in cities of over 30,000 inhabitants, per capita payments for expenses other than "public utilities" amounted to $13.02; in 1912 they totalled $17.34. Taken by years, only one of the decade—1909—failed to show an increase in per capita outlay; taken by items, courts, education, police and fire departments, and sanitation all showed a uniform rise in cost. An obvious remark is that cities increasingly undertake functions once performed privately, or not at all. It is also evident that the average size of our municipalities has greatly increased, and their wealth has increased much faster than their size. The more extended a city becomes, the greater the per capita cost of government, but the smaller the cost according to true wealth. A Minnesota Commission recently showed that the cost of governing the largest cities in that State was, per head, $16.65, and per $10,000 valuation, $107.20; of her second-class cities, per head, $12.01, and per $10,000 valuation, $127.10. The Census bears out one

part of this comparison, for cities of over 500,000 population cost $21.24 per head to govern; cities from 200,000 to 500,000, only $19.99. But no figures are given as to cost per true valuation, and only upon these, or comparisons of cities of the same class, can valid conclusions be based.

In many quarters of the Middle West the Progressive party is evidently on the ebb tide. And the chief cause is said to be the tariff. Western farming has suffered along with other occupations. Such importations as have occurred of agricultural products, especially corn, butter, eggs, cattle, and meats, have been "played up" for more than they are worth. Every adverse circumstance has been seized upon in working up general alarm over "Democratic free trade." As Western Republicans put it, the Democratic plan is "free trade—for the farmer." And the farmer has been educated and drilled in the protectionist faith. Add the fact that Western farmers never have taken to the theory of free raw materials. Nobody can be expected, when the production of raw materials is in his line of business, to appreciate its logic all at once. Of course, the effect on parties is easily seen. If the farmer's business seems to be placed in jeopardy by the tariff policy of the party in power, then he has no time to experiment with the amateur reformers of a new party. The shortest cut to get the terrible Democrats out is the road for him, and he is inclined to agree with the Old Guard orators that that road is the good old Republican turnpike. To this feeling the Progressive party's loss of ground in the West is probably owing in good part. Much less certain is it that, if the Republican Old Guard should enjoy an early return to power, a revival of high protectionism would be tolerated by these same farmers any more than by the manufacturers who are endeavoring to adjust business to lowered duties.

The retirement of Rear-Admiral Southerland, who owes his distinction of being the last Civil War veteran to leave the active list of the navy to the fact that he was a naval apprentice at thirteen, leaves Col. John L. Clem, of the Quartermaster Corps of the army, the sole Civil War survivor on active duty. He was a drummer boy at twelve, and still has a year of service before he retires with the rank of brigadier-general for Civil War service. All of this was to have been foreseen. What is surprising is the way in which the Spanish War veterans are leaving the active list. Of the approximately 1,900 officers of the navy's line, only 450 were wearing the uniform in April, 1898, and all of them hold the rank of lieutenant-commander or above. In the army only a hundred and odd of the captains were commissioned when the battle of Santiago was fought. None of the generals who achieved fame in Cuba remain, and only two, Gens. J. Bell and Frederick Funston, who became well known during the Filipino fighting of 1899-1901. As to Rear-Admiral Southerland, besides having a long and useful service to look back upon, his coming into the news at this time is particularly valuable when the President and Secretary Daniels have done so much to encourage warrant officers to aspire to the quarterdeck, and have just obtained legislation providing for the appointment to Annapolis yearly of a number of seamen providing they can pass the examinations.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Nine defendants accused of using the mails to defraud in connection with the Barr and Widen Mercantile Agency were found guilty to-day by a jury before Federal Judge Landis. The Government charged that more than $1,000,000 had been realized by the company through its methods.

We often wonder what the advocates of the notion that the State has no right to punish, and that the only justification for depriving a criminal of his liberty is the desire to reform him, think when they come across an item like this. Do they imagine that the general manager, the superintendent of agents, etc., of this concern—the nine precious specimens, in short, who were found guilty in this case—have not counterparts by the hundred who are saved from the many and varied temptations to get rich through fraud by the knowledge that to do so would mean to invite the danger of imprisonment? And if this is so, is it not the duty of the State to protect the community by adopting such measures as are calculated to prevent these crimes? What those measures should be is a question purely of judgment, based on experience and expediency. The minimum of harshness consistent with attainment of the object, the maximum of chance for the reformation and rehabilitation of the guilty, by all means; but to declare that the reformation is the only, or even the primary, object is simply to hug a delusion.

The value of automatic sprinklers is strikingly illustrated in the way in which they operated in the elevator of the Cleveland Grain Company, at the recent fire in that city, of which an accurate and highly instructive account is given in an illustrated report issued by the National Fire Protection Association. What happened to the grain elevator is stated as follows:

> This elevator was in the direct path of the fire, was equipped throughout with automatic sprinklers with automatic water supplies. The flames leaped three hundred feet and attacked the elevator at the top. A number of windows were open in the upper floors, through which the flames reached the sprinklers and operated them. The water required by the sprinklers to wet the interior down caused but a small property loss, and enabled the fire department to protect the exterior of the building from the river. The fact that the building was iron-cladded on the outside no doubt prevented the same from catching fire before the fire started in the interior.
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> This elevator undoubtedly would have been destroyed had it not been for the sprinklers. It stood in the direct path of the fire and beyond it were located other valuable districts which were saved by its intervention.

The last point is of cardinal importance. It should never be forgotten that the whole community is deeply concerned in this safeguard against fire, and not only the persons whose property, or whose lives, are immediately affected. What happened in Cleveland was still more acutely manifested in the great Baltimore fire of 1904. In that case, one or two large factory buildings and stores that were equipped with automatic sprinklers checked the spread of the conflagration in certain directions, and there is no telling how much more extensive would have been its ravages had it not been for the provident policy that had been adopted by a few enlightened business firms.

Political as well as commercial interest attaches to the sailing north of the first steel power-barge that the Mississippi has known. One of a projected fleet, there is hope in New Orleans that it will justify the costly harbor and dock improvements that the city has begun. The *Item* takes local merchants to task because this vessel had to proceed to Natchez for freight. "Some of those business men who have been using strong language about the treatment accorded New Orleans by the railways, and the need for reviving the use of the river, might have joined in making it typically a New Orleans experiment." "Senator Burton," as the *Globe-Democrat* remarks, "has for several years been insisting that there is a channel of eight feet at all seasons . . . with six feet as a minimum, and that, as practically no use is made of this stage of water, he objects to further appropriations beyond the point of maintaining the channel already made." Since the barge draws six feet, the new line, if suc-

cessful, will furnish a practical test of the need for improvements in navigation. The boats cannot, as the steamboats of Mark Twain's day were said to do, run upon a heavy dew. But the main question will remain that of business support.

One device for beating an opponent to the finish-line—taking the wind out of his sails—is exemplified by the Massachusetts Committee on Social Welfare. Its record of service to the State and the Republican party now stretches over a year. A creation of the 1913 Legislature, after the Progressive rupture, it was designed to show that the most wickedly inert of political organizations was not asleep. No less than 150 distinct matters have been in its hands during the session just closed, and it has, in the words of the Springfield *Republican's* Boston correspondent, "done some things of importance." The Commission on the so-called white-slave trade reported to it. The problem of pensions for public employees was carefully studied, and a general retirement plan outlined, of which more will be heard. Extension of the law relative to local planning boards, to cover cities of less than 10,000 inhabitants, will mean much to small towns with the requisite money and energy. Study of further legislation on the probation system and dependent mothers' pension system resulted in the killing of pernicious measures—evidence that the committee is not ultra-radical—and in the substitution of better plans. In short, for the tool of an organization of bosses and reactionaries, the body displayed a wise activity that only the most carefully sustained hypocrisy can explain.

A novelist or playwright looking for a plot should turn his eyes to Hosmer, British Columbia, and turn them quickly. For a town that on one day believed itself to be one of the most thriving communities in its region read its doom the next day in a notice from the Canadian Pacific Railway that the mines, upon which rested all its hopes, would be closed and the place abandoned. While it has rallied to the extent of demanding from the railway and also from the Government statements of the condition of the company, justifying its decision, there is an ominous air of hopelessness about the demand. The Fernie *District Ledger* points out that the inhabitants of Hosmer were warranted in disregarding any rumors of its fate because of the action of the railway in recently adding new machinery and in painting offices and houses. The unexpectedness of the notice is shown by the fact that the fire department of the town had just completed the installation of an automatic fire alarm system. Mine workers who had spent their savings and borrowed money in order to buy homes are apparently to lose their all, along with persons who were prosperous hotel-keepers or owners of other property. All must now begin life over again.

President Wilson and the Underwood tariff have been playing the devil with British trade, too. The report of the Board of Trade for June shows that exports went off 7 per cent., the loss for the month, as compared with last year, being about $15,000,000. Moreover, the figures show a declining trade, both export and import, for the entire six months of the year. Despite the fact of which our stand-pat Republicans have "taken judicial knowledge," that English textiles have been flooding the American market, and that the only prosperity created by the new tariff was in the mills abroad, Lancashire reports a falling off in cotton-goods exports of 20 per cent., and the mills are to be shut down three weeks in order to prevent over-production. All this falls in with the reports of American bankers and business men returning from Europe, that the depression over there has been rather worse than in the United States. It all merely shows, of course, what a thorough job of it President Wilson made. While bringing his own country into distress, he impartially hit England and made Germany and France groan.

The conference on Ulster "commanded" by the King is rather amusingly interpreted in opposite fashions. All parties seem to be afraid of it as a scheme by which the other fellows will get the advantage. The Labor party is most explosive about the affair, partly, it may be, because it has no representative at Buckingham Palace. Naturally, the Irish Nationalists are suspicious. Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law explain their acquiescence in the meeting as due to their excessive "loyalty"; they would never think of disregarding a "command" of the King. On the other hand, the radical Liberals fear that they are on the eve of a usurpation of royal power over Parliament. The Unionists, however, are saying that it is all simply one more skilful manœuvre by Asquith to gain time, to wear out the patience and exhaust the funds of the Ulstermen, and to get the Opposition into an awkward place. The question whether the step was taken on the King's own initiative seems to have been answered in the negative by Lord Crewe in the House of Lords. He declared that there had been no departure from Constitutional practice. This would mean that the King had acted on the advice of his Ministers. With so many conflicting views, it is possible that still another one may prove to be correct—namely, that both sides wish to find a way out of the deadlock, and that the King had been called in to furnish a device by which the thing can be done. If he should lay a royal command upon Ulster to assent to a compromise, it is hard to see how the men in the North of Ireland who have been pledging their undying devotion to the Crown could say King George nay.

A French correspondent, writing about Albania, remarks that Europe always has to have an *enfant terrible* on her hands, and that Albania is now simply playing the rôle. It had been previously taken by Bulgaria and by Greece. Morocco was for a time the uproarious and squalling child that nearly broke up the European nursery. Little by little, the business of the other irreverent and disturbing children has been settled, and Dame Europa would scarcely know what to do if Albania had not taken a turn at demanding attention. This view was expressed by the French writer before our short-lived Minister in Athens, Mr. George Fred Williams, had undertaken to do the necessary disciplining for the Powers. If the correspondent in question had known of Mr. Williams's antics, he would doubtless have made a different identification of the *enfant terrible*.

It may have been a bit embarrassing for Switzerland to have to make some reply to the letter presented by our Minister, inviting her to participate in the naval display in connection with the Panama Exposition, but worse things have happened. At the conclusion of the war with Spain, various cities arranged "peace jubilees." One of the most elaborate of these was planned for Chicago. Invitations were sent broadcast, and by an unlucky chance one was addressed to the Spanish Ambassador at Washington. Explanations and apologies were poured out, the fact being that the lists were made up by the wholesale, and nobody thought of the attitude of the representative of the country with which we had just been at war towards a celebration of our victories. The error had the appearance of being a studied insult. Yet in this case, as in the matter of supposing that Switzerland had a navy, we meant well enough. The only trouble was that we were stupid.

EXIT HUERTA.

On February 19, 1913, Gen. Victoriano Huerta telegraphed to President Taft: "I have overthrown this Government. The army is with me and from now on peace and prosperity will reign." That brute assertion of military despotism it has taken seventeen months to set in its final true light. In the interval many changes have come. Huerta himself has changed, or appeared to. He displayed more political skill than he was credited with. Drawing to himself able lawyers, he conducted his diplomatic correspondence with dignity and force. He was successful in identifying himself for a time with Mexican national pride. In seeking to maintain himself he showed great resource and some admirable personal qualities. But in the end even his proud and fatalistic spirit saw that his power was but as a rope of sand. His armies had suffered a series of crushing defeats. In his own country the forces of rebellion were proving to be too strong for him. But the chief cause of his downfall was perfectly clear to his own mind. He avows it in his parting attack upon President Wilson. The soldier had been pitted against a scholar. Arms yielded to ideals.

This is really the deep significance of Wilson's triumph. He early laid down a Mexican policy based on sheer idealism—fantastic idealism, it was sneeringly called. Its essence was that he would not recognize a Mexican Government based on usurpation and murder. For this there is no warrant in international law, it was said, and there is not. Precedent was against it, so it was charged, and the charge was true. Nevertheless, the idealist clung to his position through good report and through ill. His appeals to Huerta were brusquely rejected by that chieftain. But the scholar-President did not waver. Reporting to Congress Huerta's refusal, and the flat failure of the mission of John Lind, he calmly left the whole issue to time and the slow grinding of the mills of the gods, asserting that "the steady pressure of moral force" would break down the barriers of pride and prejudice, and that "we shall triumph as Mexico's friends sooner than we could as her enemies—and how much more handsomely, with how much higher and finer satisfactions of conscience and of honor!" This day is that saying fulfilled in the ears of his countrymen.

Nothing succeeds like success, even when it is an idealistic success. Pin-pricking attacks may be made upon Wilson's Mexican policy, but the public sees the large fact, and will not long listen to men who say that it had no business to come about in that way. The country will speedily admit, what the outside world has already admitted, that Wilson's Mexican policy, boldly conceived, steadily maintained, and supported with patience and resourcefulness—the one great objective being always the retirement of Gen. Huerta—has marched to an astonishing success.

This is not saying that the President's Mexican troubles are over. His mind must already be looking forward to the enormous difficulties yet to be wrestled with. The first steps following Huerta's withdrawal promise to be comparatively simple. It is taken for granted on all hands that full power will soon be turned over to Carranza and the Constitutionalist troops. The man chosen to succeed Huerta temporarily, Señor Carbajal, appears to be acting in full consciousness that he is only a transfer agent. It can be but a short time before Mexico City passes under the control of the revolutionist army, and the government of the whole country is taken over by the victorious Constitutionalists. Then will come the grave questions of amnesty, of guarantees to foreigners, of the organization of a claims tribunal, of preparations for an orderly election of President and Congress. In all these matters, the Wilson Administration cannot but feel the most active concern. It is a continuous obligation in Mexico which the President has assumed—an obligation partly international in its character—and the ways and means of seeking to execute it, delicately but with effect, will need to be carefully thought out. The country, however, will little heed these things at present. It will be inclined to believe that the smaller matters go with the greater; and that a President who, without a war, has succeeded in enforcing his original demand on Huerta, can be trusted to deal successfully with the various sequels as they arise.

About the political effects of the President's triumph there will be eager speculation. Will the Colonel leave off talking about Wilson's foreign policy as a "wretched" mixture of imbecility and nervelessness? Will the prestige of the Democratic party, as well as that of Mr. Wilson, be heightened? No man can say. It is so easy *not* to prophesy. But this can be said confidently, that the Mexican success is so clear a proof of the President's tenacity and relentless will power, and also, if you please, of his luck in getting what he goes after, that schemers within his own party, along with political opponents generally, will see that he is not a man to be whistled down the wind.

AGAIN THE BIG POLICEMAN.

With the Mexican strain greatly relieved, the Washington Administration is confronted with troubles in Nicaragua, in Hayti, and in Santo Domingo. These are not of its own seeking. Like the problem of Mexico, they came to it as an inheritance from its predecessors. But it is one thing to inherit difficulties due to blunders, and quite another to persist in dealing with them in the old blundering spirit. Take the case of Nicaragua. How many Americans are aware that the existing Government is propped by American bayonets? Yet a competent and credible witness, when asked last week by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee how long the present Diaz régime would last in Nicaragua, in case the American marines were withdrawn, replied: "Just long enough to catch the last car of the first train out of the capital."

This is a state of affairs of which nearly everybody in this country was entirely in ignorance. A few people remembered dimly that President Taft used our military forces to put down a so-called Liberal revolutionary movement in Nicaragua. They also recalled that a treaty, involving an American protectorate, was negotiated with the puppet Nicaraguan Government. But it was not ratified by our Senate, despite the urgings of Secretary Knox and President Taft. So the matter dropped out of sight and out of mind, for the great majority of Americans, until suddenly it was revived by Secretary Bryan's renewal of substantially the same treaty. Then the press and public began to wake up to the fact that the country was about to assume delicate and indefinite responsibilities in Nicaragua, all based upon a treaty with a Nicaraguan Government sustained by our arms alone. Vigorous protests have come from Salvador and Costa Rica, which republics feel that their rights are disregarded or imperilled by the treaty, but the Senate is asked to go ahead and commit the country to a leap in the dark.

The whole is in the idea of which Mr. Roosevelt was so enamoured when he was President—the idea, namely, that the United States should act as the Big Policeman of this hemisphere. In a letter to Sir Harry Johnston, of which Mr. Roosevelt but partially denied the authenticity when it was indiscreetly published, he went much further than he ever did in a public utterance. He said that if he could have his way, this Government would promptly take hold of every weak and "chaotic" country

in Central and South America, clean it up, and make it orderly and stable. Public opinion in the United States, however, he admitted to be too dull and laggard to make such a policy feasible just yet. A satisfactory beginning was made, nevertheless, in Santo Domingo; and to what was done in that republic, under the treaty of 1907, Mr. Roosevelt has frequently pointed with great pride, evidently thinking it an example which we should follow in other places.

The United States as Big Policeman was to make an end of "chaos" in Santo Domingo. The word occurs again and again in President Roosevelt's messages and speeches relating to the Dominican treaty. And it was his positive assertion that the plan adopted would certainly prevent revolutions in Santo Domingo. He had a neat little logical demonstration of it. All Dominican revolutions were struggles to get possession of the custom-houses. But with these in charge of honest and efficient American collectors, revolutionists would have no *point d'appui*, and consequently revolutions would cease to exist. But the hard facts have no pity for Presidential logic. Santo Domingo is to-day as chaotic as if the chaos-preventing treaty had never been heard of, and American war vessels and marines are on their way to guard our interests in the island. Mr. Roosevelt may say that this unhappy result is due to the ineptitude, or worse, of the American Minister whom President Wilson sent to Santo Domingo, and has now virtually recalled. That this is a partial explanation of the trouble, we do not deny; but it is really the whole Dominican treaty arrangement which has broken down.

The whole question, as it presents itself to President Wilson, is confessedly one of great difficulty. He cannot entirely brush aside past commitments. The treaty with Santo Domingo is still in force, and we are bound to try to make it work. It is said that various unspecified foreign nations are bringing alleged "pressure" to bear upon our Government, in order to lead it to take a firm stand with Hayti, for example. This is a very ancient and tattered bogey. Appeals to Americans to rush into Spanish-American complications, lest, if we don't do it, Europeans may, are nearly a hundred years old. Whatever policy the Administration decides upon should be shaped in very small degree by this kind of argument. If it is an American question at all, it should be dealt with in the American spirit and in accordance with American ideals.

Only one of these need be mentioned for present purposes. It is the one which President Wilson has, in effect, been guided by in his general attitude towards Mexico, and which has, at all events, been written into the Mexican peace agreement. This is, in a word, that the republics are to settle their own affairs. We speak glibly of their "chronic" state of revolution, overlooking the fact that they have often, when left to themselves, enjoyed long periods of tranquillity. Americans do not like their ways, but we must not forget that they do not like ours. In all our short and easy methods of prescribing for them, it is of the first importance to bear in mind that, as Cromwell warned, we may be mistaken. It is, in any case, a prime duty of the Wilson Administration not to act in this threatened embroilment so as to give real point to the protest of prominent Dominicans, when Roosevelt swung the Big Policeman's club at them, that "the United States has taken advantage of the ignorance of some of the members of the Dominican Cabinet and of the treachery of others to prepare a treaty nominally for the purpose of aiding the republic, while in reality it in no way favors Santo Domingo, is in every respect beneficial to the United States, and is a mask to the sinister designs of the American Administration upon the national integrity of the Dominican Republic."

THE CASE AGAINST MR. JONES.

A great deal of mystery—unnecessary mystery—has been made of the opposition to Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, President Wilson's "personal" choice as a member of the Federal Reserve Board. Stories were afloat in Washington of the awful nature of the facts brought out at the examination of Mr. Jones by the Senate Banking Committee. The impression was somehow given—or sought to be given—that he was a kind of unnatural monster of monopoly and money-greed. In view of all this, it was highly desirable that the Senate Committee should remove the seal of secrecy from the Jones hearing. He himself requested that this be done; and the document is now available. We no longer need to depend upon "leaks" from the committee-room and the guesses of correspondents. Here is the entire record of question and answer, which every person interested may read for himself to discover what manner of man Mr. Jones is.

What, then, is the case against him? It is stated, with vehemence and exaggeration, by Senator Reed, of Missouri; with greater moderation, by Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts. Both boil down the charge to a single item: the fact that Mr. Jones has been and is a director of the Harvester Company. There was, at first, another ground of complaint. Mr. Jones, through a Wisconsin zinc company, acquired an interest in the New Jersey Zinc Company. This concern has, two or three times within the past ten years, paid dividends of 40 and 50 per cent. That was naturally horrifying to certain Senators. But Mr. Jones's explanation, first of the way in which he had saved the Wisconsin enterprise from bankruptcy, and then of the high profits of the New Jersey business as dependent upon owning the only mine of the kind in the world, though it may soon be exhausted and the big dividends disappear, was so convincing that all this matter has been tacitly dropped by his opponents. They now confine their attack to Mr. Jones's connection with the Harvester Company. That company is being sued by the Government as a combination in restraint of trade; and Senator Weeks puts the objection to Mr. Jones, temperately but with much seeming force, when he says that it would be highly unfortunate if a member of the Federal Reserve Board should be a director of a company which the Supreme Court were to decide to be in violation of the law.

Few could dissent, if that were the whole of it. But it is not. An attentive reading of Mr. Jones's examination will show in how different a light his case may fairly be looked at. The Government suit against the Harvester Company is based mainly on the charge that its very organization was criminal. The assertion is that it destroyed competition by combining competing companies. Now, the Harvester Company was organized in 1901 or 1902. Mr. Jones did not become a director till 1909. Plainly, he could have had nothing to do with its organization, asserted to be illegal. As for its acts and contracts since the time he became a director, he affirms that none of them have been in conflict with the law, or have even been charged with being so. Senator Reed plaintively asked him why he had not, during his directorship, labored with his associates to induce them to alter the organization of the company so as to make it conform to the Anti-Trust law. To this Mr. Jones's answer was admirably simple. He did not believe, in the first place, that the organization was obnoxious to the statute. That was for the courts to decide. If they held that it was an illegal combination, then there would be nothing to do but submit to the judicial decree and break up the combination. Reasonable men could hardly ask a reasonable man to go further at present.

On one point the Senate investigators displayed particular curiosity. Mr. Jones must have made a lot of money out of the Harvester Company, and they were determined to find out. They did. Mr. Jones owns $100 worth of stock. He got the usual fees for attending directors' meetings. That was all. But this was staggering to the pure mind of Senator Reed. He said:

I am a little at a loss, Mr. Jones, to understand—I am asking this question with the greatest respect, in order to try to get at the facts—how it came about that a man of your standing and property, as I understand, was willing to devote his labor to this enterprise, in which you had no real interest—financial interest.

In answer, Mr. Jones told a plain tale. He had long been a friend of the McCormicks, and they asked him to fill a vacancy on the directorate. "They were good enough to say that they thought possibly my judgment and experience might be of help to them." Ah, suspected Senator Hitchcock, then Mr. Jones was put on the board "as a concession to Mr. McCormick"! Not the slightest reason to think so, asserted Mr. Jones. "But you had been in business enterprises with Mr. McCormick?" "No." "In no other way?" "In no other way whatever, sir."

It is not necessary further to sample the Senate hearing. It betrayed a violent initial animus against Mr. Jones, which beat in vain upon his cool imperturbability and straightforwardness. The essential facts in the charges against him are as we have stated. Let every man form his own judgment of the nature of the attack upon him. Our own opinion is that, so far as this official report shows, it was prejudiced and unwarranted.

THE OBSESSION OF MONOPOLY.

Whatever other elements went into the making of that distressing chapter in American railway history which is reviewed in the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on the New Haven road, it cannot be understood without reference to the state of mind that underlay the policies which have suffered such disastrous shipwreck. Turn where one will in the talk of the men identified with those policies, one finds evidence of that kind of domination of their mental processes by a single overshadowing idea which is designated by the term *obsession.* This idea is that of the supreme virtue of monopoly, as a source of economic accomplishment; and, as a corollary to this, the certainty that anything that stands in the way of monoply is a pitiful survival, doomed of necessity to speedy extinction. Nor will it do to forget that this state of mind, which to-day has so far disappeared that it must itself be regarded as hardly more than a survival, was not a thing peculiar to this particular group of men, but was so prevalent not many years ago in the business world that any one who did not fall in with it was regarded as hopelessly behind the times.

In *Everybody's Magazine* for July there is an article by Mr. Garret Garrett setting forth Mr. Mellen's views of the various aspects of the New Haven policy with which his name is identified. The article is entitled "An Interview," being based on a series of conversations had with him by the writer for the purpose. And this is Mr. Mellen's view of the true inwardness of the situation of things in New England:

If he were to predict the next great crisis in this country he should say it would be a severing of political relations along economic lines, and that New England would be the first of the great divisions to secede. It seemed to him to be not only desirable, but absolutely necessary to the preservation of New England's ancient supremacy, that there should be a transportation monopoly able at every point of contact with the world outside to say: "We will give you this business for that business, this freight for that freight," and dictate the terms of exchange. Otherwise the rest of the country, being so much stronger than any one of a number of independent railroads in New England, would be always taking more than it gave, and New England's economic importance would decline.

Can anything but obsession account for such an absurdity as this? It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. Mellen held the deliberate opinion that New England is being driven to the verge of secession for want of a transportation monopoly independent of the rest of the country; that such an idea should be entertained by him, and thought worthy of communicating to an interviewing journalist, is quite remarkable enough.

The chief earmark of an obsession is the loss of the sense of proportion; and the absence of this sense, so grotesque in what we have just been quoting, is hardly less conspicuous in Mr. Mellen's explanation of the practical policies which brought the New Haven to its present pass. Take this statement about the acquisition of the trolley systems, which were bought at extravagant prices:

I was trying to secure control of the trolleys contiguous to the lines of the New Haven, because I had the theory and belief that, first, all railroads were going, sooner or later, especially in congested communities, to be operated by electricity. Then there was a great economy in the erection of large units in the way of power houses, to furnish the electricity for both systems of transportation. When I say both systems of transportation, I mean those now conducted by electricity and those now conducted by steam.

Now, no doubt a "great economy" *can* be effected through "the erection of large units"; but the question is, how much? Will the economy be great enough to cover a vastly excessive price paid for the properties absorbed? And at what distance of time is that economy likely to be realized? How about the interest on the money expended for the purpose, during all the years intervening between the purchase and that time, "sooner or later," when the "large units" are actually going to be set up and put to use, "to furnish the electricity for both systems of transportation"? These are plain, hard matters of fact which a sound business man, not under the influence of an obsession as to the boundless efficacy of bigness or of monopoly, would carefully reckon with before deciding upon a course of action. But that was evidently not the case with Mr. Mellen; and it was not the case with men bigger than Mellen, in the halcyon days when it was the fashion to believe that any consolidation was bound to be a howling success if only it was sufficiently gigantic.

How far the country has recovered from that state of mind may, we think, in a measure be seen from the odd sound, the evident lack of effectiveness, of Mr. Roosevelt's talk on the Trust question in his recent speech at Pittsburgh. His arraignment of the Democratic policy in regard to Trusts as an attempt to revive the business methods of 1850, or even of 1650—such was his language—was the kind of thing which a dozen years ago would have awakened a hearty response in many quarters; now it falls utterly flat. We all know, to be sure, that Big Business has come to stay; nobody thinks of going back to 1650, or even to 1850. But we also know that the benefits of bigness have their limits; that though economies can be effected by consolidation, it remains a question how great these are and whether they are not offset by evils more important than the gains. A dozen years ago, the dogma that the universal empire of consolidation and monopoly is written in the stars, and that any attempt to impede its triumph is childish folly, was widely acclaimed as an established truth. In reality, it was a swaggering assumption; and, whatever the future may bring forth, it is for the present in a state of pretty complete eclipse.

THE "PLUCKING BOARD" IN NEW LIGHT

No one, we believe, can read the testimony of Rear-Admiral Knight before a part of the House Naval Committee last week without feeling certain that the end of the "plucking board" is in sight. Heretofore, it has been an unwritten law that, though the heavens might fall, no officer who served on the board could ever discuss the reasons for a given action. But Congressional authority is supreme, and last Thursday we got a glimpse behind the scenes. Questioned about the forcible retirement of Capt. Gibbons, Rear-Admiral Knight, if the dispatches are to be trusted, showed some animus towards that officer, asserting that he had contributed nothing to the advancement of naval science, had been at sea only three years out of the last thirteen, and that a good deal of this was on the official junketing boat, the Dolphin. He even went so far as to say that Capt. Gibbons could not be rated an efficient officer.

Two of these charges are really indictments of the Navy Department. If Capt. Gibbons was not an efficient officer, what was the Department thinking about in entrusting to him the Utah, one of the newest and best of our Dreadnoughts? If he was without adequate sea service, whose fault was it? We can hardly believe that Rear-Admiral Knight, over whose own promotion there was a hitch and considerable delay, would insinuate that Capt. Gibbons should have written orders sending himself to sea. Capt. Gibbons applied for sea duty before his term as superintendent of the Naval Academy had expired, and it was the Department that sent him to sea, as it was the Department that sent him to Annapolis and London and to the Dolphin. In another, even worse, case, that of Capt. Templin M. Potts, plucked a year ago when the senior captain because he had not had sufficient sea service, the responsibility of the Navy Department was even clearer. Yet two successive plucking boards have apparently assumed that going to sea was optional with an officer. If that is so, there is favoritism, or worse, in the Navy Department that cries out for immediate investigation. As for the indictment that Capt. Gibbons had added nothing to naval science, written no textbooks, and invented no new ordnance or navigation devices, that would be legitimate, if it were clearly understood that this is a necessary requirement.

It would seem to be demonstrated, what was urged when the law was passed in 1899, that the responsibility of wrecking the careers of navy officers is too great to be placed in the hands of any of their fellows, even though an oath be required that each member of the board will "without prejudice or partiality, and having in view solely the special fitness of officers and the efficiency of the naval service, perform the duties imposed upon him" by the act of 1899. At least, it is now universally accepted in and out of Congress that substantial injustice has been done to at least four officers—Capts. Gibbons, Potts, and Rust, and Commodore Veeder. Bills to restore three of these have already passed committees of Congress.

Plainly, the prestige of the "plucking board" is shattered, and the unrest in the navy and the universal criticism of the press, in which Secretary Daniels frankly concurs, make it evident that some new machinery must be devised. The whole plan of retiring competent officers because they are a little less valuable than some one else is receiving condemnation, as it was bound to. Congressman Britten, of Illinois, has pointed out that the fifteen officers retired this year by the "plucking board" will draw $53,753 a year in retired pay when "at the zenith of their mental and physical powers and capable of giving most efficient and intelligent duty"—this "for passing their time in idleness." But if it is easy to find fault with the "plucking board" and to point out that we have established a new class of pensioners—men physically and mentally competent and highly trained in the Government service—it is not so easy to recommend substitutes for the board or the system. The board might be strengthened by adding to it some civilians, high judges perhaps, who would in no wise be influenced by antipathies or prejudices of the service, and who, it might be hoped, would not be wholly swayed by the professional opinions of their naval associates on the board.

The only other constructive suggestion of value yet advanced is the establishment of an active reserve list to which men might be transferred instead of to the retired list. This would take officers out of the regular line of promotion on the active list, yet permit certain promotions on the reserve list, while their services could be had on shore duty, as naval attachés and on other detached service. There would be thus less of a stigma, if any, attached to their retirement. Moreover, they could serve in professional branches of the Government, if Congress so willed, perhaps at a considerable saving in salaries. For instance, they could be used to officer the revenue cutter service, doing away with the necessity of a separate corps of officers. The fundamental difficulty is that officers will not die or become physically disabled, or retire of their own wish, as rapidly as is deemed necessary, in order to promote the youngsters to command rank at a comparatively early age. It is forgotten that Farragut, our greatest naval commander, did his notable work at the age of sixty-one, after a lifetime spent as a lieutenant.

LOSING OUR SCORN FOR "ABROAD."

Chicago has just sent abroad what is said to be the largest group of municipal officials that ever went from any city in America to study conditions in Europe. Some thirty men and women are in the party, which is officially styled the Chicago Railway Terminal Commission and Associates. The same city dispatched as large a delegation abroad prior to the Columbian Exposition, but the purposes of the two bodies are as opposite as the poles. Twenty years ago Chicago was inviting the world to come and see what a youthful city could do when it tried; now what is sought is instruction how to extricate the city from a tangle over various matters of first-rate importance. Plainly, we are moving away from the attitude that no Old World idea need apply for employment here.

That New York should offer Great Britain or Germany the flattery of imitation is only what the rest of the country expects of a city that it affects to despise as more than half foreign, in its ideals as well as in its population. "The standards of street cleaning and refuse removal here are materially below those that have long prevailed in many European cities," wrote William A. Marble, president of the Merchants' Association, to Commissioner Fetherston the other day. But when Ottumwa, Ia., begins to display ambitions about a civic centre; when Great Falls, Mont., looks round for a method of keeping lanes and alleys clean better than the annual "clean-up day," then the triumph of the Old World seems at hand. The surrender of Chicago has not taken place all at once. But the end might have been foreseen a few years ago when she so far unbent as to send one of her best-known citizens to the Continent to study vocational education. He was commissioned by a private body, but from that the step to the present has not been long. "We are coming over to ask you to help us," is the new Macedonian cry.

It is not hard to understand why we have been slow to look with favor upon European ways. Our national existence began as a protest against one of the most conspicuous of those ways, and in later time we have had our flatterers from the Old World to confirm us in our provincialism. When a foreign journalist of the prominence of the late W. T. Stead aroused world-wide comment with his book on "The Americanization of the World," was it any wonder that we were inclined afresh to regard Europe as anything but a model? Indeed, it is possible even now to save our pride with the reflection that it is only as we have approximated European conditions that Europe has been able to give us any useful advice. If we have scorned her political arrangements, not always intelligently, she has returned the feeling with interest. But as our cities have developed into congested centres, we have, somewhat to our surprise, found ourselves facing a situation that we had thought of as belonging peculiarly to the Old World. The repellent pictures that the university-extension lecturer threw on the screen season after season to show the housing problem of London or Birmingham came to have a too familiar look, and so, in the end, we have brought ourselves to the point of inquiring how such problems have been met in places that were wrestling with them long before we were aware of our drift in the same direction.

This new attitude towards the Old World means definite gains of various kinds for our civilization. Nevertheless, it is not only patriotism that suggests the possibility of overdoing our new admiration. To adopt wholesale and blindly will be as bad as not to adopt at all. Even foreign experts are already warning us not to lose our heads in our enthusiasm over our discovery of an up-to-date Europe. In a recent number of *Landscape Architecture*, Dr. Werner Hegemann, one of the leading city-planning experts in Germany, pointed out certain defects in some of the European city-planning that is apt to be indiscriminately praised by visitors. The "city beautiful" is not the entire aim of the well-balanced city-planner, although it sufficed for Napoleon III, whose one idea was to arouse the admiration of visitors from the provinces and other countries. Practical ends cannot be ignored, only they must be reached on broader lines than we have hitherto followed. But the great gain in our present attitude is unmistakable: the Chicago Commission is certain of a sympathetic hearing for its report on what it has seen and learned.

Foreign Correspondence

DIVINATION IN POLITICS—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A ZADKIEL—PREDICTIONS THAT HAVE COME TRUE, AND OTHERS.

London, July 10.

There is a fine opportunity just now for a political Zadkiel. Any man who can "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not" has a rare chance of proving his skill. What will be the result of the next general election? How will the Irish crisis end?

British general elections have upset a good many confident predictions. A conspicuous instance was that of 1880, when Gladstone brought the Liberals into power by a majority of 120 seats. Abraham Hayward tells how a young nobleman, only six weeks before the polling, said to him: "You talk of Liberals—where are they? I meet with none." In striking contrast was W. T. Stead's forecast, so notably verified, that the 1906 election would give the Liberals a majority of more than 100 over Unionists and Home Rulers combined.

The dissensions in Ireland recall the general disbelief in the possibility of peace in Canada when Lord Durham presented his report in 1839. Hayward once more is our authority. In a contemporary letter he declares that Lord Durham's project of a legislative union is "about as feasible as a plan to govern all Europe by a parliament sitting at Paris." "The French Canadians," he continues, "would not be a bit more satisfied at being governed by an English majority than by an English Governor, and the whole would end (as in the case of Holland and Belgium—an exactly parallel case) in a split."

The course of the "world movement" is full of traps for cocksure prophets. Sir Robertson Nicoll has recorded a talk he had some years ago with Frederick Greenwood, one of the most acute of English journalists. Greenwood expounded at length his views on the inevitable dominance of Asia by Russia. His argument seemed as cogent and irresistible as Euclid. During the whole evening Japan was not so much as mentioned. A similar conclusion to Greenwood's may be found set forth in a book entitled "The Russian Advance," published in 1903 by a young Senator from Indiana. We can all remember the incredulity with which Prof. C. H. Pearson's warning of a "yellow peril" was first received. In 1875, many years before the publication of Pearson's book, another professor, Sir Lyon Playfair, better known as a chemist than as a politician, expressed the opinion that China was by no means "a nation in the last stage of decrepitude, but one which may yet become among the most powerful of Eastern people, and may even now astonish us by burying antiquity and walking among the nations of the present."

The history of the development of Australia, like that of America, is strewn with exploded predictions. Darwin foretold that, owing to the cost of land transport, Australia would soon cease to find any profit in the production of wool. The richest part of Australia to-day—including the orchard lands of Victoria and the wheat lands of South Australia, to say nothing of the goldfields and silver mines—lies within a territory which Oxley, one of the most capable explorers, pronounced to be forever "uninhabitable and useless for all the purposes of civilized man." On the other hand, Sir Roderick Murchison predicted in 1844 the discovery of gold in Australia. The descriptions that had reached him of the rocks of that continent reminded him of the character of the gold-bearing districts in the Ural Mountains.

Now that every one is discussing the probable effect of the Panama Canal, it is worth while to recall what De Lesseps forecasted in 1855 as likely to follow the cutting of a canal at Suez: "Egypt, acquiring a greater value as a country of production, of internal trade, and of general transit, will lose its perilous importance as an uncertain or contested route of communication. The possession of its territory, no longer being of any interest to England, will cease to be a possible cause of contention between her and France, the union of the two countries will become henceforward unalterable, and the world be saved from the calamities which would attend a rupture between them." "The possession of its territory, no longer being of any interest to England," is, indeed, a master-stroke.

Wars and rumors of wars afford abundant opportunity for lucky and unlucky shots, metaphorically as well as literally. When Gen. Simpson entered Sevastopol in 1855, he was accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, who had just sent home an adverse memorandum on the whole conduct of the war, pronouncing the General incapable, and the capture of the fortress next to impossible. The outbreak of the Indian Mutiny came like a sudden thunderclap upon the British public, but Sir Thomas Munro had foretold that, when nothing else was left for England to conquer in India, she would have to conquer her native army. The biography of Lord Granville shows that, when the Mutiny had already broken out, Sir Charles Napier never saw the need of more English troops or thought it expedient to remove the magazine from Delhi.

Lord Granville himself, when he became Foreign Secretary in July, 1870, was told by the Permanent Under Secretary that never during his long experience had he known so great a lull in foreign affairs, and that he was not aware of any pressing question that the Foreign Office would have to deal with. The following week was spent by Lord Granville mainly in abortive attempts to prevent war between France and Germany. Nearly thirty years later the outbreak and course of the Boer War provided many glaring examples of equal miscalculation, from Mr. Balfour's statement that he no more dreamed of the possibility of having to fight the Orange Free State as well as the Transvaal than he did of the possibility of war with Switzerland to the general belief in London that Gen. Buller would eat his Christmas dinner of 1899 in Pretoria. The one man in official position who had eyes in his head was Sir William Butler, then in command of the British forces in South Africa. He foresaw something of what the war would involve, and was so sharply reprimanded for the frankness of his warning that he was practically compelled to resign his post. About the same time John Morley made the right answer to the sneer that his predictions of grave disaster were those of a Cassandra. "Cassandra's prophecies," he replied, "happened to come true."

That conflict not only justified the foresight of the little group of so-called "pro-Boers" against the prevailing optimism, but was the occasion of a remarkably acute prediction by a French observer. Early in the war he visited Birmingham and was convinced by what

he learned there that Joseph Chamberlain and his followers would presently be driven to a protectionist policy. The "tariff reform" movement of 1903, which came as an utter surprise to English politicians, was thus predicted by Victor Bérard's "L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme," published in 1900.

It was the failure of forecasts of individual careers that especially impressed Tacitus with the "ludibria rerum mortalium." If he had lived in modern times he would have had no need to revise his philosophy. One remembers how in 1839, on the publication of his first book, Gladstone was described by Macaulay as "the rising hope of stern and unbending Tories," and how in 1845 he was declared —by Disraeli, of all men!—to have destroyed his career by his resignation over the Maynooth grant. So, too, Campbell-Bannerman's outspoken denunciation of the concentration camps in the Transvaal was believed by many to have put the highest office in the state forever out of his reach. There were those, also, who during this period thought it a great pity that a young man of ability, like David Lloyd George, should have irretrievably ruined his political prospects by siding with the opponents of a popular war.

Thirteen years ago one of the ablest journalists in London fixed upon Winston Churchill as likely to be "Lord Curzon's most formidable rival" for the Conservative leadership, "when the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour lay down the sceptre they will in turn have received from Lord Salisbury." On the other hand, there is a brilliant instance of correct anticipation to be put down to the credit of Goldwin Smith. "The Irish blood," he wrote in 1861, "has given a hero, and it may give a ruler, to France in the person of MacMahon." It has truly been said that, if this prediction had been made in the Middle Ages, Goldwin Smith would have taken rank either as a saint or as a sorcerer.

During his thirty-six years' editorship of the *Times*, Delane owed much of his success to the accuracy of his intuitions. He foresaw the early stages of the Crimean War, and had his correspondents placed at the right points. In 1852 he wrote of Louis Napoleon: "He is now realizing the Irish conceit—he is feeding the ugly dog which might be dangerous with joints of its own tail in the shape of costly but unproductive public works. When the work is finished or the money runs short, he must either make war or follow Louis Philippe." A biographer has said of Delane that "he could distinguish between the relevant and the irrelevant in the calculation of probabilities as well as in the conduct of an argument." One of his principal leader-writers, James Macdonnell, had a no less remarkable knack of knowing what turn events were likely to take. "Again and again," we are told, "he would say that he must go to the London Library and pick out a number of books in French and English bearing on such and such a subject. These volumes would be his reading for several weeks, voluminous notes being taken; and then most surely their theme would appear in the public mind, finding him ready with a vast store of digested knowledge."

As a rule, however, it is not until their memoirs are published that the foresight of such men as Delane and Macdonnell is recognized. For the men who are shrewd enough to know what is coming are generally shrewd enough also to avoid giving hostages to fortune by making their predictions public before the event. H. W. H.

THE NEGLECTED TOMBS OF THE PANTHEON—VICTOR MARGUERITTE'S ADDRESS ON THE CENTENARY OF VICTOR HUGO'S DEATH.

PARIS, July 12.

On the occasion of the centenary of Victor Hugo's death, the perennial question of the Panthéon in Paris was brought up by Victor Margueritte, the novelist. He spoke in the nave, where the pulpit had been when the domed building was a church. For it was finally and for ever "disaffected" from religion when the Republic gave Victor Hugo's body burial there in 1885.

Who would think as he contemplated this deserted temple, in its cold robe of frescoes, that the inscription of 1791 shines on its front—"To her great men, the grateful country"? In vain our eyes look for their heroic throng, for that people of statues which the Republic might have set up here within these thirty years—all the divinities of our glories for the nation's education! Where we should wish to see a sort of magnified Westminster, a kind of city of heroes, we find but emptiness, abandonment, and oblivion. No doubt, to the illustrious dead buried in the crypts a few additions have been made. But such symbolic remains have to be sought out in their obscure tombs, across remnants of funeral wreaths in a labyrinth of catacombs. In ordinary days only a few scattered pilgrim tourists wander lost in the feeble gaslight amid dark walls.

Victor Margueritte did not say that most of these pilgrims are Americans who are curious to see everything and are not satisfied with the immense extent of the mural paintings which make of the Panthéon a veritable art museum, with scarcely more than its architecture to remind them it was once a church. In the crypts, which they invariably ask to see, the guardian shows them by a smoking candle the coffins of Voltaire and Rousseau (the latter is now getting a monument above ground by that great sculptor of tombs Bartholomé); of Soufflot, the architect of the building; of Lazare Carnot, the "organizer of victory" of the Revolution, and of his grandson, President Carnot, who was assassinated a hundred years later by an Anarchist; of Marshal Lannes, General Marceau, and La Tour d'Auvergne, "first grenadier of France," whose regiment still calls his name on their roll, with the perennial response, "Dead on the field of honor"; of the mathematician Lagrange, and Bougainville, the navigator; of Baudin, the Republican member of Parliament of 1848, who mounted the Paris barricade and was shot down to show how a man could die for his pay, of twenty-five francs a day, with which those more revolutionary than himself reproached him; of Marcelin Berthelot, as a glory of late French science, and of Emile Zola, for the part he took in the Dreyfus affair.

There is no great order in the collection; but, properly distributed through the aisles and former chapels, their tombs would exhibit not unworthily the dead whom France has chosen to honor for a century and a half. And yet they—and the many who have been omitted—are all overshadowed and for all time by the solitary tomb of Napoleon, visited uninterruptedly through the years by crowds of pilgrims under that other great Paris dome of the Invalides. It sends one back to Sir Arthur Helps's essay on what really constitutes a great man, particularly when he is dead. At present, in the crypts of the Panthéon, the American appreciation heard oftenest is: "How very spooky it all is!" S. D.

PROSECUTION OF SOCIALISTS IN GERMANY—LIBELLING THE ARMY—"RED ROSA" AND HER CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

BERLIN, July 10.

The Imperial Chancellor has seemingly become restive under the charge thundered at him for years past of want of zeal against the Socialists. He has listened unmoved to the demand of the great industrialist, backed up by the Conservative and National Liberal parties, for more effective "protection" of the right to work, by which is meant giving the police summary power to sweep strikers off the streets. His two main legislative successes, the Alsatian Constitution and the great Army bill of last year, he owes to Socialist support against the Right. The Conservatives, of course, voted the Army bill itself, but the financing of it had to be carried against their opposition with Liberal and Socialist aid.

Lately, however, the Government apparently has been meditating over the adage about a man's being known by the company he keeps, and it has determined to dissociate itself with vigor from its compromising allies of last summer. To the great joy of the mad mullahs of the workers' "protection" party, who clamor incessantly for a holy war against the foes of altar and fatherland, the word has gone forth to hale Socialist orators before the courts on all sorts of charges, and a series of political prosecutions is heralded, the prospect of which for a time gave great joy to the "state upholding" parties and press. This joy has been turned into mourning by the collapse of the prosecution of Rosa Luxemburg, and it is doubtful whether the impending prosecutions of the advocates of a general strike will yield more satisfaction.

The Luxemburg case has ended in an ignominious retreat on the part of the state as represented by the public prosecutor, all the more unpleasant as it involves the credit of the most vital and important organ of the state, the army. Frau Rosa Luxemburg, the burning orator of the Socialist party, already has suffered imprisonment several times for libelling the state and its institutions. She is the burning Sappho (except that she hates and denounces instead of loving and singing), the implacable Judith of the Socialist party. She is no Fabian. She is for revolution here and now, and despises the Reichstag party, with its comfortable armchairs and compromises. She smells the battle from afar, and sayeth Aha! among the Staatsanwälte. Her lips drip fire and vitriol, and she never harmed a fly. At party congresses she causes acute embarrassment to the male chiefs of the organization who are not yet ready to revolt, and was wont to exchange thrusts with Bebel himself. The English Government would rather have a thousand such than one suffragette of the Pankhurst type. In a speech at Freiburg, Frau Luxemburg, "Red Rosa," as the papers call her, talked of a case of ill-treatment of a soldier at Metz, and said: "It is certainly one of those dramas which are enacted day in, day out, in German barracks, although the groans of the actors seldom reach our ears."

Gen. von Falkenhayn, the Prussian Minister of War, laid an information against "Red Rosa" for libelling the officers and non-com-

missioned officers of the army in these words, and the public prosecutor joyfully took up the case. The defence had to prove that "dramas," that is, acts of cruelty and ill-usage, were of daily occurrence in German barracks. Single instances of barbarity would not do. Here the prosecution thought it had Rosa delivered over to it, bound hand and foot.

The prosecution had reckoned without the Socialist organization. There are in the party something like three-quarters of a million of enrolled members, practically all of whom have served in the army, either as "one-year volunteers" or as ordinary privates. The defence announced their intention of proving the truth of Rosa Luxemburg's contention. On the day appointed for the handing in of depositions of evidence to be offered they declared that their side proposed to call 922 witnesses to acts of cruelty in the army which they had either endured themselves or seen.

In a few cases these acts were committed by officers; in the great majority by non-commissioned officers or by the "old soldiers," that is, men who have a year's service behind them, and seemingly often receive a hint from above to make things uncomfortable for recruits until they show more smartness and intelligence in learning their work. The cruelty complained of mostly took the form of slaps in the face, punches, and kicks, beating with sheathed sabres and bayonets, with riding whips and harness straps, forcible jamming of ill-set helmets on the wearer's head, compulsory baths in icy water, followed by a scrubbing down with scrub brushes until the blood ran, compulsory squatting in muscle-straining attitudes until the victim collapsed or wept for pain, unreasonable fatigue drill, and so on.

There were also abundant cases of absurd and humiliating punishments inflicted by non-commissioned officers, such as turning the men out of bed and making them climb to the top of the cupboards or sweep out the dormitory with tooth-brushes. In a few instances witnesses were prepared to depose to cases of suicide committed by men in consequence of long-protracted ill-usage. In other instances men had been driven to desertion. One man had become insane. A lieutenant at Memel beat a man so severely with a sword that he had to be dismissed from the army as unfit and compensated for injuries sustained during service. The public prosecutor did his best to persuade the court that this evidence was inadmissible, but the court held otherwise and appointed a date two days later for the resumption of the proceedings. By then Rosa's army of witnesses had swelled to 1,030. But the authorities were not prepared to allow them to tell their stories. The public prosecutor informed the court that the Minister of War could not at such short notice investigate and file answers to the charges. The Minister intended to bring them before courts-martial so far as they were not outlawed by lapse of time. He proposed the adjournment of the case. The defence protested against changing the venue to the courts-martial, in whose findings the defendant and her friends had no confidence. They demanded an immediate trial before the civil court.

The judge, however, held that the demand of the prosecution for more time was, in the circumstances, reasonable, and adjourned the proceedings *sine die*. They will, of course, never be reopened. L. L.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

II.

In preparing any adequate notice of Lord Newton's biography* of his old diplomatic chief, the temptation is great to dwell on passages in that portion of it which relates to France. Very revealing, these cover a most important period, that of the overthrow of the Second Empire, the humiliation of France, and its rapid rehabilitation after the German occupation ceased. As recounted by Lord Newton, a witness, with an eye keen to the situations and personages involved, it is far from an inspiring story; but in it there are lessons from which we in America might profit. First and foremost among these is the shifting, irresponsible character of the French conduct of foreign affairs throughout the régime of Louis Napoleon, as well as during more recent years. Of stability there was none; traditions had ceased to exist. It is a record of opportunism. Strange glimpses of this state of affairs are afforded in the confidential letters addressed by Lord Lyons, always in familiar language, to the various Foreign Secretaries. Indeed, in some cases it seems questionable whether subsequent publication is altogether fair. For instance, writing to his chief, Lord Granville, from Tours in October, 1870, during the Gambetta chaos, Lord Lyons says of a conversation he then had with the gentleman in charge of the French Foreign Office:

> M. de Chaudordy said that he would tell me what was in the bottom of his heart about the cession of territory, if I would promise to report it to your Lordship only in such a form as would ensure it never being published now or hereafter, or even being quoted or referred to (I, 326).

Lord Lyons then proceeded to repeat in detail what the French *pro tempore* Foreign Minister said. In spite of Lord Newton's implied "promise," we here are admitted into M. de Chaudordy's innermost confidence.

Again, writing from Tours a month later, Lord Lyons thus expressed himself in regard to Thiers:

> I thought my prudent course was to listen and say nothing, which, as you know, is easy with him; for he talks too well for one to be bored with him, and is quite content to talk without interruption.

This seems to have been a somewhat prevalent weakness among the members of the diplomatic service of that period. For instance, Lord Lyons again writes to Lord Granville, under date of December 31, 1880, concerning Mgr. Czacki, the Papal representative:

> Monsignor Czacki is a very great talker, which makes it easy to say very little in answer to him, and I took full advantage of the facility for being conveniently silent which this afforded me.

The incident is further elaborated in characteristic fashion by Lord Newton, as follows:

> Whether influenced by Monsignor Czacki or not, Her Majesty's Government sent Mr. Errington, a Liberal Member of Parliament, to Rome in an ambiguous capacity which was loudly denounced in the House of Commons both by Home Rulers and by fervent Protestants, and in the course of one of the discussions on the subject, Mr. Gladstone informed an astonished audience that there was all the difference in the world between an Agent and an "Agente."

It is necessary, however, to recur to matters which are of especial interest to Americans and American historical writers in connection with our Civil War. Of Seward, then in the Senate, but the prospective Secretary of State in Lincoln's coming Administration, Lord Lyons thus wrote from Washington, under date of January 7, 1861, more than three months before the fall of Sumter:

> With regard to Great Britain, I cannot help fearing that he will be a dangerous Foreign Minister. His view of the relations between the United States and Great Britain has always been that they are a good material to make political capital of. He thinks at all events that they may be safely played with without any risk of bringing on a war. He has even to me avowed his belief that England will never go to war with the United States. . . . The temptation will be great for Lincoln's party, if they be not actually engaged in a civil war, to endeavor to divert the public excitement to a foreign quarrel. . . . I think he is likely to play it.

This was written in anticipation, a few days less than two months before Lincoln's inauguration; recurring to Mr. Seward, now become Secretary of State, some three weeks after the inauguration, Lyons sent to his chief the following illuminating information:

> Mr. Seward came to me on the evening of the 20th ultimo, and asked me to let him speak to me very confidentially. . . .
>
> Mr. Seward observed that he considered it all important to ward off a crisis during the next three months; that he had good hopes that if this could be effected a counter revolution would take place in the South; that he hoped and believed it would begin in the most distant State, Texas, where indeed he saw symptoms of it already. It might be necessary towards producing this effect to make the Southern States feel uncomfortable in their present condition by interrupting their commerce. It was however most important that the new Confederacy should not in the mean time be recognized by any Foreign Power.

He then, in the same dispatch, added the following:

> If a considerable rise were to take place in the price of cotton, and British ships were to be at the same time excluded from the Southern Ports, an immense pressure would be put upon H.M.'s Government to use all

*Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy. By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net. The work is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $8.50 net.

the means in their power to open those Ports.

He then adds this significant suggestion:

As regards the latter point in particular, it certainly appeared that the most simple, if not the only way, would be to recognize the Southern Confederaey.

Finally, in this curious letter Lyons thus describes what occurred at a dinner at the British Legation the evening of the day on which his dispatch was dated. "After dinner," he wrote, "Mr. Seward entered into an animated conversation with my French and Russian colleagues, and signed to me to join them." Alluding to some Peruvian papers just then published, "Mr. Seward, speaking as he had done all along very loud, said to my French and Russian colleagues and me, 'I have formed my opinion on that matter, and I may as well tell it to you now as at any other time. . . .'"

My Russian Colleague, M. de Stoeckl, argued the question with Mr. Seward very good humoredly and very ably. Upon his saying that a Blockade to be respected must be effective, Mr. Seward replied that it was not a blockade that would be established; that the U. S. Cruisers would be stationed off the Southern Coast to collect duties, and enforce penalties for the infraction of the U. S. Customs Laws. Mr. Seward then appealed to me. I said that it was really a matter so very serious that I was unwilling to discuss it; that his plan seemed to me to amount in fact to a paper blockade of the enormous extent of coast comprised in the Seceding States; that the calling it an enforcement of the Revenue Laws appeared to me to increase the gravity of the measure, for it placed Foreign Powers in the Dilemma of recognizing the Southern Confederation, or of submitting to the interruption of their Commerce.

Mr. Seward then went off into a defiance of Foreign Nations, in a style of braggadocio which was formerly not uncommon with him, but which I had not heard before from him since he had been in office. Finding he was getting more and more violent and noisy, and saying things which it would be more convenient for me not to have heard, I took a natural opportunity of turning, as host, to speak to some of the ladies in the room.

How very narrow our margin of safety then was may be inferred from the following passage in the same dispatch:

M. de Stoeckl and M. Mercier inferred, as I do, that within the last two days the opinion of the more violent party in the Cabinet had prevailed, at all events for the moment, and that there is a danger that an interference with Foreign Trade may take place at any moment. I hope that it may still be prevented by the fear of its producing a recognition of the Southern Confederacy. But I am afraid we must be prepared for it. . . .

M. Mercier thinks it advisable that he and I should have a discretionary Power to recognize the South. This seems to me to be going too fast. I should feel a good deal embarrassed by having such a power in my pocket, unless the contingency in which it was to be used should be most clearly stated. What does appear to be of extreme importance is that England and France should act in concert.

All this, it is to be borne in mind, occurred prior to any outbreak of hostilities; sixteen days were yet to elapse before Fort Sumter was fired on (April 11, 1861). Immediately thereafter, the policy of the Government as respects Southern, or Confederate, ports and commerce had of necessity to be publicly announced. It was a serious question. It was first urged that an embargo should be placed upon the Southern ports, as the alternative to a blockade. While the matter was still undecided, Lord Lyons, it now appears, wrote Lord John Russell (April 15, 1861), as follows:

But if the U. S. are to be permitted to seize any ship of ours wherever they can find her within their jurisdiction on the plea that by going to a Southern port she has violated the U. S. custom laws, our commerce will be exposed to vexations beyond bearing, and all kinds of new and doubtful questions will be raised. In fact, this, it seems to me, would be a paper blockade of the worst kind. It would certainly justify Great Britain and France in recognizing the Southern Confederacy and sending their fleets to force the U. S. to treat British and French vessels as neutrals in conformity with the law of nations. . . .

Just as Mr. Seward was confident that he had prevailed in the Cabinet, the President and the violent party suddenly threw over his policy. Having determined not to resign, he pretends to be pleased, and one of his colleagues says of him that in order to make up for previous lukewarmness he is now the fiercest of the lot. It is a great inconvenience to have him as the organ of communication from the U. S. Government.

Commenting upon the foregoing, Lord Newton adds, speaking correctly enough on that much-discussed subject: "It was absolutely necessary, however, to deal with the Blockade Question, and the Cabinet consulted the Law Officers of the Crown, with the result that the Southern States were recognized as belligerents."

Again, writing five weeks later, May 21, Lord Lyons thus expressed himself as to the international diplomatic situation at Washington:

One of the great difficulties I have to contend with in my endeavour to keep this Government within such bounds as may render the maintenance of peace possible is the persuasion which prevails even with sensible men that *no* outrage will compel England to make war with the North. Such men, although seeing the inexpedience and impropriety of Mr. Seward's treatment of the European Powers, still do not think it worth while to risk their own mob popularity by declaring against it. If they thought there was really any danger they would no doubt do a great deal to avert it.

Of these men the most distinguished is Mr. Sumner. He has considerable influence in Foreign Questions and holds the important office of Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He is in correspondence with many people in England, and I believe with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. I think no greater service could be rendered to the cause of peace than to make Mr. Sumner aware of the real perils to which Mr. Seward and the Cabinet are exposing the country. If some means cannot be devised of checking them, they will carry not only arrogance but praetical vexations to a pitch which will render the maintenance of peace impossible. If Mr. Sumner's correspondence from England convinced him that there was real danger in Mr. Seward's proceedings, he might do a good deal to put a stop to them. I think I have done something to shake his confidence, but I believe he still relies to a great degree upon assurances he received from England under circumstances wholly different from those which now so unhappily exist.

At this time Mr. Seward was, as we now know, still obsessed with the belief that there was a strong Union feeling latent in the South, and that the true solution of American difficulties would be found in a patriotie appeal and a foreign war. On this head Lord Lyons thus wrote to Earl Russell on the 4th of June:

The present game of the violent party appears to be to discover or invent some shade of difference in the conduct of England and France in order to use violent language, or even to take violent measures against England without necessarily involving themselves in a quarrel with France also. The plan most in vogue at this moment seems to be to send me my passport. . . . If H. M. Government concede nothing to violent language it will *probably* subside, but there is such a dementia in some of the people here that we must not be surprised at any act of violence they may commit.

Lord Newton then writes as follows concerning the famous dispateh of May 21, 1861, from Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, first brought to light twenty-five years later by Hay and Nicolay. This dispatch, apparently designed by Secretary Seward to bring on a rupture between Great Britain and the United States, it will be remembered, underwent, before transmission, most important modification at the hands of President Lincoln:

Writing on June 24, Lord Lyons reported that he had discovered that Mr. Seward had prepared a dispatch which was all but a direct announcement of war, and that it was only the intervention of the President and of the more reasonable members of the Cabinet which prevented its being sent to the American Minister in London. The great qualities of President Lincoln, by the way, do not appear to have been recognized at this early period, for competent judges pronounced that although well-meaning and conscientious, he gave no proof of possessing any natural talents to compensate for his ignorance of everything but Illinois village politics.

Unfortunately, Lord Newton does not print in its entirety this most important diplomatic communication. A little later on, however, we come upon a most eharacteristic minute of Lord Palmerston, addressed apparently to Earl Russell. In it he refers to the battle of Bull's Run, or, as he terms it, "Yankee's Run." He does so in language curiously Palmerstonian:

The Americans are not cowards; individually they are as reckless of their own lives as of the lives of others: . . . and it is not easy to believe that if they had felt they were fighting for a great national interest they would have run away as they did from the battle, or that whole regiments would have quietly marched away home just before the

fight was to begin. The Truth is, the North are fighting for an Idea chiefly entertained by professional politicians, while the South are fighting for what they consider rightly or wrongly vital interests.

The above is most suggestive of the conviction as to the respective ideals and purposes of the parties to our conflict, which firmly possessed Palmerston's mind throughout the Civil War, and was productive of important consequences. Referring to the same matter, on August 2, Lord Lyons had written to Sir E. Head:

There is nothing very surprising in raw levies being seized with such a panic as that which led to the flight from Bull's Run. The want of spirit before and since shown by the Militia regiments is a worse sign. Two went away, on their term expiring, one may say from the battlefield itself. The defeat, and even the danger of Washington being taken, have been unable to induce any whose time is up to remain.

These are incidents in our war which our somewhat over-patriotic historians have found it convenient quietly to ignore.

The foregoing specimen of the confidential correspondence Lord Palmerston was in the custom of carrying on with his political associates is, however, suggestive. One of those associates, and one who stood high in his estimation, was Lord Clarendon, twice Foreign Secretary. With him Palmerston's correspondence was astonishingly frequent. Of it Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his recently published Life of Clarendon, says:

I have been at pains to count those written to Clarendon in Palmerston's own hand during a single year—1857. They number three hundred and ten, ranging over the whole field of politics, foreign and domestic, diverging not infrequently into personal matters. Some of these letters are exceedingly long, written *currente calamo*, without a preliminary draft and with hardly an erasure or alteration from first to last. (Vol. II, 299, 300.)

We here get a glimpse, and a most suggestive one, of that practically unlimited wealth of intimate material which it is the function of the biographer to master and digest for the subsequent use of the general historian. He, so to speak, purveys. At the same time, it must be admitted, the mass of raw material thus to be assimilated and made available is calculated to give pause to the boldest. For instance, while, in the case of Lord Palmerston, we read of hundreds of letters available, in the case of Lord North and that most important phase of American history to which Bancroft devoted a life, we now learn that "when Lord Brougham was composing his 'Historical Sketches,' he borrowed from North's family all the letters that had been written by the Prime Minister to the King. By some unhappy accident they were mislaid, and they have never been recovered. Thus we listen, as it were, to one speaking at a telephone, and have to guess, as best we may, what answers he is receiving. Could we but read the lost letters of Lord North, we should know a great deal more than we do now of the conduct by government of the war in America." (Lucas, "North," I, 116-117).

Caste Among Anglers

THE WAR OF THE "WETS" AND THE "DRYS."

Perhaps the germ of "angling," as distinguished from ordinary fishing, is to be found in a certain sense of superiority over his fellows felt by the inventor of the first real fish-hook. To tie a string around the middle of a long splinter of flint, cover the flint with bait, let a hungry fish swallow it, and then jerk, depending upon the chance that the flint would turn cross-wise in the stomach of the fish and thus pull it out of the water—all this was one thing. To bring the fish up hooked neatly in the mouth by the deftly shaped bit of metal was quite another, and the inventor of the new method doubtless felt entitled to a little more than the average signs of respect from the multitude as he carried his catch back to his cave or tent. Of course, the use of the hook became general in times still primitive, but a superior caste consciousness having once been formed, some new refinement at one point or another in tackle or mode of handling would at once be seized upon as the test of élite standing. And thus it has come about that of those who take fish a certain proportion are entitled to be called anglers, while the others are just fishermen, and possibly something worse.

The taking of fish for the market, or for the sole purpose of furnishing necessary food, is, of course, thoroughly honorable in itself, and the great body of the "just fishermen" have never concerned themselves seriously with the pretensions, valid or invalid, of the "anglers." But when within the angling fraternity itself some rigid censor proposes to declass those who have previously sat among the elect, heartburnings and recriminations are sure to be the result. Attempts at new drawings of the line have been so various, and have met with such various degrees of success, that it would hardly be safe to-day to hazard a detailed and exhaustive statement of the attributes which would be accepted without challenge as those of the perfect angler.

After the artificial fly became common there was developed a class who, at least in their own minds, held that no man could possess the genuine angling spirit who would consent (they would think *stoop*, if not say it) to take a game fish with any form of bait whatever. Many have avoided the use of bait because of the existence of this feeling, though not always convinced of the soundness of the exclusive fly man's contention. But in the course of time division arose among the fly men themselves. The "dry," or floating, fly made its appearance in the southern streams of England, with new methods of tying and handling in closer approximation to the form and appearance on the water of the insects on which trout are accustomed to feed. A struggle between the two methods arose and waxed warm, but the new way proved well adapted to English streams, and its general adoption now stands recorded in the Encyclopædia Britannica as a part of England's angling history. In America, however, the dry fly has been used by only a small percentage of fly-fishermen, and it has been assumed that the difference in the character of the streams constituted an effective barrier to its general adoption. This assumption has often been challenged, and two years ago an advocate of the dry fly wrote in one of the sporting magazines:

If the angler wishes to be a true fly-fisherman, let him give up such tactics and cast the dry fly. That the wet fly is in many ways successful is freely admitted, . . . but is it fly fishing, in the strictest sense of the term? Is it not rather bait fishing with a fly as bait? . . . Would not the same method be used if the fly were replaced by a worm?

That such slighting remarks should strike fire was inevitable, and an important part of Mr. Southard's sumptuous volume* is given to a vigorous defence of the wet fly, with counter attack, not on the dry-fly method in itself, but on the alleged exaggerations and unfairness of its militant advocates. "It is a fine art," he admits, "this dry-fly method of angling, and it requires great skill and patience to practice it successfully. It will not, however, I venture to say, black the stove, shine your shoes, comb your hair, clean your hat, or do a thousand other things that some American dry-fly writers would have every wet-fly angler and beginner believe; and it is not, perforce of many adverse conditions, the alpha and omega of all fly fishing."

He admits that the dry fly is well suited to the brown trout, the one species found in the English streams where the dry fly originated. One imagines the admission spiced with conscious malice, however, for he characterizes the brown trout as "without doubt the least attractive of all the species of trout found in America which rise to the fly." The brown back which gives it its name is dirty, shading off into yellow, its red spots are scarce, and its scales are large, giving it an appearance of coarseness. It strikes with some force, but makes only a short struggle, and is easily landed. In fact, although a game fish, it ranks as such below nearly all, if not all, the other trouts, and this "notwithstanding the fact that some few anglers (mostly dry-fly men) have cried early and late its game qualities." The wisdom of Mr. Southard's tactics may here be questioned. British anglers might hear the words "wet" and "dry" bandied *ad libitum* and not realize that the trouble was anything but another local-option election; but when the species of trout that has drawn the steps of England's authors, statesmen, and divines to the chalk streams since ages before Walton is stigmatized as a "quitter," and a dirty-looking fellow at best, the aid of a few Dreadnoughts from over the water is at once assured to the American dry-fly flotilla.

Mr. Southard falls in with the general American assumption that in any case the dry fly is not adaptable to the swift cur-

**Trout Fly-Fishing in America.* By Charles Zibeon Southard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

rents which characterize so large a portion of our best trout streams. But simultaneously with his argument comes "The Dry Fly and Fast Water," from the pen of George M. L. LaBranche,† who roundly asserts on the basis of years of personal experience that the dry fly "is applicable to any part of a swift stream short of a perpendicular waterfall." Mr. LaBranche is a delightful writer to follow, and is nowhere abusive or contemptuous towards those who have not, as he, gone over to the exclusive use of the dry-fly method. Here and there, however, he adopts a line of argument which, to the wet-fly angler of delicate sensibilities (admitting the existence of such), may cut deeper than hard words:

> Even as a knowledge of the better forms of music leads, eventually, to a distaste for the poorer sorts, and as familiarity with the work of great painters leads to disgust with the chromolithograph-like productions of the dauber, so, too, does a knowledge of the higher and more refined sorts of angling lead just as surely to the ultimate abandonment of the grosser methods.

If the debate were merely between the respective merits of wet and dry flies in tempting the trout to a rise, it would be of negligible import, though perhaps it might never be settled. But when the form and theory of handling of a mere artificial insect is made the basis of claims to superior standing in sportsmanship, or of charges of grossness, one feels that the sport of angling is in danger of developing along unnatural and unhealthful lines. There are those who still believe that Izaak Walton was one of the finest spirits of his time, and that if he should suddenly appear on the banks of any angling water and go to fishing for perch with "a worm, a minnow, or a little frog," he would be an honor to any company of anglers. Any definition of the angler that would throw out a Walton is fatally defective, and we mean by this Walton as he actually was, in the seventeenth century, not Walton as some advocate of this or that in angling might imagine that he would have been if he had lived in our own day. It is not impossible that under the torn shirt and tanned skin of the country boy, with his tamarack pole and can of worms, beats occasionally a true angler's heart. The same boy will probably adopt the fly and the split bamboo, later on, if he can afford them. But if he occasionally offers an angle-worm to some trout not interested in flies, the reason is not to be sought in any essential grossness in his nature. The true angler's spirit must be too catholic and too democratic to hedge the sport round with arbitrary distinctions, and exclude from fellowship one fundamentally inclined to that gentleness of spirit and serenity of mind which the rod, the line, and the brook have a peculiar ability to develop.

W. H. Johnson.

†*The Dry Fly and Fast Water*. Fishing with the Floating Fly on American Trout Streams, together with Some Observations on Fly Fishing in General. By George M. LaBranche. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Books and Men

READING THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hard things are said about the magazines, but none, surely, worse than this: "I always read the advertisements first. They're the best part of the magazine." It was related with much delight, a few years ago, that Mr. Kipling reproved a friend for sending him some periodical from which all the advertisements had been cut. "I can write stories myself," said he, implying with frightful mock-modesty that it took Heaven-born genius, far beyond that of the author of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," to compose advertisements. The thing has passed into current speech, and "Read the advertisements first" has become a catch phrase, repeated parrot-like as a supposedly clever and original remark.

The great charm and importance of advertisements has been forced upon the public by their ubiquity, size, and enormous cost. The vast sums paid by this or that company for the back page of this or the other magazine have solemnly been imparted to all of us.

"You would hardly believe, would you, Musseer," said a Chicagoan to a visiting Frenchman, "that less than forty years ago this great city was lying in ruins from a terrible fire?"

"Ah, M'sieu, I might not believe him eef onlee one gentleman tell me so—but when ten, forty, seexty gentlemen tell me—que voulez-vous?"

It is thus about the advertisements. There is ever some impressive person in the smoking-car who will inform you as to the exact number of thousands which it has cost the manufacturers to utter the simple but telling phrase, "Drink Zingo!" in letters of red, to all the readers of some popular weekly. Another man is fairly sure to add that the inspired being to whom first came the idea of naming Zingo so simply yet so musically was rewarded by a check for forty thousand dollars. And you are lucky if a third man does not say that when the Zingo company resolved to deface the State of Maine with signs bearing their trade-mark, a goat, it cost just six millions to do it.

All this has had its effect. What costs so much, what occasions such vast outpourings of treasure, must be good. Christian Science burst upon many as a religion which "has a good deal in it" when they found that Mrs. Eddy was growing rich. If the inventor of a single word, or phrase, to advertise a stove-polish, or a soap, makes more money thereby than rewarded the life-work of Robert Browning, it simply shows that Browning did not know how to "deliver the goods." If the wretched authors who produce the magazine fiction about which we all complain should suddenly begin to be rewarded by the golden flood which pours in upon the men who write jingles about buttonhooks, who knows but that we might see them in a sort of aureate haze? Who knows but that the literary part of the magazine might win back its popularity from the advertising section?

Advertising section? It is all advertising section—all but a meagre bit—in the magazine of to-day. You are scarcely introduced to the heroine before she flees away, and turns up among the ice-cream freezers. The haughty hero walks through his opening lines in respectable surroundings, but unless he proposes marriage at the very beginning of the story he has to do it wedged in between the safety razors and the patent mops. "A page on which advertisements and reading matter are mixed," writes Professor Münsterberg, "is a mess which irritates and hurts a mind of fine æsthetic sensitiveness, but which in the uncultivated mind must ruin any budding desire for subtler harmony."

It is not the comparative interest of the advertisements and the stories, however, nor the cost of advertising, nor the gentle custom of forcing the reader to pursue the story among the advertisements, that I would especially ask you to consider. It is the almost universal stupidity, bad taste, and lack of attraction in the majority of the advertisements themselves. It is a gross libel upon the worst of the magazine fiction to say that the advertising section is the more interesting. Excepting a very few notable instances, the advertisements are repellent rather than attractive, and if large returns in money follow their publication, if they "pull" well, it is probably in spite of them rather than because of them.

In considering this phase of the subject, the reference is made, of course, to those advertisements which have a positive character, to those which try to appeal through some striking phrase or particularly through a conspicuous picture. Advertisements which are little more than simple announcements, without any picture, are not under discussion.

For many years a remarkably obnoxious-looking child hailed us from every wall, and in every magazine, with the cry: "I say! You ought to drink Zimdad!" First and last, I think I have heard a dozen persons remark that if they were parched with thirst, if they were expiring in the desert, if 'twere the last drop in the well, and they were fainting on the brink, never under any circumstances would they touch Zimdad. Surely, the psychological appeal in such an advertisement is askew.

How many of us were deeply sympathetic with the tall young gentlemen in frock-coats and puff ties, whose hair, parted in the middle, hung over their deeply lined foreheads, as they leaned forward, drove the fist of their right hands vigorously into their left palms, and exclaimed: "It's your *money* I want!" or "I can sell you real estate!" How many of us decided to walk away rapidly as soon as one of those earnest young men appeared in the flesh, and never by any chance to buy anything they might have to sell?

Edmund Lester Pearson.

News for Bibliophiles

THE WIDENER COLLECTION OF STEVENSON.

The sumptuous, privately printed catalogue of the collection of first editions, presentation copies, and manuscripts of the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson formed by the late Harry Elkins Widener, the bringing together of which was one of the chief pleasures of his too few years of book collecting, is a volume to be treasured. Besides being an almost complete bibliography, with accurate collations, it is of great literary interest and is itself a first edition, for in its pages many poems and letters are printed for the first time.

The book is a quarto, beautifully printed on fine paper, in an edition limited to 150 copies. The illustrations, facsimile reproductions of title-pages, leaflets, autograph inscriptions, letters, and manuscripts, number ninety-two, and, with one or two exceptions, are of the full size of the originals.

From Mr. Widener's college days, Stevenson's books had been among his favorites, and he never travelled without having one or more of them close at hand. Before his death he had occupied himself in getting material in shape for a printed catalogue of his Stevenson collection, but the compilation, as it appears now, is mainly the work of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the one man who is familiar with the books and who has done so important a service in bringing the library together. Although Mr. Widener was a constant purchaser from Quaritch and other booksellers in England and America, a very large proportion of the rarities in his collection passed through the hands of Dr. Rosenbach. To this Stevenson Catalogue he has contributed an intimate memoir of his young friend, whom Edmund Gosse calls "that Marcellus of the race of book-collectors."

The first man to form an important or notable collection of Stevensoniana in America was Charles B. Foote, a man whose memory is still revered by all who knew him. He was the ideal of the true book-collector, quiet and unostentatious in manner, a keen lover of books, for both their matter and their form, enthusiastic and courageous as a buyer, sometimes, no doubt, going beyond his means, and possessed of the old spirit of friendliness towards the bookseller. His Saturday afternoon pilgrimage from one bookshop to another on his way uptown, accompanied generally by a close friend of kindred tastes, who, happily, is still with us to be recalled with pleasure.

Mr. Foote began buying first editions of Stevenson before that writer's death; indeed, one of his rarest items, Stevenson's only excursion into print on the subject of Scottish theology, his pamphlet "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland" (1875), was sent by Stevenson himself from the South Sea to Mr. Foote. In 1894 and 1895 Mr. Foote sold the major portion of his library at auction in three sales. These sales, especially the second, are made memorable to this day by the gathering of Mr. Foote's personal friends in the salesroom, and the noble manner in which they bid against one another for the possession of his books. The Stevenson collection was retained by him, and he continued to add to it until his death. It then passed, through a bookseller's hands, into the library of George M. Williamson, an enthusiastic admirer of Stevenson's writings, and the owner, already, of a great many rarities, including several of his books given by Stevenson to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, with such inscriptions as "from her laddie," and "from her boy."

About the same time another great Stevenson collection passed into the market, with the library of Alfred J. Morgan, who had acquired the principal rarities belonging to Stevenson's mother when they were sold at Sotheby's after her death, and the best of these, also, were purchased by Mr. Williamson.

So, when in January, 1908, Mr. Williamson's library was offered at auction, his Stevenson collection was incomparably the best ever brought together up to that time, consisting as it did of the accumulations of several zealous collectors, and Mr. Widener did not fail to avail himself of the opportunity. Almost everything that he needed was purchased at that sale, and, it may be added, for the most part at very moderate prices, but no opportunity to improve the collection was allowed to pass, and several important additions were made to it before his death.

When, in 1910, Mrs. Strong offered for sale the manuscript of Stevenson's Autobiography, being some memoirs of his childhood which he had given to her "for future use" after his death, Mr. Widener at first declined it, as did also, a few days later, the late J. P. Morgan, and the manuscript was returned to its owner. Mr. Widener could not, however, forget how attractive a document it was, and a few weeks afterwards he bought it and ever afterwards regarded it as one of his choicest treasures. In 1912 he printed, for private distribution, forty-five copies. It still remains unpublished.

Among other important additions were the manuscripts of the series of "Brasheana" sonnets, and the printed proof-sheets of Numbers I and II, put in type in the style of the "subscription edition of Gay's Poems," but never published. These were sold by Charles Baxter, Stevenson's literary executor, at Sotheby's in 1911. Mr. Widener already owned the impression of Sonnet I, which had belonged to Stevenson's mother. No other seems to be traceable. Though these sonnets, in memory of Peter Brash, who kept a beershop in Edinburgh frequented by students in Stevenson's old university days, add nothing to his literary reputation, the idea of writing them and printing them in large type was happily characteristic, and to the collector of first editions their value is immense.

It is not easy to write of Harry Widener's Stevenson collection without giving voice to some personal recollections of the man and of his books. In September, 1911, I made my first trip to London. Harry Widener had been on the Continent for some time, and had planned to give up his last three or four days, before sailing for home, to making pleasant our first visit. Among other plans for our entertainment he had arranged for a hurried visit to the Isle of Thanet, where Col. W. F. Prideaux, after strenuous years of war, captivity, and government service in Abyssinia and upper India, has settled down to the quieter life of the book-collector and the bibliographer. His bibliography of Stevenson, a model of its class, is the trustworthy guide of every collector. While we both wanted to meet the man, there is no doubt that Mr. Widener made the trip principally for the purpose of seeing the two Stevenson leaflets, "To the Thompson Class Club" (1883) and "The Laureat Ste'enson to the Thamson Class" (1885). At the time, neither of us knew the whereabouts of other copies. Since Mr. Widener's death Sir Sidney Colvin's copies of these leaflets have been added to his collection.

On a previous occasion he had given me a list of his "wants," a few great rarities such as "The Penny Whistles" and the Thompson Class Club leaflets, and a somewhat larger number of third- and fourth-rate books, mainly of slight value but desirable as making the collection more complete. Among these was the second edition of "An Object of Pity," of which twenty-five copies were printed privately, with reproductions of drawings by Mrs. Strong, in 1898. One day, in Quaritch's, while Mr. Widener was arranging for the shipment of his purchases, I was looking over the shelves of modern authors. There, in its original pasteboard box, I found a copy of this "An Object of Pity," being No. 2 of six copies only (out of the twenty-five) printed on Japan paper. Laid in the same box was a copy of "Objects of Pity," Bazett Michael Haggard's reply to Stevenson's skit, which, though it is without any of the sparkle or wit of the original, is sought after by all Stevenson collectors. The box and its contents were marked at the very moderate price of *thirty shillings*. As it is a bookseller's first business to buy books and sell them (at a profit), I did not call Mr. Widener's attention to it, but put it aside, where he would not be likely to spy it, and after he had gone I bought it. When we were both back home he was well pleased to obtain the "Object of Pity" at thirty dollars. As this Edinburgh edition contains some verses by Stevenson not elsewhere printed, so far as I know, it was actually worth double this figure.

Nor was this the only bargain that I found at Quaritch's during that visit. Some day, when I print my "Memoirs of a Retired Bookseller," I shall tell of an item of Americana which I bought for practically nothing and which was purchased, as a great find, by the first collector to whom it was offered, at ten times thirty dollars. But this is a digression.

At the sale of M. C. D. Borden's library, in 1913, Dr. Rosenbach purchased for Mrs. Widener the rarest and most interesting of printed Stevenson items, the little "trial" pamphlet, "Penny Whistles," which is now, for the first time, adequately described in the catalogue. This copy originally belonged to Mrs. Strong and was purchased by Mr. Borden some twelve years ago. Although bibliographers say that two copies are known, the second seems not to be located, unless it be among the material owned by Stevenson's widow, who died a few months ago. Neither Charles Baxter nor Sidney Colvin seems to own the book, though both must have received copies at the time of printing.

At the Borden sale, also, Dr. Rosenbach bought the autograph manuscript of "David Balfour," published in England under the title "Catriona." But even more interesting than this important manuscript is the series of fifty-seven original autograph letters written from the South Seas to Sidney Colvin, from which a selection was published under the title "The Vailima Letters." Harry Widener was always fond of this series of letters, and his grandfather, in adding the manuscript to the Stevenson collection, has rounded it out and perfected it.

Much more might be said about the books

and manuscripts described in this catalogue, but within a few months they, with other literary treasures of even greater value, will be dedicated, with suitable restrictions, to the use of students and the public in Harvard's new library. Not only will Harry Widener's treasures be suitably housed, but for the first time in its history Harvard's own library will be properly protected and arranged in a fireproof building, with ample shelf-room to allow for the storage of those large accessions to the library which are certain to come from Harvard's alumni and friends, who, heretofore, knowing of the unsafe condition of the old buildings and that shelf-space for large additions was non-existent, have been holding baek their gifts.

In 1638 John Harvard gave half of his fortune and his library to the new college, which then took his name as its founder. Of this library, said to have consisted of about 370 volumes, one only is now known to be in existence. When another three hundred years have passed, how many of these Widener books will still be on their shelves? A much larger proportion, we hope. Stevenson will then perhaps have become a long-forgotten author and probably most of his books, especially the American editions, will have disintegrated into dust, but we may be fairly eertain that the Shakespearean folios and others of the older books will be in as good eondition and as much esteemed as to-day. And, built as it is to endure, there is little doubt that the new Widener Memorial Building will still be standing, a perpetual monument of a mother's love for her dead Lyeidas.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

FALSE DISPATCHES FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About the 10th of June a dispatch appeared in a Cincinnati newspaper, and I suppose was printed throughout the country, telling of the assassination by the natives of "Mr. Ollie Chambers, an American teacher," in the Philippines.

As I have known many such items to be without foundation, I sent the clipping from the Cineinnati paper to Mr. Quezon, the Resident Commissioner from the Philippines, asking him to ascertain if there was any truth in it. He enelosed the following letter in answer:

June 24, 1914.

Honorable Manuel L. Quezon, Resident Commissioner from the Philippine Islands, House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. Quezon:

Referring again to your letter of the 15th instant regarding the reported assassination of Mr. Ollie Chambers, said to be a teacher in the Philippine Islands, I beg to inform you that I am just in receipt of the following cablegram from Governor-General Harrison, in response to our inquiry of the 16th instant:

"Referring to telegram from your office of 16th inst., no Government employee named Ollie Chambers; there is a teacher named Ollie C. Kemp stationed at Tagudin, Muntain Province. He was in Manila June 19 in good health."

If the report that Chambers had been murdered were true, the authorities at Manila would certainly have a record of it, and the fact that they have no such record is conclusive to my mind that the report is false.

I return the clipping enclosed with your letter, in accordance with your request.

Very sincerely,

Frank McIntyre, Chief of Bureau.

By such false statements it is sought to discredit the policy of the Administration.

Chas. B. Wilby.

Biddeford Pool, Me., July 16.

AMERICAN HELLENES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Strolling in May about a town in Greece, I happened on a company of soldiers drilling in the principal square. As I leaned against an ancient bronze gun watching them I was accosted in the American language by a young man who hailed from "the finest place in all America." This, it appeared, was Coney Island, where he had been a waiter in a restaurant—a delightful occupation, for it left him at leisure to play cards all winter! "I am a soldier," he said, "although not in uniform, for the officers have taken me to wait on them."

The drill over, there gathered about me a group of English-speaking Greeks. They had volunteered for the war with Turkey and had gone through the Bulgarian war as well. Part were American citizens, but had overstayed the six months' passport limit, and now the Greek Government holds them for further service. There is no escape, and they must serve out the required time, stated by one to be a year and a half longer. But all, without exception, mean to return to America as soon as they are free.

In spite of this rather arbitrary treatment they are animated by a truly ferocious Greek patriotism, and burned for another war with Turkey, but not at once; "in four or five years," they said, to give time to recuperate and to organize "the new fellows" from Macedonia, so as to bring the army up to half a million.

I asked one if he would return to Greece in case of another war. "Sure," he replied. "Oh," remarked a second, "he came too late for the war; those who went through it won't come back."

Half their company, they said, was composed of American Greeks, and the new fact, new to me at least, was the enforced retention of these fellows, many of whom have grown up in America and are American citizens—and this after giving up their occupations and coming at their own expense to fight for Greece. If the newspaper estimate of their number at 17,000 is right, these "Americans" must form a substantial part of the peace footing of the Greek army, and not the least valuable part, for they are intelligent and energetic, and are naturally better educated than their home-keeping comrades.

But when they escape from their present restraint, if ever they do, and when their fervid patriotism has cooled off under the stress of finding new jobs after several years' absence, it remains to be seen whether their present treatment will encourage a similar volunteer movement in case of another Balkan war.

Besides the holding of these volunteers, a new law forbids the emigration of boys over fourteen, except on deposit of a sum varying from $40 to $400, according to age, the deposit being recoverable if the subject returns and performs his military service. Such sums may not bulk large in American eyes, but in Greece $40 is a small fortune, for money is scarce in a primitive, hilly country, whose surface is about 80 per eent. bare rock.

The pity of the Balkan situation is that the wars have not settled the pending questions, for all these small nationalities are seething with greater discomfort than ever, and burn to fly again at one another's throats. Mutual hatreds have been only envenomed by armed conflict, and in Greece, at least, the whole thought of the people seems to run to fresh conquests. It all confirms the moral of recent editorials in the *Nation*—that war settles nothing, but only leaves things worse than before, after frightful destruction of life and property.

F. R. Welles.

Bourré, France, July 8.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If it is Mr. Hulme's contention that there is no grant in *specific words* to the Federal Judiciary to declare an act of Congress void, as I infer is the case from his letter published in your issue of July 2, he is correct. But if he concludes from this that there is no *direct grant* of such power, I think he is wrong. Mr. Hulme errs in considering, as he does in his letter published in the *Nation* of April 23, that tho court, in passing upon the constitutionality of an act of Congress, exercises a *political* power. The legislative powers of Congress are limited; they are enumerated and delegated; all powers not granted are reserved to the States or to the people. Whether in any particular case Congress has exceeded its power can only be determined by reference to its source of authority.

This calls for a construction of the act and a determination whether Congress has acted within, or exceeded, its authority; certainly the Federal Court is acting judicially in arriving at such a determination. As I have already pointed out in an earlier communication, this is a question arising under the Constitution, and hence is included in the language "the judicial power shall extend to *all* cases, in law and equity, arising under the Constitution," etc. It would not be possible to make this grant more comprehensive and inclusive. To have added specific cases in which the power should be exercised would have been to weaken the completeness of the word *all* in its application to other cases, according to a well-known rule of construction.

Mr. Hulme seems to think that the opinions expressed in the Convention and subsequently are not decisive as to the existence of the power in this particular case. I cannot see any force in such an argument. As pointed out by another correspondent, the power of the Court to declare void an act of Congress was repeatedly referred to in the Convention debates and in the discussions concerning ratification, and no doubt as to its existence was ever expressed. Evidently to them the word *all* was conclusive, and was given its full meaning.

By the Virginia plan it was actually proposed that the national judiciary should be associated with the Executive in the exercise of the veto power upon acts of Congress. It was objected that this would give the judiciary a double negative, because "they will have a sufficient check on encroachments on their own department by their

power of exposition of the laws, *which involves a power of deciding on their constitutionality.*" ("The Growth of the Constitution," Meigs, p. 116.) Thus we see that it was proposed to give the Federal Court a political power, but that it was considered that its judicial power would be entirely adequate.

This discussion was originally called forth by the statement of Chief Justice Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, who not only denied the grant of authority, but also said that when first exercised, in 1803, it came as a great surprise. This indicates an unfamiliarity on the Chief Justice's part with the history of this clause, and the discussion in and after the Convention. The importance of the controversy arises from the harmful influence that attacks on the Supreme Court may exert when coming from such high judicial authority. EDWARD C. PEARSON.

Lake Pleasant, N. Y., July 20.

AN INTERNATIONAL COURT FOR THE AMERICAN CONTINENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a test of the Monroe Doctrine that has extended over more than ninety years and has been applied to various disputes as they have arisen, it has become the habit of all of us to assume that this policy, which is not founded upon international law, but is individual to this nation, can and will be extended to cover every requirement. That it has achieved the result of strengthening this nation in the past, as it has also fortified the republics in the South, there can be no question. We glory in the application of the Doctrine because it produces the effect we most desire, and because we believe that it is exercised for the common good of mankind, and is a necessary safeguard for this country and for republican government in general.

It is an undeniable fact, however, that under the Doctrine as administered, when a difficulty arises between a foreign Power and one of our sister republics in the South, the Administration of the day makes itself judge and jury of the facts and interests at issue and, by reason of its might, forces itself into the controversy and administers affairs to suit itself, without the invitation of either party to the disagreement, except possibly that of the Southern republic, when she is in the wrong and in need of our protection. It is well known that no application of this policy is made that is not viewed with fear and distrust by the republics in the South—a feeling which naturally arises by reason of their apprehension lest we are saving them from foreign domination only in order that we may ourselves, at a later day, absorb them.

There is, of course, no basis for the assumption that the policy set forth by Monroe is founded upon reason or justice. That was not the primary motive on account of which it was put into operation. It was intended first of all as a bulwark of protection for this nation and for others in the western hemisphere, in order that our republican institutions might receive an unlimited opportunity to grow and develop. Its object is laudable in our eyes, but because it does not grow out of a desire to mete out equity and justice in each dispute or controversy as it arises, it is incomplete and imperfect in its conception and administration according to our present lights. Not being based upon the principle of equitable adjustment, it can be enforced only while our strength predominates. Every enforcement of the policy, even when it is exercised on account of foreign financial claims, creates an unpleasant, unsatisfactory, and dangerous position for this nation. It may be argued that every such enforcement tends to avert a greater danger to the nation. That may be true. It does not, however, dispose of the dangerous situation created by the enforcement of the policy.

The question presents itself, then, whether, in order to accomplish the purpose of the Doctrine, interference shall invariably be necessary, even when no question of policy, colonization, or territory arises as a primary cause of a dispute, and the only point at issue is, for instance, whether or not money is due to a foreign nation or its citizens. Is it not possible that some expedient might be evolved whereby the need for the application of the Doctrine should never arise in those instances in the case of which debts or finances are the issue, and which certainly may readily be distinguished from disputes in regard to colonization, territory, or policy?

In order that this should be accomplished regularly and in order, it would be necessary to establish an adequate system for the consideration of the facts of a controversy. It must be one in which the southern republics shall feel full confidence. Therefore, they must be instrumental in its creation and be a part of it. It must be one also in which foreign nations shall have confidence, and, therefore, it must be of a standard which no one can question.

It seems to me that no better suggestion can be advanced than that an international court be created, composed of representatives of republics on the American continent, with jurisdiction covering those cases and disputes involving alleged debts and financial demands by foreign nations or their citizens. The decree of the court on these points should be final. The treaty or charter creating this court would be another long step in advance in the permanent, peaceful relationship of nations, and would tend in large measure to relieve the United States from so frequent an assertion of its powers in settling disputes among its friends and collecting funds from one to deliver to another.

As the creation of the court and the powers which would be vested in it are in no way contemplated by the Monroe Doctrine and are no part of it, but, on the contrary, would be a means of preventing a violation of the doctrine and so dispose of the need of its assertion in the cases at issue, the court would be acceptable to all American republics, which view the Monroe Doctrine with suspicion and dislike. As it would be a court of standing, it would also be acceptable to every foreign Power having a just claim, as a happy means of establishing its debt and as a relief from the burden of deciding whether to abandon its claim or to risk unpleasant relations with this nation by asserting itself and demanding payment.

Such a treaty would naturally create much criticism. Some would think too many powers were surrendered, others would believe it did not go far enough. But the court, as originally formed, would mean the working together of the American republics as a body for justice in international dealings, and nothing more forceful could be said in its favor. W. A. HOWELL.

New York, July 16.

Literature

THE PROMISED LAND.

Zionism. By Richard J. H. Gottheil. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.

The wisdom of the Jewish Publication Society of America in issuing a volume under its auspices on a movement that arouses as much opposition as it does adherence, written by one who is a stanch and uncompromising advocate of Zionism, may be questioned. Such a presentation is naturally controversial and becomes a special plea, for which the Society, though supposed to be impartial, in a measure stands sponsor. But this objection aside, the subject could not have been placed in worthier hands. Professor Gottheil, the well-known Semitic scholar, who holds the chair of Semitic languages of Columbia University, has been identified with Zionism almost from its inception, and he has followed the somewhat devious and entangled course of the movement closely. He writes exceedingly well; his presentation is attractive and at times forcible. He is well acquainted with all details, and he draws from his large fund of learning in Oriental literature and Oriental history to reinforce his point of view. The testimony must also be given that, though an ardent partisan, he endeavors to be fair to opponents, and that on the whole he succeeds in his endeavor, though there are passages about some eminent scholars and writers, like Salomon Reinach and Israel Zangwill, which might have been omitted. If, despite all that can be said in favor of Professor Gottheil's work, one puts it down with a confused and somewhat painful impression, it is due in part to the diverse and indeed contradictory currents united under the term Zionism and in part to a certain lack of sympathy on the part of the author towards modern movements in religion and in political and social life, which seems to be an outcome of the movement itself.

To define Zionism baffles even its author, for he nowhere clearly defines it. Its keynote is insistence upon Jewish nationalism, quite irrespective of the fact that the combination of nationalism with religious tenets of a universal scope would appear to be an almost impossible alliance. Probably most of its adherents would regard the preservation of religious traditions and customs among the Jews as an essential part of their programme, overlooking the fact that traditions and customs which rest upon beliefs no longer held cannot be maintained merely by regarding them as a "national" heritage. These two aspects of Zionism—the one political, the other religious—complicate the situation, and it is not surprising to find, as Professor Gottheil's narrative clearly shows, that after an existence of barely twenty years the Zionists represent a diversity of views and aims which is almost bewildering.

In its early stages, the movement centres upon the remarkable personality of Dr.

Theodor Herzl, an able journalist of Vienna, who had many of the qualities of a leader and a statesman. In 1895, stirred up by the anti-Semitic movement, that began in Germany in the eighties, and that had spread to Austria and France, he wrote a monograph on "The Jewish State," the title of which indicated his solution of the "Jewish question," as it was called. Herzl was not an observant Jew, and, so far as can be ascertained from the volume before us, never became a believer in the specific doctrines of Judaism. He had retained, however, a strong sympathy with the sufferings of the people to whom he belonged, and, attributing this sympathy to an invisible "national" bond existing among Jews, he reached the conclusion that the reassertion of the "national" spirit was called for by the events of the times. Though the founder of Zionism, he did not coin the term. This in itself is significant as an indication that Herzl's bent of mind was not towards the restoration of a Jewish state in the religious sense which the designation "Zionism" implies. He believed that if the Jews had a state and government of their own, they would be in a better position to take care of those whom persecution or wretched conditions of life drove from Russia, Galicia, and Rumania, and would also be able to exert political and diplomatic pressure to obtain better treatment for those Jews who would remain outside of the proposed state. Such was Herzl's programme, which aroused interest chiefly among two classes of Jews, among the orthodox believers, to whom the hope of a return to Jerusalem formed a doctrine of their faith, and among those who had moved away from observances of the rites of Judaism, but who had retained their interest in the fate and welfare of the Jews. Many of those who were attracted to the movement were, like Max Nordau—and probably also Herzl himself—agnostics in matters of religious belief, or they were swayed by the spirit of romanticism, so strikingly portrayed by George Eliot in the person of Daniel Deronda, of whom Israel Zangwill seems to be the living incarnation.

By the year 1897 the time seemed ripe for a congress of those united in the belief in the practicability or desirability of the organization of a Jewish state, and in August, 1897, the first congress convened at Basel. The "orthodox" and "Romanticists" won the day, and with the adoption of a definite programme to work for "a publicly and legally assured home in Palestine," Zionism was formally launched. The Congress of Basel, though it might be regarded as representative of Jewish sentiment, was far from being representative of the Jews themselves. Large bodies held aloof, and considerable opposition was manifested on the part both of genuine adherents of the tenets of Judaism, who realized that the movement was not a religious one, and of those who had departed from traditional lines and who felt that the reassertion of a "Jewish nationality" was a step in the wrong direction

Professor Gottheil tries bravely in the course of his narrative to answer, and at times to minimize, the objections to Zionism, but without signal success. His special pleading reveals the weakness of the entire movement, which became manifest at the second congress in 1898, when a proposal was received from the English Government to organize a "Jewish State" in East Africa. To Herzl and his immediate followers, Palestine had merely a sentimental interest. Their chief thought was to obtain some place of refuge for Jews unable or unwilling to live in European countries, and with this political centre a powerful means of protection for Jews in general. They were ready to abandon Palestine, though they endeavored to conceal this abandonment by suggesting that East Africa or some other place was merely a station on the way to Palestine. Not so the orthodox believers, who could not give up Palestine without an abandonment of a religious tenet. The inevitable break came. Professor Gottheil admits that, had a direct vote been taken on the English proposal, it would have been defeated. A truce was patched up by voting for a commission of inquiry, but many abstained from voting. From this time on more factions developed. With each succeeding congress, held annually until 1901 and biennially thereafter, the divisions within the ranks grew sharper, the only point of union being a disposition to encourage colonization in Palestine. Even in this aim there was no complete accord, for an influential group headed by Zangwill formed an independent organization to acquire territory for settlements of Jews outside Palestine. Mr. Zangwill himself transferred his romantic interest in the Holy Land to a still more romantic sentiment for leading his people to a new land of promise; and at present he directs the shafts of his sharp wit against those who long for a return to Jerusalem. Dr. Herzl's unexpected death in 1904 was a further blow from which the cause has never recovered.

Professor Gottheil devotes the latter portion of his work to a consideration of what might be called side-issues of Zionism, which only serve to show how hopelessly muddled the whole situation has become. One must admire his invincible optimism, but it is strange that he does not, as a student of history, recognize the symptoms of decay. Sentiment alone keeps the Zionists together, or rather from getting at one another's throats, and no movement of a large character has ever thrived on sentiment alone. We have already suggested the main reason for the failure of Zionism to make any substantial headway after the first burst of enthusiasm had passed—the impossibility of an alliance between "agnostics," who seek a political solution of the Jewish question, and orthodox believers, for whom "nationalism" is a corollary of the religious faith. The term "agnostics" is here used as a convenient one to embrace under it all who under pressure of modern thought have assimilated —consciously or unconsciously— western habits of mind and western ways of life; who have set aside such doctrines as the inspiration of the Bible and the election of Israel by a direct Divine choice, which alone justify the belief in "national" aspirations for the Jews; and who have also abandoned religious practices and rites that are to a large extent survivals of ancient Semitic customs having been grafted on to Prophetical Judaism.

Running throughout Professor Gottheil's volume is also a disposition to exaggerate the disabilities under which the Jews labor and to look upon minor social prejudices in the same light as actual injustices and direct persecution. The "wailing" tone seems to be part of the stock in trade of the agnostic Zionists like Nordau, and one suspects at times that the Zionist leader whines in order to keep up his courage and to keep his followers together. If we consider that barely a century has passed since the movement began for political and social emancipation of the Jews in Western Europe, it is certainly no cause for discouragement to find that they have become part and parcel of modern currents of civilization, in commerce, in the professions, and in public life.

CURRENT FICTION.

When Love Flies Out o' the Window. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This is, we believe, the first American issue of one of Mr. Merrick's earlier novels. It is written with the expertness of a story-teller who has "arrived." Like so much of the fiction of the past decade, it is romantic in substance and realistic in detail. Meenie Weston's squalid experience in the Cabaret de l'Homme merely prepares a scene for heroic rescue. Ralph Lingham's struggles with publishers, editors, and managers add, in themselves, another dreary chapter to the Grub Street annals of Gissing and his imitators. The slow disintegration of the married happiness of Meenie and Ralph is quite simply and ruthlessly set down. But the end of it all is as delightfully romantic and improbable as a fair reader or a gentle reader could desire. The atmosphere is of Bohemia and "art," but little play is made with the famous temperament. Meenie Weston, aspiring to become a great singer, has become a chorus girl. Lingham is a novelist whose work brings excellent reviews and small profits. At the moment when he rescues and marries Meenie he is at least not unprosperous. After their marriage, by mere chance, everything goes wrong with him; they have nothing to live on or borrow on, and Meenie is forced to return to the stage. Here she finds success, which she thinks to share with her mate, as a matter of course. But Lingham is neither big enough nor small enough to endure the position. Their relation is hopelessly embittered, and finally they separate. Here the realist would have left them, but Mr. Merrick is not that. He helps Meenie steadily upward to the final eminence of a musical-comedy star on

Broadway. She induces her manager to read the play Lingham has written in the first days of their marriage. The manager accepts it, and at the moment when Meenie is crowding one of his houses with her singing, Lingham is crowding another with the comedy of the year. Nothing remains but a meeting and reconciliation, which the author does not deny us. In less skilful hands the story might have been absurd or commonplace. It is not profoundly moving, as Mr. Merrick tells it. But it is gratefully lacking in the surface brilliancy which annoys the quiet reader in many current novels.

Louis Norbert. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane.

Vernon Lee calls her "Louis Norbert" a "two-fold romance," and, indeed, the reader's interest is equally divided between the twentieth-century personages—Lady Venetia Hammond and the young archæologist—and the little group of the seventeenth century, principally Sir Anthony Thesiger, ancestor of Lady Venetia, Louis Norbert, Maria Mancini, niece of Mazarin, and the Abbé Manfredini. Lady Venetia interests a casual acquaintance in the great mystery of her line—the mystery of Louis Norbert, whose portrait hangs in her home, and who lies buried in Italy. Together, given the required impulse by some chance discoveries, they set to work to unearth the facts of his life. From correspondence which is brought to light in strangely chronological order, they make out that Norbert is the son of Louis XIV and Maria Mancini, that Mazarin conceals the fact of his birth from the Queen Mother for political reasons, and that Louis Norbert is finally killed through the Abbé Manfredini, spy and assassin in the pay of the French Court. The atmosphere of time and place in all that Vernon Lee writes of these far-off personages is fresh and convincing, though superficial rather than deeply studied; and the style is refreshingly polished and easy. The romance, as the writer calls it, of the two modern protagonists is disappointing. Their subject of study exhausted, Lady Venetia, conscious of her seniority, marries not the archæologist, but a common friend and more mature man.

Gray Youth. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In writing "Gray Youth," Mr. Onions has taken a careful look round the social horizon, and, having accurately located the position of the various windmills, has conscientiously broken a lance against each one in turn. There are a great many things and more ideas in the world of to-day that Mr. Onions dislikes very intensely—most of them beginning with F, like Feminism and Futurism and Free Love—and so with a diabolic cunning he has written a book (or, rather, two books, for "Gray Youth" was published in England in two volumes under the titles "The Two Kisses" and "A Crooked Mile") that brings in every ism of his particular detestation, to the end, presumably, that the slaying may be done within a conveniently compact area.

Unfortunately, though one may sympathize fully with many of Mr. Onions's prejudices against windmills, it is impossible to commend his unscientific method of attacking them. He is obviously very angry, and his indignation at times gets the better both of his sense of humor and of his sense of reality. In his anxiety not to overlook any piece of foolishness of this foolish age, he has written a story that verges on the incoherent. One may meet people in fiction and in real life quite as silly and quite as offensive as Amory and Cosimo, and it is unfortunately indisputable that a morbid interest in sex is characteristic of a number of superior-minded young persons of to-day, but Mr. Onions fails entirely to convince us that his principal characters have any relation to reality. Even the two supposedly healthy, normal creatures who are intended to point the contrast with the abnormal coterie of sex enthusiasts are not real; they are merely stupid and uninteresting.

The second book is better constructed than the first, and in each there are bright patches which remind one of the excellent work of which Mr. Onions in happier moments is capable, but the story throughout halts painfully, and the limpness of the "Tailpiece," as the concluding chapter is styled, suggests an obviously appropriate comparison. Those who most sympathize with the author's convictions will most regret his present indiscretion.

The Rising City—I. The Duchess of Wrexe. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In a note on the title-page the author of this long novel thinks it well to reassure the reader that this is not the first number in a trilogy, though three novels are to be grouped under the common title, as connected "in place, in idea, and in sequence of time," and certain of the characters are to appear in all three stories. Rachel and Roddy we shall look for with some confidence, and their child.

The Duchess of Wrexe is one of those grand old women who have been the backbone of nineteenth-century English fiction. She is (or is intended to be) the supreme dowager, avatar of England's pride. As head of the clan of Beaminster, she represents the culmination of the old autocracy, and her passing marks the end of a régime. Though when we meet her she is an old woman and an invalid long retired from social activity, we are asked to believe that her power, both social and political, has known no lapse, that her name is feared and half-worshipped in all orders of society. Unluckily, her author does not succeed in making her terrible or even credible. She is both too wicked and too stagy in her wickedness. It is impossible to believe that the world hangs on the lightest word of a person whose recorded words are merely dull or malicious. Her granddaughter Rachel is more like flesh and blood, and her story and Roddy's, detached from the machinery of the Duchess yarn, would have had a good deal of reality. But Mr. Walpole has been intent on picturing a phase of England, and has sacrificed much of the natural human interest of his people towards that end.

TWENTY CENTURIES OF JURISPRUDENCE.

Great Jurists of the World. Edited by Sir John Macdonald and Edward Manson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

The second volume in the Continental Legal History series, published under the auspices of the Association of American Law Schools, contains brief biographies of twenty-six great jurists. Beginning with Gaius and ending with Ihering, it covers a period of nearly 2,000 years and deals with "four great periods of jurisprudence: (1) The period in which Roman Law was developed; (2) that in which it was regarded as the common law of continental countries; (3) the period of the supremacy of natural law in many of its forms; (4) the age of codes and legislation."

Most of these biographies were published originally in the *Journal of Comparative Legislation.* All are entertaining and instructive, but some are sketchy and popular rather than scholarly, as might be expected of contributions to a magazine, though that magazine be devoted to the solution of sober and serious problems in comparative legislation. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the purpose of each chapter is to reveal the personality of a particular jurist and to account for the peculiar influence he exercised upon the development of law. The personal note is dominant. It is the object of this volume to celebrate the jurist rather than jurisprudence; to "correct the habit of describing doctrines apart from their historical setting and the times in which their expounders lived."

Judge Veeder has explained, in an introductory chapter, the method pursued in selecting jurists for these biographical sketches. In the first place, only "jurists of international reputation" have been chosen—that is, jurists whose influence has extended beyond a particular nation. Lord Mansfield is excluded. His reputation is world-wide, but his influence "was exclusively national." Lord Eldon is excluded for similar reasons, while his brother, Lord Stowell, is included. It was the good fortune of the latter to become Judge of the High Court of Admiralty during the Napoleonic wars and to have the unique opportunity of expounding the law regulating the rights of belligerents and neutrals in war upon the high seas. Many of the rules of Prize Law, which he formulated, are now accepted by all nations and are embodied in the recent "Declaration of London, Drawn Up by the Representatives of the

Great Powers to Serve as a Code of Maritime Law in War."

Judge Veeder explains the prominence given to doctrinal and institutional writers, as compared with jurists whose distinction was gained in the practical administration of justice, as due to the fact that on the Continent the formulation of legal principles has been the work of those who taught law in the universities rather than the work of judges.

Again, the selection of jurists for this particular roster was determined in part by a desire to include the best representatives of the various schools of juristic thought. For example, Grotius and Pufendorf laid especial stress upon the "law of nature as a law grounded in reason and valid for all mankind." Bacon, Hobbes, and Bentham belong to the school of positive law. Savigny heads the historical school, and Ihering is a type of "the later jurists who have attempted a synthesis of the foregoing theories, at the same time pointing to the merits of a comparative method."

Many jurists of great influence have been omitted, but such omissions were inevitable, and the editor expresses the hope that they may some day be supplied in an additional volume.

ANOTHER PART OF PROFESSOR FRAZER'S "GOLDEN BOUGH."

The Scapegoat (Being Part VI of the "Golden Bough"), a Study in Magic and Religion. By J. G. Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Twenty-four years ago Dr. Frazer published in two volumes his "Golden Bough," a book the appearance of which marked an epoch in the literature of the vast subject with which it dealt. Others had touched parts of that subject, had collected facts bearing on particular tribes or particular classes of usages and superstitions. But no one, not even in Germany, had brought together so large a mass of data bearing on so many departments of the life of primitive man, or had handled them in a way which was at once so comprehensive and so illuminating. Those two volumes were much expanded in a second edition in 1900; and now they have swollen to a series of treatises, each of which is a large book, and the last of which appeared just after the publication of the present volume. To it we hope very soon to return. Meantime, it is well to convey to the reader some notion of the contents of the volume that now lies before us.

This volume is a continuation of an earlier treatise (itself a part of the "Golden Bough" series), entitled "The Dying God," and takes up the idea of using the death of some divine being, so as to make that particular being, as it dies, a means of removing evils of which the worshipper seeks to rid himself. The discussion opens with a statement of the various objects to which primitive man endeavors to transfer the evils from which he suffers, or imagines himself to be suffering. These are sometimes lifeless objects, mostly natural objects, vegetable or mineral; such as stones or heaps of stones, or pieces of wood. Sometimes the evils suffered from are fastened or nailed up into walls or trees in order to put them where they can do no more harm. Sometimes, again, the evil is passed over to an animal, as in the case of the Hebrew scapegoat, or of the bird let loose at the cleansing of a leper (Leviticus xiv, 7). A calf is used among the Badagas and Todas of the Nilghiri hills in Southern India to carry off sin. Sometimes, again, it is to men that sins and evils are transferred. A familiar example of this custom may be found in the Sin Eater of Wales, who at a funeral quaffed off a bowl of ale or milk in which the guilt of the deceased was supposed to have been placed and so, taking that guilt to himself, delivered from it the soul of the departed. There is evidence for this custom, as practiced in Shropshire and Herefordshire, as late as the latter part of the seventeenth century. The evils thus transferred are of various kinds: a disease may be such an evil, or it may be some bodily defect, such as a wart, or perhaps some pollution incurred, or some offence committed against the Unseen Powers. Most commonly the evil is conceived of as existing in the form of a spirit or devil, the spirit being often something dwelling inside an object, and bearing the same relation to it as man's soul or life bears to his body. Or perhaps the evil, a physical malady, for instance, is due to a spirit which has effected a lodgment within the man and must be expelled from him.

From this general treatment of harmful things and their transfer or expulsion, our author passes on to the special case of the general clearing out of evils, physical and moral, and particularly of noxious and malignant spirits, by public authority, describing the ceremonies by which there is in many parts of the world an annual national housecleaning, so to speak, for getting rid of ghosts, demons, and witches. A relic of this may be found in the Shetland Isles, where, on the 29th of January, a custom is still observed which in quite recent times consisted in chasing away the Trows or Trolls, earth spirits that were permitted once a year only, at Yuletide, to come up among the dwellings of men. Then follows a fuller consideration of particular forms in which the Scapegoat superstition has appeared. The human scapegoats of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece are described and parallel instances cited from many other peoples, in the more savage of which they are still observed. After a long examination of the Aztec usage of sacrificing men in the character of gods, which Dr. Frazer regards as belonging to a different circle of ideas, and intended to represent symbolically the renewal of the powers of Nature, the book closes with an elaborate account of the Roman Saturnalia and the various customs observed in European Catholic countries during the Middle Ages which have been supposed to be connected with that festival. Observances similar to the Saturnalia in Western Asia, and particularly the Babylonian feast called Sacæa, throw light on the singular story contained in the Book of Esther, and on the origin of the festival of Purim, still observed by the Jews in commemoration of the triumph of Mordecai over Haman.

The method followed is the same as that with which Dr. Frazer has made us familiar in his earlier volumes, viz., in an accumulation of instances drawn from an immense number of tribes and countries indicating the presence of the same notion under an endless variety of forms. Many a reader may find it hard to follow the alert author as he skips about from ancient Babylon to modern Bolivia, from the Twelfth Night festival-keepers of Ireland to the Mayas of Yucatan. But the value of the treatment lies in this very collocation of similar phenomena found among peoples remote in space and time. The historical scholar who investigates the religions of classical antiquity profits by what he learns of the ceremonies of West African negroes, and the student of the folklore of modern savages finds their strange rites ennobled by the relation in which they are placed to the beliefs which in the days of Æschylus and Herodotus co-existed with the finest developments of Hellenic creative genius.

The interest which these investigations and those set forth in previous volumes possess for us may be described as three-fold.

In the first place, we see a flood of light poured on the mental condition of primitive man. To him the world was full of spirits. They were everywhere and in everything, just as microbes are around us and inside us. Like microbes, they were sometimes pernicious, sometimes beneficent, but always powerful. Like microbes, they were seldom to be seen or touched, but not the less real for all that. They were neither spiritual in our sense, nor yet material in our sense, but something between the two, for primitive man had not established the modern "antinomy" of Matter and Spirit. They were rather what we might call effluent influences, immanent in or emanating from physical objects, but nevertheless capable of acting apart from such objects. Man's whole life was spent among them, or in an effort to get rid of them, and everything he could not otherwise account for seemed to be due to their action. The words "demon" and "devil," which Dr. Frazer is obliged to use, have associations for us which did not exist for primitive man, and convey a conception of personality more definite than our remote ancestors possessed.

Secondly, this curious belief in spirits and spiritual influences, having embodied itself in a great variety of usages and rites, has in them outlasted its original meaning. In Cicero's time the Romans continued to practice ceremonies the ground of which had been long forgotten, and at which educated men smiled. So the peasants of many European countries observe customs of whose former meaning they know nothing

at all. But there are still peoples among whom the uneducated still cling to rites and customs which have for them a real meaning and value, while the educated disregard them and have moved away into a different intellectual atmosphere. The less educated classes in China still value the protection against the entrance into a house of malevolent spirits which is afforded by erecting a detached wall opposite the door, a little way off it, the spirits being unable to enter because they have to move along straight lines, and thus cannot turn round the end of the wall to reach the door. And this notion subsists in a country which has just given itself (on paper) a new-fangled constitution of the European-American type.

Thirdly, there is a remarkable development in the customs as well as in the ideas that gave birth to them of metaphysical and theological doctrines out of primitive superstition. Evil takes a moral color and passes into the Hebraic and (ultimately) Christian conception of Sin. Dr. Frazer observes in his Preface: "When we survey the history of this pathetic fallacy (*i. e.*, the possibility of transferring our bodily and mental ailments to another who will bear them for us) from its crude inception in savagery to its full development in the speculative theology of civilized nations, we cannot but wonder at the singular power which the human mind possesses of transmuting the leaden dross of superstition into a glittering semblance of gold."

There is, of course, a danger incident to Dr. Frazer's explanations in the facility with which they can be applied to cases where an external similarity may conceal a real difference. He is aware of this danger, and sometimes points it out. Yet he may sometimes appear to have not wholly escaped it. We are occasionally reminded of the incessant use by Max Müller, in his books written thirty years ago, of the Sun and Dawn myths, which, in his hands, and still more in those of his most eager disciples, were made to explain most things in ancient religion and not a few in ancient history.

One conclusion stands out clearly from all these investigations. We must beware of the habit so common among ethnologists of the older generation, the habit of assuming that a similarity of customs or institutions indicates some racial connection or some actual connection in history among the various peoples who use those customs. The evidence gathered by Dr. Frazer shows that the human mind has in many races and countries worked upon similar lines without any such racial affinities or any historical contact. It is, indeed, surprising to see how much greater among divers races is that similarity of customs than any one would have, *à priori*, supposed it likely to be.

Not less surprising is the amazing persistence of customs after their origin and meaning have passed into oblivion. This may be explained by the hold upon popular emotion which they had established, and which passed on by inheritance as if it were in the blood. Perhaps we may take account also of men's habit of continuing to observe a usage, even when they smile at it, from the feeling that if it does no good, it can do no harm. And there are instances in which a custom, having begun as a grimly cruel superstition, has in the progress of the ages been softened down into an occasion for harmless merrymaking, and is now maintained because its antiquity appeals to sentiment, and because it varies the monotony of everyday life in rural districts.

"IMPROMPTU CONFABS."

Walt Whitman: A Critical Study. By Basil de Selincourt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50.

This is a book on Whitman which will please nobody—not his disciples, not his enemies, not the inert public. It will offend his disciples through its occasional clever dispraise; his enemies through the mood of high, nay, supreme, seriousness which pervades it; and the inert public through the dulness of a good deal of the discussion. The public will be offended by technicalities. The disciples will not care to hear that "Leaves of Grass" should have included "lovingest enumeration" of "parish councils and town councils, of voluntarily formed leagues, unions and societies, songs of presidents and chairmen, of treasurers and secretaries and committees," etc.—which is not a bad comment. The enemies will not care to read that "to discover him is to discover a new world, a new future, a new self," or that "omnes, omnes," and "allons," and "mélange mine own" "are capable of bringing us to the verge of tears"—which are absurd comments. And both disciples and enemies will object to such assertions as this: "Devotion to his mother was to be the dominant feature of Walt's emotional life"—which is not true.

The object of the author, however, is not to please any special group of readers, but to discuss with some fulness "aspects of the subject which court misunderstanding or have received relatively little attention hitherto." Beginning with a biographical sketch that lays emphasis mainly on Whitman's sexual life, Mr. de Selincourt turns to the Problem of the Form, which is the chief theme of criticism in the book, receiving as it does half the space; the rest is devoted to Children of Adam, Calamus, Democracy and the Individual, and Whitman and America—the total impression is of 50 per cent. form and 50 per cent. sex. What the author says of the latter is not important enough to deserve reproduction here, but what he says of Whitman's poetic form is likely to attract some attention through its novelty.

Whitman is conceived as a "great stylist" who transcended, not form, but metre, having achieved a new form "for which other poets [including Goethe] seem to have searched in vain." This form enjoys the elegant name of "impromptu confab." Putting aside "a rhythmical plan or predetermined scheme of any kind," Whitman sought a form "determined by nothing else than the creative impulse which takes as it arises the form proper to it." The principle which he unconsciously, though not invariably, followed, was that the lines should have, not identity of pattern, but identity of substance—each line comes to us "floated separately on an independent breath"—and, secondly, that the lines should be joined, should lead one to another, mainly by means of the device of *epanaphora*. In other words, there is a junction of "two seemingly incompatible qualities, continuity and independence"; "the equivalence of the lines is their equivalent appeal to our attention as contributors to the developing expression of the poetic idea of the whole"—"the piece continues to expand in significance as it expands in volume."

Mr. de Selincourt's exposition of this somewhat difficult matter suffers from tenuity and a twisting of the meanings of words in the interest of expressiveness, so that the reviewer is not quite certain that he does justice to the conception of the author; but if he understands that conception correctly, the following comments must be reckoned with. In the first place, Mr. de Selincourt writes critically about the means that Whitman must employ to attain his end, without uttering a word of criticism about the end itself (that end being "the deliberate and progressive unfolding of the conscious life of a man who is at once individual and typical"). Only Whitman's fondest admirers can afford to take his purpose for granted.

In the second place—and this is perhaps still more serious—the explanation of the means does not, after all, amount to much. Everybody knows that Whitman's "verse" is habitually "end-stopped," and that, within the paragraph or the short poem, he frequently amplifies rather than progresses. In the light of this knowledge, one is not greatly impressed by learning that Whitman's lines may be likened to unified and coherent sentences that have a cumulative effect. That may be true—it probably is—but it does not take us very far. It is an explanation that does not explain, but merely orders roughly. Setting aside conventional modes of approach, Mr. de Selincourt comes to his subject with an open, even a gaping, mind; but in so far as his view is novel it seems to the reviewer unprofitable. Disciples of Whitman will no doubt go on to write ingeniously of his "form," and to extoll him as a unique and commanding artist, but the critic to whom Whitman is not the Great Camerado, but, if one must label him, Caliban on Paumanok, will continue to regard him as a poet *in posse*, not *in esse*, as one who said rightly,

> The first step I say awed me and pleas'd me so much,
> I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any farther,

and who, in his "confabs," obeyed no principles of form save a few that are so flexible as to be well-nigh negligible. As he placed object after object in his catalogues, so

did he place line after line, casting each in the mould that pleased him at the moment. Naturally, there are suggestions of hexameter and of blank verse, naturally there are many delicate and resounding rhythms, but much more we cannot say, for the simple reason that there is very little more to say.

RECREATIONS OF A LAWYER.

Essays and Miscellanies. By Joseph H. Auerbach. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

These are the literary recreations of a "legal luminary," as our fathers used to say. Mr. Auerbach is a distinguished member of the New York bar. In England he might have been a King's Counsel, and King's Counsel have frequently been men of letters also. With us success in the law, as elsewhere, too often involves a narrowing of interests, locally accepted as a national virtue. Mr. Auerbach has felt this pressure, and gently complains in his Preface that "the lawyer that is guilty of any departure from the customary methodical walk of professional life, invites excommunication from many of his brethren. . . . A lawyer of prominence almost invariably betrays his solicitude about my health by the inquiry, 'Well, how is the poet to-day?' And inasmuch as this happened merely because I have offended with the magazine article, it is difficult to conjecture what the pretentious book may call forth." Upon a second obstacle to his enterprise we believe the writer lays mistaken emphasis; namely, upon "the prejudices of the closed shop, ungrudgingly entertained for all non-union men, by some members of the writing guild." Such members of the writing guild are, we are sure, inconsiderable in numbers and in quality. There is no kind of book which the writing man takes up more eagerly and hopefully than the book of the "amateur"—the by-product of a life of action or of intellectual activity outside of purely literary channels. There is always the hope of finding a fresh point of view, or at least a pen untrammelled by professional exercise.

Both finds are to be made between these covers. In one of his papers Mr. Auerbach expresses his distrust of originality in the sense of brilliancy and inventiveness. He has little of that quality himself, nor has he the orderliness and continence of the person whose main business it is to put himself down in black and white. Lawyers have a way of speaking reverently of "the legal mind." Laymen who have had experience of legal procedure—especially of court procedure—seldom feel that either concision or clearness is a mark of the style which presumably reflects that mind. A striking illustration of the faults to which it is liable is furnished by the "Foreword" of this work, by one of the most distinguished American lawyers and speakers. We do not doubt that Mr. Choate has meant (on request) to say something about Mr. Auerbach, as well as to commend him. Very likely, he could make these words impressive in speaking them; in cold print they are trite and perfunctory: "Even the greatest authors have many dull and uninteresting passages, but each has jewels of thought which are of precious value to any reader who can acquire and retain them as his own possession."

Mr. Auerbach himself is not perfunctory, but he is often extremely diffuse. A great many of his pages would be the better for ruthless cutting, and some of his essays are so inferior that they might have been more safely omitted outright. A single volume of carefully chosen and edited work might have given the writer a better chance of winning an audience for his first book. And yet we are not sure. There is a kind of pleasant insolence in this lavishness which a professional writer could not afford. Here are virtually all the exhibits available—Mr. Auerbach seems to say—take them or leave them as you please: it is not a matter of life and death to me! A few papers we may well enough leave, papers purely occasional in source, and not inevitably surviving occasion. Two of them, "The Bible in Modern Life," and "A Club" (a familiar essay) are discouraging for their sheer length. But the volumes, as a whole, under whatever process of culling or humoring the reader may choose, surrender the impression of a personality kindly, enlightened, and companionable.

Notes

A volume of poems by William Rose Bénet, entitled "The Falconer of God," will be published shortly by the Yale University Press.

Simeon Strunsky's "Village Life in New York City" will be published in the autumn by Henry Holt & Company.

Little, Brown & Company announce that they will publish in the autumn "Big Tremaine," by Marie Van Vorst.

Among the autumn publications of Doubleday, Page & Company will be a critical and biographical study of "Joseph Conrad," by Richard Curle.

We have received the Catalogue of the Icelandic Collection bequeathed to Cornell University by the late Willard Fiske, professor of North-European languages and librarian of the University from 1868 to 1883. The catalogue, a bulky volume of some 750 pages and typographically excellent, is compiled by Halldor Hermannsson. Its price is $6 net.

We have received the programme of the Fourth International Congress for Popular Education and Instruction, which will be held at Leipzig, Germany, between September 25 and 29. The programme draws attention to the fact that the principal feature of the lectures, conferences, and exhibitions will be the education and instruction of juveniles. The discussion under this general head will embrace such subjects as: The Anthropology of Puberty, a paper on which will be read by Prof. Stanley Hall; Physical Culture; Moral Education; Intellectual Instruction, and (the programme here has an early Victorian ring) the Education of Young Females. Topics arranged for particular discussion are: Juveniles and Books; The Lecture System, Popular Universities, Settlements; Juveniles and Art, Museums, and Theatres; Juveniles and the Kinematograph; Juvenile Physical Culture, Bodily Exercise, Sport; The Care of the Neglected and Abandoned. The proceedings will be conducted in general in German, but French and English may also be used. Inquiries and applications for membership may be addressed to the General Secretary of the Congress, Herr Paul Schlager, Eutritzscher Str. 1911, Leipzig, Germany.

The author of "Figures Famed in Fiction" (Rand, McNally; $1.25 net) writes himself upon the title-page as H. G. Pillsbury, D.D. The reader of the book might almost guess the reverend gentleman's calling, for there is a strong moral flavor, both in his selections and in the treatment. The choice, for discussion, of such characters as Donovan, Marcus Vinicius from "Quo Vadis," and Dr. Hopkins from "The Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe, shows that Dr. Pillsbury would have us take, with our novel reading, a good bit of ethical and religious instruction. There are fifteen essays in all, some told in the words of the fictitious characters, and some in the third person. The characters are either naturally noble and virtuous, or else they are reformed in the course of the story. They are all well described—so well, in fact, that the reader gets nearly as good an idea of them as he would had he gone to the novel itself.

Of the ten volumes of the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature (Putnam; 40 cents each net) that have appeared since our last notice, none is written with more distinction of style than Joseph H. Longford's "The Evolution of New Japan." It is almost impossible to lay down the little volume once you have begun it, so fascinating does Mr. Longford make his story of the revolution that has occurred in the Island Kingdom since the restoration of the Government to the Emperor by the Shogun in 1867. Most of the other volumes deal with narrower subjects, although, as in the case of W. H. St. John Hope's "A Grammar of English Heraldry," these may have wide ramifications in history or literature, or both. The volumes so far unnamed are: Prof. A. H. Gibson's "Natural Sources of Energy," which considers the possible exhaustion of such resources and possible new supplies; Dr. Edward J. Russell's "The Fertility of the Soil"; Prof. George H. Carpenter's "The Life-Story of Insects"; Harold Russell's "The Flea"; Prof. W. J. Dakin's "Pearls"; James R. Thursfield's "Naval Warfare"; Vernon Lee's "The Beautiful," an introduction to psychological æsthetics, and J. D. Anderson's "The Peoples of India."

When a man brands most that has been written about a subject as "superficial and unreliable," and announces his purpose "to present *facts* . . . without the slightest regard to their effect upon the public mind," one looks for a noteworthy result. Yet, of John R. Lynch's "The Facts of Reconstruction" (Neale; $1.50 net), nearly one-half deals with events since Hayes, and the other half gives only such developments as came under the

author's eye. As one of the first negroes elected to Congress, he saw something of reconstruction in Mississippi, but his chapter-headings, such as The Part Played by Mississippi in the Early Days of Reconstruction, are ludicrously over-promising. The volume is negligible even as reminiscence.

The irresistible fascination of the tragic existence of Mary Queen of Scots has led Frank Arthur Mumby to take up once more the oft-told tale in "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart: The Beginning of the Feud" (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net); but he tells it in a novel fashion. Instead of venturing to rival Walter Scott and Froude in historical narrative, he has carefully put together in chronological order, with short but sufficient explanatory connecting paragraphs of his own, all the important original documents dealing with his theme. These he has culled from the English Calendars of State Papers and other sources of the highest historical value. The actual letters of Cecil, Throckmorton, Robert Dudley (later Earl of Leicester), the Spanish Ambassadors, Quadra and Guzman de Silva, Thomas Randolph, and other contemporaries give the reader something of the flavor of the intrigue and gossip of the early Elizabethan period. They cover the half-dozen years from Elizabeth's accession to Mary Stuart's unfortunate marriage to Lord Darnley. To the careful and critical reader they also afford interesting and abundant first-hand material for correcting innumerable errors and prejudices in Froude's "History" and Scott's "Kenilworth."

The student of American history who has felt a little bewildered at times by the materialistic views of the so-called economic historians, or who has wondered whether the men who are said to have made the nation were not, after all, to a lamentable extent self-deceived, will find reinforcement for his faith and strong buttressing for his judgment in Prof. E. D. Adams's Yale lectures on the Dodge foundation, delivered in 1913 and now published under the title of "The Power of Ideals in American History" (New Haven: Yale University Press; $1.15 net). Professor Adams does not mince matters. He takes issue frankly with the bread-and-butter conception of American history, which, in some quarters, has of late been insistently urged, and undertakes to show that it is not gain, but ideals, which in the great movements of our national experience have been both the inspiration and the controlling force. The happily chosen titles of his chapters—Nationality—a Faith, Anti-Slavery—a Crusade, Manifest Destiny—an Emotion, Religion—a Service, Democracy—a Vision—indicate sufficiently the author's line of thought. Substantively considered, the treatment is slight; unfamiliar facts are few, and neither criticisms nor generalizations are at any point elaborately supported. As a broad and vigorous exposition, however, of the forces and ambitions which, after all is said and done, have actually predominated in the minds of the American people and determined their attitude towards public questions, the book is distinctly stimulating, and ought to be widely read.

The third volume of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Writings of John Quincy Adams" (Macmillan; $3.50 a volume), covering the years 1801-1810, while dealing with an important period in Adams's earlier public life, is less rich than its predecessors in new material of importance. Adams returned to the United States in September, 1801, and the following April entered the Massachusetts Senate, where he served until February, 1803, being then elected United States Senator. His letters show a political independence which, while alienating him more and more from the Federalists, left him, at the same time, only a qualified supporter of Jefferson and the Republicans. He condemned Burr for killing Hamilton, but the old quarrel between Hamilton and John Adams was not forgotten, and he absented himself from the Boston meeting at which Harrison Gray Otis delivered a eulogy of Hamilton. On the other hand, he feared the effects of the acquisition of Louisiana upon the political importance of New England, and strongly opposed the impeachment of Pickering and Chase. To the fateful embargo he gave a reluctant but stanch support, believing from the first that the only alternative was "embargo or war"; then, when the Massachusetts general court voted instructions to its Senators which he disapproved, and elected a successor to take his seat when it should become vacant, he resigned (June, 1808), and became for a time a man without a party. Before the end of the year, however, he had become convinced that the embargo must be modified, and gave his countenance to the policy of non-intercourse which succeeded it. In June, 1809, he was appointed Minister to Russia, where he labored to protect American commerce during the last months of Napoleon's "Continental system." Mr. Ford's notes to the various letters and papers continue to be adequate.

When Professor Skeat died in 1912 he left among his papers some 7,000 large slips, of the sort that formed the basis of his numerous editions of early English authors, on which he had noted difficult words encountered in his recreative excursions into Elizabethan drama and other works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These slips have now been laboriously revised by Mr. A. L. Mayhew, and, under their joint names, issued as a "Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words, Especially from the Dramatists" (Oxford University Press). The work covers about the range of Nares's "Glossary," but by reducing the number of illustrative quotations, without sacrificing etymologies and specific references, it has been brought into much more wieldy compass. There is no pretence of exhaustiveness; "try" and "course," in their nautical senses, are, for example, omitted. The practice with regard to Middle English forms is not perfectly consistent; frequently they are registered, but under "accloye" there is no hint that the word was English before Spenser's "Faerie Queene." On the other hand, to Ascham's picturesque Chaucerism "stept in age" might have been added Lodge's "stept in yeares," from the 1620 edition of his translation of Seneca. But the margins of this welcome little volume are fairly broad, and whoever will may engage in the not disagreeable task of filling them with his own gleanings.

"Hail and Farewell: Vale," the third volume of George Moore's Irish memoirs, is hardly distinguishable in subject matter from "Ave" and "Salve" and his earlier confessional works (Appleton). An effeminate, elderly sentimentalist, languidly attudinizing in his arm-chair, dreams over again his mad, bad days as an art student, the great evenings in the café of the Nouvelle Athènes with Manet and Degas, and the literary campaign that he made with the poets in Dublin. Most of his Irish collaborators he has portrayed before, but some of them never so maliciously. His treatment of Lady Gregory, for example, is positively feline. First comes a malignant little sketch of a conversation on Buddhism, held long ago in Lady Gregory's drawing-room, and participated in by the hostess, Sir Edwin Arnold, and the author: "When Sir Edwin rose to go she produced a fan and asked him to write his name upon one of the sticks. But she did not ask me to write my name, though at that time I had written not only 'A Modern Lover,' but also 'A Mummer's Wife,' and I left the house feeling for the first time that the world I lived in was not so profound as I had imagined it to be." Then comes the destruction of Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain": "She was just content to pepper her page with a few idiomatic turns of speech which she very often does not use correctly." The note of this volume is purr and scratch in alternation. This is not exactly the note of a great English classic—though George Moore is a pretty writer in this latest silken manner of his. It is rather the note of an experienced gossip. Considered merely as gossip, some of the pages are quite delightfully piquant; others are divertingly silly; and there is a tolerably generous offering of "sallets" of a rancidity to command attention. On the whole, a fairly scandalous book, written up to the author's favorite motto, "to be ashamed of nothing but to be ashamed."

We may notice here in advance of the completion of the whole work the publication of Part I of the Principles of Tantra, edited with an introduction and commentary by Arthur Avalon (London: Luzac & Co.). It will be more convenient to review the Principles as a whole, when the second part appears. Briefly stated, the work is a modern Hindu's exposition and defence of the Tantra system, and thus far the most important part of the book is the Introduction, by Mr. Avalon, who seems to be not only a student of this peculiar religious philosophy, but to be a believer in its antiquity and philosophic value. Mr. Avalon is right in demanding that the Tantra shall not be held to be a system of magic and obscenity till the Tantra works themselves shall have been interpreted. He himself is inclined to credit apparently obnoxious features with an esoteric meaning which robs them of their seeming vulgarity and exalts them into symbols of wisdom. Yet we doubt whether even the broadest tolerance can really sanction the belief that "putrefying corpses are still brought to life" by Tantra magic, or that the "five M's," *madya, mānsa, matsya, mudrā, maithuna,* that is to say, worship with wine, meat, fish, grain, and—let us say—woman, are intended as aids to greater spirituality.

It is a distinct pleasure to call attention to a brief but lucid sketch of "The Influence of the Bible on Civilisation" (Scribner; $1.25 net), by Dr. Ernst von Dobschütz, professor of New Testament at Halle and recently exchange professor at Harvard. In eight chapters he shows how the Bible makes itself indispensable for the Church; begins to rule the Christian empire; teaches the German nations; becomes one basis of mediæval civilization; stirs non-conformist movements;

trains printers and translators; rules daily life, and becomes once more the book of devotion. The upshot of the historical survey is this: The Bible is not a textbook on science; even theology looks to it not for authoritative proof of doctrine, but as a souree of historical information; and the history of Israel which it relates must enter into the larger field of universal history, even the personality of Jesus being subject to comparison and analogy. This apparent secularization, however, serves only to restrict the Bible to its own proper province, religion. "It is the book for Christian devotion. This was its original intention, and I venture to think that it is not a loss, but a gain, if the Bible is once more applied to its proper purpose."

The April number of the *American Journal of International Law* is two months late in appearing, but its contents make it worth waiting for. Alpheus Henry Snow, of Washington, D. C., contributes a careful study of the American philosophy of government and its effect on international relations. Mr. Snow discusses the rights of individuals against Governments—those fundamental rights which, in the United States, are affirmed in the Declaration of Independence. Ultimately, in his opinion, the question must arise, What right have citizens of one nation against another nation? The old theory of international law, that it is concerned solely with the rights of nations against one another, has become essentially modified, and the rights of the individual as against a foreign nation in which he may be sojourning, or against one of its citizens, becomes a vital question. Mr. Snow works out the problem presented in an instructive way, incidentally considering its application to the Monroe Doctrine. Other articles include: A European view of Central American questions; a study of the law of hostile expeditions as applied to the United States, by Emerson Curtis; an essay on aerial land and maritime warfare, by Wilmot E. Ellis. The editor-in-chief, Mr. Scott, writes an admirable paper on the Declaration of London of February 20, 1909, that resulted from the conference called to consider the creation of an international prize court. The editorial comment is illuminating. The question of Governmental action to further the holding of a third Hague Conferenee, as recommended at the second, is briefly considered, and various other matters relating to the Hague conferences are dealt with more elaborately, among them Mr. Carnegie's endowments. The supplement, of treaties and other documents, is valuable.

Pensioners, Sizars, and Fellow-Commoners (if the last category still exists) of Christ's College, Cambridge, should be grateful to the late Master of the College, Dr. John Peile, for his monumental labors in compiling a "Biographical Register of Christ's College, 1505-1905, and of the Earlier Foundation, God's House, 1448-1505" (Cambridge University Press). An almost incredible amount of industry and patience, inspired, we may be sure, by a filial love for his House, of which he was both alumnus and Master, must have been expended on the making of these two weighty volumes. They consist of records chronologically arranged, as accurate as careful research has been able to make them, of those who have been entered on the registers of Christ's College. Towards the close, when the work, all but complete, was interrupted on account of serious illness, Dr. Peile was ably assisted by Mr. J. A. Venn, *docti patris filius doctus*, a son of Dr. Venn, who is president of Gonville and Caius College and himself the author of historical works dealing with that foundation. Mr. Venn also saw the work through the press and contributes a prefatory note. For the layman, unless he be connected with the foundation of Christ's College, these volumes will naturally hold but little interest, but to the historian and bibliophile their value as books of reference will be considerable.

Montgomery Schuyler, journalist and art critic, died on July 16, ten days after the death of his wife. Mr. Schuyler was born in Ithaca, N. Y., on August 19, 1843. He entered Hobart College at Geneva in 1858, but did not graduate. Coming to New York after the Civil War, he was successively an editorial writer on the *World*, the *Times*, and, latterly, the *Sun*. He was managing editor for *Harper's Weekly* from 1885 to 1887, and was a reader for Harper & Brothers from 1887 to 1894. He had contributed verse and literary articles to various leading magazines, and wrote frequently on his favorite subject, architecture, on which he was acknowledged as one of the leading authorities in the United States. Among his publications were: "The Brooklyn Bridge," which he wrote in collaboration with W. C. Conant in 1883; "Studies in American Architecture," 1892, and "Westward the Course of Empire," 1906.

Samuel G. W. Benjamin, the author, artist, and diplomatist, who died on July 19, was born in Argos, Greece, on February 13, 1837, the son of Nathan B. Benjamin, an American missionary. After attending the English school at Smyrna, he entered Williams College, graduating from there in 1859. He was assistant librarian of the New York State Library from 1861 to 1864, and afterwards spent several years reading law, studying art, and at sea. In 1883 he was appointed the first United States Minister to Persia, and served in that capacity till 1885. He was formerly art editor of the American department of the *Magazine of Art* and of the New York *Mail*. A marine painter and illustrator, during the Crimean War his marine drawings of episodes in the war were published in the *Illustrated London News*. In 1870 he opened a studio in Boston. Among Mr. Benjamin's publications may be mentioned: "Constantinople, Isle of Pearls, and Other Poems," 1861; "Ode on the Death of Abraham Lincoln," 1865; "The Turk and the Greek," 1867; "Contemporary Art in Europe," 1877; "What Is Art?" 1877; "The Atlantic Islands," 1878; "Art in America," 1879; "The Multitudinous Seas," 1879; "The World's Paradises," 1879; "Troy, Its Legends, Literature, and Topography," 1881; "Persia and the Persians," 1886, and "The Story of Persia," 1887.

The Rev. Dr. Milton S. Ferry, the Hebrew scholar, who died recently in California at the age of seventy-four, was born in Albany County, N. Y., and graduated from Yale University. Dr. Ferry was received into the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1863, and continued in the ministry for twenty-one years. In 1884, he was appointed professor of Hebrew in the Garret Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., but at his own request was transferred to the chair of Christian Doctrine. In 1887 and 1889 he visited and made observations in the leading universities of Germany, and continued for some time as a student of the University of Berlin. Dr. Ferry was the author, among other publications, of "Biblical Hermeneuties," and was a member of the American eommittee chosen to edit the tercentenary edition of the King James version of the Bible.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The death of Joseph Chamberlain releases for publication a collection of documents that will be of great value to the historian of Radicalism in England before the Home Rule split. They consist of a number of letters and papers belonging to Sir Charles Dilke, who left instructions that they were not to be given to the world during Mr. Chamberlain's lifetime. They have already been arranged and edited by Stephen Gwynn, and had been read and approved by Mr. Chamberlain himself. The Chamberlain papers relating to the Transvaal War and the tariff-reform controversy affect so many persons still living that they are not likely to be issued for many years to come.

> Miss Jinks in the town begs the loan of
> The book from the innkeeper's wife,
> And reads till she dreams she is one of
> The leaders of fashionable life!

Well, Miss Jinks in the American village may derive comfort from the society news of a single day in the late Paris season. It is the ancient and authentie *grand monde*, and not the cosmopolitan world where Russian Grand Dukes rub noses with Republican millionaires. It is that very close circle in which families of old title shelter what remains to them of the irrecoverable past. At one dinner, three such families were represented by American women, or daughters of American women, married to their titles. At an afternoon music hour, a duehess and a countess were Americans who had lost their nationality by marriage. At a *soirée dansante* for the coming out of a daughter of the old régime, her companions were chosen among the children and grandchildren of similar Americean women long since merged in the lingering aristocracy of France.

One of those vast international assemblies of Roman Catholic communicants which have attracted so much attention of late years, under their name of "Eucharistie Congress," takes place at Lourdes at the end of July; and it is straining the capacities of the French railways. It is expected that 200,000 persons will take part in it. The French state railways are organizing special trains from each diocese, over and above the through trains for foreigners. The lodging capacity of Lourdes, with all its experience of giant pilgrimages, is even more sorely taxed. Not only the villages of the neighborhood, but cities as far away as Tarbes and Pau, are called on for hotel room. Seven bishops of the United States announce their coming, and as ma more from Canada; eight from Brazil and fourteen from Spanish America, including one from troubled Mexico and one from Panama sixty-three French bishops, as is natural; sixteen from Italy and seven from Spain; four from Austria and three from Hungary; four from Portugal, that is, from their exile; two from Ireland and two from Scotland; one eneh from England, Belgium, Luxemburg, Germany, Russia, Bulgaria, and Greece; three from Africa; nine from Turkey in Asia; two from the East Indies; three from Indo-China

and three from China; and, closing the world's circle, three from Australia.

Georges Perrot, who has recently died, was known to the world at large as the archæologist and historian of art in antiquity; but to the world of learning, particularly in its relation with the state, he was something more. He was the last director of the famous Ecole Normale, as it had existed for the hundred years since its foundation by Napoleon. He has had, indeed, a successor who is an old and typical *Normalien*, Ernest Lavisse; but this has only softened in detail the political revolution in which the institution has lost its character with its autonomy. It is no longer anything but an annex of the Paris University faculty of letters at the Sorbonne. In its distinct life, it had been a sovereign school, forming professors for the highest university faculties of all France.

At this late day, it is idle to lament the passing of a great, humanizing institution which, more than any other, secured the association of lofty literary traditions with French scholarship and science. Jaurès was one of its latest productions; and in his Socialist career he still continues the grand rhetoric of the *Normalien*. It may be inevitable that the republic should level down all distinction and aristocracy, even of thought and language; and perhaps the Ecole Normale, in its independence, was becoming quite as inevitably a nest of reaction against the all-regulating republic. Perrot himself represented a Protestant connection; and his predecessor, Fustel de Coulanges, had certainly not won his great name in the historical philosophy of the state by any Clericalism. Without being a *laudator temporis acti*, it may be doubted whether the new formation of the French university, cultivating intelligences under the levelling harrows of dictionaries and encyclopædias and official formulas, will produce again that essentially literary type of scholarship which was so long the glory of France.

The new Archbishop of Upsala, in Sweden, is an interesting product of the university revival in that country. Like others of the new generation of Scandinavian scholars, he has made himself a name in the intellectual life of France and Germany. After professing at his alma mater of Upsala, he was honored by an appointment to teach the history of religions in the University of Leipzig. From there he has been promoted to his present post, which has the only archbishop's title existing in Lutheran countries. This makes him also pro-chancellor of the University. In his younger days he was for some years pastor of the Swedish church in Paris, during which time he studied Zend with that most deeply learned of modern Israelites, James Darmesteter; and he published in French a notable study of "the future life according to Mazdeism." He also edited the History of Religions by the deceased professor of Leyden University, Tiele. His most considerable work is two volumes on "The Religious Problem in Catholicism and Protestantism," in which he studies with intelligence and sympathy the leaders in the modern intellectual movement from Newman to Bergson. As the first (Roman Catholic) Archbishop of Upsala was consecrated at Sens by Pope Alexander III, Archbishop Soederblom prepared himself for his new dignity by a pilgrimage to that one-time primatial see of France.

In the movement, patriotic, artistic, literary, and dramatic, which has been going on for ten years in the summer theatre of Mézières, near Lausanne, in Switzerland, this year is noteworthy for the play of "William Tell." It has been written by an author already known, René Morax, staged by Jean Morax, and has a musical partition by Gustave Doret—all being native talent. The lake and mountains enter into the scenery of the piece, with rhythmical prose and grave thoughs which Rousseau would have recognized, and with a chorus full of musical emotion and sustained by brass instruments in the vast free hollow of the Alps. The President of the Swiss Confederation, surrounded by the Federal Council and the diplomatic corps, took their places at the first representation. The King and Queen of the Belgians presided in their turn. There is every reason why the artistic reputation of the little Swiss village and its population should become known to summer wanderers in the Alps from their patriotism, just as Oberammergau has long been known from its religion.

Science

SAMUEL W. JOHNSON.

From the Letter-Files of S. W. Johnson. Edited by his Daughter, Elizabeth A. Osborne. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

Samuel William Johnson was one of that small group of American chemists who, two generations ago, undertook to extend and develop laboratory instruction in chemistry and to apply this science to the industries of the country. His whole life was devoted to training workers in this field, to making others realize what chemistry could do for them, and to developing institutions and methods to extend the knowledge of chemistry and to make it available to those engaged in productive occupations. For forty years he was professor of agricultural chemistry in Yale University, and for twenty-three years director of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station. This station was the first permanent organization of the kind in America, and its establishment, in 1877, as an independent State institution "for the purpose of promoting agriculture by scientific investigation and experiment" was largely due to the persistent work of Professor Johnson, who naturally became its Director. Ten years later Congress passed the Hatch act, granting Federal funds to State experiment stations and providing for a central advisory bureau under the Department of Agriculture. This volume, which contains the story of the birth of this system of institutions of public research, is an uncommonly interesting biography of the man who had the genius to foresee the advantage of such work, the faith to devote himself to it, and the tact and persistence to succeed.

Born in Kingsboro', New York, in 1830, Professor Johnson spent most of his childhood and youth in Lewis County, to which his family removed when he was four years old. His only systematic schooling appears to have been at Lowville, the county seat, and this was over at sixteen. The principal of the Lowville school was, by some rare chance (in those days), a chemist, and before young Johnson left the school, chemistry had become the absorbing interest of his mind, never to be displaced. The first great event in his intellectual life was the gift of a copy of "Fresenius" which the principal brought him from New York.

Two years later, after a period of teaching in district schools, his father fitted up a laboratory for him at the farm, and there, with Fresenius as a guide, he prepared most of the reagents and worked through the qualitative methods of analysis so far as possible. His father, however, saw no professional future for him in chemistry, and wished him to study law or medicine. But unwilling to give up his dream of a scientific life, Johnson obtained a place as instructor in Flushing, L. I., hoping to demonstrate that he could support himself by teaching and at the same time continue his scientific studies. After five years, about equally divided between teaching at Flushing and Albany and work at the Yale Analytical Laboratory, with the problem of ways and means for European study constantly in his thoughts, he was supplied by his father, who had been quietly watching and testing his son, with the means for carrying out his cherished plan; and the following two years were spent abroad, chiefly with Erdmann in Leipzig, and Liebig and von Pettenkofer in Munich. In 1855, he returned to an assistant's position in the Yale Scientific School. The following year he was appointed professor of analytical chemistry.

Professor Johnson was a voluminous writer on his chosen subjects, as is shown by the ten pages of titles of contributions to scientific and agricultural journals given in the appendix of this volume. He edited Fresenius's Manuals, and wrote two books, "How Crops Grow" (1868) and "How Crops Feed" (1870). These treatises were the beginning of a new and better agricultural literature, and found immediate recognition. They have probably been read and studied more widely than any other works on agricultural chemistry, and have been translated into German, Russian, Swedish, and Japanese.

Professor Johnson's letters are good reading; they have the charm of frank, spontaneous utterance, graphic and apt expression, and humor. One does not have to be an agricultural chemist to enjoy them. Mrs. Osborne has done her part as editor with great skill, furnishing just enough pertinent information and interesting comment to make this one of the most readable of recent biographies, and an adequate memorial of a man who played a most important part in the development and application of agricultural chemistry in this country.

A good sort of compendium of celestial science is "The Essence of Astronomy, Things

Every One Should Know About the Sun, Moon, and Stars" (Putnam; $1 net), by Edward W. Price. It is a compilation, excellent in the main, not of original research publications, but of authoritative astronomical works, and illustrated by superior halftones of photographs of the heavenly bodies taken with the principal instruments of the Lick and Yerkes Observatories. To these might well have been added the significant work at Mt. Wilson. But the text is hardly up to the character of the illustrations, although in considerable part brought well down to its date. Much less is made of the unsurpassed work of Barnard than of that emanating from the Lowell Observatory. The latter's photographs of Mars have especially been regarded as open to criticism by many unbiassed astronomers. Misstatements of fact are not abundant: page 31, inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit is 66½ degrees, not 23½; p. 107, the saros is 18 years, not 19; p. 197, last line, the symbols need revision; p. 201 and elsewhere, the name of a well-known American astronomer is misspelled. The chapter on instruments, the telescope in particular, is especially clear and concise, but the chronology is not so good as it would have been had the author followed Miss Clerke's model in her "History of Astronomy." The list of atlases might well have included Norton, also Upton; and the comets need the addition of Chambers's recent treatise, at least. The omission of an index detracts greatly from the book's value as a manual for handy reference. The language is mainly untechnical, and the little volume will find a suitable niche along with greater works, its brevity and compactness helping towards its acceptance by beginners in sky lore.

Dr. Lemuel Conant Grosvenor, who died on July 17, was born in Paxton, Mass., on March 22, 1833. He studied medicine at the Cleveland, O., Homœopathic Medical College, from which he graduated in 1864. Dr. Grosvenor's professional career was spent in Illinois, the last thirty-seven years of it, until his retirement in 1907, at Chicago. He was a lecturer on anatomy and morbid anatomy, 1871-2, at the Hahnemann Medical School in Chicago, and from 1873-1899 he was professor of obstetrics and sanitary science at the Chicago Homœopathic College. He was the author of "Our Babies," 1883, and of several other medical books. Dr. Grosvenor was a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, the Chicago Academy of Homœopathic Physicians and Surgeons, of which he was president for three terms, and the American Paidological Society.

Sir Christopher John Nixon, ex-president of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, died on July 19, in Dublin, where he was born on June 29, 1849. Sir Christopher was professor of medicine at the Catholic University, a member of the General Medical Council, honorary fellow of the British Institute of Public Health, and vice-chancellor of the University of Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the Cecilia Street School of Medicine, Paris. He was at one time professor of anatomy and physiology, and was the first president of the Royal Veterinary College of Ireland, which he took great interest in establishing. He was the author of various papers on diseases of the heart and nervous system, and of a "Handbook of Hospital Practice and Physical Diagnosis." He was knighted in 1895 and created a baronet in 1906.

Drama and Music

BUSINESS-LIKE HISTORY.

English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century. By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This volume and a projected sequel reaching to our own days are intended to fill up the gap in English dramatic history occasioned by the stoppage of Sir A. W. Ward's well-known work at the close of the reign of Queen Anne.

The work is both historical and critical, but its contributions in the latter field may be dismissed as unimportant. Mr. Nettleton's criticism, even at its best, exhibits only the sort of merit belonging to the apt replies of the conscientious and well-drilled pupil. Evidence of vigorous personal rebound to the impact of literary appeals of any nature is quite absent from the specifications—we had almost said entries—of this business-like and neutral-colored work. The unwisdom of adding perfunctory criticism to genuine, if somewhat contracted, scholarship hardly calls for comment; the remedy in such cases is the partition of functions or the collaboration of authors.

Even as investigator, Mr. Nettleton prefers to narrow his field, and secures this concentration by the exclusion or attenuation of some of the topics best fitted to interest both the specialist and the cultivated reader. Of the influence of stage conditions on authorship he says little; on the relation of drama to the life and spirit of the times, his reserve amounts to taciturnity. He is happiest and most at home in fixing dates and settling priorities, in tracing the rise, growth, and amalgamation of literary genres, in finding descendants for Sir Fopling Flutter or progenitors for Charles Surface, in balancing the claims of England and France to ascendency in this or that period of English drama. Mr. Nettleton's corrections are mostly abatements; a rake-off or rebate of from 25 to 50 per cent. on the energy and decisiveness of the conventional view is observable in his estimates of French influence under Charles II, of the fatuity of heroic tragedy, of the significance of Jeremy Collier's protest, of the influence of Voltaire in the eighteenth century. These diminutions awaken in the reader the same mixture of confidence and impatience which marks the attitude of the victim of high living to the cautious physician who insists on the dilution of his wine.

There are a few queries on points of detail that might be put by an observant reader. What is the meaning of Mr. Nettleton's assertion on page 30 that a patent dated 1660 created a monopoly which lasted "almost three centuries"? In what sense is the word "confidantes," on page 135, applicable to two such active and principal figures as Lady Brute and Belinda in "The Provok'd Wife"? Who is this other Belinda in Congreve's "The Way of the World" (see page 150) on whom the printed cast is strangely silent and of whom no vestige lingers in the memory of a reviewer who has re-read the play within the last few weeks? In what version of "Venice Preserved" did Mr. Nettleton find authority for the statement, on page 102, that "On the scaffold, Jaffier is to pay the penalty of his vacillations"? Why is "Whitehead" written four times for "Whitefield" on page 252, and what new nephew is Sir Oliver Surface trying to unmask when he appears, on pages 281-2, under the alias of Sir Oliver Teazle?

In the presentation of his matter Mr. Nettleton is not infelicitous. Whatever he lacks, he possesses beyond question that admirable perspicuity in the view of a fact as a fact which belongs to minds unaided, and therefore undistracted, by power of generalization or quickness of sensibility. The limpidity of his style is absolute, and, within the bounds fixed by a restricted vocabulary and uniformity of sentence-structure, it maintains a high standard of neatness and good taste. Twenty-five pages of careful bibliographical notes form a useful appendix to the volume.

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

This three-act drama is a remarkable achievement for a first effort by a young author who has been writing only for two or three years. It deserves its place in the Modern Drama series, edited by Edwin Björkman, as an example of the new realistic school, but the "superb craftsmanship" which the editor discerns in it is scarcely its most distinguishing quality. It is, on the contrary, in constructive skill that the play is chiefly defective. Inexperience is manifested in the hesitancy of the action, in much unnecessary repetition, and in the arbitrary use of coincidence. The virtue of the piece resides in the veracity of the atmosphere and the characterization. Only those familiar with the life, personality, and speech of the pitman of the English black districts will be able to realize the truthfulness of the scenes herein depicted. And it may be added that the conduct of the various personages is, from the psychological point of view, entirely logical and consistent. On the other hand, the psychology is of a simple and conventional order that does not necessarily imply any extraordinary powers of reflection or insight, and the realism is photographic rather than inventive. It is conceivable that the author, himself the son of a miner, may have had personal experience of episodes similar to those which he describes. But even if this should be the case, the descriptive ability which he displays, the aptness and raciness of his dialogue, and his rigorous adherence to type are uncommon gifts.

The tale is not in itself valuable. All its elements are sordid and uninspiring. The heroine, a decent, hard-working woman, to

escape from an unhappy home has married a miner, who soon reveals himself as a drunken, immoral brute. Presently she begins to look with favorable eye upon a young electrician who befriends her and wishes to take her and her children away. A crisis is reached when her drunken husband insists upon her entertaining two of his loose female companions. There is a fierce quarrel, culminating in a fight between the husband and the engineer. Mrs. Holroyd, wrought to fury, bids her husband begone, wishes him dead, and finally confesses her love for the engineer and agrees to flee with him on the morrow. The next day Holroyd is killed in the pit, and when his dead body is brought home the old affection of the wife is revived in the preparation of it for burial. Filled with remorse, the woman accuses herself and the engineer of virtual murder, and upon her lamentations the curtain falls. The engineer says that he will return, but the eventual outcome is left uncertain.

Plainly, the fortuitous elimination of the miner is an amateurish way of solving what might have been an interesting dramatic problem. There is no direct relation between cause and consequence. A craftier playwright would have connected the lover with the husband's convenient removal. But the veracity of the individual scenes is vital. Language, behavior, and incident are appropriate and intensely characteristic. They might be kinematographic representations of actual happenings in a miner's household. But in the theatre something more is needed than a literal transcript of the actual, and this Mr. Lawrence does not supply until his last act. Here, in the scene where the widow and the old mother exchange confidences, while they do the last offices for the corpse, there is the needed touch of imagination to exalt and justify the realism. The revulsion of feeling excited by the memories of happier days in the remorseful heroine is both true and subtle.

The score of Humperdinck's new opera, "Die Marketenderin," has been printed by Fürstner in Berlin.

Siegfried Wagner has had many reasons for thinking that it does not pay, except from a pecuniary point of view, to be the son of a very great man. Nor does he seem to be able to live down the unfavorable impression he made in the past. At a recent music festival in Hanover one of the concerts was conducted by Max Reger, who produced his "Romantic Suite" and won "a stormy ovation." The next day Siegfried Wagner conducted a concert of his own compositions and was chilled with "polite applause." Public and press united in making it obvious that he was "not the man to make a festival out of a concert of his own works."

Spanish music is seldom sung by our choral societies, possibly because their conductors are not acquainted with any that appeals to them. It will interest many of them to know what pieces were sung in London recently at a concert given by the Orfeo Catala of Barcelona. The critic of the *Telegraph* wrote that "it would appear that, as the Spaniards are the proudest nation in Europe, so they are of the saddest. For even in the delightful 'L'hereu Riera,' a popular dance, by Ribo, in Morera's 'El Rossinyol,' and in the exquisite 'Cant dels Aucells,' by Millet, there was an air of decided sadness. Millet's work and Noguera's 'La Sesta,' Granados's 'Elegia Eterna,' and Nicolau's 'La Mort de l'Escola' are all remarkable compositions. In all, the 'bouche fermée' plays a conspicuous part, and the tone is beautiful, while the voice parts, à 6, 5, or 4, move with a delightful ease. In two cases there was a soprano solo part superimposed, which, sung with quite extraordinarily beautiful method by Madame Maria Barrientos, made a very remarkable and appealing effect."

Six thousand five hundred school children played the fiddle the other day in the Crystal Palace, London, 3,500 being heard in the afternoon, the others in the evening. The children ranged in age from eight to sixteen. Owing to the great number of players, the conductor-in-chief had to be helped simultaneously by two sub-conductors. One would suppose the results must have been excruciating, but one of the leading critics avers that "the performances were most stimulating."

Art

COUNT CAMONDO'S COLLECTION AT THE LOUVRE.

PARIS, July 10.

A certain general interest attaches to the art collection which Count Camondo left to the Louvre Museum and which was opened to the public in June. He made it a condition that the collection should be exhibited undivided for fifty years; and a consequence is that living artists, against the usual rule, find a place in the famous galleries. Count Camondo exercised intelligently his two predilections in art—French painting of his own day from Ingres to Claude Monet, and decorative art of the eighteenth century.

Among the paintings, numerous examples of Degas profit most. From the unknown to the discovered painter, here are his *danseuses* and race horses, both drawn in astounding perspective. "It is the only exact painting of shoulder blades since Michelangelo" has been said of it; and there is the wise distribution of color, which is also perspective. Those who were in at the first discovery of Degas will find here the Dance Lesson, which was left so long at the Luxembourg Gallery, and the Grande Leçon de Danse, which became celebrated only to be lost to sight for years in this private collection; the Pedicure, and Absinthe, with its three planes to complicate the perspective; and the often reproduced Washerwomen.

Of Manet, there is the Fifre, which was in the Salon des Refusés of 1863, with Whistler and Fantin-Latour. "Manet doesn't know how to paint," was the day's criticism. There are fifteen paintings of Claude Monet; one of the best of Alfred Sisley, who died of want, while a painting which he had sold for 40 francs brought 29,000 a few days after his death for the dealer who had bought and kept it; and there are instances of Renoir, Cézanne, and Pissarro, who thus get into the Louvre. There are drawings of the early Forain, forgotten as if he were dead; and there is Toulouse-Lautrec, with his Japanese vision of French men and women, scarcely known abroad except for his prodigious posters for the nascent Moulin Rouge. There is an evolutionary series of thirty-five water-colors by Jongkind from 1858 to 1883, and two novel figure paintings by Corot. In all, there are 136 paintings, pastels, water-colors, and drawings of French artists of the nineteenth century, mainly later than 1860.

Of the eighteenth century, there are but one painting and twelve drawings; but it is interesting to note that they have been rescued for the public from sales of private collections. A Perronneau portrait came from the Princess Mathilde, two Latour pastel-crayons from the Goncourt brothers, and a Springtime of Watteau—a study for a large decorative panel—from the Crozat sale. There are fantastic designs of Saint-Aubin and Fragonard, and a study of Prud'hon for his Empress Josephine, which is in the Louvre.

The two halls for the eighteenth-century collections have been lined with woodwork of the time, transferred for the occasion by the state from the quarters of the Military Governor of Paris in the Place Vendôme. This is made visible for the first time to the general public. Falconnet's Three Graces—the clock which drew so much admiration at the Paris Exposition of 1900—is here. It was bought in 1881 at the sale of Baron Double for $20,200. From the same collection comes the furniture of King Louis XV's chamber at Versailles—two sofas, four armchairs, and four gilt wood chairs, all covered with richest Gobelins tapestry—and for this, too, Count Camondo paid $20,000. There are twenty Italian Renaissance bronzes, one of which is a Crucifixion by Donatello; old French faïence, and a collection of Japanese bronzes, masques, paintings, and drawings. The value of this new addition to the vast Louvre collections may be appreciated. The collection of French Impressionist painters of the first period is the completest yet made; and it was gathered, not after their long-disputed success, but year by year by Count Camondo, who was their contemporary admirer.

Cézanne never took his place among the Impressionists of the first hour, although he was a friend from boyhood of Zola, whose book, "Mes Haines," did more than anything else to make them and himself known to the critical public. Perhaps Cézanne's isolation was partly because of Zola, according to conversations just reported by Ambroise Vollard. "If Cézanne had the genius for a great painter, he had not the talent to become one," was Zola's definitive judgment. "I have some of his paintings, but I shall never hang them on my walls. Don't ask to see them. It pains me too much when I think what my friend might have been if he had been willing to direct his imagination—and

also to work at his form. I have done my best to electrify Cézanne; but nothing will get him out of his dreams. He will shut himself up more and more from the real world."

Cézanne, on his side, explained how he had drifted away from Zola. "I was no longer at my ease with him. He worked now at a carved wood desk. It ended by giving me the impression I was having audience of a Minister. Then a good many people came around him, and what they said was very tiresome. Once I tried to talk of Baudelaire —the name interested no one." After Zola published "L'Œuvre," relations virtually ceased between the two friends. Cézanne said: "You can't ask that a man who doesn't know should talk reasonably of the painter's art; but how, *nom de Dieu*, can he dare say that a painter kills himself because he has made a bad picture? When a picture isn't realized you throw it into the fire and begin another!" Edouard de Goncourt also quarrelled with Zola about this art-novel. Vollard spoke to Cézanne about Rosa Bonheur. Cézanne asked if he had seen any of her work. Vollard said he found what he had seen "very strong." "Yes," said Cézanne, "it is horribly like!" S. D.

Finance

THE NEW HAVEN'S AFFAIRS AND THE MARKET.

The disagreement between the Federal Administration and the New Haven Railroad directors, and the announcement last Tuesday of a suit for dissolution of the property, have been foreshadowed for several weeks. It may be the simplest solution of the company's entanglement with outside undertakings; for the series of deadlocks in this matter ought to be ended once for all, and that can be accomplished by a court decision. When New Haven stock broke 7 points, last week, the report of the Interstate Commission was at first declared to be the gravely unsettling influence; it was then assumed that some greatly disturbing incident would accompany the directors' meeting of Thursday. Yet the curious part of the matter is that there was nothing in the Commerce Commission's statement of facts which had not been known before; nothing in its comment on those facts which did not have widespread concurrence, even in Wall Street; nothing in its proposal of prosecutions to recover wasted funds which would not, if successfully pursued, have inured to the New Haven's profit, and nothing in Thursday's proceedings by the directors which had not been foreshadowed a week before.

The Stock Exchange began by arguing that a Commission which denounced so unsparingly the improper financing of the decade past, in the New Haven, would not be disposed to liberality in acting on the petition of other roads for higher rates. But this was hardly reason for fresh misgiving at the publication of the New Haven report; because it was perfectly apparent, even a year ago, just what the Commission thought of this New Haven episode. The Commission's language, to the effect that the Mellen management was "one of the most glaring instances of maladministration revealed in all the history of American railroading," was undeniably severe; one might perhaps have wished that a more judicial tone had been preserved. It was certainly stronger than the language in which, a year ago, the Commission declared the "outside financial operations of the New Haven for the last nine years to have been wasteful in the extreme." But the two assertions come to pretty nearly the same thing. Furthermore, whereas the report of a year ago declared guardedly that "the financial condition of the company calls for careful consideration and prudent action, but gives no occasion for hysteria," last week's report goes so much further as to say that "honesty and efficiency of management of this property, as a railroad only, will undoubtedly in time restore its former standing."

The reason why the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission went into the question whether directors of the Mellen régime might be civilly or criminally prosecuted for the waste of the New Haven's money was that the United States Senate had ordered it to do so. Careful reading of the report shows that the Commission, while very positive about the responsibility of those directors, is not so very sure that the money can be recovered from them. It estimates that $60,000,000 to $90,000,000 was thus squandered in purchase of useless or over-valued properties. It maintains that Billard's profit of $2,748,000 on the Boston & Maine jugglery was so far illegal that a suit for restitution could be maintained.

But it speaks guardedly about suits against the directors. The most it really says is that directors "should be made individually liable." But that might be merely a proposal of new legislation. The truth is, as Wall Street recognized at once, first that suits for restitution usually lie against beneficiaries of irregularly diverted funds, whereas, with very few possible exceptions, the acquiescent New Haven directors were certainly not that; but, more than this, that the statute of limitations runs against actions like the Westchester and Rhode Island operations, which were carried out more than half a dozen years ago. For much the same reason, the suit filed at the close of last week against the directors by minority shareholders, to recover $306,000,000, was not taken seriously in the least.

The disturbance of New Haven shares, over the week's earlier incidents, would seem, therefore, to have been somewhat overdrawn. The agitation over the approach of the meeting of the New Haven directors, last Thursday, certainly was. Everything, from a defiance of the Government to application for a receivership, was predicted in advance of that meeting. What occurred, however, was that the directors repudiated the whole idea of a receivership, appointed a committee to consider a suit against Billard, and again asserted their unwillingness to consent to a forced sale of their company's 225,000 shares of Boston & Maine, if the Massachusetts Legislature continued to insist on the promise that the purchasers would surrender it, whenever the State of Massachusetts should take it into its own head to buy the stock, and to require the New Haven, when offering it to outside investors, to mark the stock conspicuously with notice of that stipulation.

All of this action of the board was what should have been expected. The real question is, not whether any one ought or ought not to have been frightened at this week's events, but whether the State and Federal authorities will be business-like and merciful, or will pursue such measures as to ruin the market for the New Haven's assets, and thereby inflict still greater injury on the thousands of New Haven shareholders. There is quite as much chance of a happy as of an unhappy outcome in that direction; for the Federal courts, which have not been harsh or unreasonable in fixing the terms of similar dissolutions, will now have the deciding voice.

That the New Haven can afford to give up its other outside properties, even if it has to sell them at a loss, is at least suggested by the earnings in the last annual report. They were actually operated for the most part at a loss. During 1913, the New Haven Railroad system proper earned $68,613,000 gross and $22,031,000 net. In the same year, the Rhode Island trolley system earned for its owner, the New Haven, a surplus of $88,000, and the Connecticut trolleys one of $109,000, while the Millbrook Company reported a deficit of $179,000, the New England Steamship Company one of $355,000, and the New York, Westchester & Boston one of $1,405,999.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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McMurry, C. A. Conflicting Principles in Teaching. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

Paetow, L. J. The Battle of Seven Arts. Vol. I. California: Berkeley University Press.

Pearse, Cecilia Maria. The Kitchen Garden and the Cook. Dutton. $1.50 net.

The American Library Annual, 1913-1914. R. R. Bowker Co.

Traubel, Horace. Chants Communal. Albert & Chas. Boni. Second edition. $1 net.
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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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ART.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914.

Summary of the News

A crisis of extreme gravity has developed in the European situation. On July 23 Austria sent a peremptory ultimatum to Servia in regard to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the general question of the anti-Austrian movement in Servia. That movement, Austria contends, has received semi-official support, the assassination of the Archduke was planned at Belgrade, and the perpetrators were supplied with explosives and their passage into Bosnia was facilitated by Servian officials. Austria, therefore, demanded from the Servian Government "a formal assurance that it condemns this dangerous propaganda," and also an inquiry into all the circumstances at which Austria should be officially represented. A time limit up to 6 P. M. on Saturday was set for the receipt of the Servian reply.

Servia's note in reply to the demand was received by the Austrian legation at Belgrade within ten minutes of the expiration of the time limit, and as it was considered unsatisfactory, the Austro-Hungarian Minister immediately left Belgrade. Servia expressed willingness to comply with all of the conditions demanded by Austria except that relating to the participation of Austrian officials in the inquiry, on which point explanations were desired. The note concluded with an offer, if the reply were found inadequate, to submit the questions at issue to the Hague Tribunal and to the Powers which signed the declaration of 1909 relative to Bosnia and Herzegovina.

It has been apparent from the first that Austria is determined to accept nothing less than a complete and humiliating submission on the part of Servia, and that in this policy she has the support of Germany. Indeed, on Tuesday, together with the news that war had been declared and active hostilities commenced, came the statement from Vienna that even full acceptance by Servia of the terms imposed would not now satisfy Austria. The danger, then, is that Russia, as the protector of the Slav states, may become involved, and if Russia, then the other Powers of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. As we write, hopes for the localization of the war are entertained, but the situation is extremely serious.

In the House of Commons on Monday, Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, announced that he had invited Germany, France, and Italy to confer with Great Britain through their Ambassadors in London with a view to arranging the difficulties between Austria and Russia. While the other Powers accepted the proposal unconditionally, Germany accepted in principle only, and on Tuesday the news came that, although sympathetic to the principle of mediation, in view of her alliance with Austria, she must decline to take part in the conference, but suggested that the various Cabinets work together to localize the conflict. Mobilization of troops is proceeding in almost every country of Europe, and the British and German fleets are in readiness for service.

The Government suit to dissolve the New Haven Railroad as a combination in restraint of trade was filed on July 23 in the United States District Court for Southern New York.

Secretary Garrison announced last week that the Panama Canal will be opened to commerce for all ships needing not more than thirty feet of water on and after August 15.

It was announced on July 23 that the nomination of Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, for a place on the Federal Reserve Board would be withdrawn at his own request. We discuss editorially the circumstances which led up to Mr. Jones's withdrawal.

As a result of the Congressional investigation of the case of Capt. John Henry Gibbons, who was compulsorily retired from the navy by the "plucking board," it appears that his record during his service has been practically unimpeachable, and that other officers have been retained in the service whose records are not as clear as that of Capt. Gibbons. Secretary Daniels has appointed a commission to investigate and recommend a new plan to Congress as a substitute for the "plucking board."

The fight for the Governorship of New York State and Col. Roosevelt's intervention therein are calculated to add to the gayety of nations and to alleviate something of the general gloom produced by the international situation. On Wednesday of last week the Colonel finally decided that Mr. Hinman, a Republican, was deserving of Progressive support. On the following day William Barnes, the Republican boss, started a libel action for $50,000 against the Colonel, and on Sunday ex-Gov. Sulzer informed a newspaper reporter that he expected to be called as "an expert witness" in the suit and also to be elected the next Governor of New York.

There has been but little change in the situation in Mexico since we wrote last week, despite various alarmist rumors of counter-revolutions by Orozco and of Zapatistas menacing Mexico City. Negotiations for transferring the Government to the Constitutionalists have gone forward, and on Monday the delegates appointed by Provisional President Carbajal to confer with the Constitutionalists left Mexico City on their way to Saltillo, where the conference is to be held. It is stated that Gen. Carranza is disposed to be lenient in the conditions of surrender that he will demand, except that he will insist upon the trial of all who may have been concerned in the murder of Madero. The attitude of Villa, who is said to have been commandeering horses and smuggling arms across the border, has occasioned some anxiety in Washington.

It was decided on Saturday of last week to postpone the transatlantic flight of the America until October. Many changes have already been made in the machine, and Mr. Curtiss is understood to be not yet entirely satisfied with it. The Weather Bureau has given warning that it would be unsafe to undertake the flight between August 15 and the middle of September.

After a trial, hardly second in sensational episodes to that of Captain Dreyfus, Madame Caillaux was on Tuesday acquitted of the murder of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, whom she shot in his office on March 16.

The trouble in Hayti and in Santo Domingo has continued and there has been fighting between the rebels and the Government troops. Precautions are being taken at the Navy and State Departments in view of the possibility that intervention may become necessary.

On July 23 a note was handed to the representatives of the Powers in Albania by the Mussulman insurgents demanding the abdication of the present Mpret, Prince William of Wied, and threatening, unless their demand should be complied with, to destroy the capital. The threat has not, up to the time of writing, been carried out.

A deplorable incident in connection with the Home Rule controversy occurred in Dublin on Sunday as a sequel to some gun-running by the Nationalist Volunteers. A force of police and soldiery attempted to disarm a body of Volunteers as they were returning to Dublin with a cargo of rifles that had been landed at Howth, some ten miles distant. In the first skirmish apparently the Volunteers had the worst of it, for they fled and reached the city in advance of the troops. When the latter arrived, they were met by a large mob and were attacked. The troops finally retaliated by firing into the mob, with the result that four persons were killed and some thirty wounded. The incident has occasioned the greatest excitement in Dublin and throughout the country, and in the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith promised that the fullest inquiry should be made into all the circumstances attending the shooting.

Earlier in the week, on July 24, came the news, not unexpected, that the conference summoned by King George to discuss the Irish question had ended in a failure to reach an agreement on the area of Ulster which should be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule bill. It is understood that some concessions were offered on both sides, but not sufficient to enable the two parties to agree. The impression nevertheless prevails that some good has resulted from the conference, since the Government is now informed of exactly how far each side is prepared to go in the way of concession and may be assisted by this knowledge in reshaping its amending bill. The question of the constitutionality of the King's action in summoning the conference and of the terms of his speech was effectually disposed of when Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons on July 23 that he accepted full responsibility for both.

The deaths of the week include: Samuel Swift, July 21; Prince Vladimir Mestchersky, July 23; ex-Congressman James D. Richardson, Count Alexander Roma, July 24; Major Eustace Loder, Rev. Horace C. Hovey, July 27.

The Week

The postponement of all the treaties now before the Senate until the regular session of Congress is by no means an unmixed evil. It was practically certain that the Colombia treaty could not now have been ratified, in view of the opposition aroused. As to the Nicaragua treaty, the postponement of its consideration will help not a little towards its final burial. It is different with the twenty-three peace treaties, for their purpose is so plain and straightforward, and their aim so humanitarian, that they should be ratified without loss of time. They constitute the great constructive achievement of Mr. Bryan's administration. However the charge of inconsistency may lie against him and Mr. Wilson in their handling of the Mexican situation, as contrasted with the international procedure outlined in these agreements, the fact remains that the cause of peace will be tremendously advanced the minute these treaties become the supreme law of the countries involved. Can any one doubt that if there were similar treaties among the European nations now on the verge of war, the danger of hostilities would be less? The chief pretext for war is Austria's hot indignation over an assassin's crime. A year hence, with passions cooled, the question whether it would be wise and worth while to go to war because of a murderer's shot, would be regarded and probably decided in a totally different spirit.

Newspaper readers must have rubbed their eyes last week as they read the announcement that a party caucus had voted to lay aside a Rivers and Harbors bill in order to expedite the passage of more important legislation. One might be excused for supposing that the head-line writer had reversed the facts. But the Democratic Senators are actually going to proceed with the consideration of the Trust bills at the expense of the "pork-barrel" measure. Of course, for so unprecedented a course there must be a special reason, and there is. Not a sudden and huge accession of political virtue, but the determined figure of Senator Burton, firmly planted upon the Senate rules, is the impelling cause. Senator Burton has taken the trouble to familiarize himself with the details of the bill, and has damaged its reputation considerably by showing it up as one of the most vicious examples of its kind in recent years. Its viciousness, however, is its great charm for both Democrats and Republicans, who have had a loving eye upon its mass of local appropriations. But Senator Burton is evidently in earnest, and his fellow-Senators, remembering that one such bill was talked to death by Senator Carter a few years ago, have yielded before the prospect of a filibuster.

The Agricultural Department's Commission investigating the high price of beef has a rare chance to make a ten-strike in the way of a "best seller." If, in addition to the scientific marshalling of all the facts attainable, it should succeed in giving an intelligible and trustworthy analysis of the cardinal factors in the situation, its report would have a greater number of readers than any public document since the Government was founded. Nobody knows what to believe, and nobody knows what to think of the things he does believe. Here is Joseph M. Cudahy, vice-president of the Cudahy Packing Company, telling of the futile efforts that his company has made to sell frozen beef and mutton from Argentina in the general American market—the well-to-do American will have none of it; and the meats, says Mr. Cudahy, have had to be sold at a sacrifice. Chilled beef did better; but that, too, he says, was far from a brilliant success. But the most interesting statement made by Mr. Cudahy is this:

> As a matter of fact, packers are now losing money on beef, and this in spite of the fact that they are getting record prices for hides and all other by-products. It is when meat products are low that packers can make the most money.
>
> The average cost of beef on the hoof is higher now than ever before at this time of the year, and I do not look for any cheap meats until the production of meat animals has caught up with the increase in population. This, I believe, will not be for many years.

A fair discussion of the situation depicted by these broad assertions is what the people really need, both for the purpose of forming a just judgment and for the purpose of applying such remedies as may be possible.

We cannot but feel that any explanation of Secretary McAdoo's use of the revenue cutters would be unsatisfactory, save one. It does not matter to us that the Secretary paid his way, and that he learned something about life-saving, when going out on these boats. The only possible defence for it is that it has been the custom of previous Administrations, including Mr. Cleveland's, for decades past thus to use Government boats, the abuse reaching its greatest height under Mr. Roosevelt, when as many as three naval vessels were kept going for the use of the President and his family. As we pointed out then, so must we now, that this custom is without warrant in law, and invariably leads to abuses. If it is true that the Apache has been making week-end cruises with Congressmen and others, this is one of the worst cases on record. What Congress should do is to set aside a boat for the President if it thinks that the President should have a yacht, and it should be known as such, and not be masked as a dispatch boat or gunboat. Congress should then as clearly specify the privileges it wishes the Cabinet officers to have. Mr. Daniels is said to have misused ships of the navy in this way more than any other Secretary of late years, yet he, too, is but following precedent. To our minds a Secretary ought never to be allowed to take his family on a Government ship, and his own presence should be absolutely in the line of duty. It is, incidentally, not our idea of the duty of a Secretary of the Treasury for him to take part in rescues at sea.

It is a wicked thing for Boss Barnes to imitate Col. Roosevelt and to incur notoriety by bringing a suit for libel. Such imitation is the very reverse of flattery. It is, moreover, "peculiarly despicable" in any one to fail to take Col. Roosevelt's assaults with meek resignation. Here is Barnes, too, in so mean a spirit as to recall that he was a Federal officeholder under the mighty T. R. himself during all the time the Colonel was President and Barnes was getting control of the New York State machine. But the Colonel will easily brush that aside. It is part of his happiness in life to have some one to pound; if it cannot be a boss when his votes are no longer needed, why, it is the nameless craven and the base mollycoddle. Any one who interferes with this pastime is bound to incur the awful wrath of Oyster Bay. But the sporting public, if this suit ever comes to trial, is going to be mightily entertained. The Caillaux trial can furnish no more sensations. Shall we not have cries of treason to the Fatherland? Will there not be rumors of hidden documents and of public secrets to be preserved? Offended honor, too, will stalk about the courtroom throughout the trial, and the auditors will surely cry, "Louder, louder!" if one of the principals but drops his voice a second. The trial in Michigan will be as nothing; with the Dreyfus case alone shall we be able to compare it. We are not sure, however, that both time and money could not be saved by letting Theodore and William fight it out in mortal combat, say, in Bowling Green, to settle whether they are

bosses or not, and if so, which is the greater.

The resignation of Representative McDermott, of Illinois, is the final episode in a story which contained much that was sordid, and far more that was at once ludicrous and contemptible, but little that was of serious import to the nation. Mulhall's endless "revelations" showed the National Association of Manufacturers to have been engaged in an attempt to influcnce political events, of which the imbecility was so much more striking than the immorality that it was impossible to get up any really serious indignation over it. So far as individual members of Congress were concerned, his statements, except in the case of McDermott, were, so far as we can remember, too flimsy to be of any effect whatever. In McDermott's case, even, what did the damage was chiefly, or entirely, the exposure of relations of the Congressman with pawnbrokers and brewers, and not with the tariff or other schemes of the National Association of Manufacturers. He cuts a sorry figure, and is well out of the House; and we can but hope that he may prove to be mistaken in his expectation of a "vindication" at the hands of his constituents.

Although the result of the Democratic primary in Texas is hailed in some quarters as a slap at the Administration, it seems to have been fought out upon local issues. Chief of these was prohibition, the Constitutional amendment being rejected. The defeated candidate for Governor was on the losing side of this question, but the majority against him was twice that against prohibition, which would argue his rejection upon other grounds than his position upon this one issue. His opponent was introduced during the campaign as "the eliminator of the eliminators," and this euphonious title, coupled with the fact that the professional politicians of his party were nearly all against him, suggests that he managed to impress himself upon the voters as in some sort an anti-machine candidate. He is a vigorous speaker, and evidently skilled in turning dissatisfaction to his advantage, as is shown by the applause that greeted this period in one of his last campaign speeches:

> The time used to be when one schoolbook was enough for six or seven boys; now it takes six or seven books to do for one boy. I want the time to come when the people of the State will be removed from the necessity of buying new schoolbooks every time the moon changes.

On the same day his opponent was explaining that an amendment of the election law for which he was sponsor would not restore the vote to negroes.

It is hard to believe that an opera impresario would voluntarily do anything to add to the natural difficulties of his profession, but if the report is correct that Manager Aborn is going to insert a "weight for voice" clause in his contracts for the Century Opera House, the troubles of a Hammerstein will seem as the small dust of the balance. The fact that there is much reason in the idea will not make any easier the task of getting it accepted by all corpulent singers. Yet who has not had his pre-curtain picture of a Juliet or a Madame Butterfly dashed to pieces by the sight of the too, too solid flesh? When a heroine almost visibly pants for breath as she slowly mounts an incline up which she is supposed to glide like a sylph, somehow the music does not destroy the ludicrous incongruity. We should like to hope for success for Manager Aborn in his bold undertaking, but we fear that it is one of those alluring visions which in this finite sphere are too good to be true.

The withdrawal last week of Defiance from the remaining trials for the honor of defending the America's Cup was unexpected. It was, however, unavoidable, since the boat, which has been under repair constantly, was in need of more extensive alteration if she was to compete further. It is regrettable that the yacht could not be tuned up in time, for her designer, Mr. Owen, is indubitably a young man of much ability, despite the mistakes made in rig and construction of Defiance. Fortunately for the owners, the day of the racing-machine in these contests is over, and something of the great investment of the tri-city syndicate may be saved by turning this boat into a schooner or yawl. When Thomas Lawson's Independence failed so lamentably, there was nothing to do but to break her up. Since Colonia had a long and useful career as a cruising schooner after her ill-luck as a would-be cup defender, Defiance may yet do honor to her designer for years to come. For the America's Cup the choice is now narrowed down to two boats that are very evenly matched. Resolute has been wonderfully handled, sailed for everything that is in her, and at the same time studied in her every performance with scientific care. On board Vanitie things have not gone so well, but she has steadily improved, and, if there should be good, steady winds in the final trials, it will not be safe to assume that Resolute will be chosen to represent us against what is without doubt the most dangerous craft yet sent after the America's Cup.

Gov. Tener's classification of baseball players as neither miners, hod-carriers, nor ditch-diggers, but professional men, is flattering to lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, but will hardly be accepted by the players themselves as giving them a sufficiently high rating. Professional men include politicians, editors, and college professors. A Chautauqua lecturer is a professional man; so, we suppose, is an inventor or a consulting engineer. A mere Shakespearean actor would rank himself in the same large class. So would a novelist, an advertising agent, or a violin-player. To put along with these miscellaneous specimens of humanity a man who can pitch a ball in such a way that nobody can hit it, or who can catch a ball no matter what its speed or direction, and get paid handsomely for doing it, is to ignore fundamental differences. Probably all that the Governor of Pennsylvania meant was to differentiate ball players from devotees of tennis, golf, or bridge, but he should have come out with the whole truth, regardless of whom it hurt. Baseball playing is neither an occupation nor a profession; it is a career.

The enterprising American who has pleaded guilty to the theft of a brass handle from an antique bureau in the Robert Burns cottage at Ayr had the less excuse for his indiscretion, in that by merely waiting a few years he could probably have seen handle, bureau, and all as often as he liked by visiting some museum in his own country. When in a single day an American captures Master Humphrey's clock, a lock of Wolfe's hair, a first edition of "Endymion," a first edition of the "Faerie Queene," and autograph letters and original manuscripts of Stevenson, Browning, Andrew Lang, and others, is it any wonder that a fellow-countryman who has been entertaining guests at the Tam o' Shanter Inn should yield to the delusion that any object of historic or artistic interest in the Old World was his for the taking? As the Judge noted, in mild reproof, "apparently Americans have different ideas of such matters than prevail in this country." We would not criticise his decision, but still, there are certain forms that should be observed in all our acquisition of relics. To violate them

needlessly is to offend the very persons to whom we should be exceedingly grateful for caring for these things until the time comes when we desire them.

The collision in Dublin on Sunday between the troops and the Nationalist Volunteers—and, afterwards, with a mob, of which several were killed—is doubly unfortunate. It will inflame feeling on the spot, and it will also, most unhappily, give point to the bitter charge that the army is ready enough to fire upon men in the South of Ireland, though it will not move, and its officers refuse to obey orders, against armed men in the North openly boasting of treasonable plots. Whole companies of Ulster Volunteers can parade the streets of Belfast with rifles in their hands, and the garrison lifts never a finger; but in Dublin the Nationalist Volunteers are halted with the demand that they surrender their arms. This contrast cannot have been in the intention of the Government. Some one must have blundered. Yet the deplorable affair will need to be handled with great tact and fairness by the English authorities. They cannot be all caution and conciliation in Ulster, and at the same time all rashness and severity in Dublin.

The definition of a gentleman is once more a source of trouble. It was supposed to be settled with legal exactness by the British Workingmen's Insurance act, which provided that any one who earned more than £160 a year and did no manual labor was entitled to the distinction. But the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association does not find this classification altogether satisfactory. Technically, the captain, the mate, the second officer, and so on down to and including the sixth assistant in the engine-room, are gentlemen. The seventh assistant engineer, however, has to do some oiling or wiping, or at all events some kind of manual work. He is, accordingly, outside of the charmed circle. At the same time he is continually thrown into the society of gentlemen. Will not this mathematical drawing of the line create an undesirable class consciousness, which will affect the social status in the mess-room and otherwise disturb etiquette on the high seas? This is the question that is vexing the souls of the Liverpool shipowners. Lloyd George has been appealed to for an official ruling on the point. He may hark back to Carlyle's pet definition of the gentleman as one who owns a gig. There is still a good deal of "Gigmanity" in the world.

The South African Government is still suffering from the effects of its high-handed expatriation of the labor leaders who were resorting to violence in their endeavor to win their strike. Subsequently thereto, the Botha Government introduced a bill so far-reaching as, among other things, to make it a cause for expatriation for any strike picket to use violence. For this bill was soon after substituted a much milder "Riotous Assembly" bill, which has also called forth vigorous popular manifestations, a copy of it being publicly burned in Capetown as a protest against "Russianizing a British colony." The proposed liability of all foreign-born citizens to expatriation, originally contained in this bill, aroused fears among the British residents that this clause, while ostensibly aimed at foreign-born agitators of the type sent back to England, might some time or other be used in favor of the Boers as against the British. Hence this part of the measure has been abandoned. Botha's Administration has not only antagonized the British elements, but the extreme wing of the Boers as well.

The revelation in the Caillaux trial that the *Figaro* was in the pay of the Hungarian Government will hardly surprise any one familiar with Parisian journalistic conditions. The venality of the French press has long been beyond dispute, though it is rarely brought out so clearly as in this case. The difficulty is partly in the fact that, in France, newspapers are without the volume of advertising patronage which supports the press of Germany, England, and the United States, and must, therefore, seek to live chiefly on income from circulation, too often inadequate; and hence that journals readily fall into the hands of unscrupulous men who seek a short cut to riches or to power. Then, the long-standing tradition of venality must in itself have its effect. No country in the world is wholly free from some sort of blackmailing, "revolver" journalism; but there is probably far less cash purchasing of newspapers in England and in the United States than anywhere else.

Reports of renewed friction between the German military authorities and the inhabitants of Alsace seem credible in view of the severe sentence recently pronounced by the Supreme Court of the Empire, at Leipzig, upon an Alsatian caricaturist. This clever satirist, Jakob Waltz, who signs "Hansi" and is known to the public by that name, has long been a contributor to the comic paper, *Durchs Elsass*, and has written and illustrated children's books. His favorite amusement has been to make fun of German policemen, soldiers, schoolmasters, travellers, etc. His worst offence, however, appears to have been the dedication of a Christmas book "to those who never forget." This, of course, referred to the annexation of the provinces and the hope that they may yet be restored to France; and it was probably the main ground of the original charge against "Hansi" that he was "preparing an act of high treason." As it was found impossible to maintain this charge, it was dropped, and the caricaturist was tried and convicted and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for the crime of "inciting to violence" and "insulting German policemen and teachers." News of this was said to have been received in Paris artistic circles with absolute "stupefaction." One would think, unless the Germans have lost their sense of humor, that it would have been received with stupefaction in the artistic circles of Berlin and Munich. Their caricaturists, too, are all the while ridiculing the police and the military and other authorties. Is it a crime to do in Alsace what is merely laughed at in Prussia and Bavaria? *Fliegende Blätter* and *Ulk* will have to mend their ways.

The chief interest of the sessions of the Duma, recently adjourned, was in the relations between that body and the Cabinet. One of the first acts of the new Premier, M. Goremykin, was to declare that, being a Minister without a portfolio, he was not obliged to answer interpellations. Something like a struggle was reached when the Government ordered the criminal prosecution of a Deputy for a speech delivered in the Duma in which official susceptibilities were wounded by references to the advantages of a republican régime. This denial of free speech in the Duma was based technically on an alleged ambiguity in the statutes, and was met promptly by the passage of a measure affirming the complete legal immunity of Deputies for their speeches. Certain grants of money demanded by the Government were either refused or reduced, and the Finance bill was amended by the insertion of a proviso abolishing the Ministerial practice of applying to the Treasury from time to time for small grants unauthorized by the Duma. These successes were made possible by the coöperation of parties, but the encouragement they afford to the carrying out of a determined policy of opposition to the Government is slight.

WAR MADNESS.

Bishop Butler once speculated on the possibility of a whole nation going suddenly insane. If he were alive to-day, he could extend his query and ask if a half-dozen nations at once might not become crazy. In Vienna, in Paris, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, he would see signs of acute mania afflicting large bodies of people. Mob psychology often shows itself in discouraging and alarming forms, but is never so repulsive and appalling as when it is seen in great crowds shouting for war. Lest we forget, indeed! About nothing does the mob forget so quickly as about war. The Parisian crowd is crying out to-day "à Berlin!" just as if the same madness had not filled the streets of Paris in 1870, with what ravage and humiliation to follow, others have not forgotten even if the French mob has. And the way in which the war-fever has seized upon Berlin seems equally to call for the services not of a physician, but of an alienist. If one looked only at these surface manifestations, one would be tempted to conclude that Europe was about to become a gigantic madhouse.

Indications have long been that the militarist party, which has the upper hand in Austria, intended to have a war with Servia, no matter what that country did. The original demands made by Austria upon the Servian Government were imperious in the extreme. That they were intended to provoke a refusal and to bring on hostilities is now clear. For the Servian reply, which was an almost complete submission, was promptly declared by the Vienna Government to be, not merely unsatisfactory, but "dishonest"! It would be hard to find rougher language in a diplomatic note. Moreover, we next had the cool announcement that, even if Servia were to comply literally with every detail of the Austrian ultimatum, it would be too late. The Austrian troops must have their long-awaited war. If a decent pretext could not be found, the Austrian forwards would proceed without one.

All this has come as a great surprise to Americans. The shock caused by the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was fully realized in this country, but the later news dispatches gave us in this country very few premonitions of the sequel. Yet the foreign newspapers, covering the period from the first to the middle of July, have now come to hand, and they make the state of affairs much plainer. From them it is evident that a press and militarist campaign against Servia was at once set on foot in Vienna. This did not confine itself to the natural outbursts of grief and anger at the murder of the heir to the throne, but went violently into the whole matter of the Serb movement and the threat to Austria which it was alleged to mean. There were signs in plenty that the old Emperor, Francis Joseph, was pushed aside, more or less, by the aggressive party. He once went so far as to send a statement to the press denying some of the assertions which the army men had fathered; but his aged hand was too feeble to withstand the onrush. Those who had so confidently counted upon the Archduke Ferdinand, as one who would take a high tone in foreign relations, were determined not to be balked by his death. So manifest was their purpose that the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt*, so early as July 4, spoke of an attack by Austria upon Servia as a settled thing. The only question was whether Russia would be drawn into the struggle: in that case, asserted the *Fremdenblatt*, "there can be not a particle of doubt that the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg would notify the Czar that Germany would consider it a *Bündnisfall*"—that is, that Germany, under her treaty with Austria, would be compelled to go to war with Russia.

Quotations could be multiplied from the Vienna papers of the first and second week of July, going to show the zeal displayed in manufacturing, not alone an anti-Servian spirit, but a demand for war. Thus the official *Deutsches Volksblatt* published the decision of the Council of Ministers to apply the severest measures to the Serbs in Bosnia. These were to include even a rigorous control of their schools, into which military discipline would be introduced. It also asserted that Austrian officials must be admitted to the inquiry which the Servian Government was to make into the assassination at Sarajevo. The *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* spoke of the satisfaction caused by the belief that Austria would soon, if necessary, "intervene with energy" in Servia. A stronger tone was held by the *Reichspost*, which declared that diplomatic methods would be of no avail with Servia, which ought to be dealt with by Austria summarily. The *Neue Freie Presse* looked ahead to actual intervention, or to war, and argued that Russia ought to give Austria a free hand at Belgrade, since it was clear that the ambitions and the plottings of the Serbs constituted a danger to all Europe, as well as to Austria, and must be sternly repressed. The general attitude of the Vienna press was not badly represented by the *Reichspost* when it asserted that Austria was not threatening Servia, but that Servia was menacing the Dual Monarchy.

To all this, the official declaration of war by Austria was the inevitable sequel. It is a step which was taken without a decent regard for the opinion of mankind, and is fraught with consequences which may easily amount to that terrible "catastrophe" of which Sir Edward Grey solemnly warned Europe on Monday. The dullest must see that what Austria is driving at is not simply a blow at Pan-Serbism, but the acquisition of Servian territory. This, however, would surely not be permitted by the Powers, no matter how rapid may be the triumph of Austrian arms, without reference to a European Conference. The German Emperor has refused to assent to the calling of such a Conference in advance, in order to prevent war, if possible, but it will have to come later—unless, indeed, all the Continental nations should be drawn into the conflict which Austria has so arrogantly and wickedly begun.

WILSON'S USE OF DEFEAT.

In requesting the President to withdraw from the Senate his nomination as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Thomas D. Jones has behaved as handsomely as he has done throughout the entire affair. The country knew nothing about him before, but it now knows him to be a man of exceptional vigor, independence, and high-mindedness. It is evident that the striking testimonial to him, signed by the leading merchants and bankers of Chicago, did not over-state his qualifications.

This is said to be the President's first notable defeat in Congress. It is such in the sense that Mr. Jones was his personal choice for the Federal Reserve Board, and that he urged a confirmation with all the power of his Administration. Mr. Wilson's letter to Senator Owen, in behalf of Mr. Jones, was not intended, it is reported, for publication. It was given out inadvertently. But in its statement about Mr. Jones's connection with the Harvester Company, it showed that the President was not fully informed, and gave an opening for the prejudice and animus which have been so unhappily displayed. Against them Mr. Wilson has not been able to make head.

It is one thing, however, to be defeated, and a different thing to utilize defeat in such a way as to strengthen one's position for the future. This is what President Wilson has done in his remarkable letter accepting the declination of Mr. Jones. Besides express-

ing a very clear and biting opinion of the petty attitude of Senators Hitchcock and Reed, he has seized the occasion to set forth certain convictions and principles of his own which cannot fail to commend him to the sober judgment of Americans who think. In the first place, he has put vividly his conception of the new banking system as a great instrument for the general good upon which it is an outrage for partisanship to lay its hand. Anything like party scheming or captious meddling, in connection with it, is a wrong to the whole country. In the endeavor to establish sounder financial methods and to bring about a genuine prosperity, there should be, affirms the President, "united effort," with nothing of "partisan prejudice or class antagonism." With marked emphasis he writes: "I believe that the judgment and desire of the whole country cry out for a new temper in affairs."

What the President means by this, he has made very definite. There has been a spirit of proscription in the air. Against some classes of men there has been the grossest discrimination. They have been lumped together, after the fashion of the French Revolution, as Enemies of the People. If one wanted an example of this, one could find it in the ranting in which Senator Reed was indulging last Thursday at the very moment when the news of Mr. Jones's withdrawal was made known in the Senate. Could we believe him, there are whole groups of rapacious Americans going about to oppress and devour their fellow-citizens. It is the Terror come again. Of course, a man like Senator Reed is more than half-conscious that he is talking clap-trap. He is simply holding up bogey-men before his frightened constituents. But the effect of such tirades as his is most mischievous. It tends not only to exclude a man like Mr. Jones from a public service which he was ready to undertake at a personal sacrifice, but to prevent others of his kind from subjecting themselves to similar vilification and rebuffs. This was a point made by the impressive array of Chicago men who urged the confirmation of Mr. Jones. How, they asked, if he is rejected, can we expect men of high character and marked ability to undertake public work for the nation? They saw clearly that the course of the Senate was putting a premium on little and subservient men. President Wilson, too, sees it, and makes plain his abhorrence of the small-minded and intolerant attitude which would shut out great capacity from great services. In the most explicit language, he declared in his letter that the "manifest injustice" done to Mr. Jones was not in keeping with the desires and the demands of a "generous, fair, and honorable people"; and he stamped upon the whole idea of proscribing any class when it is a question of enlisting the best skill and the truest patriotic devotion in the great constructive work of government.

Some people in Washington have intimated that this first defeat of the President will be as a letting out of the waters. Hereafter, they pretend to think, Senate or House will feel at liberty to deny or thwart him. This will be as it will be. No cool observer ever supposed that President Wilson's extraordinary ascendency over Congress could be indefinitely maintained. But it is far from being at an end as yet. And in the way in which he has so seized upon his first striking check as to cover his enemies with humiliation and to get his own strong purpose more clearly before the country than ever before, is plain warning that some men do not cease to be formidable simply because they are defeated. Of Mr. Wilson it may evidently be said, as it was of an English statesman, that he has a "terrible rebound."

THE COMPENSATION LAW IN ACTION.

As the first month of the operation in New York State of the Workmen's Compensation act draws to a close, its reality as a factor in the people's life becomes apparent in the news of the day. Such headlines as "A Thousand Claims a Day for Compensation," "Forty-eight Deaths in Twenty-three Days," bring home vividly to the mind how large a part the simple and comprehensive mechanism of the new system is going to play in reducing distress and relieving anxiety among the great mass of toilers in this State, and in preserving to thousands of children opportunities for education and advancement of which a wholly unexpected blow of fate might otherwise have deprived them. That the law has marked faults, and that, aside from any specific defects, the system will carry with it difficulties and evils that must be reckoned with as an offset to its benefits, may be admitted; but the feeling must be well-nigh universal, among persons of right instincts, that here has been accomplished a great stroke in the fight against human misery, a great addition to the sum of human happiness.

That the cost of this great gain has to be paid for, and that it will be borne by the people at large in their capacity as consumers, is also being brought home in various ways. One of the most definite, and in some respects most interesting, instances of this is furnished by the action of a number of the laundry companies, which have adopted the simple plan of adding one cent to their charge for each bundle of laundry delivered. On the slip it is distinctly stated that this is done "on account of the cost of the Workmen's Compensation law," the company adding that they are "firm believers in workmen's compensation, but it undoubtedly increases the cost of production." From the beginning, the advocates of the legislation have planted themselves on the ground that the burden of accidents occurring in the ordinary operation of an industry ought not to be borne by the individuals who happen to be the victims, but ought to be regarded as a normal charge upon the business, the cost entailed by proper compensation for injury or death to enter into the accounts on the same basis as the outlay for fuel, or light, or fire-insurance, or taxes. And although it took some time for this idea to become familiar to the public, it must be said that as soon as it was clearly grasped it met everywhere with ready acceptance. There has been no false pretence in the advocacy of the policy, nor has there, among intelligent people, been any misunderstanding as to the nature of its working. We were all supposed to be very willing to pay our share, as consumers, for that which it was clearly desirable should be done and for which, if done, it was clearly equitable that the consumers should pay. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that in this little matter of the laundry people are made to realize expressly and palpably, even though on a small scale, that these things *do* have to be paid for, not by an abstract entity called the State, but by John Smith or Mary Jones, in the very concrete capacity of a wearer of shirts and stockings.

As for the amount of burdens of this kind in general, when they are realized at all, it must be confessed that people are prone to magnify rather than to belittle them. If the "cost of living" should continue to rise, or even should continue at its present high level, there will doubtless be a great deal said about the way in which the compensation act has aggravated the situation. Generically, such talk is perfectly justified; specifically, it is apt to be very loose and irresponsible. The same kind of thing is true, too, about the burdens laid upon the community by the ever-increasing demands upon State and city governments for humanitarian institutions, for education and public health, and for the maintenance of conditions conducive to better living for the mass-

es. But the cold figures, when looked at, large as they are in themselves, are seen to be very small in comparison with the aggregate expenditures of the well-to-do and the rich. To imagine, as some have done, that the maintenance of their standard of comfort by even the fairly well-to-do, or their ability to rear a family, is seriously affected by the cost of the State's philanthropic activities is to form arithmetical conclusions without arithmetical data. The state of mind at the bottom of such notions is not altogether unlike that which was wittily exposed by a public-spirited man of wealth, a short time ago. "If any man tells you," he said to the solicitor for a charity for which a vigorous campaign was made, "that he is being called upon for so many things that he is afraid he will end in the poorhouse, just tell him that whenever he gets to the poorhouse I will refund to him all the money he has ever spent on charity."

We must avoid both the extreme of ignoring the seriousness of the expense that may be involved in the multiform schemes which fall under the comprehensive designation of "social betterment," and the other extreme of crying out in exaggerated alarm whenever any such scheme is broached. Large as is the scope of this compensation for injuries and the expense thereof, it has limits which would seem to be pretty well fixed from the beginning by obvious conditions. This is not the case with old-age pensions, nor with pension schemes generally; and in these there are apt also to enter factors which may be far more demoralizing, both as to politics and as to individual life, than is the case with the system of compensation for accident.

FOLKWAYS IN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

The picturesque proceedings in the Caillaux trial bring to the front, more vividly than anything that has happened since the Dreyfus case, the contrast between Continental criminal procedure and that prevailing throughout the English-speaking world. Great as are the differences inherent in the two juristic systems, the contrast is perhaps greatest between the Continental system as practiced in France and the English system as exemplified in the United States. Reading the reports of what has gone on day after day in the Paris courtroom, one finds one's self in a world so different from that depicted in any great trial in New York, that one hardly feels as if the same name should be applied to the two things. A person whose habits and training had caused him to believe that either was marked out by sacred and indisputable principles as the only just method of establishing the truth of a criminal case might easily fall into the error of looking upon the other as absurd or monstrous. "What, admit hearsay and sentiment, let witnesses deliver stump speeches, and drag in any fact, however remote, that they or their counsel fancy may have some influence on the jury's judgment? How can a jury deal responsibly with this farrago of miscellaneous assertions? Will not the value of them be judged simply according to the fancy, or the prejudices, of the jury? And is this not reducing a trial to a farce?"

Such might be the feeling of the American or the Englishman; but the Frenchman could match it in his judgment of our methods. "Is it possible," he might say, "that this everlasting fencing on the admissibility of evidence is really calculated to bring out the truth? Again and again, one finds one's self at the very crux of the matter, but some metaphysical objection closes the lips of the witness. Moreover, the effort expended on these technical matters is so exhausting that the point of view of all concerned becomes a false one. You not only refuse to let in all the light that can be had on the subject, but you fix attention so intensely on the rules of the game that the real object—the ascertainment of the truth—ceases to be, as it should be, the one absorbing purpose of judge and jury. With us, the truth is the thing constantly sought for; we may dash about wildly in our search for it, but our eyes are open, our hands are untied, and we get it at last if there is any way of hunting it down."

That the one way is as good as the other would be a bold assertion; but that each has its advantages and each its drawbacks there can be no question. Probably the opinion of Fitzjames Stephen that, on the whole, miscarriages of justice have, in practice, been found to be just about as likely under one system as under the other, is not very far from being the opinion of the ablest students of the subject. But to hold this opinion is very different from asserting that questions of procedure are of no importance. It is quite possible that the English method has worked out, among the peoples of whose traditions and temperament it is an outcome, far better than the Continental method could have done; and *vice versa*. But the fundamental fact is that the right working of either depends essentially on the desire to do justice. Given this, and either method will be made to serve the ends of truth and equity; the right of the accused on the one hand not to be condemned without convincing evidence, and of the State on the other not to be paralyzed in the upholding of the law by trivial or unreasonable difficulties, will be paramount, however the external form may seem to stand in the way. Pope's dictum, "Whate'er is best administered is best," applies more truly to the forms of the administration of justice than it does to forms of government in general.

An interesting aspect of the question raised by these comparisons relates to the degree of strictness with which the rules of procedure should be applied. Under the English system, there has been at various times a vast amount of abuse arising from a senseless magnifying of technicalities. In England, procedure was long ago so reformed as almost completely to rid criminal trials of this reproach. In our own country, the agitation of the subject during the past twenty years has accomplished notable improvement in practice, but there is still room for much more. The fact that all the great nations of the Continent get on without a large part of those rules of procedure which we regard as so essential does not justify a general and undiscriminating laxity in the application of those rules; this would be sure to mean partiality and inequity at best, and something like chaos at worst. But that consideration may properly be adduced to fortify the argument from common-sense against the erection of technical rules into a sacredness that is foreign to their nature. The rules should he obeyed strictly, and above all uniformly; but they should not be stretched beyond their natural meaning, or made so exacting as to demand for their fulfilment performance that borders on impossibility.

It is in reference to the subject of immunity that this question of the limits to the sacredness of a principle of procedure is most strikingly exemplified. The Constitutional principle—wholly absent from the procedure in French trials—that no person "shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself," has been construed to cover so much more than what the words themselves say, that it has acquired the name of "the criminal's privilege." This, it seems to us, could never have come about if the distinction between principles of high import in themselves and principles which are mere practical rules for the attainment of an ulterior end had been borne in mind. There is nothing inherently wrong, nothing inherently oppressive, about asking an accused person to tell his story in court; but the process is liable to abuse, and the Constitutional provision is based solely on

the belief that the only safe way to prevent the abuse is to exempt the accused from any necessity of answering questions. Such being the case, let the rule be obeyed by all means; but let it be obeyed and no more. It is senseless to girdle it about with one line of defence after another, for fear that somehow or other it might be violated. A violation of the rule is not an evil in itself, for the rule is not a good in itself; to treat it with the fearful reverence belonging to the fundamental rights of person or property is not only mischievous, but senseless.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER.

The plan to have a public defender has doubtless suffered from the title proposed for that officer. It seems to assume that his duty is simply to seek to obtain acquittal. But State laws have long guaranteed to accused persons defence by a qualified attorney. By many a fee is regularly allowed to this temporary public defender. The creation of the public defender aims to put this defence on a better basis. The Massachusetts Commission on Immigration has found that hundreds of misunderstanding and misunderstood poor persons yearly suffer through the entrusting of their cases to men lacking in ability, honesty, or energy; and it recommends the establishment of a public defender as essential "to prevent crime and teach respect for the law."

The sole places in America which have made trial of the public defender are Los Angeles, where one has served since January, 1914, as a State officer, and Portland, Oregon, where private provision has been made for the maintenance of the office. The law authorizing the innovation in Oklahoma was vetoed by the Governor. In five months Attorney Ward of Los Angeles has investigated 3,000 cases, and has appeared in 135 of these in the criminal courts. The District Attorney, admitting his hostility to the plan at the outset, remarks that "you are performing a duty which this office has attempted in safeguarding the rights of the defendant; and I believe under the circumstances your position gives you a better opportunity to perform that duty than the prosecutor has." It appears that the most crying need was for some one willing to verify the stories of the accused and find witnesses in their behalf. Men, again, who did not realize that many trials involve questions of law as well as of fact, or men mentally defective, would plead guilty though they had committed no crime, or one palliated by circumstances. Accused, finally, who did not know that the law gave them time to make a defence, would plead guilty so as to receive a minimum fine.

The civil side of the Los Angeles work has revealed need for relief which would otherwise cost too much. Many have won wage settlements when they had not the price of a meal. Like the Legal Aid Societies, the public defender gives the lie to the charge that the courts are only for the rich. Portland's public defender has labored only in police courts. The Municipal Judge testifies that he has given a new meaning to the guarantee of a fair and impartial trial, and he himself writes in *Case and Comment* of the correction of the gravest defect of the Western police court—the disregard of the rules of evidence observed in a court of record, so that "dozens of persons are convicted on hearsay testimony and testimony otherwise incompetent."

The reiterated objection to the public defender is that the State concedes the accused every safeguard; he must be indicted by a grand jury, on a sworn accusation; he is confronted by his witnesses; he is allowed challenges and pleas; and twelve men must agree on his guilt. "One really wonders," remarks *Bench and Bar*, "how a conviction can ever be secured." But the fact is that many charges are backed by colored evidence, and that action by the grand jury is often hurried. The machinery of the law is directed by a public officer eager for results. Pitted against hired lawyers, he acquires aggressiveness not easily shaken off. Where tested, the public defender has not hampered the law, but has facilitated it by coöperation with the district attorney, and has reduced expenses by pointing out cases where prosecution is useless. He will obviously be no more inclined to acquit a guilty man than the prosecutor to convict an innocent.

To maintain that there should everywhere be a public defender would be absurd. The innovation is one to be introduced slowly. One locality may learn from the experience of another. The investigations undertaken separately by the Phi Delta Phi Society and the New York County Lawyers' Association should show whether a public defender is desirable here. There is no doubt that in many courts the ignorant and helpless suffer at the hands of petty exploiters; there is little doubt that, even apart from such shysters, the machinery of justice frequently works with roughness. There may be a variety of remedies. May not the public defender prove to be one of them?

A CENTURY OF "WAVERLEY."

Nothing in "Waverley" is more romantic than the story of its varying fortunes, from the day when, upon the unfavorable opinion of "a critical friend," Scott "threw aside" its first half-dozen chapters, "without either reluctance or remonstrance," to the day, nine years later, when, happening to want some fishing-tackle for the use of a guest, he looked into an old writing-desk and "the long-lost manuscript presented itself." Like the Disinherited Knight of a later tale, the neglected chapters went forth with no recommendation save their own merit. The author of "Marmion" could not afford to risk his poetical reputation in "a new style of composition"! Nor was it certain at first that his hesitation was not well founded. The public did not appear to welcome the anonymous production. Yet this indifference was short-lived. Scott confessed that "after the first two or three months its popularity had increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained." A little longer, and it became evident that a new era had been inaugurated in English literature. This was in 1814. A hundred years later finds the series of romances thus begun flourishing in undiminished popularity, and every aspiring author hoping for a tithe of the success of the novels that poured forth from the Wizard's pen.

People sometimes amuse themselves by asking one another in what period of the world's history they would choose to have lived. It would be easy to make a worse answer than to say: "In the early part of the nineteenth century, when one could be sure of a new novel by Scott every year." One might imagine the Ulster Conference adjourning for a few days in order that the leading members of His Majesty's Government and of His Majesty's Opposition might finish the latest romance spun by the Wizard of the North. No murder trial would be complete without copious quotations from the newest volume from Edinburgh, not necessarily because of the relevancy of anything uttered by hero or heroine, but because of the compelling interest of the scenes. The opposing lawyers would vie with each other for the privilege of reading as much as possible to the jury. High-school students, neglecting their prescribed reading, would cover several times as much ground in the fascinating new story, nor credit a bold prophet who should speak of the day when so irresistible a book would find its way to the college entrance list.

But do you mean to imply that as an historical romancer Scott was perfect? One thing we like about the author of "Waverley" is that he did not think so himself. He seems almost pained that so careless a piece of writing should have won so great a success. "The whole adventures of Waverley, in his movements up and down the country with the Highland cateran Bean Lean," he points out, just as if he were a professor of English literature, "are managed without much skill." Robertson Nicoll has just been demonstrating Scott's "glorious confusion" in "Midlothian." Then there is the awful slip in the seventh chapter of "The Antiquary," where he makes "the huge disk" of a setting sun sink into the ocean off the east coast of Scotland. Moreover, especially in "Waverley," he is long in getting under way, and more than a bit uncertain of his course. His third reading of "Pride and Prejudice" brings from him a sigh: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied me." With limitations like these, how is it that he and his tales have survived a hundred years?

Let the shameful truth come from the novelist himself. After confessing the lack of plan in "Waverley," he immediately added: "It suited best, however, the road I wanted to travel, and permitted me to introduce some descriptions of scenery and manners, to which the reality gave an interest which the powers of the author might have otherwise failed to attain for them." And in another place he is even bolder in setting interest above technical perfection or even historical accuracy. "He that would please the modern world," he writes, "yet present the exact impression of a tale of the Middle Ages, will repeatedly find that he will be obliged, in despite of his utmost exertions, to sacrifice the last to the first object." It is unnecessary to read farther. Here was evidently a man who was determined to delight his readers even at the cost of offending the antiquaries. Let his knowledge of the past, and his conscious tampering with it, be the measure of his guilt. Carlyle hit him a harder blow. He has no message, according to the Prince of Message-Bearers. We should not be surprised if the romancer had instinctively avoided anything resembling one. How brazen, then, for Waverley and his fellows to be marching along after a hundred years, their eyes not dim, nor their natural force abated!

Foreign Correspondence

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS IN ENGLAND—THE VALUE OF THE OXFORD "LOCALS"—THEIR SCOPE AND SIGNIFICANCE.

London, July 17.

There is a familiar story of how a French Minister of Public Instruction one day pulled out his watch, and remarked that at that moment every schoolboy in France was taking a lesson in such-and-such a subject. The tale is not true, but *ben trovato*, and the title of *Il Trovatore* belongs in this sense to the late Edward Bowen, of Harrow, who invented the story as a satire on the Continental tendency to the over-regulation of education. But there exists an office in Oxford where the secretary—a distinguished mathematical don—might pull out his watch at nine o'clock next Thursday morning, and declare: "At this hour 15,000 English schoolboys and schoolgirls in all parts of the country—from Berwick to Weymouth, and from Penzance to Great Yarmouth—will sit down to tackle my examination papers in arithmetic." For next week is one of the most important in the English school year—the week of the "Oxford Locals."

Foreign students of English secondary education have scarcely given due attention to the part played in its development by the "local" examinations of the older universities. Until the last few years the national Government had little to do with the secondary schools. There had grown up a large number of such schools of varying types and under diverse control—old endowed schools, schools founded by religious denominations and other corporations, and schools owned by private individuals. It all seemed utterly chaotic—an example of independence run mad. Yet, in fact, this apparently heterogeneous mass of institutions was largely coördinated by an examination system, originated by Oxford, and afterwards adopted by Cambridge also, which, while allowing elasticity of method, brought the work of these schools to the test of a common standard. The impartial outside criterion thus applied to wealthy and poor schools alike gave a recognition to good teaching wherever it was to be found, and helped to kill off the pretentious "academies," so called, whose inefficiency had hitherto escaped exposure. In the smaller rural towns, especially, the local examinations of the two universities did much to raise the tone of the secondary schools, long before the national Government attempted anything in the way of inspection and assistance.

Next week's Oxford local examinations will be held simultaneously at 41 centres in or near London, 351 in the provinces, and 13 abroad. Of the last group, three centres are in New Zealand, one in Natal, one at St. Kitt's, one in the Bahamas, one at Malta, one at Hongkong, one at a mission settlement at Chefoo, and four in Belgium, where the convent schools for girls attract many English pupils. The establishment of a local centre is not a very intricate affair. Most of the work is done by some resident interested in education, who undertakes the duties of local secretary. He gathers around him a local committee to share the financial responsibility and take turns in assisting in the supervision in the examination room. Some centres admit boys only, others girls only, and others both boys and girls. The local committee has to guarantee to the Oxford Delegacy of Local Examinations that it will present not less than twenty-five candidates, each paying to headquarters a fee of £1, or that, in default of the full number, it will make up the balance of fees. The committee is authorized to charge the candidates an additional fee of a few shillings to meet the local expenses of hire of examination room, stationery, postage, and the superintending examiner's railway fare, board, and lodging. At some centres the number of candidates considerably exceeds a hundred. In such cases the local committee can afford to reduce its local fee to a very small sum, and, at the same time, have a surplus to spend on prizes.

Candidates may come from any school or may have been privately taught. They enter themselves for either the senior, the junior, or the preliminary examination. They are not eligible for honors in the senior if over nineteen years of age, or in the junior over seventeen, or in the preliminary over fourteen, but candidates for a pass certificate are admitted though exceeding these ages.

The senior examination comprises twenty-three sections: (1) arithmetic; (2) religious knowledge; (3) history; (4) English language and literature; (5) geography; (6) political economy, etc.; (7) Latin; (8) Greek; (9) French; (10) German; (11) Italian; (12) Spanish; (13) mathematics; (14) higher mathematics; (15) botany; (16) chemistry; (17) physics; (18) domestic science and hygiene; (19) music; (20) bookkeeping; (21) needlework; (22) natural science, and (23) drawing. To obtain a certificate a candidate must satisfy the examiners in at least five subjects, of which four must be from sections (1) to (19). No one may offer more than eight subjects from sections (2) to (23). The scheme is thus distinctly an elective one, while discouraging "soft snaps." It is announced that the quality of the handwriting and of the spelling and the style of the composition will be taken into account throughout the examination.

Still further alternatives are offered in the details of the various sections, so that the schools which send up candidates are not obliged to follow an identical curriculum. There are choices, for example, in the books of Scripture that may be studied for (2), in the periods of history for (3), in the English classics for (4), and in the Latin and Greek books for (7) and (8). The music is entirely theoretical, but no one can pass in chemistry or botany without satisfying practical tests. A similar syllabus, but less advanced and less varied, is prescribed for the junior examination, with twenty sections, and for the preliminary, with seventeen.

The experience of many years has brought the management of these examinations to a high pitch of efficiency. The instructions issued from headquarters at Oxford to superintending examiners and local committees, as well as to candidates, make what appears like a complicated scheme work with perfect smoothness. At each centre the superintending examiner is an Oxford M.A., appointed by the Delegacy. He has nothing to do with judging the answers, but is responsible for the supervision during the whole of the examination week. He has to see, for instance, that the local committee has housed the examination in adequate rooms with a desk space of four feet for each candidate; that the sealed packets of question papers are opened and the contents distributed at the prescribed times; that the answers are collected accord-

ing to schedule, are duly classified, and are packed up and sent off to Oxford each night. Meanwhile the staff of examiners proper is assembled at Oxford, in readiness to begin their work without delay as soon as the packages of answers begin to arrive from the local centres.

The examiners are Oxford graduates who are experts in their subjects, and who, as a rule, have had actual experience of schoolteaching. Within a few weeks the results are published, the successful candidates being divided into three honors classes, followed by a pass list. An Oxford local certificate, under certain conditions, exempts the holder from the entrance examination at the various English universities and from the preliminary examination of various professional societies—such as the Pharmaceutical Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Royal Institute of Architects, the Institute of Chartered Accountants, etc.

A few weeks later still, "supplementary tables" are issued, from which a candidate may learn the specific subjects in which he passed or failed. The examiners' reports accompanying these tables are full of useful suggestions for teachers. They may call attention, for instance, to the fact that in trigonometry many candidates employed logarithms in such a way as to increase rather than diminish their labor, or may point out that oral instruction in foreign languages is being overdone, the pupils not being as familiar with reading a language as with listening to it. In another subject teachers may be warned that they are relying upon antiquated textbooks.

In 1858, the first year of the Oxford local examinations, 1,151 candidates presented themselves. The senior honors list was headed by a boy named Edward George Clarke, who has since become one of the leaders of the English bar. Last year the candidates numbered nearly 20,000, of whom over 13,000 obtained certificates.

The Cambridge local examinations, organized on very much the same system, attract a slightly larger number of candidates than the Oxford. In addition, the two universities have united in establishing the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board, which examines such schools as have a regularly constituted governing body, and prepare a fair proportion of their boys for the universities—a class which includes both the older "public schools" (in the English sense), like Eton and Harrow, and newer foundations of the type of Clifton and Marlborough. The certificates that are granted in connection with these examinations similarly carry exemption from the preliminary tests of universities and professional bodies.

No doubt the method of gauging the work of schools by a written examination is far short of the ideal. Nowadays in many schools it is supplemented by a state inspection of the every-day teaching in the school itself. But fifty years ago the introduction of a system of inspection would have been so costly that the smaller private schools—those most in need of the stimulus of a test from outside—would have been excluded from its advantages. At that time the local examinations, setting up as they did an equal and independent standard, did much to raise the whole level of secondary education in England, and experience has so proved their value that to-day the advantages they offer are more keenly sought than ever before.

H. W. H.

THE LATE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND—HIS PRO-SLAVIC SYMPATHIES —SERB AMBITIONS.

GRATZ, Austria, July 11.

The shady parks of this pleasant city were filled with the usual holiday loungers on the Sunday afternoon of June 28, when the first reports of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand reached the city. These were at first received with unbelief, but the newspaper offices soon began posting bulletins confirming them, and giving the principal details of the crime, and the excitement then became intense. The city of Gratz had a peculiar interest in the late Archduke, for in the first place it was here that he was born and passed his earliest years, and, secondly, his politics and conduct of public affairs had made him so unpopular that, except in military and clerical circles, his accession to power was regarded here with considerable misgivings.

Francis Ferdinand was undoubtedly unpopular, excepting always with the soldiers and the clericals, in his native city as well as in other parts of the country in which the population is predominantly German, and for two reasons—because he favored Slavic rather than Germanic interests in Austrian political life and because in religious matters he was a strong and illiberal clerical. In Gratz the antagonism between the Slavic and the Germanic elements of the population is intensified because of the proximity of the city to the ethnic borderland of Austria. The city regards itself as the southeastern outpost of Germanic culture and the German language, since but a few miles to the south of it the population of the country becomes Slavonian and a few miles to the east is the western border of the Hungarian plain. The acute and irrepressible conflict which has been going on for a generation between the Germanic and the Slavic elements of the population is one of the most interesting developments in the history of social institutions. The German-speaking citizens of Austria consider themselves the eldest sons of the Empire, and as such claim precedence in its social and political life, and, as a matter of fact, although they are in the minority numerically, the greater part of the political power, as well as of the wealth, culture, and industry of the Empire, has from time immemorial been in their hands.

Since the fatal year 1866, however, the Slavic elements of the population have been asserting themselves with great vigor and success and striving to gain the position to which their greater numbers would seem to entitle them. The Germans of the Austrian borderlands thus find themselves engaged in a life-and-death struggle with an active and relentless foe which is determined to destroy so far as possible the Germanic influence and to supplant it with the Slavic.

Francis Ferdinand, although of German blood, did not support the German Austrians in this struggle, but gave his great influence to the cause of the Slavs. Just how much this attitude was due to his wife, who was a Bohemian, is not known, but it is generally believed that her influence with him was great. Francis Ferdinand was known to be a strong, self-reliant, and self-contained man, but he was devotedly attached to his morganatic wife, and it is probable that he was inclined to assist her people to gain the position they felt belonged to them in the Austrian Empire.

His relation to the Slavic and the other non-Magyar elements of the population of Hungary was similar. As in Austria, so in Hungary the race which has from the earliest times been the dominant race is in the numerical minority and finds itself opposed politically by other races of different languages and traditions. These subordinate races, however—the Germans, Croatians, Slavonians, Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Rumanians—occupy a different position with reference to the ruling race than do the subordinate races of Austria. The Magyars of Hungary are an energetic and masterful race, the various parts and parties of which, whatever their differences of opinion on other matters, are absolutely united in their attitude towards the non-Magyar peoples of the country. They have never swerved from their determination to be the ruling caste and to keep the other races in subservience. Politically, also, they are a highly developed people and are able to unite for the accomplishment of a common end. In Austria, on the other hand, the Germans are split into a variety of parties and groups which are often so fiercely opposed to one another that united action is impossible. Their Slavic opponents make full use of this fact and thus occupy a much stronger position in the maintenance of their institutions and languages than do their brethren in Hungary.

It has been of great importance, consequently, to the non-Magyar populations of Hungary to have the moral and political support of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The Croatians were under especial obligations to him in their heated and long-drawn-out contests with the Magyar rulers in Budapest and entertained great hopes of his reign when he should finally come to the throne. The Rumanians of eastern Hungary were also especially favored by him. He was, indeed, popularly supposed to have been bitterly hostile to the Magyars, but this is an imputation which undoubtedly did him an injustice. Francis Ferdinand showed friendship for the Magyars in various ways. He spoke their language fluently and enjoyed speaking it, and frequently visited the Magyar magnates. But he was a large-minded man of statesmanlike views, who could comprehend the needs and rights of all the races whom he would one day be called upon to govern.

It seems like the irony of fate that, although he sought to advance the interests of his Slav subjects, it was by one of these that the Archduke was finally assassinated. The assassination of Francis Ferdinand, however, was an expression of the rage felt by all Serbs, both in and out of Servia, at the attitude of Austria-Hungary towards Servia during the Balkan War and at the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Serbs are an ambitious race and have formulated extensive pan-Servian plans. The Balkan war enabled them to realize a portion of these plans by the annexation of the ancient Servian territories in Macedonia. A further development of them contemplated the annexation of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, and finally of Dalmatia. The population of all these countries is predominantly Serb, and their inclusion in the kingdom would give to Servia a large and compact territory with a considerable seacoast. The rulers of Vienna and Budapest, however, have naturally spared no efforts to prevent the realization of these ambitions. Hence the acrimonious diplomatic squabbles which have taken place between the Austro-Hungarian and Servian Cabinets and which have many times brought the two countries to the brink of war. Hence, too, the assassination of Francis Ferdinand. The

Archduke's plans with reference to the Serbs contemplated indeed a greater Servia, but within the limits of the dual monarchy. To the Servian enthusiasts this idea is hateful. Their greater Servia must be an independent country.

Still more irritating to the Austrian-Germans than the Archduke's position in the race troubles of the country was his intense clericalism. We in America do not realize what we have escaped in that we have no political party which represents a religious sect. Here the advocates and orators of the Clerical party often do not hesitate to appeal to the public with perfect confidence to support its candidates for political office on purely religious grounds because God is on their side and the devil on the other. Such an orator near Gratz recently promised the favor of St. Anthony of Padua, who is a very popular saint in these parts, to all who would vote his party ticket, and the wrath of God to those who refused to do so. Such campaign methods naturally bring confusion into the consideration of every proper political issue and have had the result in Austria of alienating from the Church most of the intelligence and industry of the land, so that the two classes of the population which are still faithful to the Church are the highest and the lowest—the upper nobility and the peasants. The latter are ignorant and superstitious and are easily held by the clergy. The higher nobility are still faithful, probably largely because the Imperial family, including all of its ramifications, are strong adherents of the state Church. No one, therefore, would have complained of Francis Ferdinand for being a devout churchman; it was expected of him. Since his marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek, however, he was much more than this. His wife was of a deeply religious character, and apparently to please her he became an active supporter of the political propaganda of the Church. Also in purely ecclesiastical matters, such as the appointment of bishops, he favored men who were extreme and ultramontane in their views instead of those who were liberal and national. His interest in the social, inner life of the Austrian people took this direction, and this alone. He was apparently but little interested in art, music, education, or literature, all of which occupy so much of the attention of the middle and upper classes in Austria, except in their relation to the Church.

Notwithstanding these facts, there is even among those who disliked the Archduke a feeling of genuine sorrow and of loss at his death. It is recognized that he was a strong man with a capacity for leadership, a man of good intentions, a good husband and father, and it is felt that the Government of the country, with its tremendous and almost insuperable difficulties, needs such a man. The head of the Austrian state governs it in a very real sense, and should be before all things a man of character. The personal idiosyncrasies of the ruler and his likes and dislikes are matters of relatively subordinate importance, since his policies, whatever they be, are sure to be displeasing to great numbers of his subjects, so very conflicting are the interests of the various groups into which they are divided. It is indeed unfortunate that the Archduke should have been removed from the scene in the very prime of life and when his people were beginning to understand and to respect him. And what the political consequences of his assassination will be it is impossible to foretell.

HENRY S. PRATT.

Joseph Chamberlain

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

A CONTEMPORARY'S ESTIMATE OF A GREAT ENGLISHMAN, WHO WAS FOR YEARS THE DOMINANT FORCE IN THE POLITICS OF HIS COUNTRY, BUT NEVER ACHIEVED THE HIGHEST MARK.

Eulogies spoken across the table of the House of Commons honoring prominent Members who have finally answered to the old Lobby cry, "Who goes Home?" are not uncommon. It is exceedingly rare that there should be added the last tribute of an adjournment of the House. That it should have been paid to Mr. Chamberlain upon the motion of the Prime Minister, a political opponent of life-long standing, adds to its value. The scene presented the House of Commons in its best aspect. With one accord, Members uncovered when the Premier rose, and remained bareheaded throughout the three speeches. Mr. Chamberlain was a relentless foe, a mercilessly hard hitter. Having in the course of his career shattered in turn two great political parties, it was inevitable that he should have created a host of personal enemies. By his graveside rancor was hushed. There was general, unqualified consent to Mr. Asquith's suggestion, clothed in one of the perfect sentences of an exquisite speech. "It is," he said, "fitting that within these walls, where the echoes of his voice seem to many of us still to linger, we should suspend for a few hours the clash of controversy and conflict while we all join in acknowledging our common debt to the life and example of a great Englishman."

At one point in this speech, Mr. Asquith incidentally referred to the fact that Mr. Chamberlain in the course of a brilliant career had never attained the Premiership, a position to which he seemed predestined. On this point I am able to supply interesting testimony of Mr. Chamberlain's personal views and aspirations on the subject. In the spring of 1900 I happened to sit next to him at a little dinner given by a mutual friend. He talked with the frankness, doubtless well considered, which sometimes startled people. He mentioned that he had that morning been reading a magazine article of mine published simultaneously in London and New York discussing his chances of succession to the Premiership.

"If," he said, "you want to know the truth about the matter, I will tell you. Never at any time in any circumstances do I intend to be Prime Minister of the Unionist party. I am ready to serve under Arthur Balfour or any one else who may be preferred to the post. I confess it was different when I was on the other side. Fifteen years ago I was certainly resolved to be Prime Minister in the Liberal succession. If I had been, you would have seen established that condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day."

There were three crises in the career of Mr. Chamberlain which, had they turned in a different direction, would have changed the history of England during the two decades following on the year 1886. When, in 1882, W. E. Forster was driven out of the Irish office, a feat the accomplishment of which was largely due to Chamberlain's action, that gentleman had marked succession to the office as his own. At this epoch he, in conjunction with Sir Charles Dilke, was the rising hope of turbulent Irish Nationalism clamoring for Home Rule. Forster had, at the risk of his life, attempted to stamp out the aspiration with the iron heel of Coercion Acts. These Chamberlain opposed in Cabinet Council. Now Forster was got out of the way, he was prepared to be installed in Dublin Castle with authority to attempt to cure Land Leagueism by kindness. In anticipation of the Chief Secretaryship being entrusted to him, he, in the early days of May, 1882, took counsel with friends in the confidence of Parnell, friends not absolutely new to the Cabinet Minister. With characteristic self-confidence, he counted without Gladstone, who passed him over in favor of Lord Frederick Cavendish. Incredible on the face of it, indisputable in fact, the first intimation of the appointment reached him when, seated on the Treasury Bench, he heard the Whip move for a writ for a new election in the West Riding of Yorkshire, "to fill the place of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who since his election has accepted the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

That was adding insult to injury. It was probably the foundation for the personal animosity to his sometime Leader that marked their subsequent relations. Had he gone to Dublin in May, 1882, he might have met the fate reserved for Lord Frederick Cavendish. Or he might have realized the strong desire possessing him at the time to give Home Rule to Ireland. In either case, the course of history at home and abroad would, as averred, have been altered.

The second crisis happened between the introduction of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill and its second reading. Chamberlain, unaccustomed to the strange armor newly put on as an ally of Lord Salisbury, hankered after reconciliation with his old party. A principal objection taken by him against the bill was the proposal to exclude Irish representation from Westminster. If that were withdrawn, he was prepared to abstain from opposition to the second reading, with the result that the Conservative onslaught would have been repulsed, the bill would have gone into committee, and the earthquake that rent in twain the Temple of Liberalism would have been averted.

As I have related elsewhere, upon documentary evidence supplied by the principal agents in the plot ("Sixty Years in the Wilderness"), everything was arranged to meet Chamberlain's views. In moving the second reading of the bill, Gladstone was to announce the withdrawal of this part of the scheme. Chamberlain was to follow, declar-

ing his objection to the bill removed. The quarrel would be patched up, and the Liberal party would live together happy ever afterwards. For inscrutable, never-explained reasons, Gladstone concluded his speech without making the stipulated announcement. In the ensuing division Chamberlain led his fifty-five followers into the Opposition Lobby in line with the thirty-eight Whigs under the captaincy of Lord Hartington. The Home Rule bill was rejected, and the Liberal party was driven out into the wilderness, where, with brief interval, they forlornly wandered for nineteen years.

The third crisis arose in connection with what is known in history as the Round Table Conference. This final attempt at reconciliation had its origin in a speech addressed by Chamberlain to his Birmingham constituents, in which he let fall the significant remark that the differences between the severed sections of the Liberal party were such as might be settled by half-a-dozen men seated at a round table. As he thus summoned the conference on his own initiative, so he broke it up by an amazing letter, with strange irony addressed to a weekly religious paper. There is no doubt that when he entered upon the conference he hoped and believed it would lead to the closing up of sundered ranks. His frame of mind at this critical epoch is indicated in a passage from a letter written to me from Stornoway, dated April 21, 1887: "I deplore with you the state of feeling now prevailing in the Liberal party. There has been nothing like it in our generation, and the outlook is very black. Like you, I wish I were out of it all, for politics have lost all charm for me."

As events turned out, he then, in his fifty-first year, halted on the threshold of a new departure in political life that led him to a pedestal from which he will through all time stand out as a dauntless epoch-maker.

At his best, and he remained at his best up to the last day he was seen in the House of Commons, Chamberlain was the most powerful of Parliamentary debaters, not excepting Gladstone. Knowing the limits of his own capacity, he did not aim at oratory. He was preëminently a man of business, but was endowed with the gifts of lightning-like acuteness of perception, consummately lucid expression. In charge of an intricate bill, he steered it through the shoals of committee with masterful hand. He was perhaps seen at his best when he stood with his back to the wall, faced by a host of assailants. The more noisy the interruption the cooler he grew, warding off blows with deft parryig of his rapier, swiftly followed up b ytelling thrust at his aggressor.

When, in 1886, Gladstone having nailed the Home Rule flag to the Liberal masthead, Chamberlain drifted into the haven of Conservatism, he paid the penalty of his supreme capacity as a phrasemaker. "He that maketh others beware of his tongue," says Bacon, "let him beware of other men's memory." During the last twenty years of his active life Chamberlain, rising to address the House of Commons, was ever faced by the ghost of his dead self. Whatever questions might be to the front, Education, Ireland, Free Trade, the place in the political firmament held by the House of Lords, it turned out that Chamberlain the Radical had said the thing most damaging to the position at the moment taken up by Chamberlain the colleague of Lord Salisbury. When he had anything to say on any subject, whether the averment were that a particular thing was black or white, he said it in a clean-cut phrase that went straight home to the understanding and lingered long in the memory.

There is abundant precedent for the circumstance that, having commenced his political career in one camp, he concluded it in another. In this respect he is in the good company of Disraeli and Gladstone. Where his powerful individuality manifested itself is in the fact that while in turn he dominated the councils of the two great political parties of the state, he also, in turn, rent them to their centre. The breaking up of the Liberal party on the question of Home Rule was followed seventeen years later by the disruption of the Unionists on the question of Free Trade. The hand that wrought the ruin was in both cases Chamberlain's.

It is small wonder that a man with such a history should have created many enemies. After 1886 they were divided in the House of Commons into two groups, the Irish Nationalists, whose early trust he had betrayed, and the Radicals, whom he deserted. The bitter feeling found outburst in the historical free fights on the floor of the House in the final stage of the Home Rule bill of 1892. But if he had a cohort of enemies, he had a circle of warm friends, whose fidelity he was careful to reward.

The summit of his marvellous career was reached in the autumn of 1902, when, a passenger in the finest cruiser of the British Navy, the ex-Mayor of Birmingham, Secretary of State for the Colonies, sailed for the Cape, intent on binding up the wounds created by the ravages of war, the shout of Europe bidding him God-speed on his mission drowned by the acclaim of South Africa welcoming him to its shore. He was at that time not only the most powerful, but the most popular man in England. A companion picture presented five years later leaps to the eye. It shows a partly paralyzed figure painfully making its way across a London railway station, with gallant but futile attempt to raise its hat in response to the greeting cheer. It was Joseph Chamberlain returning from the Riviera, where he had passed some weeks in vain struggling with the effects of a blow that had stricken him down, while, dauntless, hopeful to the last, he was counting on the achievement of his final campaign. The incident suggested to one looker-on the idea of a wounded lion, long time lord of the forest, returning to its lair to die.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

III.

Recurring to Newton's Life of Lyons* and the revelations therein, presently, but four months after Palmerston's "Yankee Run" letter, came the Trent affair. The conduct of the British representative throughout that memorable and trying episode, as here intimately disclosed, might serve as an all-time model for diplomatists. It is not too much to say that Lyons then saved the situation. What we now have in his confidential dispatches to Earl Russell adds, it is true, nothing of moment to what we already knew. It is, however, the voice at the other end of the telephone we are listening to.

The stopping of the British mail steamer Trent on the high seas by Capt. Wilkes, in command of the San Jacinto, occurred on November 8, 1861. As Lord Newton very truly observes, "an incident of the gravest nature, it seemed likely to render futile all the laborious efforts made to keep the peace between England and the United States." The news arrived in England on November 27. The first private letter from Lord Lyons was of the 19th of the month. In it he wrote to Lord Russell:

I am told confidently that orders were given at Washington which led to the capture on Board the *Trent*, and that they were signed by Mr. Seward without the knowledge of the President. I do not vouch for the truth of this.

The situation was most trying. Lord Newton writes:

In the absence of authentic information [Lord Lyons] felt that on the one hand it would be unsafe to ask for a reparation which might be inadequate; on the other hand he was reluctant to make a demand which might be unnecessarily great. Consequently, he resolved to take no steps until he received instructions from home, refused to say a word on the subject either officially or unofficially, and instructed the Consuls to maintain silence.

Writing in his diary on the 16th, three days previous, W. H. Russell, "Our Special Correspondent" of the London *Times*, had said:

I went to the Legation, and found the young diplomatists in the "Chancellerie" as demure and innocent as if nothing had happened, though perhaps they were a trifle more lively than usual. An hour later, and the whole affair was published in the evening papers.

Three days afterwards Lord Lyons thus expressed himself to Earl Russell:

I have all along been expecting some such blow as the capture on board the *Trent*. Turn out how it may, it must I fear produce an effect on public opinion in both countries which will go far to disconcert all my peaceful plans and hopes. I am so worn out with the never-ending labour of keeping things smooth, under the discouragement of the

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**Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy.* By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net. The work is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $8.50 net.

doubt whether by so doing I am not after all only leading these people to believe that they may go all lengths with us with impunity that I am sometimes half tempted to wish that the worst may have come already. However I do not allow this feeling to influence my conduct, and I have done nothing which can in the least interfere with any course which you may take concerning the affair of the *Trent*.

As is the case in all books written by Englishmen relating to America, as probably in all books written by Americans relating to things English, the author has a way of falling into quite portentous errors of detail. For instance, in referring to this episode, he speaks of the "Governor of Boston," meaning, of course, his Excellency John A. Andrew, then Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He says, truly enough, that Governor Andrew "distinguished himself by the following statement: 'That there may be nothing left to crown this exaltation, Commodore Wilkes fired his shot across the bows of the ship that bore the British lion at its head.'"

Referring shortly afterwards to other dispatches which he does not print, Lord Newton says that at this time—in the closing days of November—while the Trent affair was in process of settlement, Mr. Galt, the Canadian Finance Minister, happened to be in Washington and had an interesting conversation with President Lincoln, who disclaimed for himself and the Cabinet all thought of aggression against Canada:

> The President also stated that he himself had been opposed to Mr. Seward's circular putting the coasts into a state of defence, but had been overruled. On being asked what the recommendation to make fortifications and depôts of arms on the Great Lakes meant, he only said, "We must say something to satisfy the people." About the Mason and Slidell case, he remarked, "Oh, that'll be got along with!" He further volunteered the observation that if he could not within a reasonable period get hold of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and keep Maryland, he should tell the American people to give up the contest, for it would be "too big" for them.

This is a distinctly interesting disclosure of the nature of the official advices as to the American situation then reaching the British Ministry.

Lord Newton seems to have some undisclosed grievance against Mr. Hammond, then permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. At one point he refers to him as a "man who seemed marked out to add to the gaiety of nations"; at another as a "very unfortunate prophet"; and, again, as one whose "singularly faulty judgment and unhappy prophecies have been already commented upon"; and, still later on, as "the guileless Hammond." Mr. Hammond now "expressed the opinion that Messrs. Mason and Slidell would be immediately executed, so that there might be an answer ready whenever their release was demanded."

Lord Russell's dispatch relating to the Trent affair is still freshly borne in mind. Most peremptory as originally drawn, it was softened down by the Prince Consort, then on his death-bed—his last public act. It reached Washington on the night of December 18th. The next morning Lord Lyons called on Mr. Seward and acquainted him with its general tenor; Lord Lyons next thus reports on this momentous interview to his chief:

> Before I left Mr. Seward he said that there was one question which he would put to me "informally," but which it was most important that I should answer. Was any time fixed by my instructions within which the U. S. Government must reply? I told him that I did not like to answer the question; that what of all things I wished to avoid was the slightest appearance of a menace. He said I need not fear that; he only wished me to tell him privately and confidentially. I said that on that understanding, I would tell him that the term was seven days. He then said that much time would be lost if I did not let him have a copy of your dispatch "unofficially and informally"; that so much depended upon the wording of it, that it was impossible to come to a decision without reading it. I told him that the only difficulty I had about giving it to him at once unofficially was that the seven days would at once begin to run. He said that was very true, but I might let him have it on the understanding that no one but himself and the President should know that I had done so. I was very glad to let him have it on these terms. It will give time for the Packet (which is indeed already due) to arrive with M. Thouvenel's Dispatch to M. Mercier, and in the meantime give Mr. Seward who is now on the peace side of the Cabinet time to work with the President before the affair comes before the Cabinet itself. I sent the Dispatch to him in an envelope marked "Private and Confidential." Almost immediately afterwards he came here. He told me he was pleased to find that the Dispatch was courteous and friendly, and not dictatorial or menacing. There was however one question more which he must ask me, without an answer to which he could not act, but at the same time he must have the answer only in strict confidence between himself and me. I had told him in confidence that I was to wait seven days for an answer on the subject of the redress we required. Supposing he was within the seven days to send me a refusal, or a proposal to discuss the question? I told him that my instructions were positive and left me no discretion. If the answer was not satisfactory, and particularly if it did not include the immediate surrender of the Prisoners, I could not accept.
>
> I was not sorry to tell him this in the way I did. I avoided all menace which could be an obstacle to the U. S. yielding, while I did the only thing which will make them yield if they ever do, let them know that we were really in earnest.
>
> I don't think it likely they will give in, but I do not think it impossible they may do so, particularly if the next news from England brings note of warlike preparations and determination on the part of the Government and people.

Lord Newton then prints an official dispatch from Lyons to Russell, under date of December 23, 1861, descriptive of the final steps in the Trent affair. Incidentally Lord Lyons says:

> M. Mercier went of his own accord to Mr. Seward the day before yesterday and expressed strongly his own conviction that the choice lay only between a compliance with the demands of England and war. He begged Mr. Seward to dismiss all idea of assistance from France, and not to be led away by the vulgar notion that the Emperor would gladly see England embroiled with the United States in order to pursue his own plans in Europe without opposition.

The dispatch closed as follows:

> You will perhaps be surprised to find Mr. Seward on the side of peace. He does not like the look of the spirit he has called up. Ten months of office have dispelled many of his illusions. I presume that he no longer believes in the existence of a Union Party in the South, in the return of the South to the arms of the North in case of a foreign war; in his power to frighten the nations of Europe by great words; in the ease with which the U. S. could crush rebellion with one hand and chastise Europe with the other; in the notion that the relations with England in particular are safe playthings to be used for the amusement of the American people. He sees himself in a very painful dilemma.

Of Mr. Seward's famous reply Lord Newton writes: "The American reply arrived on December 27, in the shape of a note from Mr. Seward of the most portentous length, abounding in exuberant dialectics, but the gist of which was contained in the two following paragraphs:

> "The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated.
>
> "Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Lord Newton then adds: "The question of peace or war had hung in the balance for weeks, but the victory was complete, and British diplomacy achieved a success which was not equalled until Fashoda supplied a somewhat similar case in 1897."

The next private dispatch of Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, dated December 27, is printed in full by Lord Newton. It has an historical interest. The British representative wrote as follows:

> It is of course impossible for me to give an opinion upon the argumentation in Mr. Seward's voluminous note. Time barely admits of its being read and copied before the messenger goes. But as the four prisoners are given up, immediately and unconditionally, it is quite clear to my mind that you will not wish me to decide the question of peace or war without reference to you. A rupture of diplomatic relations, not followed by war, would be worse than war itself, for after that, nothing but actual hostilities would ever convince the Americans that there was any limit to our forbearance.
>
> I hope, however, that the Note will, on further examination, be deemed sufficient. In that case it might not be unadvisable to give credit to Mr. Seward, in speaking to Mr. Adams, and the more so perhaps because Mr. Adams is, or at all events was, devoted to Mr. Seward and his policy. I cannot say that my general opinion of Mr. Seward has undergone any change; but without inquiring into his motives, I must allow him the merit of

having worked very hard and exposed his popularity to very great danger.

I shall not be able to give you any information to-day as to the effect produced upon the public. Mr. Seward has begged me to keep the answer a secret until to-morrow. He intends to publish it in the newspapers here to-morrow, and has sent a copy to New York to be published simultaneously there. In the latter case it will be conveyed to the public in Europe, as well as to you, by the same packet which takes this letter. Mr. Seward told me he "had been through the fires of Tophet" in order to get the prisoners surrendered.

In this dispatch Lord Lyons further adds:

I think it very important, with a view to the preservation of peace, that advantage should be taken of the opportunity to put Canada into a state of defence; and indeed (as I said in a dispatch which I wrote in May last) to provide for the security of all our possessions on both sides of this Continent. While Canada, in particular, is apparently defenceless, the Americans will never believe that we contemplate the possibility of war. And it must never be forgotten that when they make peace with the South, they may have a large army to provide with employment, and an immense amount of popular dissatisfaction and humiliation to find a safety valve for.

Referring to the surrender of the two Confederate Commissioners, he says:

In any case I shall give a caution to the Commander of the ship which takes them, that they are not to be received with honours or treated otherwise than as distinguished *private* gentlemen.

Those who have not seen the Americans near, will probably be much more surprised than I am at the surrender of the prisoners. I was sure from the first that they would give in, if it were possible to convince them that war was really the only alternative. My difficulty has been to make them aware that it was surrender or war, without making such threats as would render the humiliation too great to be borne. This was the object of my confidential communications with Mr. Seward before I gave him your dispatch.

Writing of the details of this transfer, on December 31, Lord Lyons refers to the belief that it would occasion a popular outburst and disturbance at Boston. This belief prevailed so strongly that Russell, "Our Special Correspondent," wrote in his Diary under date of December 27:

I have resolved to go to Boston, being satisfied that a great popular excitement and uprising will, in all probability, take place on the discharge of the Commissioners from Fort Warren.

He then adds, as indicative of the intensity of the feeling prevailing:

Mr. Seward, apprehensive that some outrage would be offered by the populace to the prisoners and the British Flag, has asked Lord Lyons that the Southern Commissioners may be placed, as it were, surreptitiously in a United States boat, and carried to a small seaport in the State of Maine, where they are to be placed on board a British vessel as quietly as possible; and this exigent, imperious, tyrannical, insulting British Minister [Lord Lyons] has cheerfully acceded to the request.

Reaching New York on the 31st of December, Russell next made the following entry in his Diary:

To my great regret and surprise, however, I learned it would be impracticable to get to Fort Warren and see the prisoners before their surrender. My unpopularity, which had lost somewhat of its intensity, was revived by the exasperation against everything English occasioned by the firmness of Great Britain in demanding the Commissioners; and on New Year's Night, as I heard subsequently, Mr. Grinnell and other members of the New York Club were exposed to annoyance and insult, by some of their brother members, in consequence of inviting me to be their guest at the club.

Of this apprehension of some mob outbreak on occasion of the transfer of the Confederate Commissioners to the British flag, Lord Lyons wrote as follows:

I have a better opinion of the Boston mob than Mr. Seward has, and should have had very little fear of the prisoners being insulted, if I had taken them from Fort Warren directly on board a British man-of-war. I am not sorry however to spare the Bostonians (who are among the most friendly to us of the Americans) what they might consider a mortifying and humiliating spectacle. I have at Mr. Seward's request not made the name of the place at which the prisoners are to be transferred generally known. Indeed, I found that many people were going to Boston to be present on the occasion, and there is no advantage in having a crowd or a sensation about it.

Of Lord Lyons's handling of this most critical and important negotiation, his biographer says:

Congratulations now began to pour in upon him, and Lord Russell wrote that nothing could have been better than his conduct, and that his patience, forbearance, and friendly discretion had gone far to secure the favorable result obtained.

Referring to the whole course of proceedings at this time, Lord Newton further says:

Writing to Mr. Hammond [Lord Lyons] explained that he had resisted the temptation "to do something" "which always besets one when one is anxious about a matter"; and that from the first he had been convinced that the more quiet he kept the better would be the chance of the instructions from home producing their effect. To other correspondents he expressed the view that it was the British military preparations which had turned the scale in favour of peace. . . . But no one reading the *Trent* correspondence can fail to realize that the issue of peace or war depended to a great extent upon the method in which the British representative at Washington carried out his task, and that the slightest error in judgment on his part would have rendered the conflict inevitable.

In after years Lord Lyons frequently expressed the opinion that if there had then been telegraphic communication across the Atlantic it would have been impossible to avert war, and it is more than likely that he was correct, although it is improbable that many people realized it at the time . . . but the restraint which enabled Lord Lyons to refrain from saying a single word upon a question over which the whole population of the United States was buzzing for six or seven weeks was little else than an inspiration.

Books and Men

THE PESTILENT CATALOGUE.

Sylvestre Bonnard thought a catalogue the most interesting of books. "I do not know," he wrote, "any reading more easy, more fascinating, more delightful than that of a catalogue." His enthusiasm can be explained—one of the first entries he found in the catalogue he was reading ran like this:

La Légende Dorée de Jacques de Gênes (Jacques de Voragine);—traduction française, petit in-4.

This MS. of the fourteenth century contains, besides the tolerably complete translation of the celebrated work of Jacques de Voragine, 1. The Legends of Saints Ferréol, Ferrution, Germain, Vincent, and Droetoveus; 2. A poem *On the Miraculous Burial of Monsieur Saint-Germain of Auxerre*. . . .

This MS. is written upon vellum. It contains a great number of illuminated letters, and two finely executed miniatures, in a rather imperfect state of conservation: one represents the Purification of the Virgin, and the other the Coronation of Proserpine.

Coming to our own country, and looking at the fictitious creatures of Eugene Field, instead of those of Anatole France, it appears that Judge Methuen, who figures in "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," suffered from a disease called "catalogitis":

Judge Methuen has been a victim (a pleasant victim) to the catalogue habit for the last forty years, and he has declared that if all the catalogues sent to and read by him in that space of time were gathered together in a heap they would make a pile bigger than Pike's Peak, and a thousandfold more interesting. I myself have been a famous reader of catalogues, and I can testify that the habit has possessed me of remarkable delusions, the most conspicuous of which is that which produces within me the conviction that a book is as good as mine as soon as I have met with its title in a catalogue and set an X over against it in pencil.

But this is, so to speak, a land of faery, in which librarians permit neither themselves nor anybody else to wander. These catalogues fire the imagination, they speak of golden manuscripts, of rare and curious books, they themselves partake of the nature of literature. To many poor drudges, however, a catalogue means nothing but that hideous invention, that ghastly row upon row of cases, filled with score after score of little drawers, known as a card catalogue.

When card catalogues began to spread over the land, twenty or twenty-five years ago, it was thought that the world's great age began anew—bibliographically speaking. It was the last word in the art of cataloguing books. And so librarians pitched in and built these monuments. The catalogues began to grow. The prediction made early in the game, that the day would come when the catalogues of the Boston Public Library and of the Harvard Library would meet on the Harvard Bridge, seemed likely to be fulfilled. Like the animals in Mr. H. G. Wells's story, the wasps became the size of crows,

and rats grew as big as wolves, and people wondered what might occur if a few elephants took some of the magic food. Things that were merely grotesque and amusing became fairly serious.

Now, the gigantic period has been reached, and one feels that even the makers of catalogues have their occasional secret qualms. To walk from the letter A to the letter S in the catalogue of a large library is something which one does, on a warm day, only when duty drives. Probably those who associate daily with these preposterous and titanic creations fail to realize what has happened. Outsiders, even librarians, are certainly impressed. "I can assure you," an English librarian wrote recently, "that the catalogue-room of the New York Public Library is an awe-inspiring sight."

The latest authority on this subject, Mr. William Warner Bishop, does not seem to hold out much hope. His book, "Practical Handbook of Modern Library Cataloguing" (Williams & Wilkins Co.), is a succinct statement of things as they are, by a man who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Bishop is superintendent of the Library of Congress reading-room. It appears, from this book, that library catalogues had better be on cards, and that they are apt to keep on growing. Even the dictionary form, almost everywhere considered the simplest, cannot be easy to consult after it passes a certain size.

"It is too much," the author writes, "to expect that because the dictionary form of arrangement is comparatively simple, it will of itself be intelligible to untrained persons." Now, "untrained persons" does not mean uneducated persons—it means those who have not studied cataloguing as a science, or an art, whichever it is. So there must be, Mr. Bishop suggests, attendants to aid and instruct the uninitiated in the use of the catalogue. Such assistants, by the way, have been suggested in other places, and in some libraries may be already at work.

Really, with catalogues growing to an absurdly colossal size, and requiring, even in their simplest forms, interpreters to make them clear to anybody but a specialist, it is not unfair to think that cataloguing has entered a blind alley. That catalogues are evils, hardly any one will deny; that they are necessary evils, most librarians will maintain. The most illuminating comment upon them is that chief librarians usually avoid them as if they were full of bacilli. They know far too much to endanger their dispositions by trying to consult them.

Comments of this sort are usually disposed of on the ground that they are "destructive" criticism. Catalogues are getting too large, and partly for that reason too hard to consult. But I have no method to suggest whereby they may be kept smaller—no method, that is, not involving the use of explosives.

Something could be done, however, to liberate many unfortunate cataloguers, and spare the feelings of other unlucky persons who have to consult their work. This would consist in shortening and simplifying the legend which is printed upon the cards issued by the Library of Congress and the libraries which follow its methods. An absolutely unnecessary amount of detail is usually given there, for no discoverable reason except the possible gratification of a few expert bibliographers. This and certain irritating practices in regard to authors' names are customs which might be abolished with advantage.

A typical example of the treatment of authors' names in many catalogues is afforded by the cards in the Library of Congress for the books by the Indian poet who recently won the Nobel Prize. Any one would, of course, look for him under Tagore, Rabindranath. He authorizes that spelling of his name in his books; members of his family are entered under Tagore in "Who's Who." But the cataloguers know better. They have a little system of their own, and with rare tact and modesty they tell you blandly to look for the poet's works in quite another part of the catalogue, under the letter R—Ravindranatha Thakura.

It is these little Jack Hornerisms which have made card catalogues justly so popular and beloved, and given librarians a reputation for scholarship unmarred by suspicion of pedantry.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

*See note by the same author in the *Nation* of June 17.

News for Bibliophiles

"POET LAUREATE AND HISTORIOGRAPHER ROYAL."

In the letters patent of August 18, 1670, John Dryden receives the joint appointment of "Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal." To the former office he had been appointed two years before, immediately after the death of Davenant.* The latter office, which had been vacant since the death of James Howell in 1666, is now combined with the Laureateship, and Dryden becomes entitled to the revenue from both—£100 from the one, £200 from the other. The conjunction of these two offices, "how hardlie soever those two faculties meet in the same person" (as Speed said in 1611 of similar conjunction in the case of Bernard Andreas), seems to have occasioned no remark among the biographers of Dryden; but it is, none the less, a rather curious and interesting bit of literary history.

The precedent for combining them is, in a sense, coeval with the Laureateship itself; for the diploma presented by Orso to Petrarch, when the poet was crowned Laureate in Rome, testifies "to his excellence in the arts of poetry and history" ("Petrarch, His Life and Times," Hollway-Calthorp, London, 1907, p. 99). There was, however, a more precise precedent in England itself in the person of Bernard Andreas, the Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal to Henry VII and Henry VIII. Andreas, who was a blind Augustinian friar, a native of Toulouse, accompanied his royal master to England, and celebrated not only Henry VII's but also Henry VIII's achievements in a series of poems, a *Vita* of Henry VII and a number of Annals contributed in fulfilment of the duties of his office. In a patent issued only a year after Henry VII's accession, granting Andreas a pension of ten marks a year, the poet is described by his full title of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal (Rymer's "Fœdera," XII, p. 317); and the title of his Life of Henry VII reads: "Bernardi Andreae Tholosatis | Poetae Laureati, Regii Historiographi | De Vita atque Gestis | Henrici Septimi | Angliae ac Franciae Regum Potentissimi Sapientissimique | Historia."

The patent quoted in the "Fœdera" has, of course, not passed unnoticed. John Speed in his "History of Britain" (London, 1611, p. 728) comments at some length on Andreas. Warton mentions his joint offices in the "History of English Poetry" (ed. Hazlitt, III, p. 128); and later historians have referred to him; but the works of Andreas, which are altogether in Latin and French, have apparently remained a sealed book to students of literature, although the Augustinian's works were edited by James Gairdner in 1858 in a volume entitled "Memorials of the Reign of Henry the Seventh."

With these works, and their connection with the subsequent establishment of the office of Poet Laureate I shall deal in a later article. It is sufficient in this note to point out that Andreas not only held both offices, but was also frequent in the expression of his sense of obligation to fulfil the duties pertaining to them.

With the death of Andreas (c. 1525) the Laureateship lapsed. Henry VIII was not such a patron of the arts as his predecessor, and had more strenuous matters on his mind than laureates. With the circumstances leading up to the official rehabilitation of the Laureateship, I shall deal elsewhere. As to the office of Historiographer Royal, there are some curious problems which can be noted in briefer compass.

In Dryden's patent, already referred to, the poet is appointed "our Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal" with "all the rights . . . thereunto belonging as fully and amply as Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, Sir John Gower, Knight, John Leland, Esq., Benjamin Johnson, Esq., James Howell, Esq., Sir William Davenant, Knight, or any other person or persons having or exercising the place or employment of Poet Laureate or Historiographer, or either of them, in the time of any of our royal progenitors." In this obviously mixed and inaccurate catalogue, Leland and Howell are of course the Historiographers. The former was made "Library Keeper"* by Henry VIII some time before 1530 and, in 1533, "King's Antiquary." The precise title of "Historiographer Royal" he does not seem to have had; but he not only fulfilled the duties of "King's Antiquary" with conspicuous zeal, but kept up the traditional connection of historiographer and poet, for he wrote (with Udall) "verses and ditties" at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn, and also composed a Latin poem on the birth of Edward VI.

Whether Leland had an immediate successor, I am unable to ascertain: but there is a record in Nicholl's "Progresses of King James" (Vol. III, p. 136), among the "Free Gifts in the Thir-

*One of Andreas's appointments was as "Keeper of the King's Library" (Gairdner, Memorials, p. xii, quoting Crusenius in Monastico Augustiniano, p. 192).

teenth year of the King's Reign," of a gift of two hundred pounds (precisely the amount, be it noticed, that was subsequently paid to the Historiographers Royal) to a certain "Thos. Dempster, Historiographer"; and that Dempster was definitely offered the post is confirmed by his Autobiography and other contemporary authorities (D. N. B. XIV, 337).

James Howell, however, in spite of Andreas, Leland, and Dempster, flattered himself that he was the first Historiographer Royal. He had been a sort of "royal intelligencer" to Charles I, and after the Restoration returned to the allegiance and became an assiduous applicant for office. Failing in his effort to be made Clerk of the Council, and being equally unsuccessful in his petition for appointment as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Trade, he urged that "among the prudentst and best policed nations there is a minister of state qualified and appointed with the title of Historiographer Generall" ("The Familiar Letters of James Howell," ed. Jacobs, London, 1892, Vol. II, p. 687). In this petition he was successful and was duly appointed, Feb., 1661, with a grant of two hundred pounds as "His Majesty's free gift." His epitaph, about the wording of which Howell seems to have been much concerned, reads: "Jacobus Howell | Cambro Britannus | Regius Historiographus | In Anglia Primus* | Qui post varias Perigranaciones | Tandem naturae cursumperegit | Satur Annorum & Famae | Domi Forisq. | Huc usq. erraticus | Heic Fixus 1666" (Letters, Vol. II, p. xlix).

Four years after Howell's death, the office of Historiographer was, as has already been noted, conferred upon Dryden. At the revolution of 1688, when Dryden lost both offices, it is, I believe, universally stated that the Laureateship and the post of Historiographer were at once passed on to Shadwell; but it would seem that the offices were again divided, the Laureateship going forthwith to Shadwell, and the office of Historiographer being conferred upon a certain Robert Plot. Besides Wood's Athenae (ed. Bliss, IV, 772+) the principal source of information about Plot is a brief biography, prefixed to the second edition of Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire," London, 1795. The article on Plot in the "Dictionary of National Biography" by Thomas Seccombe incorrectly ascribes this biography to Plot's stepson, John Burman. It is, however, by Plot's assistant and successor at the Ashmolean, Edward Lhuyd (see the Publisher to the Reader, in the 1705 edition of the Natural History).

Robert Plot was first professor of chemistry at Oxford and the first keeper of the Ashmolean, having been chosen in 1683 by the donor, Elias Ashmole. In 1687 the title of secretary to the Court of Honour was conferred upon him by Henry, Duke of Norfolk, and in 1688 he was appointed Historiographer Royal to James II. So, at least, says his biographer, who adds that upon his death, in 1696, the following inscription was placed upon his tomb (at Borden in Kent): "In Academia Oxoniensi | Primus Chymiae Professor | . . . Regi Jacobo Secundo Historiographus."

The only difficulty in all this is that in the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1691-2, there is a warrant dated December 8 and addressed "to the Attorney or Solicitor-General to prepare a bill constituting Thomas Rymer, Esq., Historiographer Royal in the place of Thomas Shadwell, deceased, with the salary of £200 per annum, payable quarterly, out of the Exchequer, to commence from Michaelmas last past."

Resolve it who can! Either the King had two Historiographers Royal, or Plot was deprived of the office before his death, and it was given to Shadwell, or Plot was never appointed.

At any rate, the two offices were again divided at Shadwell's death, the post of Historiographer going to Rymer, and the Laureateship (the warrant for which was issued on the same day—December 8) going to Nahum Tate.

Rymer at least was the only Historiographer Royal of any distinction, since Andreas had held the post two hundred years before (I except Leland, whose position was anomalous). The "Fœdera," inaccurate as it has been accused of being, is a magnificent monument of industry and erudition. And Rymer, curiously enough, again continued the traditional union of history and poetry by being both poet and dramatist (though, *pace* Dennis and Addison, very bad as such).

After Rymer's death, there seems to have been a fairly continuous succession of Historiographers Royal, though the office was to wait another hundred years before it was again to be associated with imaginative literature. The salary remained at two hundred pounds, and at the close of the reign of Queen Anne fell, along with the Laureateship, and, at a somewhat later period, the Inspectorship of Plays, into the gift of the Lord Chamberlain. The official family of the Lord Chamberlain in the eighteenth century (take, for example, the official list as it is recorded in the British Almanac for 1759) is a strange menagerie. Along with the Master of the Revels, Solomon Dayrolle, salary, £200; Poet Laureate, C. Cibber (£100); Historiographer Royal, Jenkin Phillips (£200); Inspector of Plays, W. Chetwynd (£400), are "Pages of the Back Stairs," "Operator Teeth," "Ratkiller" (£48 3s. 4d); "Barber" (£170); "Moletaker," "Pinmaker," "Distiller of Milk-water," and other reverend functionaries too numerous to mention.

By 1779 the moletaker, the distiller of milk-water (had professional dairies been started by then?), and most of the other oddities have vanished. But the barber has become a "Principal Barber," with an "Assistant Hair-Dresser," and has moved up; and the literary group, with their titles and salaries unchanged, and their number increased by an "Embellisher of Letters to Foreign Princes," have slipped gently down to the end of the list. Was this George II's fault, one wonders, or was it Colley Cibber's? Or was it, perhaps, no more than the whimsicality of chance?

It has already been hinted that the post of Historiographer Royal, held at one time by Glorious John Dryden, was to come again into association with literature. The last Historiographer Royal of whom I can find any record is no less than—G. P. R. James, indefatigable novelist, zealous historian, author of the lives of various British sovereigns, editor of the "Letters of William the Third" (it was William the Fourth who appointed him)—and even poet, too. For did he not write a five-act drama, a fairy play, and a poem called "The Ruined City"?

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

*Wood also declared (Athenæ, II, 265) that Howell was "the first in England that bore that title."

Correspondence

STIRRING UP RACE HATRED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To Senator B. R. Tillman few students of American politics would look for calm or reassuring words concerning the relation of whites and negroes. Yet, in a statement published in all the large South Carolina papers the other day, discussing the political condition of this State during the "reconstruction period," Senator Tillman is thus quoted:

Gov. Blease and Mr. Fortner are howling about the negroes having white teachers and the danger to our civilization from that source. I am inclined to believe the Southern people made a great mistake when they did not take charge of the negroes' education and put them all under white teachers instead of colored teachers.

Coming from such a source, this statement deserves careful consideration by the white constituents of Senator Tillman, to whom it is addressed.

To stir up race hatred in the effort to get office is a familiar practice with Gov. Blease and his friends. One of them, a State Senator running for Congressman, is accredited with these remarks by the correspondent of the Charleston *News and Courier:*

He promised if elected that he would throw every "nigger" mail carrier in the State out of his job and give it to some white man.

"If he stands the civil service examination, how are you going to eut him off?" a member of the audience wanted to know.

"I'll do it somehow," replied the speaker.

I have heard Gov. Blease make practically the same promise in his campaign for United States Senator, with the additional promise to turn out all the Republican postmasters and put "Bleaseites" in their places.

Much of this buncombe is promptly forgotten after election day, but the danger is that race antagonism, once stirred up, may result in concrete action disastrous in its consequences to both white and colored people. More than one lynching party, it is to be feared, has been roused to fury by the talk of candidates for office, and a lynching leaves its stain on the community years after the victim of the lynchers has been cut down and buried. Yet a whole citizenship is not to be judged by the rash language of political campaigners. The same county which has sent Blease's friend, Fortner, to the Legislature, has again and again in the past fifteen years given exhibition of the supremacy of the law over attempted violations of it. In the last attempt of this kind, when a respectable white married woman told a horrible story of assault upon her, and identified as the perpetrator a negro who was known to be in that neighborhood at the time, a lawless mob not only demanded of the Sheriff his prisoner, but used dynamite to blow down the gate to the county jail yard. Yet a few determined officials, properly armed, defied the mob and spirited the prisoner away. Later, trial of the case convinced a white jury that the woman was acting under hallucination and that no crime had been committed. Hence the negro was acquitted, and several white men are now under indictment for dynamiting. Color-blind justice is not unknown in South Carolina.

While men of the Blease party are pouring out their wrath upon inoffensive negro mail-carriers, a curious instance of business relationship between the two races exists in a cer-

tain town near Charleston. Here the leading dry goods and millinery store, situated on the main business thoroughfare, next door to the post office, and patronized by white ladies of the highest social standing, is owned and managed by a negro, who, of course, employs only negro clerks. To account for this condition would require the telling of a long story, but it is mainly attributable to business tact combined with lack of social ambition on the proprietor's part. Yet that town is one of the largest in the Congressional district of the State Senator quoted above. Will he try to put the dry goods merchant out of business?

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Spartanburg, S. C., July 14.

THE COLOMBIAN TREATY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the editorial, "Roosevelt and Wilson," in your issue of July 9, it seems to me that you, in common with most other writers on the subject of the proposed Colombian treaty, overlook what appears to me to be the most important factor in the entire question. Between December, 1860, and May, 1861, eleven of our Southern States seceded from the Union. The United States Government, under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, took up arms against the seceders, calling them "rebels," and a war lasting four years was the result. At the same time our Government used every effort in its power to prevent the Governments of European nations from acknowledging the independence of the so-called "Confederacy." Some forty years later, when the shoe was on the other foot and it suited the club-swinging disposition of another President to do so, we acted towards the secessionists, in another friendly republic, in exactly the manner which we had formerly objected to England, France, and Russia assuming towards *our* secessionists.

By so doing have we not reversed our policy, and prepared the way for Japan, for instance, to acknowledge the independence of the Philippines or Hawaii? To me, it seems perfectly plain that Mr. Wilson is endeavoring to steer our ship of state back to the course set for it in Lincoln's time and that Col. Roosevelt was the ignorant pilot who steered it off its course and into uncharted waters.

JAMES B. LATIMER.

Chicago, July 11.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his answer to Professor Sparrow, Professor Firkins has made a show of victory and would seem to have withdrawn from the debate under his own steam. And yet no one with a first-hand knowledge of the honor system will be misled by this subtle doctor. Following the line of his dialectic, one might discredit many things; for example, the sacrament of marriage and the scheme of salvation. Does not a woman pay too high for her happiness when to obtain it she barters her obedience for worldly goods, instead of seeking—to adapt a phrase of Professor Firkins—all the benefits of unharnessed spirituality? And should not priests out of harness exhort to righteousness though the heavens fall, instead of holding out a promise of future rewards? Yes, indeed, if to the happy couple and the devout Christian the Church is no better than a marketplace and its articles of faith and ritual but terms of a contract. But to them, we suspect, as to the advocates of the honor system, there has come some gleam of the spirit of the laws.

And it is the spirit of the honor system that Professor Firkins's ingenuity has been unable to evoke from the body of its practice. As the initiated know, that spirit is one of mutual trust and esteem—a corporate, community spirit which has nothing to do with bargaining between man and man; and the pledge is not a mere detail of college polity, but a formula of faith, a badge of distinction, a point on which centres the sentiment and loyalty of the students who sign it, and from which radiates an idealism that has given tone and distinction to the undergraduate life of Virginia and Princeton. Those who dislike surveillance during examinations Professor Firkins refers to "the police officer at the corner of the block," who has indeed become a very familiar figure in discussions of the honor system. But surely this is a melancholy analogue, if one hopes for a more comely ideal within college walls than can well obtain in the world at large.

At least where undergraduate responsibility reduces itself to the simple formula, "Support the team," do we not need a properly conceived and celebrated ideal of conduct? The honor system is defensible if it has done no more than to call order out of chaos.

H. S. V. JONES.

University of Illinois, June 25.

PERSIAN INFLUENCE IN THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The subject of Persian theology is mentioned in every theological seminary in the United States from Maine to Texas. That it is so often merely glanced at, with twisted vision, is probably due more to the alarm of conservatives than to any culpable carelessness. Yet it is a pity that such thoroughgoing institutions should fail utterly to see the most portentous facts in our Christian religious history—for some of the most radically "converted" of our young men have been *assisted* rather than hindered by looking at such crucial truths, having been actually tortured by the assertion that the Divine Power exercised a saving influence only upon a handful of people in a strip of land between the Jordan and the sea.

Surely, it can be said that the Persian intervention saved the Jewish nationality, with all that hung upon the restoration of the Jewish temple service. The Jews were Persian for well-nigh two centuries, while the larger mass of them remained in Persian Babylon. The epochs of Bible history are marked by the Persian reigns. Over a hundred words in the Hebrew Bible have been traced to a Persian origin, with that memorable word "Paradise" in the Greek New Testament recorded of our Lord at His latest moment. "Inspiration" is positively attributed to Cyrus in Chronicles and Ezra, while Avestic lore exerted enormous influence upon the exilic pre-Christian theology.

The very dualism seems reproduced in the New Testament expression where Satan, a pale shade of the Persian Angra Mainyu, is called the "God of this world." The theological seminaries pass lightly over the phenomenon of the Amshaspands (sic), leaving the impression that they were feathered cherubs rather than the sublimest creations of pious reason—as the attributes of God, only later personified. Avesta is historically the first document of personal religion "as to thought, word, and deed"; its Heaven is that. Surely it is a prime offence in gifted Americans to attempt to explain the Bible without the religion of the man who alone, under God, made the Bible possible.

L. H. MILLS,
Professor of Zend (Avesta) Philology.

Oxford, England, July 1.

THE EARLY WORKS OF LEONARDO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A brief notice of Brown and Rankin's "A Short History of Italian Painting," in the *Nation* of July 2, suggests that the authors' views of Andrea and Nardo Cione (Orcagna and his less famous brother) and of Leonardo da Vinci's early works might have been modified by a fuller use of recent discoveries. As one of the authors of the book, I accept this criticism as just in regard to Andrea and Nardo Cione, but on the more important issue of the early works of Leonardo, the recognition of which often depends upon connoisseurship unsupported by external evidence, you will perhaps allow me to say that I have discussed the matter of Leonardo's conjectural early works with positive arguments from internal evidence in the columns of the *Nation* on several occasions, taking a position at the time which was rather heterodox—as in the denial to Verrocchio of any share in the actual execution of certain paintings disputed between him and his famous pupil.

It is now a little more orthodox to believe in an early and long unrecognized Leonardo and to disbelieve in Verrocchio as a painter; and, so far as I am concerned in the little handbook on Italian painting, I have tried to explain clearly and briefly for the public that the rehabilitation of Leonardo's youth as an artist has been due to the connoisseurship of men like Baron von Liphardt, Gcymüller, Bode, and others—as even Ruskin—of more faith perhaps than exact science; and to show how it was so by a positive analysis of the works in typical instances. I do not think that recent discoveries especially affect our opinions—or my opinions—one way or the other, although I admit a lack of acquaintance with one important new discovery, that of the "Benois Madonna" at St. Petersburg, conjecturally attributed to Leonardo and to the period of his well-known "Madonna" sketches, probably of about 1478-80.

So far as I can follow the recent development of Leonardo studies there are considerable contributions to the working out of his formal development in certain special fields, but as yet no systematic and complete analysis of his form as an organic whole, no adequate critical discussion of the artist in relation to his tradition and the modifications introduced by his genius. It is upon such a general analysis—begun by such studies as Müller-Walde's, under the handicap indeed of deficient critical judgment as to questions of authenticity—that the final determination of special problems in the internal evidence must be based. Needless to say such an analysis cannot be made by the ordinary art historian or by any academic specialist's method of morphological rule of thumb. It awaits the advent of the critic who can read the formal language of art in its universal and

permanent characters, and who can thus complete the work begun by the pioneer analysis, in a somewhat, yet not entirely, external way, by the greatest of modern connoisseurs, W. Bode, and indirectly aided by the rival and complementary effort of B. Berenson, both men of art faith as well as art science.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., July 6.

ORIGIN OF THE CLOSED COUPLET IN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Tatlock's article in the *Nation* of April 9, entitled "Origin of the Closed Couplet in English," properly emphasizes the influence of the Ovidian couplet, or elegiac distich. The question, however, as to what English poet first extensively handled the new tool or form is more uncertain. Joseph Hall (born 1574), later bishop, published in 1597 six books of satires, *Virgidemiarum*, so-called. In the prologue he wrote,

> I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist.

This couplet he followed with many others, all in the "chicken-coop" style of the later classical couplet and in the satirical tone. The occasional triplet later found in Dryden appears in Hall, as well as the usual verse-pauses and the antitheses and balance. Of his work in general, except for the lack of the usual sharp bite, a few couplets from the first satire of the first book give fair sample:

> Nor ladies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
> Legend I out in rhymes all richly dight;
> Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
> Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt,
> Nor lift I sonnet of my mistress' face,
> To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace.

Those verses give little idea of the acidity of Hall's satire or of the range of object* satirized. They include, nevertheless, a reference to Marlowe (killed in 1593). In 1596 Marlowe's translation into closed couplets of Ovid's elegiac "Amores" was published. The strong evidence of comparative metrical facility places the translation largely before the "Tamburlaine" (the date for which is now considered 1587-8)—that is, during the time that Marlowe was at Cambridge. He received there his B.A. in 1583-4 and his M.A. in 1587. Briefly, from this collocation of dates, it would seem that the couplet closed from the influence of Ovid came earlier than Professor Tatlock suggested.

Furthermore, the full-fledged classical satire in closed couplets, original in material, appeared from Hall in 1597, and was apparently written somewhat earlier, while the author was at Cambridge. He went to Cambridge in 1589 and became a fellow in 1595. His claim as the first English satirist can hardly be allowed, for authors who followed even classical models had preceded him. But the combination of purpose, substance, and versification was apparently original, and the success warranted the praise of Pope.

To Marlowe and to Hall, therefore, as well as to Heywood and Drayton, we should look for the first good examples in English of sustained classical heroic couplet as distinguished from the romantic heroic couplet.

E. C. KNOWLTON.

Easton, Pa., July 5.

*Characters, customs, laws, popery, individuals, and so on.

Literature

THE ART OF WARFARE.

The Principles of War, Historically Illustrated. By Major-Gen. E. A. Altham, C.B., C.M.G. Volume I, with map in a separate volume. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Whenever a German officer writes a book of commanding importance on war, we at once recognize that he writes, as it were, from a business point of view. That is, the Germans expect to fight the French, have to keep an eye on Russia, are particularly interested in the future of Austria, and are a bit nervous over the Balkans. But when we cross the Channel, we mark a difference. Broadly speaking, English military books are, or have been, either historical, recording the past glories of British arms, or academic, of general application, or else feeble reflections of Continental theories and doctrines. Gen. Altham's book falls under none of these heads; it is frankly one of preparation for war. No enemy is mentioned, no indication given of an approaching or even of a possible conflict, but none the less it is a fair deduction from its atmosphere that its author is skeptical of a future of unclouded peace.

He has used as headings of his most important chapters certain extracts from the British Field Service Regulations, and then drives home the principles therein stated or implied, by a discussion based chiefly on the important wars of the last half century or so; wherever possible, he closes his discussion by an analysis of the latest of these, the Russo-Japanese. Indeed, his admiration of the daring skill of the Japanese seems to know no bounds. This appeal to history, however professional, is conditioned by the author's purpose of preparing his brother officers for future wars, a purpose recognized by Gen. Smith-Dorrien in the somewhat inadequate introduction he has furnished the book. The author's point of view has an interest for us, in that, other things being equal, England's military problems are our problems here in the United States, and because just as England has in the past somehow or other muddled her way through, so have we. But here similarity stops: England's days of muddling are probably over, ours certainly are not. For England learned a sharp, if not a humiliating, lesson in the Boer War, and has since so well set her military house in order as to call forth from the French Staff the declaration that the British army is to-day one of the best in the world.

This improvement is reflected in the tone of Gen. Altham's book; it is as though an atmosphere of quiet confidence prevailed, an assurance that whatsoever might be the record of the past, the British army hereafter could be counted on to do its duty in conformity with the principles of the art. And as related to this aspect of the case, we may note the freshness and earnestness of the author's style, qualities somewhat unusual in a military textbook.

Gen. Altham devotes his first chapter to the Factors of Success in War. This is declared, and correctly enough, to depend more on moral than on physical qualities. Here is food for reflection in our own situation. Of moral qualities we assuredly have our share; whether we shall continue to have them, does not immediately concern us. But moral qualities alone may not suffice; modern wars are short, and we may not be allowed to show of what really good stuff we are made. To put the matter in another way, our possible adversary—we have absolutely none in mind—may be equally good under this head, but better prepared and better led, and it should not be forgotten by us that it takes two to keep the peace as well as two to fight. Does this mean for us an enormous army and navy, a swollen military budget? No; but it does mean that certain possibilities should never be lost from view by our responsible statesmen, that our national existence may not depend wholly on mere materialism or pure altruism, on huge crops of corn or of cotton, or on universal education. It does mean some idea, nation-wide, of discipline, some notion of self-sacrifice. To show how valuable, purely as by-products, the development of these qualities would prove to our undisciplined, turbulent nation is foreign to our present purpose.

The next chapter, The Characteristics of Fighting Troops, strangely enough, is given over almost entirely to cavalry and to "other mounted troops," by which are meant in this text mounted infantry and cyclists. This odd limitation is, of course, later compensated by a full discussion of the other arms, including a new one, the Royal Flying Corps. There is a chapter on machine guns and one on engineers, chiefly Royal; the remainder of the book treats of communications, intercommunication and orders, movements by land and sea, billets and bivouacs. The author touches briefly upon certain mechanical aids that will surely have an influence on future conflicts, such as wireless telegraphy, motor transports, and aviation, all of which are awaiting the coördinating experience of actual conflict, and has but little to say of heavy field artillery, the necessity of which in modern armies is one of the striking deductions of the Balkan War. What he says, however, is to the point.

Naturally, the professional reader will turn with the greatest interest to the chapters dealing with the three great arms. We may get on without aircraft, motor transports, and the like, but if we are to fight battles we must have infantry, artillery, and cavalry. In his treatment of these subjects, the author is sound. So far as cavalry is concerned, he contents himself, to be sure, with quotations rather than with the expressions of any original views on the mooted question of type. He leans, however, to the view prevailing in this country, and his statement of facts in respect of the achievement of this arm in the Civil War justifies the opinion that we must seek in that war

tbe first examples of its proper use in modern times. However this may be, and bearing in mind the remark attributed to Von Moltke, that our Civil War was nothing but a contest between two armed mobs, it is not disagreeable to us to read that the Prussians in 1866 might have avoided certain errors in the employment of their cavalry and artillery "had the experiences of the Civil War in America been more carefully studied" (p. 121), and later, more strongly yet (p. 124), "if the teaching of the American war was ignored and perhaps unknown to tbe Prussian General Staff, the lesson of 1866, etc."

The correct employment of artillery in relation to its sister arm of the infantry is so well put that we cannot forbear to quote the passage:

> What the infantry soldier needs is accurate artillery fire to keep down the heads of the hostile infantry until the trenches can be reached with the bayonet. The proximity or otherwise of his own guns is immaterial to the attacking foot soldier, provided their fire is accurate and maintained up to the last moment before the assault. It is no encouragement to the infantry soldier to see his own guns silenced alongside him and their personnel destroyed. What, therefore, is required of the artillery commander is not to accompany the infantry with his guns, but with the fire of his guns.

To infantry, the author devotes over one hundred pages, in the course of which he traces the evolution of methods of combat from Napoleon's campaigns through the Russo-Japanese War. Of our own war, he asserts "that a close study of the prolonged struggle . . . will prove somewhat of a disappointment to the seeker after novelties in infantry tactics." The answer to this remark is, of course, obvious. He admits Henderson's statement that "the germ of the great extension of the modern infantry fights" may be found in our great war, but adds that it was "not more than a germ," upon which a good deal might be said. But his main argument is drawn from the experiences of 1870-71 and of 1904-5, and he concludes that "the long duration of modern battles, the increasing frequency of night operations, involving continuous spells of night and day marching and fighting and the increasing importance of mobility in strategical and tactical combinations, have all enhanced the necessity for the thorough training of the infantry soldier 'to fit him mentally and physically to do his duty in war.'"

We must contest the statement (p. 129) that "the South African campaign was the first test of warfare under the new conditions of smokeless powder and magazine rifles." At Santiago both our infantry and that of the Spaniards were armed with a magazine rifle using smokeless powder. The expression "staffing" (p. 238) for staff work is wholly new to us. Stonewall Jackson appears on page 7 as J. Jackson (which earns him two separate entries in the index); Lee as Robert Lee, and Stuart as J. B. Stuart, and so in the index. We cannot account for the statement that it was the Persian light horse which "inflicted disaster on the Roman legions at Cannæ." On map 4 (Sha-Ho) the second division, Oku's army, should be the third. Trantenau is given in the index as Frantenau, and does not reappear in its proper place. The index is fair, and the maps are collected in a separate volume. The text is well printed and presents a handsome appearance in its khaki covers and blood-red edges. *Absit omen!*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Victim. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"A romance of the real Jefferson Davis" this book calls itself, and in a prefatory note the author states, without qualification, that in its pages he has drawn the real character of the President of the Confederacy, "unobscured by passion or prejudice." This is a fine show of impartiality, but the result is a picture of a human being who is too nearly perfect for acceptance by any one not a blind worshipper of him. If Davis made any mistakes, Mr. Dixon never heard of them—with one exception: "On February 22, 1862, Jefferson Davis committed the one irretrievable mistake of his Administration. He consented to his inauguration as permanent President of the Confederacy under the strict forms of constitutional law. . . . A military dictator clothed with autocratic power could have subdued the discordant elements and marshalled the resources of the country to meet the crisis." But usually his hero is everything a hero should be, except omnipotent. Lee is altogether secondary. One finds at the last, somewhat to one's astonishment, that with President Davis in the chair the Confederacy could fall. But not everybody in high place was perfect. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is termed a "sulking old man" and "the great retreater." Beauregard is "the little fiery, impulsive, boastful South Carolinian." For the rest, the book is much like its predecessors, having less venom, however, owing to the absence of the carpetbagger and the free and enfranchised negro. Barring its partisanship, it presents a vivid and truthful picture of war days in the South, particularly at Richmond.

Gay Morning. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Readers who recall "Down Our Street" and "A Bachelor's Comedy," and who enjoy that sort of mildly humorous idyl, will find here something of the same kind, but not so good. Mrs. Buckrose, who in the earlier stories seemed to have caught and conveyed certain fresh types of village character, here too obviously appears in the rôle of determined entertainer. "Come," she appears to be saying, "I am now about to be amusing again." Bassett *père* is head of a small egg-importing business, from which he returns every night, tired but complacent, to his suburban villa, his Ma Bassett, and his Emma. Emma is engaged to a worthy young man who is "in with" Mr. Bassett. Then comes the legacy of a fortune from a distant relative. The villa is left for an estate; Bassett retires to be a country gentleman; there is actually something of a rise in the social scale. A Sir Matthew falls in love with Emma. Her betrothed is entangled by a designing sibyl, a sort of Blanche Amory. Neither of the engaged pair has ever really cared for the other in the way of marriage, but both consider themselves held to the arrangement by "honor." Of course, Emma loves Sir Matthew. The question is simply how much manœuvring and misunderstanding shall take place before they come to terms. Meanwhile, old Bassett, missing the activities of the egg business, has turned his idle hands to speculation, while Ma Bassett, in the physical inertia exacted of wealth, has grown fat and unhappy. Bassett throws away the fortune, and we leave him buckling contentedly to eggs once more, with Ma Bassett waiting and working for him in the recovered villa, and Emma comfortably bound to Sir Matthew. If the whole thing were at once more spontaneous and more restrained, it would be delightful.

Hunt the Slipper. By Oliver Madox Hueffer. New York: John Lane Co.

Some of the success of Mr. Hueffer's novel is due to the unusual method he has adopted in the telling of his story. The book is divided into a series of "narratives," each contributed by one of the principal characters, and thus we get the events of the story from different angles. The captious critic might declare that this was rather a lazy device for eluding the problems of characterization, but Mr. Hueffer has provided us with a good deal of amusement, and we are in no mood to be captious. The story concerns a dear old English gentleman and a suddenly discovered granddaughter, and the hunting of the slipper is the search for the granddaughter in the United States of America. The plot is flimsy, but is ingeniously worked out. Mr. Hueffer obviously draws largely on his own experiences in describing scenes and adventures in New York, and not the least amusing portions of the narrative are his sly digs at various foibles in the American character which often strike our English visitors. One of his characters has been so unfortunate as to get into jail on a charge of murder, and it is, of course, necessary to get him out. Two influential friends, we read, "had decided between them that it would be better not to go into the question whether he was guilty or innocent, because, if he was innocent, he would probably get rather a heavier sentence than if he wasn't. So they had merely inquired what were the prevalent rates for aquitals (*sic*), with or without a stain on your character; they were rather high, because of the police scandal and the coming Presidential election."

Curing Christopher. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. New York: John Lane Co.

Here is a moral story about a young man called Christopher, who, disregarding the accumulated wisdom of the ages, played with fire and burnt his fingers. The lady in the case was Lebah, a young person of easy manners, but, we are led to suppose, impeccable morals. Now, Christopher had everything that ought to make a good young man happy: a position in the city, a home in a London suburb, a doting wife—one of those sweet little women who in later life, one feels sure, will develop a tendency towards *embonpoint*—and at least two olive branches. Yet in spite of all these things, while his wife and family were recuperating from whooping-cough by the sea, Christopher must go and mix himself up in a flirtation with the engaging Lebah. How long the affair would have dragged on nobody can tell, but one day the person whom Lebah desired to marry, a gentleman with a "sardonic, world-worn look," took Christopher and threw him out of Lebah's flat, subsequently adding insult to an injury inflicted on his head by making him drunk and then directing his taxi to an address at the other end of London. Of course, Christopher had to think up some explanation when he finally reached home, and the simplest thing seemed to be to have lost his memory. Naturally, he was regarded by his family and his family doctor as a dangerous lunatic, and it was all very unpleasant until the time came for a happy ending. If only some one had had the inspiration to slap Christopher on the wrist early in the first chapter, this story would probably never have been written.

THE NEAR EAST.

The Balkans: A Laboratory of History. By William M. Sloane. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.

Professor Sloane has constructed this book mainly upon the foundation of a series of articles written for periodicals. Revision has not introduced sufficient unity and proportion to make of the whole an enlightening interpretation of the latest acute phase of the question of the Near East. Much information is given, however, regarding the history and character of the various peoples now in the Balkan peninsula. The second half of the book follows the external events of the last six years, gives special attention to the formation of the Balkan alliance, and in the last two chapters, which are distinctly the best in the book, reviews the action of the six great European Powers and surveys the present situation. Professor Sloane's three recent visits to the Balkan peninsula enabled him to make personal observations and to acquire special knowledge of conditions from westerners of long residence.

Unfortunately, the descriptions are disfigured by a number of positive errors which might have been avoided by more careful reference to easily accessible authorities. A few of these may be noticed. Vestiges of the Roman Senate, instead of being "early swept away" (p. 6), persisted at Constantinople down to the catastrophe of 1453. The original Bulgarians are supposed to have entered the Balkans, not in 517 (p. 65), but in 687. Tamerlane did not drive Bayezid I into exile (p. 9), but took him prisoner. Venice could not have lost Rhodes (p. 16), never having owned that valuable island. Stephen Tzernovitch did not found Cettinje, since he died about twenty years earlier than 1485, while the great Scanderbeg was not his grandson, but his distant cousin and a contemporary (p. 91). The statement that Great Britain alone of the Great Powers made a direct gain of territory by the Treaty of Berlin (p. 211) is triply incorrect. Great Britain's acquisition of Cyprus was by a special previous convention with Turkey; it was indirect, since the island is still nominally Turkish; and the Treaty gave directly to Russia lands both in Europe and in Asia.

Nor is Professor Sloane's observation of contemporary events more accurate. The Turks have desired to raise their customs dues from 11 to 14 or 15 per cent. (p. 31), but have not as yet been permitted to do so. It would be strange if their "bitterest foes" should admit that the Greeks constitute six millions of the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula (p. 199), when impartial authorities assign them not more than four and a half millions. It is no longer true that "the principal industry of Servia is the raising of swine" (p. 201). In the brief account given of the Turkish revolution (p. 153), the events of 1908 and 1909 are confused together. The Albanian revolt of 1911 was caused, not by any action of the Young Turks in regard to Christians (p. 159), but by their attempt to "Turkify" the Moslem Albanians. The party of Union and Progress did not return to power in the summer of 1912 (p. 162). The citations in the appendix show that the Bulgarian-Servian treaty preceded the Greek-Servian treaty by eleven weeks, but this has not been corrected in the text (p. 201). Bulgaria and Servia agreed only upon their common boundary, and not upon the future boundaries of Greece and Rumania, as shown in the map facing page 198. Professor Sloane could hardly have been expected to explain the still unknown circumstances which led up to the Balkan-Bulgarian war, but he need not have failed to notice that it was Bulgaria's insistence upon the terms of the Bulgarian-Servian treaty, and not a desire on her part to break it, which aligned Servia against her (p. 175). The Powers had set apart Albania out of the territory which Servia had hoped to have; whereas Bulgaria had gained more in the direction of Constantinople than had been expected. Not Bulgaria, but Servia, therefore, desired to break the treaty.

Exception must be taken to yet one more statement, not this time so much of fact as of opinion. Professor Sloane says: "It is my firm conviction that national assertiveness, that international differences, even that traditions, are almost entirely artificial in the Balkans and the work of paid agents faithfully serving dynasties or governments whose interest it is to divide and rule." It is generally believed that this was true of a part of the population of Macedonia under the Hamidian régime, but that such conditions extended over the whole Balkan peninsula is wholly out of harmony with the evidence. When have men died by thousands for artificial traditions, or for a mere "so-called patriotism"? Are not Albanians as distinct a nationality as the Scotch when in a similar stage of clan-life? Are not Bulgarians and Greeks as different as Bohemians and Italians, or Bulgarians and Servians as separate as Swedes and Norwegians? If genuine nationality be denied the Balkan peoples, it would be hard to say where it may be found.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON-SENSE.

Earth Hunger and Other Essays. By William Graham Sumner. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

The most illuminating chapter in this work is Professor Sumner's autobiographical sketch. His father, he tells us, belonged to the class of men of whom Caleb Garth in "Middlemarch" is the type. In 1841 he went prospecting through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, and came back convinced that, if a man would live as poorly and educate his children as badly in the East as he would have to in the West, he could do as well in the East. This hard-headedness, this cold, calculated determination not to run after phantasms, he entailed on the author of these essays, whose every utterance is that of an austere man, who knows, or is convinced that he knows, what is attainable, and who is not going to waste time and energy chasing the unattainable.

What he desires above all things is reality. We do not demand the truth, he declares, because we do not know where to get it. We do not want rationalism, because that is only a philosophy, and it has limitations like any other philosophy. We do not demand what is natural or realistic in the philosophical sense, because that would imply a selection of things, in operation all the time, before the things were offered to us. But we have no patience with invented and imaginary forms. There you have William Graham Sumner. He tolerates nothing that has been prepared merely to serve a purpose, no matter how edifying the thing or patriotic the purpose.

A collection of essays from such an intellect is like a strong wind—though it bites, it exhilarates. Not the slightest regard is paid to the sensibilities of the reader. If his mental processes happen to resemble Professor Sumner's, well and good for him; if they do not, he had better read this book with his intellectual top-coat on. The reviewer ventures to hope that it will be widely read, for whether he wins our

assent or our dissent, Sumner is an awakener.

There is a logical order in the arrangement of this volume. The first essay is on "The Teacher's Unconscious Success." Knowledge is power, and it is nothing more. The vital question is, What will the possessor of knowledge do with it? With it he may become more useful or more harmful. Half-culture is one of the great curses of our time. It makes men volatile and opinionated. It makes them easy victims of fads and fallacies, and it makes them stubborn in adhering to whims. It takes character to make character, and here is where the personality of the teacher has a transcendent function. The teacher's part is to foster habits that will lead to the right use of knowledge.

Hence, there is fitness in finding the second essay in this collection devoted to "The Scientific Attitude of Mind." To some it may seem a far cry from the witch-hanger of the seventeenth century to the political grafter and legislative log-roller of the twentieth. But Professor Sumner places them in the same category. He urges us not to make the mistake of supposing that all follies and manias, like those which made Salem distinctive, are permanently overcome. The roots of popular error are ineradicable; they lie at the bottom of human nature; they can produce new growth and new fruits at any time. In this twentieth century the probable line on which the deductions will be drawn is in politics and civil institutions. The modern world has rejected religious dogmatism, but has taken up a great mass of political dogmatism, and this dogmatism is intertwined with the interests of groups of men. If you accept the political dogmas of the eighteenth century and begin to build deductions on them, you will reach a construction as absurd and false as that of witchcraft. The only security is the constant practice of critical thinking.

But critical thinking is as necessary in religion as in politics. No religion ever offers itself, we are told, except as a complete and final answer to the problems of life. A religion cannot say: "I am the best solution yet found, but I may be superseded to-morrow by new discoveries." Yet that is exactly what every science must say. We have Galton's word that "every religious instructor, in every creed, is one who makes it his profession to saturate his pupils with prejudice." Professor Sumner subscribes to this dictum, and the fact that he was himself in orders, and for a period an actual incumbent, makes his agreement all the more interesting. Indeed, it imparts astringency to his assertion that "there is another form of phantasm which is still in fashion and does great harm—that is, faith in ideals." Every ideal, he contends, is a phantasm; it is giving up one's hold on reality and taking flight into the realm of fiction.

This leaves religion in something of a plight. Are its credentials to be based upon a knowledge of reality? If so, who shall tell us what is reality? In a matter admittedly transcending the senses, on whose critical thinking shall we rely? Professor Sumner, in the essay before us, mentions religion by way of illustration, but while he has perhaps cleared our thought on the subject which he has immediately in hand, he has created confusion on another subject, and one which the world has hitherto agreed to consider the most vital that can employ the human faculties. Professor Sumner may have been not without a consciousness of the paradox in which he has involved us, for he confesses later that criticism is pessimistic. Yet he hastens to qualify this assertion: pessimism includes caution, doubt, prudence, and care; optimism means gush, shouting, boasting, and rashness.

In "Earth Hunger, or the Philosophy of Land-Grabbing," and in the papers which follow, we find a rigid and invigorating application of the critical method disclosed in the first two essays of this volume. The dominant note is economic. The industrial revolution of recent centuries has brought in its train revolutions in philosophy, ethics, religion, politics, and all other relations of human society; for whenever you touch economic and industrial causes, you touch those which underlie all the others. The philosophers and all the resolution-makers of every grade come running together and shouting pæans of victory to the rising power and the coming glory; and, therefore, they assert that they have made it all. It is totally false. They are themselves but the product of the forces, and all their philosophies and resolutions are as idle as the waving of banners in the breezes. Democracy itself, the pet superstition of the age, is only a phase of the all-compelling movement. If you have abundance of land and few men to share it, the men will all be equal. Each landholder will be his own tenant and his own laborer. Social classes disappear. Wages are high. The mass of men, apart from laziness, folly, and vice, are well off. No philosophy of politics or ethics makes them prosperous. Their prosperity makes their political philosophy and all their other creeds. It also makes all their vices and imposes on them a set of fallacies produced out of itself.

In the essay on Earth Hunger we have a brilliant critique of the foreign and colonial policies of the United States. A sharp distinction is drawn between economic earth hunger and political earth hunger, between the extension of industry and commerce on the one side and political aggrandizement on the other. The economic earth hunger of our own nation is satisfied for the present, and is provided for far into the future. But we may turn around in our folly, if we choose, and ask, "What is it all worth?" We may run in chase of the old baubles of glory and vanity and passion. If we do, we shall only add another to the long list of cases in which mankind has sacrificed the greatest blessings in pursuit of the greatest follies.

The relentless piling up of facts and the inexorable logic that characterize "Earth Hunger" are as plainly evident in "What Is Civil Liberty?" The voice which we hear is of one crying in the wilderness. It is declared that men have failed of freedom, not because kings, nobles, or priests enslaved them, but because liberty was too high and great for them. They would not rise to it; they would submit to any servitude rather; therefore they get servitude. The strain of liberty is in the demand which it makes on the whole mass of the people for perpetual activity of reason and conscience to reëxamine rights and duties, and to readjust their equilibrium. Civil liberty is not a scientific fact. It is not in the order of nature. It is not positive and objective; therefore, it is not capable of constant and easy verification. It is historical and institutional. That means that it is in the flux and change of civilization.

And so throughout the whole of this volume of essays. Let the subject be what it may—liberty, freedom, education, family life, democracy, natural rights, monopoly, capital, politics, economics—we are forever confronted with the philosophy of commonsense, conveyed to us through the medium of a rugged, impatient, and domineering personality.

THE REAL DISPUTE IN IRELAND.

The Happy Irish. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

This book (published in England under a better title, "The Lady Next Door") is a record of observations relating to the Home Rule question, made on a trip through Ireland. Mr. Begbie is in the main impartial, his observation is discriminating and sympathetic, and his conclusions are really enlightening.

"An honest man," he tells us in the preface, "going to Ireland with no prejudgments in his mind, might easily return from his study with inspiration, arguments, citations, and economical data for two distinct books. One book would persuade the world to call for Home Rule. The other book would convince the world to maintain the Union. . . . And neither . . . would make use of arguments employed by the rival protagonists of Irish politics." The religious question, he thinks, has no real bearing on the matter of Home Rule. He was unable to discover a case of Catholic intolerance; and the one alleged instance which was brought to his attention after he went back to England turned out to be strong evidence, not only of tolerance, but of forbearance. The only intolerance or bigotry which he could find in Ireland was in the Protestant part of Ulster. The uproar in Ulster on this subject, he believes, is largely buncombe. On this point Mr. Begbie's testimony is weighty, for he notoriously represents an extreme type of evangelical Protestantism.

The really valid arguments both for and against Home Rule are social and economic.

The greater part of Ireland is agricultural and conservative. She does not want to be "dragged at the heels of a rich, powerful, and sorely troubled nation committed to industrialism." She does not need and cannot afford the costly social legislation which is now being forced upon her. She wants to keep house for herself, instead of having her house kept for her "by the wealthiest and most extravagant housekeeper in the whole community of nations." In the first part of his book, which is by far the longer, Mr. Begbie presents this argument in a variety of forms and with many illustrations, quoting all sorts of people—a Catholic bishop, a Quaker, a lawyer, a woman shopkeeper, etc. The bishop believes that some of the finest traits of Irish character are threatened by the Union. "You paralyze our self-reliance," he says. "We tend under the Union to become the parasites of your wealth, the hangers-on of your imperial greatness."

On the other hand, Belfast, in its social and industrial conditions, belongs with industrial England. The second part of the book contrasts Belfast with rural Ireland, much to the disadvantage of Belfast. Readers of "Twice-Born Men" will recall that Mr. Begbie knows something about slums; and he declares that the horror of the slums of Belfast can scarcely be matched in the worst parts of London. Statistics of infant mortality are appalling. He describes intolerable labor conditions in the factories: "I would rather see my own children dead," he says, "than working in the very best of the Belfast linen mills." In the sweated part of the industry matters are, if possible, worse. Wages for fine sewing vary from one-third of a penny to a penny per hour. In the light of these circumstances, Mr. Begbie concludes, "If I were an Irishman and lived in Belfast, I should be a Unionist, . . . in order to force for Belfast, by the strong hand of democratic England, taxation of the rich and social reformation of the poor." Reform for Belfast would not come, he thinks, from a parliament at Dublin, because this would be overwhelmingly conservative. It is an odd anomaly, he remarks by the way, to see the Irish Conservative working in double harness with Mr. Lloyd George, and the Irish Socialist in similar alliance with English Conservatism.

From the Irish point of view, there are thus sound reasons for both answers to the Home Rule question. But since the industrial population of Ireland is a small minority, Mr. Begbie inclines to the belief that "it is wise for Ireland to pursue her own road." She may ultimately be drawn into the vortex of industrialism; but she ought to have a chance to keep out by her own devices.

In style the book is popular and a trifle slipshod; but it contains many attractive sketches of rural Irish life and some grim ones of the Belfast factories and slums. It is illustrated with a number of reproductions from photographs.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce for publication on August 22 "Greylake of Mallerby," by W. L. Cribb, and "Love's Legend," by H. Fielding-Hall. The same company will publish in October a translation of Oscar Schmitz's "The Land Without Music."

Among the autumn publications of the Century Company are announced: "Canadian Nights," by Albert Hickman; "Living Up to Letchwood," by Julian Street; "The Rise of the Working Class," by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. The following juvenile books are also announced: "Phyllis," by Maria Thompson Daviess; "Baby Bears," by Grace Dayton; "The Book of Friendly Giants," by Eunice Fuller; "More than Conquerors," by Ariadne Gilbert; "The Bubble Ballads," by Melville Charter; "The Runaway," by Allen French; "The Lucky Stone," by Abbie Farwell Brown.

To the Oxford Editions of Standard Authors has been added Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Oxford University Press; 1s. 6d. net). It would be difficult to hazard a guess how many editions of this novel have been published since its original appearance in 1857, or how many thousands of readers have felt the charm of the lovable personality of John Halifax. We suspect that the rising generation of readers is not as familiar with this hero of a day when "the grand old name of gentleman" might be borne without abuse as it might and ought to be, and we trust that this inexpensive edition, attractively illustrated by Warwick Goble, may induce it to make good the deficiency.

A new and handy edition, one that will slip easily into the pocket, of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," is published by the Oxford University Press. The present edition is supplemented by notes by C. B. Wheeler which may be useful by reason of the biographical details that they supply, but which appear to us to be too extensive and to assume too abysmal an ignorance of the English language on the part of the user of the anthology. In this edition, also, a well chosen selection of additional poems representing the latter half of the nineteenth century is given. Concerning the additions the editor explains with pleasing filial piety: "None but Mr. Palgrave could have grouped the newer poems in 'the most poetically effective order,' as he conceived it, so they have been added in the chronological order of their authors." Commendation is superfluous in the case of a critical work which, on its publication, in 1861, immediately won for the author a distinctive place in literary history, and which has been surpassed in merit by none of the many excellent anthologies since published, of which it was itself the prototype.

In "Telepathy of the Celestial World" (Fleming H. Revell; $2 net) the author, Horace C. Stanton, accepts the telepathic hypothesis as an established datum, and upon it bases an imaginative description of the scope of telepathic communication in the world we enter after death; even going so far as to hold that the method of communication between the three persons of the Godhead must be telepathic, and devoting a whole chapter to the elucidation of this view.

"A reverend amateur in politics," the late Canon Maccoll was once somewhat irreverently called. How much of truth there was in the characterization may be judged by a reading of the "Memoirs and Correspondence" of Malcolm Maccoll, edited by George W. E. Russell (Dutton; $3.50 net). Here is set down with exemplary fidelity, and without bias, the chief events in the Canon's life and his main titles to remembrance. He was not a man of first-class powers, but had a great gift for winning the confidence of first-class men and rendering himself serviceable to them. That a poor Scotch clergyman should have been a correspondent at the same time of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury was a remarkable proof of Maccoll's versatility and, it may be added, usefulness. His political judgment was ordinarily sagacious, and he was an embattled pamphleteer. Probably nobody in England wrote more copiously than he did on all phases of the Eastern Question. He was of such vitality and drive that, though, after marrying at seventy-three, he died at seventy-five, it seemed natural for Mr. Bryce and others, in writing letters of condolence to his widow, to speak of him as one for whom they had looked forward to "a long and useful life."

One of a new series of Manuals for Christian Thinkers (London: Charles H. Kelly; 1 shilling net) is contributed by Saint Nihal Singh under the title "Progressive British India." In somewhat more than a hundred pages it recapitulates the intellectual advancement, economic progress, religious and social development, and political growth of India during the last century in chapters made up out of articles published in the London *Nation* and various reviews. The author is a thoughtful and conservative thinker, and his little book gives an unbiassed view of the good and evil wrought by British dominion in his native land. Statistics as to schooling and economic progress are furnished in sufficient quantity and a list of "books suggested for reference" will be found useful by those wishing to go into details.

By the diligence of the editors of the *Homiletic Review*, Messrs. Robert Scott and G. W. Gilmore, there has been made accessible to readers who are interested in practical symbolics a volume of about six hundred pages, entitled "The Church, the People, and the Age" (Funk & Wagnalls; $3.50), in which over a hundred professional men, American and European, seek to answer, in their several ways, the following questions: "Why is it that there are so many persons who are indifferent to the claims of the Church? Do you think it wise to ask the great majority of people to subscribe to statements that deal with debated and controversial questions? What should be the basis and direction for a fundamental theology of the Church?" The answers of these men, many of them men of distinction, afford not only interesting, but at times entertaining, reading. It should be added that Professor Beckwith contributes an analysis and summary of the various answers, and that the photographs of the participants in the symposium give a touch of humanity to the theological discussions.

The metrical romance on Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which was composed somewhere near

the end of the thirteenth century, has not been reprinted since the publication of Weber's "Metrical Romances" (1810). We have it now in a new edition, by Karl Brunner, under the title of "Der mittelenglische Versroman über Richard Löwenherz" (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie, XLII; Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumüller). Unlike Weber, the present editor has collated all the seven extant manuscripts of the poem (to say nothing of the early prints of Wynkyn de Worde), and he gives a full record of the variant readings at the bottom of the page. From an examination of the words that occur in rhyme, Dr. Brunner concludes that the poem is written in a southeastern dialect, with an admixture, however, of northern forms. How such a contamination of dialects came about he does not try to explain. His introduction contains, besides a description of the manuscripts and early prints, a discussion of the metre and a study which attempts to determine what is historical and what is legendary in the work. He gives also at the end a rather slender sheaf of notes on the text, a glossary of words in the same which are supposed not to be recorded in Stratmann-Bradley's "Middle English Dictionary," a list of proper names, and a German translation of the romance. It would have been more to the purpose if the editor had applied to the preparation of a fuller glossary the energy which he has expended on this translation. The fact that a number of the words listed in his glossary of only four columns are actually found in Stratmann-Bradley does not inspire confidence in his accuracy. There are other things that also excite suspicion. For instance, "lewede men" in Middle English does not necessarily mean "laymen"; it may mean, of course, merely "ignorant men." The form "ryt" (l. 3151) is not a weak preterite (!) of "ride," but the regular present indicative (3 pers. sing.). These are merely specimens.

The romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was translated from a French original, which, however, is lost. The English poem itself is of the rudest character. Nevertheless, its direct narrative and touches of rough humor make it rather easy reading. Well known is the passage which describes how Richard's mother, being of demonic origin, could not stand the presence of the holy sacrament and so flew off incontinently through the roof of the church. Amusing, too, is the description of the relish with which the sick monarch ate a boiled Saracen, in lieu of the pork (unobtainable in Palestine) that he had first called for. The whole tone of the poem reminds the present writer of the ballads concerning the Shah of Persia which he heard several years ago from ballad-singers in the streets of London on the occasion of the visit of that potentate to England. The main interest of the work lies in the popular traditions which it preserves in regard to a great national hero—traditions which had sprung up within less than a hundred years of his death. It is hard to believe, however, that so incondite a production represents the culture of any but the rudest classes in thirteenth-century England.

The opinion of not a few general readers that certain parts of the Old Testament are unimportant or uninteresting has doubtless diminished acquaintance with it. To remove or lessen this difficulty, the Rev. Dr. M. G. Glazebrook, Canon of Ely, has arranged "The Layman's Old Testament" (Oxford University Press), comprising the major part of the Old Testament, with selections from the Apocrypha, and a general revision. He omits Leviticus (a mass of ancient ritual), Chronicles (a largely lengendary and unhistorical version of a part of the book of Kings), Esther (a wholly fictitious account of the origin of the Feast of Purim), Lamentations (laments over the fallen fortunes of the nation), and the Song of Solomon (charming non-religious love-songs, parts of which are not proper to be read in public). The narrative matter and the prophetic sections are given in chronological order, and poetical pieces are printed stichometrically. There are brief footnotes and eleven maps. A good deal in the prophetical books (referring to obscure peoples and events) might profitably be omitted, and the confused text of Ezra i-vi should be revised and united to Nehemiah. But the volume as it stands will facilitate the reading of the Old Testament. The insertion of First Maccabees after Nehemiah, for example, will be helpful, and it will be a relief to have the prose material printed in the fashion of other books, without the usual disturbing sharp divisions into chapters and verses.

In two elaborate volumes on "Unknown Mongolia" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $7 net), Mr. Douglas Carruthers has given us a valuable and interesting account of two years of exploration. The particular area traversed and mapped was the basin of the upper Yenisei south of the Siberian railway, and the vast plain of Dzungaria still farther to the south. Hemmed in by great ranges, the Syansk and the Tian Shan or Celestial mountains, and by the barren Gobi Desert, this wild country has remained isolated, desolate in winter and with but slight communication with the outer world in the summer months. Here was the birthplace of the Mongols and the Turks; here the Huns wandered, gathering force and numbers before they swept over Europe, and here was born Jenghis Khan, the most picturesque and sanguinary of all the early Mongols, whose name is still revered by the Tartar tribesmen. The physical geography is the main subject, but there are full and scholarly accounts of the natives. One of unusual interest deals with the tribal life of the Uriankhai. Although on the very outskirts of the empire, the power of official Peking was felt by this tribe up to the time of the author's visit in the annual tax which was paid in the form of mares, sheep, goats, furs, eagles' tails, swans, geese, and grebes.

A second ethnological account of great interest in the same book is a condensed history of the Mongols, who once placed their sovereign on the throne of Peking, overran and well-nigh conquered Europe, establishing a vast but phantom empire from France to the Pacific, and who have left the imprint of their architecture throughout India. It is astonishing to learn that so close to the desolate, almost barren tundra wastes of Siberia is this region of swamps, jungles, meadows, and diversified uplands, sheltered fertile valleys, a maze of lofty glacier-covered mountains, and a network of lakes and rivers. Hardly any English explorers have entered even the borders of this region, while the splendid works of Prjevalsky, Severtzoff, Potanin, and other Russians are inaccessible to most people on account of their difficult language. Few books of exploration as elaborate as this are so readably written, and the photographs are excellent. The work ends with several appendices relating to physical geography, the Dzungans of Dzungaria, and the life-zones of the region. A series of excellent maps in color, a bibliography, and a good index are evidence of the pains which the author has taken to round out his work in every direction. Three well-written chapters on sport and animal life in general are contributed by Mr. Miller, one of Mr. Carruthers's two companions.

Prof. C. H. Weller, the author of "Athens and Its Monuments" (Macmillan; $4 net), has accomplished the difficult task of writing a clear and careful account of the remains of ancient Athens in about 400 by no means closely printed pages. The book contains 262 illustrations, which have been carefully selected and are well reproduced. The subject matter is divided, after a short but useful introduction, into ten chapters. In the first chapter the situation of Athens and the general aspect of the ancient city are briefly and well described; the second is a much condensed, but clear, historical sketch; the other chapters are devoted to a discussion of the various monuments arranged by the regions in which they are found, the last one being concerned with the Piræus and the ports. For the most part, the route of Pausanias is followed. The author has made use of the latest studies of the monuments, and it is agreeable to Americans to note how frequently the recent work of our scholars at the Athenian School appears. The original and admirable studies of Messrs. Stevens, Hill, Caskey, and Dinsmoor furnish both authority and illustration, and, indeed, the book itself is presumably in a measure the outgrowth of Mr. Weller's connection with the School.

In a book in which so many details must be considered, and in which the author must constantly decide what material should be rejected and what accepted, the reader will occasionally wish to find some things that are not there, and will probably think that other things which are might well have been omitted. In general, however, both omissions and inclusions have been most wisely managed, and one is impressed throughout with the writer's thorough command of his material. In cases where there is a lack of agreement between scholars, he states his own view moderately and clearly. A few minor details suggest comment. On page 314, in regard to the Hecatompedon, it is said: "The west pediment probably bore two immense coiled and rearing serpents, with a group of gods between them." Since, however, Heberdey has now shown that the figures of the gods almost certainly belong to a smaller pediment, it would seem that the above theory should be modified (see Dickins's catalogue of the Acropolis Museum, pages 62 and 85). In the account of the temple of Athena Niké, since current restorations of the cornice make the entablature appear too heavy, note might well have been taken of Stevens's demonstration of the true proportions. Figure 218 is given as Stevens's restored plan of the Erechtheum, as indeed it is; but Mr. Stevens subsequently modified this and redrew the plan as it appears in his chapter on Architecture in Fowler and Wheeler's "Handbook of Greek Archæology." On page 247, to illustrate the later history of the Propylæa, the interesting view in Turkish times given by Stuart and Revett, or that by Kinnaird, would have been welcome. These

are of more real importance to the student than the Dörpfeld-Elderkin plan of the Erechtheum (Figure 220), which seems to belong to "Nephelococcygia" rather than in a work which deals with facts. But the faults of Professor Weller's book are trivial, and its excellences great. It should be of much value to the student who is beginning work in Athens, and to all travellers who seek for more than a passing view of the ancient ruins.

Essays in part reprinted from recent numbers of current English reviews make up a volume of "Anglo-Indian Studies" (Longmans, Green; $3.50 net), by S. M. Mitra. The author notes that the word Anglo-Indian has been appropriated by the Eurasians and deprecates the fact. His Anglo-Indians are English residents of India. The book is a curious medley of valuable observations on present relations between the races in India and valueless observations in regard to the history of the Hindus. Verbosity and inaccuracy combine with the naïve self-complacency of the Hindu to produce some extraordinary "Studies." Thus Mr. Mitra believes that the circulation of the blood was taught in India in the second millennium before Christ, and that about 1500 B. C. the Hindus were carrying on war with cannon and muskets. The great Hindu epic, which he ascribes to the same period (!), contains a number of moral truths, some of which coincide with those of other civilized peoples. On this basis we have a study called "Christianity in Hinduism." On the other hand, when the author is discussing present-day matters, his words are often pregnant with meaning. Thus he reduces all discontent in India to the effect of Anglo-Indian arrogance. Administrative reforms do not touch the masses; they do not care who rules them; but they object to being treated like dogs. Hindus and Mohammedans may be excluded from office; Bengal may be divided; but the shop-keeping Englishman must not kick the native. If this is rather exaggerated, it nevertheless contains a germ of truth not the less important as coming from a native source.

The booklet, "Japan's Modernization" (London: Charles H. Kelly; 1s.), is one of a series of manuals for Christian thinkers. The author, Saint Nihal Singh, is a writer of repute on Indian matters, who at the time when the victories of the Russo-Japanese War were having an appreciable influence upon Indian political aspirations, visited the island empire and published his reflections in some of the leading London reviews. They are embodied in this manual. Unfortunately, the author had not sufficiently grasped the Japanese situation to write anything of abiding value. What is the logic of his political philosophy when on one page he can term feudalism a "malignant growth eating into the vitals of society," and on the next ascribe the wonderful achievement of building up an organization on new foundations to the spirit which the indigenous code of ethics and chivalry *(bushido)* instilled in the hearts of the Samurai? The statistics which overweight several of his chapters are neither up to date nor trustworthy. The latest authorities are right in giving four, not three, Imperial Universities. Misspelling Tohoku ("Tohoko") University, he mistranslates it as Hokkaido, whereas the term signifies Northern, and includes Sendai on the mainland, where the science and other colleges are situated. In fact, at page 78, he refers to a Tohoku Gakuin at Sendai. The same inaccuracy marks his treatment of Christian schools. And why at this late date should the author abandon the standard term *Japanese* for the stilted "Nipponese," which he uses throughout? He has been ill-advised in reproducing ephemeral magazine material in this belated manual.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Has the influence of Shakespeare been exercised mainly through the library or through the stage? The question has been raised in connection with the English scheme for the celebration of his tercentenary. Prominent actors and theatrical managers are protesting against the proposal to place the arrangements in the hands of representatives of literature rather than of the dramatic profession. Shakespeare's vocation, they argue, was primarily that of an actor and a theatrical manager, and only secondarily that of a man of letters.

On July 13 the disablement benefit of the British Insurance act came into operation for the first time, one of the conditions of receiving it being that the insured person must have paid his contributions for 104 weeks. The ordinary sickness benefit covers twenty-six weeks, at the rate of 10s. a week for men and 7s. 6d. for women. In future at the end of this period a worker who is permanently disabled will be entitled to draw a further benefit of 5s. a week until he is old enough to claim his old-age pension. It is estimated that the amount to be paid in disablement benefit will be about £2,000,000 a year. The second annual report of the Insurance Commissioners, just issued, shows that in England alone over 10,500,000 persons are now insured.

An incidental result of the Insurance act is a falling-off in the sale of proprietary medicines. People who formerly doctored themselves with quack nostrums are now able to avail themselves of competent professional advice. Indirectly, middle-class patients, not themselves on the roll of insured persons, are gaining an advantage from the act, for the great increase in the number of doctors' prescriptions to be made up enables the druggists to reduce the price of dispensing to their customers generally.

A novel feature of the industrial situation in England is the growth of trade unionism among agricultural laborers. Farm workers have usually been slow to combine, but the success of united movements in the cities is now inspiring them to make a stand for better conditions. In Herefordshire there is every prospect of a strike when the wheat harvest begins towards the end of July. The men are demanding a wage rate of eight cents an hour, with a week of sixty hours in the summer and of fifty-four in the winter. A weekly half-holiday—a privilege almost unknown on Herefordshire farms—is also asked for. The farmers are warning their men that a higher wage will mean the loss of such perquisites as cider, milk, hauling of fuel, etc.

In an editorial in the *British Weekly* on Joseph Chamberlain's career, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll recalls a political dinner party at which he was present at the time when the late statesman was starting his "tariff reform" campaign. The chief guests were Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Henry Fowler. The latter took an extremely gloomy view of the future of the Liberal party, and predicted that the new protectionist propaganda would soon sweep the country. "C.-B." emphatically dissented from this view. "Chamberlain," he said, "will be trapped in his facts and figures. He knows nothing." Another English journalist, Lucien Wolf, tells of his astonishment at finding, from an interview at the time, that Chamberlain, before attacking Free Trade, had not taken the trouble to study either the history or the theory of the question. He knew nothing, for example, of the old Colonial preferences and their mischievous effect on British commerce.

A critic of Bergson's philosophy comes from an unexpected quarter. He is not so much a philosopher as a mathematician. M. de Gaussure, formerly of Geneva, now of Berne, has become a formidable critic of the popular French philosopher. At a recent meeting of Swiss philosophical professors at Rolle, De Gaussure attacked Bergson's doctrine of "Time." There was afterwards an animated discussion in which Flournoy, Lutaslawski, Werner, and others not so well known took part.

The Janssen Observatory, on the top of Mont Blanc, which, since 1909, has been buried in ice and snow, has now been replaced by a new observatory. M. Maurice Flamy, astronomer of the Paris Observatory, after going over the ground, chose as the new site the Petit Flambeau at the entrance to the Col du Géant. The new station is at an altitude of over 10,000 feet, and the rock constituting the Petit Flambeau is always encased in ice. It was found that the old observatory had not only been buried, but also wrecked and carried out of its place by the movement of the glacier.

The festival at Geneva, celebrating the entrance of the canton into the Swiss Confederation 100 years ago, momentarily diverted attention from the national exposition at Berne. It was a festival not for Geneva alone, but for the Catholic cantons of Soleure and Fribourg, which, in 1814, sent representatives to the shores of Lake Leman to welcome their new *confédérés*. The fête on July 4 and 5 brought crowds to the old Protestant capital. An immense theatre had been constructed near the entrance to the port, at which a "patriotic spectacle" in four acts was presented. This was entitled "La Fête de Juin." The words were by Swiss poets, and the music by Jaques-Dalcroze. With its Alpine and rustic scenes, its shepherds, soldiers, and peasants, its marches, dances, and choruses, it was a pageant of the sort especially agreeable to the Swiss taste, but to the foreigner seemed long and rather monotonous. The most original part of the festival was a realistic reproduction at the Port-Noir of the arrival of the contingents from Soleure and Fribourg. They came on three archaic looking boats, and were attired in military uniforms of the Napoleonic period. After being received by the civic and military authorities, and welcomed by salvos of artillery and much ringing of church bells, a long cortège passed through the streets of Geneva which was made up of the officers of state, all the civic societies, groups from Berne and Lucerne in costume, the University authorities and students, gymnasts, boy scouts, and school children. On July 6, it was the

turn of the young people, who had a procession and concert of their own, followed by the execution of another spectacular piece entitled "Fête de la Jeunesse."

Admirers of Vincent van Gogh will be glad to know that the first volume of his complete correspondence has appeared in print. His letters afford an insight into the strange mentality of this most un-Dutch of all Dutch artists. Un-Dutch he was also in this gift of expressing himself in writing. With the brush alone Rembrandt told the story of his life, and few were the artists in Holland that sought expression in words as well as in colors. The Dutch painter does not believe in theory; he despises it, and is apt to say that it is good enough for the people who cannot paint, such as the Germans. "Let them talk about it, we do it," is his attitude. Vincent van Gogh was not one of these. He loved to philosophize on the emotions he experienced in his deeper self, on the forces that go to the creating of a work of art, on the relationship that exists between art and reality, between art and religion. Religion was the keynote of his thinking. In the thirty-eighth letter of the collection he denies that the artist's love of nature should be identical with religious emotion. Interesting criticisms on the work of other artists, of writers, and thinkers are scattered through these pages. They show what influences touched him, and what his own cravings were. In the twenty-ninth letter, he describes the impression some drawings of Millet had made on him in these words: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He was no great admirer of contemporary English artists, who told a story like novelists rather than giving shape to mental visions. He warned his brother Theo against Heine, Renan, and Michelet. George Eliot he admired, her "Scenes of Clerical Life" especially. Whatever may be the final judgment pronounced on his art, which by some is exalted as the work of a genius, by others decried as the chromatic ravings of a maniac, no such dissension is likely to arise over this volume of letters. They will teach the enthusiasts to understand him better and more wisely, they will convince the scorners of their mistake.

The first volume has appeared of a "Handboek der Nederlandsche Taal" (Manual of the Dutch Language), which promises to be a standard work of its kind. The writer is Dr. Jac. van Ginneken, S. J., a well-known philologist in his native country. He deals in this first volume (which is to be followed by four others) with the sociological structure of the Dutch language. First the dialects are discussed, next the several developments which arose from the mixtures of seventeenth-century Dutch and native tongues in the colonial settlements. The second part of the volume is devoted to the narrower differentiations of speech, depending on family, age, sex, and profession. In other words, this first volume offers a bird's-eye view of the language as it is spoken at the present day in all its infinite variety. The book is not a treatise in the traditional style, describing the phonetic and grammatical growth of the language from the earliest periods down to the present day. It considers the language it deals with not as an aim but as a means, by which the author hopes to arrive at a psychology of the nation as a whole. For in its language alone the soul of a people can be studied.

Science

CHARACTER.

The Foundations of Character. By Alexander F. Shand. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Nearly twenty years have passed since Mr. Shand published in *Mind* an article entitled "Character and the Emotions," which was looked upon by the narrow circle of those to whom it appealed as important in itself, but especially as giving promise of future valuable work from its author. Today we have a partial fulfilment of this promise in a book of marked distinction which cannot fail to command wide attention. For during these years of silence Mr. Shand has devoted himself to the development of the theses presented in the article referred to, and to the collection of a vast body of notes from well-chosen sources which serve to corroborate the positions he maintains, and which he promises to elucidate further in a volume treating of the Sentiments.

No one who studies this book with care can fail to appreciate the courage involved in undertaking so difficult a task as the author has set for himself; nor can one help admiring his skill, the conscientious care with which his statements are made, and withal the marked modesty he displays in the presentation of very original observations; a modesty which at once disarms criticism, and at the same time encourages the expression of any difficulties that may be found in connection with the exposition of an author so evidently earnest in the quest for truth. The method of approach is indeed acknowledged to be tentative; but on this very account it appears sound in principle, for in dealing with so complex a subject Mr. Shand has seen that it is useless to strive at once to gain "indisputable foundations." He has, therefore, adopted provisional hypotheses, in the main based upon current opinion, and has endeavored to correct these and to leave them in such form "that they can be made use of and improved by others without being wholly abandoned." In this he has succeeded well. Critical study of his work must, of course, lead to certain restatements, and doubtless to some improvements of classification; but one closes the book with the conviction that the work done will not have to be done over again by future students of the subject. Throughout we find the keenest of introspective analysis, as instances of which we may note his studies of the relation of play to pleasure and joy and of the relation of impulse to desire (p. 460 f.).

Although this book deals with only part of the author's investigations, the field covered is so broad that it necessarily yields a bulky volume, which will probably become a book of reference rather than a work to be studied as a whole by more than a limited number. As a book of reference, however, it will prove to be invaluable to the writer who deals with human motive. The subjects treated are so complex that, notwithstanding the great care used by the author in the preparation of his table of contents, the reader does not always find it easy to catch the drift of thought. It would have been most helpful had the work included some brief summary of the author's classifications: a lack that may well be supplied in a second edition, which it is also to be hoped may contain a fuller treatment of "the relative ethics of the sentiments" (Bk. I, ch. xi), especially in regard to the analysis of conscience; unless this is to be included in the future volume promised to us.

It is interesting to note that, in so thorough a study, hardly any reference is made to the influence of rational initiative in the formation of character, and somewhat surprising that our author does not call attention to this fact. For in this particular his work furnishes very strong corroboration of the positions lately maintained by McDougall in his "Social Psychology," who justly claims that we tend to overlook the enormous importance of the instincts as "the prime movers of all human activity." This being granted, it is nevertheless clear that the influence of this rational initiative cannot be overlooked. Probably we shall hear more of this in Mr. Shand's later volume.

The author's most significant contribution is given in the enunciation of the "Laws of Organization"; which are gradually developed, and which may perhaps best be explained in his own words (p. 460):

> There are, then, three principal orders of systems. The simplest and least comprehensive are felt in consciousness as "impulses": the second, which comprise a number of the former, include our emotions and appetites; the third, which are the most comprehensive of all, organize a number of emotions with their attendant impulses and instincts.

This last order is held to constitute the sentiments to be treated in the forthcoming volume; the body of this book being given to the study of the emotions, and of the lower systems, the instincts, which the emotions organize. The value of this conception is shown in the flood of light it throws upon the problems with which our author deals. And it is quite in line with the modern psychological conception of consciousness as a system of minor psychic systems, corresponding with physical activities, which in like manner are recognized to be the functioning of systems of minor physical systems. This fact seems to have escaped the observation of our author, who might well have emphasized it as a strong corroboration of the positions he maintains.

That psychic systems of this general nature and of varied complexity exist, and that the more complex systems hold the less complex in subordination, is to be granted; and the importance of the formulations made by Mr. Shand is not to be questioned. The general order of subordination as described by him may also be accepted

in the main, and may well be found serviceable in making an orderly arrangement of the mental states considered. Nevertheless, it would be too much to expect that a classification of our varied impulses, emotions, and sentiments on such a basis would be found available to cover all the various complex systems, physical and mental, which occur in the life of man, and which vary greatly among different individuals and at different times in the same individual. It is natural, therefore, that we find difficulty in maintaining the author's distinctions as clear and sharp as he would lead us to expect them to be. Mr. Shand seems at times to forget that there is a fundamental likeness in all forms of activity, and a similar likeness in all the corresponding forms of consciousness. He also overlooks, or minimizes, the existence of states of consciousness which cannot be brought into the field of awareness, but which, nevertheless, must be held to be fundamentally of the same nature as this field of awareness. Thus (p. 458) he holds that a sharp line can be drawn between the reflexes and the instinctive reactions in the fact that the former do not, while the latter do, involve impulses. If we take a purely objective view there is surely no basis for drawing such a distinction; a fact which gains importance when we note that he holds (p. 101) that the reflexes are not, while the instincts are, expressions of character, which surely can only be interpreted in an objective view. Nor can he base this particular position upon introspective evidence; for the impulses are much less distinct in content than such a view would imply, and many of them must be assumed to exist even where they cannot be grasped in awareness with sufficient clearness to enable us to analyze them.

It appears clear that we must accept fully our author's view that the emotions organize diverse instincts. And we may agree with him that a given instinct may belong now to one and now to another emotion (*e. g.*, p. 255). But it seems impossible to grant that an emotion remains the same thing when the instincts it organizes change (*cf.*, *e. g.*, pp. 190, 203, 215, 254, 381). Each pulse of consciousness is enormously complex, and each change of instinct-feeling, corresponding to a change of instinctive reaction, must differentiate one pulse from another. We may still call two diverse mental states by the same emotional name, because we recognize that the diverse instincts that are organized tend towards the same end; but this does not justify us in holding that a given emotional content is maintained unless the instinctive activities also remain unchanged. An experience comes to be called an emotion when it is a special type of instinct-feeling which accompanies a special form of instinct-action—which latter happens to be of sufficient intensity, and sufficiently constant in form, to be recognized as a whole when it recurs. But it cannot be granted that there can be any change of instinct-feeling content without a change of emotional nature. Our author acknowledges that such a criticism of his view in this particular is possible (close of p. 202), but in the main sticks by his guns; doing so surely in the face of overwhelming evidence. The emotion of the coward (p. 254) who is fleeing is certainly a very different thing from his emotion as he fights for his life when at bay; although both emotional forms belong to one system that looks to his escape from danger, and may for convenience be called by the same name.

To attempt to summarize adequately the contents of the book would force us to pass the limits proper to a review. The systems of Fear and Anger, Joy and Sorrow, and their most marked derivatives are considered in the order named. All these are looked upon as emotional systems. Fear, anger, and sorrow are classified as emotions; but joy is held to be a system "more comprehensive than the emotion" (p. 285). Surprise is treated with fulness, and is held not to be an emotional system (p. 430), because "it has neither impulse nor end"; yet our author acknowledges in "law 97" that "the *effect* of surprise is to make us attend to the event that surprises us"; this surely indicates an end, and seems to cast doubt upon his conclusion, which is distinctly opposed to the opinion of the mass of thoughtful men.

The volume closes with an important Book on "The System of Desire" which is held to be not an emotion (p. 518), but "potentially a system of prospective emotions" (p. 469); a statement which raises the question why Desire is not to be considered a sentiment under the definition thus far given. We may hope to find the answer to this question when the author's volume on the Sentiments appears.

It is in connection with the consideration of joy that there seems most reason to dissent from the author's views. While he agrees (p. 272) that pleasure and joy cannot be identified, he has so far failed to appreciate the fact that pleasure is a general quality that may belong to any mental element, that he constantly does, in fact, identify the two in many of the points he makes. That pleasure tends to its own conservation is so old an observation that Herbert Spencer assumed no one could hesitate to "substitute for the word pleasure the equivalent phrase—'a feeling which we seek to bring into consciousness and *retain* there'" (Principles of Psychology I, § 125). And it is equally clear that joy is one of the most pleasant of experiences, as a general and spontaneous active state must necessarily be. That joy tends to maintain itself is therefore due to its quality of pleasure, and not to the nature of the emotion itself, as Mr. Shand suggests (pp. 280 f., 297, 299 f., 329).

One may also be inclined to dissent from the statement (p. 395) that the primary emotion which is developed into what we know as sorrow is not the opposite of joy. Moreover, we not infrequently find the author overlooking the patent fact that many of the so-called expressions of sorrow are really the expressions of relief from sorrow (*e. g.*, weeping), or of blind efforts of the physical system to break away from the sorrow's depression. As soon as these expressions appear the emotion gains new qualities, with which in some cases sorrow may be mixed, but in connection with which in other cases it is altogether lost. To construe (p. 331) the yelping of a dog, outside the door in the cold, as an expression of sorrow is certainly quite unconvincing.

Important as these points are they relate, nevertheless, to details that do not go to vitiate the author's main contentions, which must be conceded to be in general correct and profoundly important. The reader of this work will look forward with eagerness to the appearance of the promised volume dealing with the analysis of the Sentiments.

The Bulletin of the American Geographical Society for June opens with estimates of the growth of the population of the different countries in 1920, by Prof. M. Jefferson. A geographic study of Nova Scotia is contributed by Prof. R. H. Whitbeck, in which there are many interesting facts in regard to "the province that has been passed by." There is also a topographical map of Mexico, together with one showing the cities and their relation to the Mexican plateau.

Drama

IMAGINATIVE VERSE.

Tristram and Isoult. By Martha Kinross. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

There is poetic imagination of no common order in this latest variation of the ancient Arthurian legend. But the ability manifested is fanciful rather than dramatic—although there are several effective scenes—while the spirit and manner, notwithstanding the occasional use of antique words and phrases, are completely modern. This does not in any way affect the interest of the romance or the merit of the verse, which, if it seldom soars to the heights of positive inspiration, contains many passages of decided vigor and beauty, and is consistently clear. Moreover, the author shows marked power of characterization in her dialogue and a rare sense of local atmosphere, especially in her vivid pictures of the sea.

She divides her story—for although cast in theatrical form, it is more narrative than play—into three parts, of which the second is subdivided into three episodes. The first is at Camelot, where Guinevere and Isoult exchange confidences while discussing a tournament in which Arthur and his knights have been engaged. Guinevere bewails her guilty love for Launcelot, and confesses her envy of Isoult, who, wedded to a notorious coward and ruffian like King Mark, can afford to accept openly the devotion of such a noble lover as Tristram. Isoult, admitting her happiness in this respect, tells of the pangs of jealousy which she suffered until assured that Tristram's relations with his

own wife, her namesake, Isoult of the White Hands, were purely platonic. Then Tristram, fresh from his victory in the recent tournament, enters and finds his welcome in a long love scene full of passionate eloquence, which is ended abruptly by Arthur, who, after highly commending the lovers for their mutual loyalty, announces that Tristram must instantly away to defend the Cornish kingdom of the recreant Mark against the invader. In all this there is no drama. All is narrative; but the narrative is excellent of its kind, and the personalities are differentiated with bold and skilful strokes.

In the second part the scene is in Mark's Castle of Tintagil. Here there is more action, although the interest still centres in the picturesqueness and vigor of the dialogue. There is theatrical value, doubtless, in the episode where Mark, in the absence of the heroic Tristram, who is killing his enemies for him, tries to murder Isoult by flinging her from the battlements upon the storm-beaten rocks below; but it is greatly diminished by the prolonged mutual recriminations in which the principals indulge. The device by which the lady is saved is more ingenious than her failure to expose the assassin is probable. But the literary quality of the scene is admirable, as is that of the banquet scene, in which Tristram, whom the treacherous Mark has dared to banish, under pretence of permitting him to rejoin his deserted wife, utters a defiance ringing with fierce contempt and chivalrous courage. This is a notable bit of declamatory verse, which ought to have led to a decisive climax, but the effect remains purely oratorical. The intended climax is reserved for the ensuing scene, at midnight in the now deserted banquet hall, where another love scene, of remarkable eloquence, occurs between Tristram and Isoult. On the printed page it furnishes delightful reading, but leaves the dramatic action at a standstill until the last moment, when Mark, entering stealthily from behind, runs the unsuspecting Tristram through the body. This, of course, is sheer melodrama. In the last act (Part 3) Tristram is dying in the house of his wife—Isoult of the White Hands—whither he has been transported. She is nursing him patiently and hopelessly, as she had done once before. It is a pathetic situation, handled with tact and womanly insight, but not much dramatic originality. Queen Isoult, of course—no matter how—arrives in time to bid her lover a last farewell, and to kill herself upon his dead body. The meeting of the two women, with its mutual revelation of wrecked love, is, perhaps, the most genuinely dramatic moment of the whole play.

"Tristram and Isoult," as this skeleton of it will indicate, is a succession of more or less dramatic episodes, not a true drama. But the dramatic weakness of it is constructive, not fundamental. An author capable of taking the dry bones of an old myth and revivifying them in this imaginative fashion may be expected to write a first-rate play when she has learned more of the art of dramatic construction.

"APARTMENT 12-K."

It cannot be said that the dramatic season in New York has opened auspiciously. "Apartment 12-K," a farce by Lawrence Rising, which was produced last week by the Shuberts at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is as futile a conglomeration of physical comedy and vapid dialogue as even Broadway has been invited to laugh at. Nothing of course is more entirely natural than that a new elevator boy should guide an inebriated fat man into the apartment immediately beneath his own, or that the charming lady of the house should mistake the bibulous tones of the stout gentleman's conversation as he disrobes for those of her medical husband who has been visiting a patient. In farce, of course, we do not require a probable or even a possible concatenation of circumstances to bring about the desired situation, but we do require that they be made to appear believable. That is only the Aristotelian preference for a "probable impossibility." And when we have accepted the situation we require rather more humor than is afforded by the spectacle of a grotesquely fat man mountainously undulating beneath bed clothes while an embarrassed lady endeavors to explain the situation to an irate mother-in-law. The cast, in which we understand certain changes are to be made, is, with the exception of the mother-in-law, decidedly mediocre, but at that is better than the play deserves.

This is Mr. Rising's first play, and we have seen it stated somewhere that he is only twenty-four years of age. We should have imagined that he was very much younger. The aim of the piece is obvious. It is an attempt to tickle American palates with French diet, and the attempt is a failure. It is not that American palates are incapable of appreciating Gallic delicacies; it is that American cooks, when they try to compound them, put in only the obvious ingredients—the risqué situation, the *scène de déshabillé*—and omit to add the delicate flavoring of wit and irony. It seems not improbable that in "Apartment 12-K" we have a shadow and foretaste of the kind of dramatic entertainment that is to be offered to the public during the forthcoming season in too abundant doses. If that prediction should unhappily be verified, we shall have only one thing to be thankful for: we shall at least have escaped from last season's sociological drama which invited us to believe that the surest way to elevate mankind was to immerse him in a sewer. But the sooner managers realize that French farce is a native product which cannot be cultivated on an alien soil, the better it will be for them and for the public, for American dramatists cannot write it and American players cannot act it.

In the English provincial towns the cinema now seems likely to prove a good friend to the regular theatre, which at first it threatened with extinction. It has created a new play-going public. People of Puritan tradition have had their objections to the stage overcome by what they have seen in the picture palaces. In towns where the theatrical managers have been put on their mettle by the competition of the "movies," and have improved the quality of their productions, a new class of audience has been attracted to the drama. Some of the better sort of music-halls are reported to have profited in the same way.

Music

A concert in aid of the survivors of the Empress of Ireland was given in London on June 29. One of its features was the performance of Chopin's funeral march by the leading London orchestras, under Sir Henry J. Wood.

Nearly two hundred young singers and players were heard during the first three months of the existence of the Music League of America, the philanthropic organization started with a view to benefiting talented artists. Of this number, 144 were singers, 18 were violinists, and 34 played the piano. For all of the successful candidates the Music League will find opportunities to appear at recitals and concerts in connection with women's clubs, at educational institutions, and at private musicals. A series of Music League concerts is to be given in various cities and towns.

A year ago the Berlin Royal Library sent out a request for expert information regarding local peculiarities and survivals of mediæval musical practices in the cities of the Empire. Already eighty-six cities have been heard from, and the Royal Library announces that much valuable information that was on the point of being lost, has thus been saved.

The Century Opera Company has obtained the rights for the performance of all the Wolf-Ferrari operas. Two of these were already included in last year's repertory. The coming season "Le Donne Curiose" and "L'Amore Medico" will also be sung. Among the singers newly engaged are Miss Bettina Freeman, of the Boston Opera Company, and Hardy Williamson, a young Welsh tenor.

The mild sensation created in some foreign cities by the performances of the infant Willy Ferrero, who, though not yet eight years of age, conducts an orchestra successfully, seems to have subsided. To many it occurred that a well-trained orchestra can play even without a conductor. Landon Ronald, however, found the boy "a most unaccountable genius," and it is said that members of the orchestra who tested his ability by playing false notes were promptly singled out and reprimanded. Child pianists are less likely to attract attention hereafter if they have to compete with child conductors, and that will be something to be thankful for.

The apparent determination to give many of the performances at the Century Opera House next season in the original Italian, French, and German seems to indicate a belief that there is no general desire in New York to hear operas sung in English. One of the main arguments used by the champions of opera in English is that in foreign Continental countries the performances are always given in the language of each land. But when the combination opera company from Boston and London produced "Parsifal" in Paris in German, it proved a great attraction. The retort might be made, however, not without good reason, that those who patronized the German "Parsifal" were mostly members of the large German colony in Paris. Snapshots of the crowd waiting to get in had a markedly Teutonic aspect.

It is announced that the management of the Metropolitan has ordered a new scenic attire for "Parsifal." It is to be hoped that whoever provides this scenery has been asked to travel and get suggestions by noting how

some of the leading opera houses in Germany, Austria, France, Italy, and Spain have overcome the technical and artistic difficulties presented by this opera. It would be well, also, to provide a better cast for "Parsifal" than the Metropolitan performances during recent years have boasted. One recalls the great cast Conried provided for the original performances of "Parsifal" in New York—a cast including Ternina, Burgstaller, Homer, Van Rooy, Goritz, and Journet.

The insulting attitude of many German musicians towards America is illustrated by a story of Brahms and Dvorák related in a German periodical by Oskar Nedbal, who was a pupil of Dvorák at Prague. One day Dvorák returned from Vienna in a state of great excitement. His class was assembled, but instead of teaching, he presently began to weep like a child. When he recovered his composure he related what had happened. He had called on Brahms, who had been the first to discover his genius, and who, on this occasion, was indignant because he had accepted an offer from New York. "Remain here, dear Dvorák," Brahms said; "do not follow the fashion of the virtuosi, who positively sell their art to the Yankees. It is unworthy of an artist to cross the ocean merely for pecuniary profit, and to make music for these dollar folk." "But, esteemed master," replied Dvorák, "I am not going of my own inclination; I go because I have a wife and children to support. And over here I shall not earn as much in a lifetime as the Americans offer me for a short time." But Brahms was not silenced. "Do not go!" he repeated. "I have a feeling as if we were selling our music to the Americans. All I possess is at your disposal. Take whatever you want." Dvorák repeatedly spoke of this generous offer, but it did not prevent him from going to New York, because, as he said to Nedbal, he would have been ashamed, after all that Brahms had done for him, to accept money from him in addition.

There is something amusingly arrogant in Brahms's assumption that to bring German music to America was like casting pearls before swine. The Viennese allowed Mozart and Schubert to starve; but the Americans, who pay more liberally than any other nation for music, are barbarians. So far as Dvorák is concerned, he was engaged by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber to be director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York at the munificent salary of $15,000 a year. He remained three years, and during that time some of the most promising of the younger American composers benefited by his instruction, among them Rubin Goldmark, Harry Rowe Shelley, William Arms Fisher, Henry Waller, Harvey Worthington Loomis, and Harry Burleigh. It was, moreover, during his sojourn in America that Dvorák wrote the "New World" Symphony, the most inspired composition ever created on American soil, and one that shows the marks of American influences. Had Dvorák followed Brahms's advice, this great work would never have been created.

Arnold Dolmetsch, who tried in vain some years ago to convert American music-lovers to his belief that the modern pianoforte is inferior to the harpsichords and clavichords of the days of Handel and Bach, still holds forth in London, where, some weeks ago, he gave another of his unique concerts in which these old-fashioned instruments were exhibited and played, together with obsolete viols of the seventeenth century.

Art

BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 15.

There is an exhibition in Paris, just now open and to remain open until October, that no one who has the chance of seeing it should miss. This is the exhibition of the Decorative Arts of Great Britain and Ireland, organized by the Board of Trade for the British Government, representing chiefly the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, and held in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. The interest is partly in finding so essentially British a show in its new French surroundings, partly in the fact that, as it is in a measure retrospective, it gives a better idea of what is being done in relation to what has been done in Great Britain and Ireland by the Arts and Crafts Society than is given by their show held every three years in London.

There is no question that the British work gains by its French surroundings. Never has it been so well housed before. A lofty and spacious hall has been reserved for it, and this has been arranged with cartoons hung its entire length, an alcove containing furniture and metal-work here and there, and at the farther end an apse with an altar set up in it, so that something of the effect of a basilica is produced. Along one side of the hall are small, well-lighted rooms filled mainly with prints and books, glass and pottery, stuffs and embroideries, one, larger than the others, devoted to the work of William Morris. Behind the apse is a passage where, under electric light, the silverware and jewelry are more luxuriously displayed than ever before in an English gallery. The result is to lend to the whole exhibition a decorative beauty and dignity that must surprise all those who have followed the career of the Arts and Crafts Society at home.

The show itself may be largely retrospective, but it impresses one very much as any single show in the series held in the last thirty years or so impressed one at the time. There are artists in England who boast of the originality of English decorative art. Certainly the collection is undeniably British: it could not for a moment, wherever or whenever seen, be mistaken for the work of any other nation. But to be different is not necessarily to be original, and the chief claim to originality of the more prominent school of decorative artists represented is their unswerving fidelity to earlier masters and methods according to their modern interpreters. There is but little visible attempt to break away from the standard set by William Morris. Newer groups have arisen in Great Britain—in fact, it is probably in London that the men who call themselves Post-Impressionists, Vorticists, Futurists, or other enigmatic names, have been most preoccupied with decorative art, no doubt hoping to find in it a still shorter cut to genius than in painting. The modern tendency is to that simplicity in decoration which Morris never understood. But the principal group at the Pavillon de Marsan gives few signs of straying into fresh decorative fields; for all the change in its general character, their show here is as it was at the New Gallery in the eighties and the nineties.

William Morris, could he return, would have small reason to reproach his disciples for inconstancy. It is because the responsibility, or the inspiration, of the Arts and Crafts Society rests with Morris that the interest centres in the Morris Room. The criticism has been made that it savors too much of a shop, and this is partly true. But, after all, Morris was a shopkeeper, and his chintzes and carpets, his cabinets and tables, are still sold in Oxford Street. It is also true that an occasional exhibit has little more than a sentimental value, like the wardrobe painted by Burne-Jones and given by him as a wedding present to Morris. But, still, the sentimental value—all that this rather clumsy piece of furniture stood for with the Morris group, that has now passed into history—is a real source of pleasure to everybody who can profit by this opportunity to see it again. And, at any rate, the interest of the Morris collection is, above all, personal, proof as it is of the enormous energy and versatility of Morris the man, undertaking the work of a dozen men as designer, manufacturer, reviver of old methods and industries, shopkeeper, as author, printer, illustrator, illuminator—there was no end to the arts and occupations which appealed to him, no end to the vitality and enthusiasm which he brought to their practice.

Of Morris the artist there is nothing new to learn. There was variety in the kinds of work he undertook; there was only one idea underlying them all—the mediæval. He could see nothing else. Like many other leaders of rebellion, he fought for a cause that eventually became a worse tyrant than ever was the one he revolted against. In his disgust with Victorian vulgarity, as he thought it, he made no allowance for modern conditions, but filled the room of the small nineteenth-century house with heavy furniture out of all proportion to its size, and covered its floor and its walls with a restless intricacy of endless pattern. He overloaded the pages of his books with ornament, and used type that was a stumbling-block to the reader. He loved beauty, and his sole endeavor was to create it, but he saw only one kind of beauty and he forgot that he could not make the modern world mediæval to harmonize with the art he revived.

His followers seem oppressed by his teachings, though the gain to their work from the simplicity and spaciousness of its present surroundings should prove to them a profitable lesson. Of course, there are exceptions; there always are. The standard has been broadened for the prints and drawings, which include a series of Beardsleys, lithographs by the Senefelder Club, examples of Conder; Harry Wilson almost always lends a touch of originality to his jewelry. The Whitefriars Glass Company may keep to some old designs—both useful and simple,

however—but they have evolved new ones as well. And so, here and there in a very large collection an exhibitor may be found who has freed himself from the Morris tradition, though the show as a whole seems a tribute to his memory.

That the British Board of Trade has arranged this Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Paris the same year that it is taking an important part in the Exhibition of the Book Industry at Leipzig, is a fact that might give a suggestive hint to Washington. If some board or bureau there had been charged with the same duties, American art might fare as well at Leipzig and Paris now, and might be better known in Europe. N. N.

To John Van Dyke's "New Guides to Old Masters" (Scribner) is added "Vienna-Budapest" ($1) and "Madrid" (75 cents). One finds the familiar combination of stimulating æsthetic comment with capricious attributions and habitual neglect of the relevant literature. Mr. Van Dyke finds it necessary to invent a new Bruegel, whom he dubs "Seasons Bruegel," to account for the fine landscapes at Vienna. A little study of the drawings would, we feel, convince him of the unity of the truly various work of Old Bruegel. It would do the reader no harm to learn that the Titian bacchanals at Madrid were painted for Alfonso d'Este, nor that Mantegna's lovely Entombment has a companion piece at Fenway Court. To compensate, perhaps, for his usual skepticism anent Rembrandt, our author is inclined to see no less than three Giorgiones at Vienna. In general, the complete casualness of these little manuals is at once their charm and their weakness.

A treatise written with rather more than German thoroughness in the French language by an American scholar is at least a novelty. We regret that we have neither competence nor space adequately to review Frederick Mortimer Clapp's "Les Dessins de Pontormo, Catalogue Raisonné" (Paris: Edouard Champion). Pontormo—he was the only really genial imitator of Michelangelo—as draughtsman was first rehabilitated by Berenson. Dr. Clapp has gone over the ground still more minutely, and his work may be regarded as definitive. Going out from the 165 drawings, which bear the master's handwriting, are clearly studies for paintings, or have other objective marks of authenticity, the author builds up a critical list of about 420 numbers; but all attributed drawings, whether regarded as veritable or not, are elaborately described and discussed. More than 300 of the genuine drawings are in the Uffizi. The Louvre and the National Gallery at Rome have considerable groups. We have noticed no omission except the entirely venial oversight of a study by "Andrea del Sarto" at Bowdoin College, which may fall in Pontormo's *milieu*. Dr. Clapp has prefaced his minute catalogue, which naturally takes account of dimensions, watermarks, and the like, with a chronology of Pontormo and a register of drawings which are studies for paintings. His criticism, which always evinces a sensitive taste, is given *passim*, but in a subsequent work on the art of Pontormo all such matters will be duly considered. The present catalogue should arouse lively anticipations for its sequel. The book is beautifully printed in large octavo and contains eight plates representing Pontormo's development as a daughtsman.

Finance

THE "WAR PANIC" IN EUROPE.

Monday, when the European stock exchanges, after an anxious and excited Sunday, were confronted with the news that Austria had rejected Servia's partial submission to last Thursday's ultimatum, was a day which financial Europe will long remember. In the preceding week, not only had there been a violent break in public securities of the two states immediately concerned (Servian 4 per cents in particular having fallen 5½ points), but British consols had gone down 2¼ and French 3 per cents 4⅛; German and Russian securities falling with them. These foreign markets had moved with great apprehension after the issue of Austria's ultimatum, at 6 P. M. on Thursday, giving Servia forty-eight hours in which to accept its terms; and before they opened again for business, at the beginning of this present week, the morning papers had the news that Austria had refused the Servian offer.

Monday's European markets opened in a condition bordering on panic; their movement naturally being governed, not alone by their view of conditions likely to be caused by an Austro-Servian war, but by apprehension as to whether the other larger Powers could be kept out of the conflict. The assertion of that day's London cables, that Monday's demoralization on the Stock Exchanges was the worst since the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870, may have been exaggerated. But on the present occasion the London market, which usually would have been the mainstay for the rest of Europe, was hit between wind and water by the bloodshed at Dublin on Sunday. Consols fell 2⅜ points; yet the unsettlement in London was surpassed on the Continent, where not only did open market money rates in general advance 1 per cent., following the 1 per cent. advance in the Austrian bank rate, but all Government bonds fell heavily: Servians 4 full points. In the resulting panicky condition, the closing of the Vienna, Budapest, and Brussels Stock Exchanges was inevitable.

Nowhere did this commotion in the markets produce so extraordinary results as in foreign exchange. When any nation is apprehensive of being engaged in war, its bankers will instinctively call home a great part of their credit balances from foreign markets. If it is possible to insure the return of such balances in the form of gold, the inducement to bid for instant transfer is all the greater. The peculiar fact about this week's similar recall of funds from this market by Europe was the violence and impatience which the foreign houses, under the panicky influence of the day, and with a view to getting the gold delivered before anything further happened, put in their bids for sterling drafts.

The result was a rise in foreign exchange rates here to higher figures than have been witnessed in this generation. For sterling drafts on sight, the "par of exchange" is 4.86⅝, and the usual point at which gold can be profitably shipped from New York is around 4.88. On Monday, however, sight drafts were bought at 4.91½, and probably at an even higher price. Obtained on such unusual terms, some $10,000,000 gold went out on Tuesday's European steamer, and more has followed.

A striking incident was the blocking of further shipments by that vessel, through the refusal of the underwriters, Monday afternoon, to insure any more gold on that consignment. This attitude was naturally caused in large degree by unwillingness to accept any larger risk in a single vessel. It may be wondered, however, whether another motive did not play some part.

Considering that this gold is being drawn in by the European markets, with a view to conceivable breaking of relations among the larger Powers, it excites peculiar interest to observe that the ten millions cleared that day for Europe, of which half was consigned to London and half to Paris, were carried by a German steamer. An imaginative mind might picture the situation, supposing Germany and France or Germany and England to have gone to war while the Kronprinzessin Cecilie was still upon the ocean, and while wireless orders from Berlin to her commander were a simple recourse.

On October 8, 1912, when the Montenegrin troops crossed the Turkish border, the Imperial Bank of Germany's gold reserve was $208,000,000; a prolonged process of strengthening its reserve, since that war was ended, brought its gold holdings to $336,000,000 last week. The Bank of France, which held $647,000,000 gold in October, 1912, holds $820,000,000 now. During the same interval, the Imperial Bank of Russia has added $146,000,000 to its home reserve of gold. These bank holdings are not Government property, but they are traditionally regarded as indicating the scope of the home financial resources on which a Government might rely in an emergency.

This comparison, in the case of Germany, France, and Russia, might be taken as meaning that one powerful restraint against belligerent action is removed. But when one examines the status of the two immediate parties to the Austro-Servian dispute, the case is altogether different. The Bank of Austria-Hungary reported $259,700,000 gold in its reserve when war broke out in 1912—much less than in the two preceding years; it now holds $259,800,000, or almost exactly the same. The public and private finances of the Dual Monarchy have long been in a highly precarious state; its industries have been prostrated; money is dear; bankruptcies and unemployment have reached a formidable total; and on top of this, the Hungarian harvest is in large degree a failure.

That the Austrian and Hungarian stock exchanges should on Monday have closed their doors, under the circumstances, is merely one more indication of the position in those countries.

There are no doubt conceivable instances in which a desperate situation of the sort may help to drive a government to war. But in this case, Austria will have to rely on Berlin to help her out; it is fair to presume that the French and English markets will be shut to her. Of Servia's financial and physical position, it is hardly necessary to speak. Bankrupt even before the Balkan War, her public credit and resources are naturally now at a minimum. Very possibly, this well-known fact was one reason for Austria's selection of this moment for her ultimatum. But Austria's own situation ought also to have been a reason for hesitation by her Government in taking the final step.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Blackwood, A. The Lost Valley and Other Stories. Vaughan & Gomme. $1.35 net.
Hewlett, William. Telling the Truth. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Hornung, E. W. The Crime Doctor. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.
Rose, L. G. The Rousing of Parkside. Duffield. 50 cents net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Meynell, Alice. Essays. Scribner.
Wicks, J. B. Bird Paradise. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Hartland, E. S. Ritual and Belief. Scribner.
Shaw, J. M. Christianity as Religion and Life. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Williams, T. R. The Working Faith of a Liberal Theologian. Scribner.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Nearing, Scott. Reducing the Cost of Living. Phila.: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education, June 30, 1913. Vol. XI. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Turner, Prof. G. L. Original Records of Early Nonconformity under Persecution and Indulgence. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Vol. III. £1 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Douglas, Lord Alfred. Oscar Wilde and Myself. Duffield. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Willard, M. F. Along Mediterranean Shores. Silver, Burdett & Co.

POETRY.

Clarke, G. H. At the Shrine and Other Poems. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Benedict, F. G., and Talbot, F. B. The Gaseous Metabolism of Infants. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Crile, G., and Lower, W. E. Anoci-Association. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. $3 net.
MacDougal, D. T., and Collaborators. The Salton Sea. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Mellin Institute of Industrial Research. Smoke Investigation. Bulletin VIII. University of Pittsburgh.
Morse, H. N. The Osmotic Pressure of Aqueous Solutions. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Papers from the Torugas Laboratory. Vol. VI. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Webster, J. J., and H. Llewelyn. The Apsley Cookery Book. Phila.: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $1.40 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Broadhouse, J. The Organ Viewed from Within. Scribner.
Williams, L. H. A Scheme of Study for Country Violin Students. Scribner.

ART.

Chaffers, William. The New Handbook of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain. Scribner.
Crowe, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B. A History of Painting in Italy. Volumes V and VI. Scribner. $6 each.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1914.

Summary of the News

When we wrote last week there was still a faint hope that even at the eleventh hour general war in Europe might be averted. As we write now, all the hope that it is possible to entertain is for a speedy termination of the conflict and for a final settlement that may make it impossible for those few men who have brought about this calamity ever again to decide for nations the issues of life and death. We trace more fully in our editorial columns the responsibility for the disaster that has overtaken Europe and the world.

Following the declaration of war against Servia by Austria on Tuesday of last week, mobilization was begun by Russia. On July 29 a semi-official warning to Russia to cease her activities was published in the inspired *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and this was followed by a demand from Germany, practically amounting to an ultimatum, that Russia state her position in the conflict. Russia's reply was an official announcement of mobilization, and on Friday the Kaiser declared a "state of war" to be existing in Germany. A more definite ultimatum by Germany demanded that Russia cease mobilizing within twelve hours, and this being ignored, at 7:30 on Saturday night Germany declared war on Russia. An order for the mobilization of the French troops, including practically every man under fifty years of age, was also promulgated by President Poincaré on Saturday, and Germany, scattering ultimata over Europe, issued one to France, which expired on Sunday. On the same day martial law was proclaimed in France and Algeria. By Monday a state of war existed on both the French and the Russian frontiers of Germany.

It is next to impossible from severely censored cable dispatches and from conflicting rumors to determine exactly what has taken place, but it seems perfectly clear that Germany took the initiative in crossing the frontier into France without awaiting a formal declaration of war. Infinitely more serious, however, is Germany's action in violating the neutral territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and of Belgium. German troops seized the railway in Luxembourg on Saturday night, and the Duchy was occupied by a large force, which has been estimated as consisting of 100,000 men. The neutrality of Belgium, which is guaranteed by treaty among the Powers, has also been violated, Germany having issued yet another ultimatum to that country, which expired at seven o'clock on Monday morning, offering an entente if the movement of German troops through the country should be facilitated. The request was refused, and on the same day German forces invaded Belgian territory.

The course that Great Britain would take remained for some time in doubt. The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and the Cabinet have bent every endeavor towards the preservation of peace, and there has been a notable absence of jingoistic feeling in England, as, indeed, in France also. In spite, however, of a considerable peace sentiment in England and, presumably, in the Cabinet, it is obvious, since from the first every precaution has been taken as though war were impending, that the hopes entertained by the Ministry of being able to maintain a neutral attitude were slight. The invasion of Belgium was the decisive act, and Sir Edward Grey, in speaking of Belgian neutrality, declared in the House of Commons on Monday: "Our interest is as strong to-day as it was in 1870." As we write, no definite declaration of war has been made by Great Britain, but an ultimatum on the Belgian situation was issued to Germany on Tuesday, and the tone of the debates in the House of Commons leaves no doubt as to the determination of Great Britain to support France. John Burns, President of the Board of Trade, on Monday resigned from the Cabinet, as he could not endorse the policy of the Government. Mobilization of the British army was ordered on Tuesday.

The possible attitude of Italy in the event of a European war, which has long been a commonplace of discussion, has now been decided, temporarily at least, by a declaration of neutrality. The Italian Government bases its position on the ground that its obligations to the Powers of the Triple Alliance are confined to a defensive war, whereas it regards the present war as aggressive. That, it may fairly be said, though true, is no more than half the truth, for hatred of Austria may almost be said to be one of the bonds that make Italy the "geographical expression" into Italy the nation, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether Italian troops could be induced to take the field as allies of Austria. Other European countries which have declared their neutrality are Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland, and Greece. In most of these countries, however, preparations have been made for eventualities. Holland and Switzerland have ordered partial mobilization, and a treaty exists between Great Britain and Portugal according to which the latter country furnishes 10,000 men to assist Britain in case of war. Japan has announced that in the event of England becoming involved in the Far East she will carry out the obligations of the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

The financial aspects of the European situation, with which we deal more fully elsewhere, are naturally of a seriousness that can hardly be overrated. When the New York Stock Exchange closed on Friday, not an exchange of first-rate importance in the world remained open. The English bank rate was advanced last week first to eight per cent. and then to ten, where it remains. Following a meeting of Secretary McAdoo and leading bankers of New York on Sunday, a reassuring statement on the banking situation was given out, and it was announced that measures would be taken for the conservation of the gold supply. Secretary McAdoo also issued a statement that $100,000,000 of additional currency would be issued immediately to the banks of New York. Congress has authorized the issuance of an amount estimated at one billion dollars in emergency currency if the banks of the country should ask it.

Some anxiety has been occasioned by the position of American citizens travelling in Europe. Owing to the suspension of service by some of the transatlantic lines and probable suspension by others, their prospects of returning to America in the immediate future appear somewhat vague, and their embarrassment is increased by the difficulty of obtaining money through the ordinary means of exchange used by travellers. The matter has been taken up by the United States Government, and measures for the relief of peripatetic Americans are being considered.

The Mexican situation, like everything else, has been overshadowed by the news from Europe. There are apparently no developments of great importance to record, and the reduction in the quantity of news reported is to be welcomed as tending to an improvement in quality. As we go to press, however, the report comes that the Constitutionalists have refused to entertain the conditions of peace proposed by the representatives of Provisional President Carbajal at Saltillo. It is stated that they have never even seen Gen. Carranza himself, and considerable anxiety is felt in Washington as to his intentions regarding an amnesty.

We deal elsewhere with the important decision delivered on Saturday by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the advance rate case. The decision gives the railways in the territories west of Pittsburgh and east of the Mississippi River an increase which, it is estimated, will yield between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000 additional yearly revenue.

The intervention of the President in the dispute over wages between managers of Western railways and the enginemen and firemen in their employ resulted on Monday in a decision of the managers to accept the plan proposed by the Federal Board of Mediation, which had already been favorably passed upon by the representatives of the men.

With appropriate ceremony the Cape Cod Canal, connecting Buzzard's Bay with Barnstable Bay, was opened to commerce on July 29. The cost of this useful enterprise has been $12,000,000, all of which is private capital.

"Hunger-striking" seems unlikely to become a popular hobby among criminals in the United States. In the case of the female I. W. W. agitator, who has gained some notoriety by attempting a hunger-strike, strongly suspected of being assisted by a tabloid diet, Miss Katharine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction for New York city, last week gave notice to the press that no further information concerning the progress of the adventure would be forthcoming.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. Paul Reclus, July 29; Prof. Francis H. Storer, July 30; Jean-Léon Jaurès, Thomas J. Kiernan, July 31; Harry Wilson, August 2; Col. Stephen Crosby Mills, Prof. Ralph C. H. Catterall, August 3.

The Week

Sir Edward Grey's reading of an official document in the House of Commons was the first authorized and authentic account we have had of the extent of the Anglo-French agreement. Rumors about it have been thick. Most of them have been wide of the fact. The Foreign Secretary's explanation made all clear. There is no formal alliance. No explicit military convention has been signed. What passed was simply an exchange of notes, by which the two Governments bound themselves, in case either was attacked by a third nation, to consult together with a view to joint action. This may be said to be an alliance in everything except form. It has most of the advantages of a defensive alliance without its disadvantages. That it is considered binding both in Paris and London is clear. This accounts for the persistent efforts of the French Government to put Germany in the position of the aggressor, and also for its confident expectation that it would have the cooperation of the British navy. It explains, too, the dominant English feeling of the moment, as expressed by Lord Charles Beresford, when he calls upon the nation to "pay a debt of honor" to France.

Nevertheless the British Government would be disinclined to join in the war against Germany unless it were convinced that the highest national interests were involved. Why they are, it needs but a moment's reflection to see. If Germany were to triumph over both France and Russia and sweep everything clear to the North Sea and the Channel, England would not be safe for a day. It is to avert the possibility of such a blow at her very life that she has been seeking good understandings with France and Russia, and straining her financial resources in order to out-build the German navy. The feeling in England that, now that the fated hour has struck, it would be folly to hold back, will surely be so strong and urgent that, in our opinion, it is bound to decide the issue with the Government. How vital its decision is considered in Germany, may be judged by the enormous and unprecedented bids which the Berlin Foreign Office has made to England in order to induce her to remain neutral.

The military rôle which England may fill in the war is plainly indicated. She may send an expeditionary force to Belgium, but this could play only a small part in the land operations, where millions of men will shortly be engaged. It is British command of the sea that will be the fearful make-weight thrown against Germany. The German navy, in the face of the combined English and French fleets, will be either annihilated or bottled up. This may easily be in the long run the decisive element in the struggle. France would be nerved by the assured English naval support to endure initial disasters to her army, if they should come, and to fight desperately on the defensive. So would Russia. And England, once in the fight, would never rest until German sea-power was forever broken.

Italy's attitude respecting her obligations under the Triple Alliance may be based upon remembrance of a saying by Metternich. There was talk of an alliance between England and Austria, and Metternich was asked if it might not be a good thing. He replied: "Certainly. So might an alliance between a man and a horse. But it is important to know which is the man and which is the horse." Italy has made it pretty plain that she has no idea of offering herself as a horse for her ancient oppressor, Austria, to ride off on.

A most dramatic index of French unification in the face of danger is furnished by the simultaneous addition to the Cabinet of two "strong men" of the Republic, one of them the most unrelenting political opponent of President Poincaré, and each at one time a bitter enemy of the other. Théophile Delcassé was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time of the Morocco incident, and in that humiliating moment was sacrificed to Germany. Shoulder to shoulder with him is now placed Georges Clemenceau, whose Ministry, it is interesting to remember, fell in 1909, primarily through the vindictive attacks of Delcassé upon the naval administration. The heated debate, following the latter's exposure of irregularities and inefficiency, began with a speech of Clemenceau's upon the inappropriateness of attack from the man responsible for the country's defenceless condition in 1905, and ended with a declaration by Delcassé that the shame was not at all his, but that of those whose criticism had frightened France into her shrinking attitude. The time has come when quarrels are forgotten, and the two men can employ their abilities and experience with a single mind.

The action taken by the New York banks on Monday, authorizing the issue of clearing-house certificates, must be judged in the light of the wholly abnormal circumstances of international finance. It is a precautionary measure, adopted, as was the closing of the Stock Exchange last Friday and the arrangement on Saturday for special banknote issues, wholly because of the state of affairs in Europe. There is no panic in this country, and there is excellent reason why there should be none. Our financial situation at home stands out like a rock in the vista of other great markets submerged in the flood of the Continental war. We are not only in a sound position in our home affairs, but our position towards the European markets—holding, as we do, the largest exportable surplus of American wheat in our history, at the moment when Europe's need of it is paramount—is of unusual strength. With a serious shortage in this season's European yield of grain as a whole, with the world's stored reserves last month 29,000,000 bushels below the figure of 1913, with the Australian, Indian, and South American harvests not due until next winter, and with several European countries provided with only three or four weeks' supply in hand, Europe will be compelled to buy our wheat, and to find the way to pay for it and transport it. We are inclined to doubt if a neutral state, in time of war, has ever been placed in so peculiarly advantageous a situation.

Nevertheless, the complete derangement of Europe's own finance, the blockade of the foreign exchange market, and the official postponement of collection of indebtedness in European markets with which New York's financial relations are intimate, could not fail to cause the greatest confusion and embarrassment on our own money market. In what way this part of the situation will be straightened out, it is not easy at the moment to say; but pending the adjustment that must be made in that quarter, the adoption of all necessary precautions in advance is entirely wise. The duty of our bankers is to confront the situation without any sign of fright on their own account. The part which the people at large will be called upon to play is to accept philosophically such temporary inconvenience as Europe's troubles may occasion in their banking arrangements, and to recognize the great underlying strength and soundness of the American position. We shall presently learn what it really means to be a self-supporting industrial, agricultural, and commercial state, at a time when the rest of the world is going to war, and when the fighting nations must

depend for their subsistence on the supplies of foodstuff which we are better able than ever before in our history to spare for them.

We find it hard to believe that the proposed legislation at Washington throwing open American registry to foreign vessels will succeed in its purpose. Its desirability no one can question; everything must be attempted to relieve the frightful stagnation of the Atlantic trade which is upon us, and to aid what may soon be starving Europe as well as warring Europe. But the difficulty seems to be that, under the Declaration of London, belligerents may disregard anything that is obviously a temporary transfer of nationality during war. Thus the sudden appearance on the high seas of the Imperator or Vaterland flying the American flag, but manned by their German crews, would not for a moment be respected by British cruisers. What is required is a *bona-fide* transfer of foreign ships to American owners, not for a few thousand dollars, but for their entire value. Even if foreign owners should be willing to sell at present, would American capital be forthcoming under these speculative conditions? When the ships are transferred, American navigation laws will apply, considerably increasing the cost of operation. More hopeful is the report from Washington that the leaders of both parties are of the opinion that this is just the time to revise all our shipping laws and to deal with the whole question of the revival of our merchant marine. That it needs scientific attention is as true as the fact that it has long been abominably neglected and hampered by utterly antiquated laws.

The chairman of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts makes a statement for which the terrible word "reactionary" is none too strong. It is that there will be no Committee slate in the Republican primaries. "Perhaps I am unduly sensitive on the subject," he says, "but I don't want any Republican aspirant for office to feel that he is not going to have a fair chance to get a nomination at the hands of the party." He goes so far as to admit that he likes to see candidates coming into the field. "It is a healthy sign," he thinks. Now, this kind of talk might have done very well once, but it has been rendered obsolete by the custom of the Progressives in putting their State Committee behind a candidate long before the primary. Possible rivals submit their claims in an almost formal way, and abide by the decision of the central body. Does not everybody know that Joseph Walker is to be the Progressive nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, although other candidates are whispered about? What kind of contest is there in Illinois over the selection of the Progressive nominee for the high office of United States Senator? Who will be found to have nominated the Progressive candidates for Governor of New York, Senator from the same State, and all the other important places on the ticket? Primaries are too uncertain. In the slate is the hope of anti-bossism.

Not amalgamation, but a quiet bolting of the ticket, is the weapon held in reserve by Illinois Democrats in case Roger Sullivan wins the nomination for Senator. One by one his opponents have been withdrawing from the race, in order that the fight against him may be concentrated behind a single leader. The latest to take himself out of the contest made this significant statement:

> The progressive Democrats of Illinois want a chance to beat Mr. Sullivan with a candidate whose success will insure the end of bossism in Illinois. If they are not given this chance, they will take another means of destroying the Democratic end of the Sullivan-Lorimer partnership. They will allow Sullivan to be nominated, and in November they will discipline the political leadership in the Democratic party in Illinois by selecting a Progressive United States Senator.

Another of these anti-Sullivan candidates who had also withdrawn spent a day on Beveridge's campaign train and had a conference with Medill McCormick. It is even reported that Joseph E. Davies, Commissioner of Corporations and secretary of the National Democratic Committee, has abandoned his support of Sullivan and is quietly working in the interests of Raymond Robins, the Progressive candidate. Sullivan came to Wilson's support at a critical time at Baltimore, but Bryan has been fighting him bitterly in the *Commoner*. The Administration has nothing to gain by his election.

"Fusion in spots" is now the Colonel's slogan. This to the Progressive candidate for Governor in Maine who came to him to say that the Progressives would not compromise in Maine so long as the Republican leaders were those charged with the crime of 1912. But he went away satisfied when the Colonel explained that fusion was to be "localized" in those places only where the Republicans were willing to break with the corrupt bosses. Localization would seem to be rather an unhappy phrase, in view of what has happened to the efforts to localize Servia and Austria. The Colonel's mind is now altogether fixed on the corrupt bosses; there must be a general Continental war upon them. Curiously enough, we have heard nothing from Oyster Bay this summer about the new Nationalism, or even of that pious undertaking, the recall of decisions. This puzzles us all the more because of the statement of the 100 Indiana Progressives who bolted back to the Republicans this week, that they did so only because the Progressive party had accomplished its holy purpose and been victorious all along the line.

Penrose has been thought to have far the best chance in the Senatorial fight in Pennsylvania, but Gifford Pinchot's battle tactics must fill even the boss with doubt of the result. One day last week, for example, the Progressive candidate was at the corner of Water and Mifflin Streets, Philadelphia, at six o'clock, primed to greet 1,500 men on their way to work. These men, if we may trust the account in the *North American*, were wonderfully well informed on the political situation, for they "had all heard of Pinchot and his fight against Penrose." And the intimacies Mr. Pinchot struck up with these men whom he had never seen before! "You're the boy, Pinchot," one assured him. "You'll beat him." So it kept on all day, for the untiring candidate went from one factory to another, taking advantage of the noon hour to make an address, and standing from the middle of the afternoon until after six in the evening at the gate of a saw works, greeting the men employed there as they found time to come out in groups. At the end of the day, his managers figured that he had broken his record by shaking the hands of 2,500 of the "industrial workers" of Philadelphia. A poverty-stricken Progressive registration can hardly matter when the candidate goes out into the highways and byways and compels the voters to come in.

While the assassination of Jean Jaurès in Paris last week cannot be directly attributed to his steadfast opposition to war, it is plain that the brain of the man who shot him had been upset by the notion that the eloquent Socialist leader was somehow impairing the military strength of France. It was presumably the act of a madman which robbed the Republic of one of its most remarkable talents. Jaurès was generally regarded as the finest speaker in France. His orations in the Chamber were events. He had the port, the voice, the gesture to make his

great flow of soul take on the appearance of classic eloquence. Not since Berryer or Gambetta had a Frenchman risen to fill the popular conception of a great public orator as did Jaurès. In addition, he was an indefatigable organizer, an editor, filled with the enthusiasm of his propaganda, which, in later years, took on international proportions. Whatever his mistakes and weaknesses, he was one of the intellectual forces of modern France, and to have the thin-spun thread of his life slit in this abhorrent way is a tragedy of which the sadness extends beyond the bounds of his own country.

We published recently a letter from a studious correspondent who sought to elucidate the mystery of the "Nut"—an unnatural phenomenon which suddenly appeared in London about a year ago, and in a brief career has gained immortalization in the pages of *Punch*. In America we are acquainted with the "Nut" only by hearsay. Broadway knows him not. And, if we are to believe an article in a recent issue of the London *Times*, our acquaintance with him is likely to remain vicarious. Apparently he is an exotic creature, quick to bloom, and destined as rapidly to fade, for already the *Times* declares him to be "a little past his grandeur and verging on his decadence." *Sic transit gloria Nucis.* He is destined to go the way of his predecessors, but antitheses, the beau, the macaroni, and the dandy. And so the *Times* has done a service in putting on record for the benefit of posterity, before he passes and is succeeded by another type, exactly what manner of man was the "Nut." His general appearance we know from the English comic papers. The keynote of his attire is an expensive slouchiness, and it is his earnest desire to give the impression that he has but just desisted from driving furiously over the face of the earth in a high-powered automobile. But the *Times* reveals the finer points of the 'Nut." It is, for instance, of the utmost importance to know that such is his desire to curtail space and time that "that which to slower men is absolutely impossible he regards merely as 'abso. imposs.'" And we first learn from the *Times* that it has been reserved for the female "Nut" to abandon the time-honored expression "my aunt!" for the more daring expletive, "my godmother!" Could "nuttiness" be more nutty?

"The day of the war correspondent is gone." So telegraphs a war correspondent, Dr. Dillon, from Vienna. He knows that he would not be allowed to go to the front, or to send any reports at all on military operations. Truly the day of Forbes and Burleigh, not to go back to "Bull Run" Russell, is gone. Never again will army commanders give a free run of their headquarters to "chiels" taking notes to be incontinently printed. The change from the old times, for which the reasons are obvious, has been slow in coming, but is now almost complete. Grim soldiers like Kitchener never had any love for newspaper correspondents, though he was forced to tolerate such a man as G. W. Steevens both in the Sudan campaign and in the South African. Our own war with Spain showed a relapse from the growing practice, and seemed, as everybody remembers, to be waged by and for the newspapers. The Japanese, in their war with Russia, kept the correspondents at a safe and inglorious distance; and by the time the last Balkan war came along, the shutdown was complete. The military argument for it is convincing. In informing the public, the newspaper informs the enemy; consequently nothing must be published until long after the event, and then only in a form agreeable to the army authorities. This may seem hard on the press, and also on a news-eager public, but it is war.

The extension of the Ford profit-sharing plan to include customers as well as employees is not the first instance of the kind in this country. In 1905, the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company of St. Louis, makers of engines and boilers, after an experience of nine years of sharing their gains with their employees, announced that profits above 6 per cent., which would be regarded as interest on tho capital, would be divided in the proportion of 1 per cent. on wages and salaries and 1½ per cent. to customers, this last amount being distributed to individuals in accordance with the gross profits on their purchases. Two years ago the percentages on wages and salaries and gross profits were made equal. Mr. Ford's plan differs from this one in setting aside specific sums to be returned to customers as rebates in case the sales amount to 300,000 cars for the year; and the size of the rebate is the same regardless of the price of the car. A greater difference between tho plans is that the Ford Company makes its award in the form of cash, while the Nelson firm gave its customers stock, upon which they received dividends, and consequently acquired a voice in the management of the concern. The extent to which this process has been carried is shown by the fact that the shares thus obtained by employees and customers now comprise two-thirds of the company's stock. Employees and customers are represented on the board of directors. Incidentally, it may be noted that, while the employees have been and are free to join any labor union, none of them have done so, with the exception of fifteen or twenty in one department.

The opening last week of the Cape Cod Canal deserves far more attention than it has received. The colossal undertaking at Panama, and such gigantic engineering feats as the bringing of water from the Catskills to New York city, with their hundreds of millions of expenditure, naturally overshadow an enterprise which has cost but twelve millions of dollars and has been marked by nothing remotely as interesting as a Culebra Cut. Yet it is a most useful and praiseworthy undertaking. No government subsidy has aided it; no State or Federal credit has been drawn upon, nor a single "pork barrel" opened for it. It is precisely the kind of enterprise in which Americans used to take their greatest pride—one initiated and carried out by individual daring and enterprise, financed by private investors, constructed with consummate skill and remarkable speed, without any scandal—a monument, in brief, to Yankee foresight and skill.

News that the administration of Denver has cost $100,000 more in the first year of commission government than under the mayoralty system has been heralded as a fact of decisive importance regarding the comparative merits of the two methods of government. Of course, it proves nothing at all. Commission government may turn out to be more expensive for Denver than the mayoralty system, or it may not. One year shows nothing whatever. The same thing happened with Trenton in its first year of commission government. But what was the reason? Not that the new form of administration was extravagant, but that any form of government would have had to meet certain obligations incurred by previous governing bodies. These disposed of, the cost of governing Trenton fell, not merely to the old level, but below it. Whether this improvement was due to the new system or only to better management, or to both, cannot be said offhand. But until her commission government has been in operation for considerably more than a year, any conclusions based merely upon an increase in Denver's expenses must be valueless.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WAR.

Germany, having grasped her sword, has proceeded to lay about her with a high hand. Her entrance into Luxembourg, her invasion of Belgium—both of which have had their neutralization solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers, Germany included—were the directest kind of challenge to England, and there was never any doubt as to how it would be answered. By this action Germany has shown herself ready to lift an outlaw hand against the whole of Western Europe. It is not simply that she has stood as one prepared to violate international compacts. Treaties go crashing to the earth in time of war, and the German authorities may plead military necessity. But the ultimate purposes, the enormous stakes for which the Emperor has hazarded all, have not been concealed. If Germany could beat the armies of both France and Russia, with England remaining aloof, she would attain not only the hegemony of all Europe, but complete dominance. She would seize Belgium and Holland and present a formidable front on the North Sea. By means of these latent threats, the Emperor William has, as it were, put himself in the position of the first Napoleon. If a coalition against his overweening pretensions did not exist, it would have to be invented.

Luxembourg in 1914 recalls Luxembourg in 1867. At that time it was Napoleon III who was planning to take possession of the Duchy. Gen. Moltke wished to seize the occasion to make war upon France. But Bismarck put his veto on the plan. Moltke pledged his word that the Prussians could beat the French. War was bound to come sooner or later, so why not force it at once? Bismarck refused. He said that he did not believe in the policy of anticipatory or "preventive" wars. Moreover, and this was his real reason, Prussia could not be sure that an unprovoked attack on France would not create military alliances against her too powerful to be overcome. So he contented himself for the moment with checkmating Napoleon III by making public the secret treaties of offensive and defensive alliance with the South German kingdoms, and by bringing about the London conference that neutralized Luxembourg. But in those days there was a great statesman at Berlin, imposing his will upon the King. To-day we have a feeble Chancellor entirely overridden by the Emperor. Kaiser Wilhelm has, indeed, dropped the pilot!

The German Emperor protests that he has been "forced" into war by his "envious enemies." Of this history will judge. By the light we have at present, this at least is clear, that if Emperor William did not directly cause and desire the war, he at least failed to prevent it when it would have been easy for him to do so. The proof of this lies upon the surface of events, as one reads their succession in the European press. There was nowhere in Europe the stunned surprise of the United States at the sudden rise of the spectre of war. There the danger was instantly visible. It was felt to be acute at the moment of the presentation of the rough Austrian note to Servia. Everybody at once jumped to the conclusion that the move had been made with Germany's privity and consent. The German Foreign Office did not deny it, though it gave out a statement to the effect that, while it had been aware in general of the "scope" of the Austrian demand on Servia, it was not to be understood as approving the violent language in which it was couched. So there was such a thing as Austria stamping her big boots too noisily for even a Prussian Junker! But the point to watch was St. Petersburg. There the Austrian affront to Servia caused extreme emotion. An extraordinary Council of Ministers was at once called, and at its close the public was informed: "Ministers are unanimously agreed that Austria-Hungary has thrown down a challenge to Russia, and that, in M. Sazonoff's words, there could be only one answer."

All Europe saw at once in this a threat of war to which no country could set a limit. Then it was that the English Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, going straight to the core of the matter, addressed his appeal to the German Emperor. He besought Emperor William to join with England in immediately calling a Congress of the Powers to deal with the differences between Austria and Servia, and so prevent war. After a day's deliberation, the Kaiser declined the offer. He still professed to desire peace and to be working for it earnestly; but whether he was sincere or not, the fact is now plain that his refusal of the British plan was fatal. It is idle to speculate on his motives. But the conclusion cannot be escaped that he either made a gross miscalculation of the diplomatic situation, and was completely deceived as to his own power to bluff Russia off again, or else that he deliberately chose a path which he knew could issue only in war.

Either way, it was a decision big with fate. The human mind cannot yet begin to grasp the consequences. One of them, however, seems plainly written in the book of the future. It is that, after this most awful and most wicked of all wars is over, the power of life and death over millions of men, the right to decree the ruin of industry and commerce and finance, with untold human misery stalking through the land like a plague, will be taken away from three men. No safe prediction of actual results of battle can be made. Dynasties may crumble before all is done; empires change their form of government. But whatever happens, Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance—to give, on their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre.

THE MILITARY PREPAREDNESS.

Forecasts as to what may happen, now that all Europe has decided to halt the progress of civilization by going in for wholesale murder on a more terrible scale than the world has yet witnessed, would be utterly futile. The magnitude of the forces involved staggers the imagination; beside them the armies of the Napoleonic era fade into insignificance. The Germans call the "Battle of the Nations" that which was fought at Leipzig by about 425,000 men in 1813. The German standing army to-day alone comprises 700,000 men; about 1,800,000 will be under arms by the end of this week, with 1,500,000 more available as a final resort and for guarding communications. These are, if anything, underestimates; it is believed that actually the turn-out will be larger. The very numbers to be called out in every country will enormously increase those economic factors which have so much to do with the outcome of any prolonged struggle. Modern war is infinitely more costly and destructive than that of any other period of history, and the question of finance must indubitably play a greater part than ever before.

It is, however, possible to sum up somewhat accurately general military conditions among the various nations which have been drawn into the conflict. Thus, it is not often that so frank a criticism of a neighbor's army appears anywhere as that which has just been printed by the *Militär Wochenblatt*, in regard to Russia. This official German military organ can hardly conceal its contempt for the Czar's forces. It points out that Russia never yet won a victory over an army of equal strength, and would not have defeated Turkey in 1877 without the aid of Rumania. The five new Russian army

corps which were supposed to have been created after the Japanese disaster do not exist, says this authority. There is certainly no reason whatsoever to suppose that the morale of the Czar's troops, their leadership, and their armament have been in the slightest degree improved since the Manchurian campaign. The reorganization of the Russian navy has likewise made almost no progress. What new ships have been added to the fleet are manned by the same kind of officers and men who proved so utterly ineffective in the fleet of Rozhestvensky. True, in fighting at home the Russians will have marked advantages as compared with their campaign in Manchuria, where one long, for the most part single-track, railway line connected them with their base of supplies. It is not likely that if they attack Germany they can get far across the border; in all probability they will be fighting on defensive lines. It is not impossible that their best tactics will be those which proved so fatal to Napoleon. They are certainly not on a par with their neighbors to the east.

As for the German army, the *Militär Wochenblatt* boasts that Germany can "contemplate the gravest events with entire equanimity, with confidence in God and in her own strength." Whether this confidence does not perilously border on over-confidence is one of the questions that can be answered only by the arbitrament of war. But there are foreign observers, and some German critics as well, who feel that the Kaiser's army has not only too great confidence in itself, but that it has not profited by the lessons of the Boer War and the Manchurian campaign. In the annual manœuvres conditions have constantly arisen which would have meant the wiping out of large masses of troops in actual hostilities. There have been cavalry charges as hopelessly futile in conception as that of the French cavalry at Sedan. The Germans have only just adopted a modern campaign uniform for all troops, similar to the khaki of Great Britain and the United States, but of a light gray color; so recently has this been decided upon that it is doubtful whether the whole army can be supplied with it in time to discard the uniforms of 1870, the helmet and heavy blue and red coats of the Prussian infantry, for instance, which were such shining targets from Worth and Gravelot to Paris. But it is undeniable that the *Mannczucht* of the Germans, the discipline of the individual soldier, stands as high to-day as ever; and that, whatever its moral defects, the corps of officers is more enterprising, hard working, and professionally zealous than that of any other nation. It is a singular coincidence that this national crisis finds at the head of the General Staff another Von Moltke. Has he his uncle's talent? Are there other great leaders? Upon this depends, after all, the outcome; as France showed in 1870, superb individual prowess, and the gallantry of whole army corps, count for nothing if the leaders blunder.

As to France, there can be no two opinions that the army as a whole is in vastly better condition than when it faced the Prussian army in 1870. And yet it has only recently received a bad black eye. The General Inspector of the Fortifications Artillery wrote to the War Minister in January, 1914: "In forty years we have made no progress with our material." The War Minister himself admitted that, in their technical troops (railway, engineer, pioneer, etc.), the Germans were far ahead of the French. To make good the deficiencies in equipment, the Minister has just asked only one billion four hundred and eight millions of francs, this to bring the artillery up to date, to modernize the forts on the German boundaries, and to purchase any number of other supplies, including two millions of pairs of boots absolutely needed for a campaign. Even the supplies of ammunition are far from complete. The War Minister declared: "I have told the truth and would be a criminal had I portrayed the conditions otherwise." In view of what has come to pass, he may, none the less, regret the frankness of his utterances. But the *morale* of the troops is not affected by this. France cannot, of course, put into the field such numbers as Germany, but she will not be able to complain of the spirit and courage of the men. It cannot be maintained, however, that the French service is equal to the German in evenness and uniformity of training and discipline, though the average French soldier has probably greater adaptability and mental alertness than the German.

When it comes to the fleets of the various nations, the British, of course, rank first, with the Germans a good second, the Russians negligible, and the value of the French in great doubt. Both on land and on sea terrible new engines of warfare, the submarine, the dirigible, and the aeroplane, will have their first real trial, and no one can estimate what they will do to add to the horrors of the conflict. The apparent certainty that England will sooner or later be drawn in makes inevitable the greatest battles the world has yet seen, to make a mock of our Christianity, 1,900 years after the coming of the Prince of Peace.

THE RAILWAY RATE DECISION.

Obscured as it is, in the public mind, by the outbreak of European war, Saturday's decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission, on the Eastern railways' petition for higher rates, appears to the average reader, and quite inevitably, as a matter of subordinate interest. With the stock exchanges closed, it is impossible to ascertain, through the course of prices, what the judgment of the financial community on it really is. It would no doubt be equally impossible to draw that inference if the Exchange were open, and confronted simultaneously with the news from Europe.

We are inclined to believe, however, that if the decision as it stands had been published at an ordinary time, it would not have been ill-received, even on the Stock Exchange. It concedes the main contention of the railways as to the need of larger revenues. It grants many increases in rates. On railways in certain parts of the territory covered by the application it grants the full 5 per cent. increase applied for. It therefore disposes of the argument which has created most uneasiness in the prolonged controversy over this application—the argument that the Commission was unwilling to use its authority to increase freight charges. Further than this, the opinion handed down with the decision declares unreservedly that railways operated with private capital must be subject to such regulation, in the matter of rates allowed, "as will reasonably permit a fair return on the money invested." Recognizing frankly the difficulties which confront the railways, the Commission announces it as its duty and purpose "to aid, as far as we legally may, in the effort to meet the situation."

To the railways, the disappointing aspect of the decision is that, while granting the increase to roads between western Pennsylvania and the Mississippi River, the Commission denies any increase to the railways east of that territory. Its ground for this discrimination is that, in its judgment, the Eastern lines are as a rule already "distinctly prosperous" and that, where they are not, the trouble is due to other causes than low rates; whereas the Western lines have been operating under rates which were both relatively and actually too low. These were, in fact, established during destructive "rate wars."

When the fifty railways, in May of 1913, asked for an average of 5 per cent. increase in rates, they based their petition, first, on increase in wages and taxes; secondly, on

the ground that costly additions to facilities were needed; thirdly, on their need of funds, which, they contended, could not be raised unless freight rates were increased. The Commission agrees with the railways on all of the points thus raised, except the last. The increase actually granted will apparently add from $9,000,000 to $15,000,000 to the gross income of the lines immediately concerned, and of the roads which either operate them or participate in their rates through exchange of traffic. This approximately balances the estimated increase of $11,000,000 in operating expenses, through the series of wage increases allowed through arbitration.

Regarding the larger needs of the railways, the Commission points out how, in its judgment, earnings may be increased without increasing freight rates. It first expresses the belief that the passenger business handled by the Eastern lines is unremunerative. Admitting that in many instances unprofitable passenger rates are due to "fares fixed by statutes in certain States," it holds that, if the railways reconstruct their accounts so that the public can be informed as to the exact losses incurred in handling that branch of their business, "the people of those States will cheerfully acquiesce, as the people of New England have done, in granting reasonable increases."

It is next suggested by the Commission that "all the railroads in official classification territory examine their freight rates, rules, and regulations with the view to increasing rates that are found to be clearly unremunerative." Of these rates, many "had their origin in fierce competition for traffic, and have been continued through ignorance of the loss they entail." In the belief of the Commission, the Eastern railways can add largely to their income by doing away with special services now offered to favored shippers, such as free time for unloading or loading freight; savings can also be effected by doing away with passes and free service in the handling of private cars.

Other recommendations for similar economies are submitted. It naturally remains to see how far they are practicable, and, if so, how far they will meet the real needs of the companies. Perhaps the fairest comment on the decision as a whole is that it does not close the question of the Commission's attitude on rates, even of these Eastern railways, but leaves it open. The opinion of Saturday recognizes the Commission's duties in the matter, and their performance does not end with this decision.

THE VANISHING PROGRESSIVES.

Almost as suddenly as the war crisis has startled an unprepared world comes news from all sides of the collapse of the Progressive party. Last Thursday more than one hundred men who voted its ticket in 1912 met in Indianapolis to announce their return to the Republican fold. Some of them have been leaders in the new organization which was to regenerate America, but are now ready to renew their old allegiance. The reasons for their defection no longer exist, they stated in their explanation to the press: "The organized protest against methods and men, but not against principles, was effectual. The purpose of the third party is accomplished." In their view it dies victorious. The Republican State Chairman jubilantly exclaimed that "the Progressive rank and file are with us heart and soul in support of the party of protection."

When a few Louisiana sugar Democrats placed private gain above party principle and bolted to the Progressives, Col. Roosevelt sent them telegrams of congratulation on their high-minded action. It is safe to say that he will be as silent about this defection in Indiana as he has been in regard to the similar signs from other States. Of these there have been so many as to furnish a partial explanation of his latest about-face, after all those glowing assertions that the Progressives never, never would compromise. In the old days, no one used to be a more sensitive political barometer than the Colonel; it is not beyond the range of possibility that his brilliant stroke of amalgamating on Hinman was hastened by a recognition that before so very long he may have little or nothing left to trade with. The disintegration of the party in Massachusetts must have been particularly trying to him, for, like Indiana and California, Massachusetts was a banner State. But when Mr. Charles S. Bird refused to be a candidate for Governor for the third time, the life seemed to go out of the party. It has lost its Boston newspaper; its candidate, Joseph Walker, is a weak leader, if only because he did not leave the Republican party until he had obtained everything possible from his association with it. Worst of all, the handful of rich men who have financed the Progressives have withdrawn their support, so that the managers, after a futile struggle to raise a "war fund" of $50,000, have been compelled to settle their debts at 50 cents on the dollar—rather an interesting position for a party of social justice to occupy.

In California, where Gov. Johnson denies any personal break with Col. Roosevelt, and is said to have an excellent chance for re-election, because of his accomplishments in office, the Progressive registration is less than 200,000, while twice as many Republicans enrolled. In Idaho, the Bull Moose anticipated Col. Roosevelt by endorsing the Democratic candidate for Governor. In Kansas, they are running a straight ticket with a popular editor, Henry J. Allen, as its head. But his hopeless candidacy, which practically insures the election of the present Democratic Governor, really interests nobody. From Topeka comes the report of an almost unheard-of condition of general apathy, which seems to have particularly affected Progressives. "There is," says the report, "a growing Republican confidence that, after the primaries, when the Progressives will make rather a ridiculous showing, in numbers, the new party will rapidly disintegrate." There are no contests for party nominations, and the drafted candidates decline to go out to arouse the electors. Leaders like ex-Gov. Stubbs seek to postpone the inevitable by dragging out new issues; hence a recent article of his advocating Government ownership of railways. This certainly would not appeal to the Colonel. Even in Ohio the tide is running strongly towards the Republicans, though this did not seem to be the case not long ago. In Bartholomew County, for instance, prominent Bull Moosers are seeking Republican nominations, and the prospect is that only one-fifth of the Progressive vote of 1912 will be polled this year.

In New York the Colonel's nomination of Hinman has not gone so well as appeared at first. If the ex-Senator seems to have the lead, neither District Attorney Whitman nor Job Hedges, who is very popular in certain up-State counties, gives any sign of withdrawing. There is some talk of a compromise candidate upon whom all three could agree, evidence of this being the attempt to induce Senator Root to run. The truth is that conscientious Progressives are shocked not only by the Colonel's *volte-face*, but by his open bossing of the whole party. Chairman Bird sulks in his tent. There is little enthusiasm left, if the truth be told; and it will be amusing to see how rapidly the rank and file will now return to the Republican band-wagon. Mr. Roosevelt's manœuvres to capture the Republican nomination in 1916 are certain to be the chief interest remaining in the party. Its existence will always be quoted as the most remarkable proof of a single individual's popularity and political power in our history; for the rest it bids fair to go the way of all our other

third-party movements before two years more have passed. All of this will justify the position of those who held from the first that no new party can come into being without some one compelling moral or economic issue; that a programme of all the virtues, attractive as it may be, does not afford a sound political basis, at least when coupled with the fortunes of an ambitious self-seeker without consistency or fixed principle.

TEACHING BY MOVING-PICTURES.

To a person of old-fashioned ideas, the announcement that the Government has given its official sanction to the use of moving-pictures in schools must be somewhat of a shock. What is to become of a country that reverses the order of nature by making the hours that should be most miserable in the life of a child among the most attractive? Yet the Department of Education has no doubts in the matter. "Within the next decade," it prophesies, "the moving-pictures will be the indispensable adjunct of every teacher and educational lecturer. On the public platform the cinematograph will inevitably have its recognized place, and it may even invade the pulpit. As the attention and interest of educators are more and more drawn to its merits, the future usefulness of the educational cinematograph bids fair to surpass the predictions of its most sanguine advocates." Such an utterance from such a source is emphatic testimony to the rapidity with which the most popular invention of our day is passing from the stage of mere novelty. Indeed, a series of "scientific pictures" is now a regular part of the programmes of the best motion-picture theatres.

The range of films already available for educational purposes is very wide. Aeronautics, archæology, chemistry, forestry, geography, history, hydraulics, music, physics, seismology—one could go through the alphabet. Even the highest abstractions of pure reasoning will some day doubtless be photographed for the man in the street. At present there are certain difficulties in the way of the ordinary school and the ordinary teacher. With such a list of subjects at command, there would seem to be nothing to prevent every school-room from having its share of moving-pictures, but in many cases the commercial spirit has rendered films undesirable for such use. For instance, some makers have short-sightedly had their names conspicuously displayed in the films. Then many films contain more than one subject, so that between a series of illustrations in ornithology and one depicting the story of Hiawatha, may be a set of love scenes that illustrate nothing except the demand of the typical audience for variety. A more serious obstacle is the limited number of educational films obtainable. The slow financial return from these pictures has led manufacturers to produce them in small quantities, so that when a teacher wants a particular series of pictures he may be unable to get them until it is too late for them to be of the best service.

In New York, and in some other places as well, another obstacle is the provisions of the laws regarding licenses and precautions against fire. A school wishing to have an exhibit of moving-pictures must construct a special booth of fireproof material. These difficulties have led some institutions, especially universities, to make their own films, and to arrange a system of exchange of films. Wisconsin, with characteristic enterprise, has organized a film service for the whole State, and is sending moving-pictures to every district, town, and city in circulating-library fashion. Nor are all the pictures meant for the children. Approved methods of physical exercise for pupils are shown to teachers by the same means, and thus in a few minutes they learn what by any other method not only would require much more time, but would not be so intelligible. Despite this activity, however, the educational use of moving-pictures is in its infancy. This is shown by the care that must be exercised to avoid pictures that convey a false impression. The temptation to heighten the dramatic element in historical scenes is often yielded to, with the result that pupils have to ask which is correct—the book or the pictures.

The dangers in this development are as evident as the benefits. One of the chief reasons advanced for the use of moving-pictures in schools is that the eye grasps facts more quickly than the ear. Yet one of the objections to our educational methods is that they appeal almost entirely to the eye already. A deeper one, in the minds of some persons, is the impetus that this use of moving-pictures will give to the idea of making school-work entertaining at all cost. These objections really lie against the over-use or the misuse of such pictures rather than against all such use. If history or literature can be made more vivid and impressive by more in the way of pictorial representation than we have been accustomed to, the opportunity certainly ought to be seized. Educators will surely be capable of guarding against a superficial treatment of such studies, or the substitution of pictures for thinking. In the field of science, the innovation is less open to question. The universal acceptance of the laboratory system gives sanction to reproductions by camera of the processes employed, although here, too, no one will favor substitution of seeing for doing.

NOVELIZED HISTORY.

For some time in France the novel has suffered serious competition from the historical and biographical memoir. This is due, no doubt, to the taste for the "document" cultivated in their readers by the leaders of the last great school of French fiction. From the document incorporated in the work of art to the document presented by itself or made the basis of a special monograph is, after all, but a step; and if the novelists are now at a disadvantage from this phase of public taste, they have only themselves to blame for it. Perhaps, however, they suffer more in their artistic pride than in their pocketbooks. For the new *genre* is one to which they can readily turn without much change in their habits of composition. The character of many of the works which now appear in such quantities is such that it is not difficult to imagine that they are written by men who are novelists by predilection and training, so much do they ordinarily tend to emphasize the romantic, sentimental, or even sensational aspects of their subjects.

At first confined to France, this new literary movement has spread to England and America, and already is beginning to have, no longer merely translations of French works, but works by native writers based upon French models. There is now such a demand for these books that the inquirer will learn from the clerks in any leading bookshop that, with certain classes of readers, they have quite displaced the novel. Probably the only thing that keeps them from an even wider popularity at present, and thus far constitutes an even greater menace to fiction, is the fact that they are published at prices two or three times higher than fiction. Even so, almost as many counters are stacked with the opulent octavos containing *réchauffés* of royal and literary love-affairs, as are allotted to the twelvemos enshrining the chaste inventions of our most popular novelists. Just why there should be this differentiation in format between the two "best-selling" classes of to-day is not quite clear, unless it is that the publishers, not altogether sure at the start of the success of the innovation, sought to indemnify themselves for a small sale by

a large profit per volume. It is certain that it is only by means of a specially large type and "padding" that these works get their present imposing appearance. Doubtless it is only a question of time before some publisher, realizing the larger opportunity which awaits him, will reduce the size, eliminate much of the decoration, and make an appeal to the larger novel-reading public. Then let fiction look to its laurels.

Perhaps, too, this same publisher will make another innovation, namely, in the choice of subjects. It is interesting to note that, till now, even in those works that are written by Frenchmen, French themes have largely predominated. This is owing partly to the fact that the *genre* itself is French, and partly to the superior savoriness of French political and literary history. So far, the Napoleonic era has not unnaturally attracted the greatest number of writers, and we have had scores of volumes, not only about the Emperor of the French himself, but about his sisters, brothers, marshals, and other functionaries. The *ancien régime* and the Restoration followed close behind, with particular attention to royal mistresses. When the principal personages of any period are exhausted, the minor characters appear and are made to replay their small parts. Often these are rescued from utter oblivion, and it argues no slight measure of ingenuity on the part of the authors to have disinterred them at all, not to mention the feat of expanding their obscure lives to the scope of special monographs.

The French supply has so far sufficed, with a little assistance, mainly from Italian sources. But in view of the rate of consumption it might be well for the provident author to look afield for fresh subject-matter. This exists ready to hand. English kings also had mistresses. Even America might furnish its quota of "fascinating" personalities, and although the greater sternness of republican morals might offer some obstacles, still our simpler courts and salons have had their beauties, who were also not without their rôle in politics. Is it possible that in this country the royal *cachet* is necessary in order to render a brilliant social or political career interesting? We are still hoping to see printed in gold on the backs of splendid volumes bound in light pink and delicate lavender such inspiring titles as: "Dainty Dolly Madison," "The Mother of Her Country and Her Times," "The Récamier of the American Republic," "The Love Affairs of Alexander Hamilton," and, best of all, "Ten Wicked Women of the White House."

Foreign Correspondence

THE EVE OF WAR IN VIENNA—THE EFFECT ON THE FINANCIAL MARKET—STATEMENTS ON THE SITUATION.

VIENNA, July 19.

Not since the famous "Black Saturday" on the Vienna Stock Exchange—November 9, 1895, when conditions at Constantinople suddenly seemed to threaten a European war—has there been such a panic in this market as that which began ten days ago, and which, during half of that period, has involved a most extraordinary collapse. Prices, day by day, went on falling from the moment of the Bourse's opening until its close; indeed, trading continued on the street after each day's closing, so that the opening at noon on the following day found prices far below the last official quotation of the Bourse.

This time, there is no doubt whatever about the cause. In the press and out of it, in public discussion, in inspired Ministerial statements, the fact is being daily more firmly established that Servia's attitude can no longer be tolerated by Austria-Hungary. The judicial examination on the murderous outrage of Sarajevo has had to be carried on with utmost severity, and, though the results are kept secret, some news passed through the closed doors—military authorities taking care that it should do so, in order that the public might not be taken by surprise, and also because indignation must be maintained at boiling point.

No doubt is felt here that the origin of the crime has been traced to Servia. The conspirators had dwelt in Belgrade, the bombs and revolvers, and the poison for the perpetrators' suicides, came from Belgrade, and all the persons concerned were in one way or another connected with Servia—some of them with the Servian army itself. These facts alone were sufficient to alarm the Bourse, and to inspire it with very well-grounded fears. The newspapers have not been reticent; they have painted the Servians quite as black as this deplorable affair admitted.

Next, one after another, the utterances of responsible persons have been quoted and discussed. The Hungarian Premier, though he declared that the time for speaking out had not yet come, said in terse words: "Affairs between us and Servia must be cleared up!" The Vienna Foreign Office, though exceedingly reserved—as is the way with Count Berchtold, that avowed despiser of public opinion—has not denied that the situation is grave, that Austria will *this time* certainly insist upon satisfaction of its just demands. And now the Servian Prime Minister, M. Pasics, has taken to speaking his mind.

To a German journalist this statesman said, referring to Panslavism and a Greater Servia: "*Time* is doing our business; we have no need to conspire"; and to an American he remarked: "The murders of Sarajevo have interrupted our work of twenty years for the promotion of Panslavism; we are the greater sufferers, not Austria-Hungary." Imagine the effect of such utterances on the highly strung, nervous Bourse, which is anxiously watching, while quotations fall from low figures to lower figures still, to depths that nobody would have believed possible as recently as three weeks ago. To-day, Sunday, the *Neue Freie Presse*, always the most impressive and conservative organ of all, describes the horrors, the waste, and the tremendous consequences of a big war, which Austria has been spared during fifty years. We shall no doubt see the result of this publication on 'Change to-morrow.

Last Wednesday, July 15, there was a respite; quotations ceased falling, and some even began to recover. This lasted until Saturday, when M. Pasics's voice was heard for the first time, and the hopes which had been entertained with regard to Servia were extinguished. The improvement had not been due to any great lessening of the fears entertained, but to the fact that the large number of persons who have lately been too much intimidated to invest, and who own big balances at their bankers', took advantage of the ruinous prices of securities, seeing their way, as they thought, to profitable investment. This naturally caused quotations to rise; and speculators on the fall, to whom a part of the general déroute must be attributed, were stopped in their endeavors to provide themselves with the stocks they needed at ruinous prices.

The number of firms and private individuals who have in these five days suffered losses from which they cannot recover cannot be ascertained. Those who speculate through their bankers, and have deposited about one-third of the sum speculated with, as is the custom in this country, have had to pay up on the very day when quotations were lowest, and have no doubt, in many instances, looked ruin in the face. One man, the head of a firm of brokers, preferred death to the shame of insolvency and killed himself by opening the tap of his bedroom chandelier. He left a letter saying he could not survive the losses incurred during the week on 'Change.

This fateful week begins with the announcement that the Austro-Hungarian Government is about to send the much-discussed note to Belgrade. When that comes, we shall see what is to be the attitude of the great European markets in regard to it, what will be the Servian answer, and what would be the larger sequel if war should break out between these two states.

ILL-CONSIDERED "PACIFICISM"—FRANCE'S AFRICAN COLONIES—A COMPARISON OF BRITISH, GERMAN, AND FRENCH METHODS OF COLONIZATION.

PARIS, July 22.

There is a danger that Pacificism and the movement towards international arbitration may come to be considered the property of certain nations—against others. Pacificism does not necessarily coincide with peace-making, nor theories of arbitration with the practice of peace. A working desire that the incalculable evils of war should be lessened, and that all mankind of every blood and color should no longer be obliged to count war among the inevitable causes of death and disease and misery, ought to be cultivated everywhere—who can doubt it? But such a desire and its working may be ill-counselled and ignore facts and feelings of whole communities of mankind, even when these are the most immediately concerned. And this would be a universal pity, for such a movement would defeat its own object.

An overwhelming impression of this danger has been made by late peace congresses and by recent controversies of Socialists among themselves and—for the French, at least—by the last Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration. The English historian

Freeman welcomed the disasters of France in 1870 by the same cry for her utter destruction which Roman Cato raised against Carthage—"Gallia est delenda!" This may be excused by his having lived through the series of military campaigns of the Second Empire. Nowadays, since the nationalities whose union into independent states resulted from those campaigns have been making history on their own responsibility, Emperor Napoleon III may be judged less harshly. His principle of nationalities is now forever rooted in the conscious feeling of those people in whom it seems to be disregarded by pacifists and arbitrationists—although, one need not doubt, unconsciously.

The startling voice of one dead immeasurable years ago has just been heard expressing this tendency of some to-day. It is in the newly published letters of Thomas Carlyle, who cared little for peace and was capable of ranking arbitration among the Unveracities. "I believe magnanimous, pious, strong, and modest Germany is henceforth to be queen of the Continent, instead of vain, vaporing, impious, and mischievous France." On some such general principle, dispensing with any inquiry into facts or regard of human feelings or respect of blind entanglements which once done cannot be undone, too much recent talk of peace seems to have been founded. Now peace among nations is something that is only to be obtained in practice; it is quite certain that it can never come as a satisfaction of partisan and sectarian and doctrinaire theories.

Perhaps the most discouraging instance, whose actuality is strengthened by the renewal of political disputes about the Congo in connection with the present Caillaux affair, is the acceptance at the Lake Mohonk Conference of Mr. E. D. Morel's book, "Morocco in Diplomacy," without question or limitation, as an "admirable account." No suspicion seems to have been roused by the frankly and intensely partisan tone of the book; but the notorious fact should not have been ignored that no competent Frenchman or Belgian of any party is willing to accept a single fact on Mr. Morel's uncorroborated testimony, or to admit a single one of his judgments as fair or probable without further and strict sifting and examination. It is not necessary to take sides or go into detail, for which there is no space here. But it should be noted that M. André Tardieu has made very definite accusations against Mr. Morel's disinterestedness in African affairs, while his every statement has been subjected to criticism which cannot be wholly baseless. The contrast between such writing as Morel's and that of Sir Harry Johnston, whose experience and temper give a widely different competence, is another reason why would-be peacemakers should not take their opinions ready-made without proofs and on suspected authority. Still more portentous is the ignoring of the diplomatic dealings between England and France as disclosed by M. Hanotaux, who was French Foreign Minister at the time.

To come down to particulars which belong to a journal, no account seems to be made of the fact that this late and further advance of France into Africa was initiated, aided, and abetted by Bismarck, who applied his favorite phrase that neither Tunis nor Morocco—and doubtless not Madagascar, nor the Congo, nor all Indo-China—was worth the bones of a single one of his Pomeranian grenadiers. There can be no doubt that his idea was to keep France occupied far away, and so weaken her at home; and, it may be mentioned in passing, it is entirely probable that he was pleased to think the consequences would be disagreeable to England.

A more important fact which neither Morel nor whole Conferences of Peace or Arbitration can change—for it passed long ago into the inevitabilities of history—also is ignored. This is that France for nearly a century has been vitally engaged in Algiers—so that there could never be any question of allowing Germany to establish herself in Morocco under penalty of constituting another exposed frontier. For Spain, the question is different; and twenty-two years ago I had occasion to express the patriotic views and desires of Canovas del Castillo, then Spanish Premier, who had given a life's attention to Morocco. In the event, it is probable that Spain has received as much of Morocco as she can handle; but even here Germany has taken advantage of her presence to retard the construction of needed railways in the French part.

One must be very ignorant of facts either in Morocco or elsewhere in Africa to imagine that Germany has been deprived of any opportunities of colonial expansion in the English or French sense. All the efforts of Germany in Morocco were limited always to mine prospectors and commercial travellers. When she began complaining, she had no more trade there than the United States, perhaps one-tenth that of France or England. Now that Moroccan ports are filling up, international conventions allow Germans at this moment to interrupt municipal works by claiming rights and appealing to international arbitration; and they give no sign there—as they have given few or none in their own possessions—of using Africa for anything else than a trade output.

Meanwhile, if the benefit of the native populations of colonies or protectorates and their happiness in the common-sense of mortals is to be estimated, then France has nothing to fear. Where one spear of wheat grew before, she has already made a thousand grow. She has given Morocco roads and security for native marketing. I do not know that Algiers has a more dissatisfied Arab or Berber population than British India has discontented Hindus; and there is an intercommunication between the directing French and the natives which can never exist between natives and officials of English or German temper.

Sir Harry Johnston has borne witness to this. A resident British magistrate for six years between French and German colonies in Africa has described the case to me. "In my experience, the native Africans in the long run appreciate the fairness and justice of British rule, but there is no human relationship between them and the English. This is the case also in the German colonies, with the aggravation that the natives cannot endure their military ways and temper. I am obliged to say that they are happiest with the French, who associate with them as men with men, like cheery grown people with children, not standing off nor patronizing."

This is not the place to go into defects in systems and business policies, "concessions" to companies and the rest, nor to decide which nation protects most its own trade interests. But why do Arbitrationists pay no attention to the steady emigration of Africans—Kabyles, Senegalese, and so on—into the mainland of France for the harvest, mining, and all work, exactly like Italians and other Europeans? This is civilization, and peace also.

S. D.

LABOR TROUBLES IN HOLLAND—THE SOCIALIST LEADERS — PROGRESSIVE DEMANDS.

THE HAGUE, July 20.

The recent tram strike affords a good opportunity to say something about the labor movement in Holland. This movement, like every other in this country, is distributed over the usual Protestant, Catholic, and Neutral (*i. e.*, Socialistic) groups. A small group of non-socialistic, non-confessional men may safely be left alone, because in nearly every conflict they side with one of the other unions. Those who profess anarchism pure and simple also may be left out.

By far the strongest are the skilled labor unions (if I may translate the Dutch term "vakvereeniging" in that way). These unions are associated in a league which comprises far more than half of organized labor. This league in its origin and existence is socialistic, and the political leaders of the Socialist party give the orders. This does not apply only to any general labor movement, but also and more particularly to local labor conflicts.

It is obvious that most masters, while willing to deal and to discuss matters with their own men, or with their leaders, greatly resent having to negotiate with salaried members of any union which represents actually only part of their men. The laborers, however, are well aware that a salaried leader of this kind is much more independent than any employee, who may be victimized at a not very distant day under one pretext or another.

Almost interminable conflicts have resulted from this state of affairs. Rich masters and rich associations of laborers have repeatedly engaged in conflicts which have lasted for months.

Nevertheless, after the railway strike of 1903, which ended by giving the railway men a kind of semi-official status, most strikes and lockouts have been of a local character. Of late, the various transport trades and the textile branches have been among those most affected.

The growth of the influence of social-democracy has been opposed in various ways. Perhaps the most effective has been the influence of the various churches and the forming of confessional unions, all of which are led by clergymen. More in the limelight, however, were the political actions of various parties. The "Katheder-Sozialismus" (which came from Germany) has found a fertile soil here. The views of your countryman, Prof. Richard T. Ely, also exercised a great influence on the younger generation.

By the younger generation I mean the students of political economy now verging on their fortieth year, especially those who attended the Amsterdam University. To those joint influences are due a number of acts passed during recent years, all tending to protect the physical and financial interests of the laborer. A dwelling-house act, an act upon the labor contract, a dock laborers' act, an act regulating the working hours of women and children, a bill on night labor for bakers, are all of recent date. Acts dealing with insurance against accidents, old age, sickness, were completed last year, and will probably be welded into one act at an early date.

Besides all these general acts and regulations there has also been enacted a great deal of municipal legislation, and it is obvious that

action of this kind was calculated to take a good deal of wind out of the Socialistic sails.

Thus, in order to retain their hold upon their followers, the Socialistic leaders had to adopt a course of asking too much and of continually shifting their position. As soon as it appeared likely that one of their demands was about to be granted, they increased the extent of what they had desired so as to apply the same principle to another group or trade than it was meant for originally, in order to be able to pose as the true and only friends of the laborer and of the proletariat generally.

This policy was made clear the other day. There has been a conflict in The Hague between the Hague Tramway Company, which has a monopoly of electric-rail traffic, and its men. In the first place it was a question of salary and of off hours. The company is rather undercapitalized and is earning about 16 per cent. on its capital of 1,000,000 florins. All the rest of the capital has been issued in 4 or 4½ per cent. bonds. The increase of salary and the other alterations demanded by the men would have rendered necessary an annual expenditure of about 130,000 florins out of the available dividend of 160,000 florins.

This outlay would have meant a loss to the shareholders of 13 out of their 16 per cent. annual dividend. The directors, accordingly, could not but refuse the demand as preposterous. A strike ensued, in the course of which there was shooting, stone-throwing, and menacing of the "blacklegs." In the Municipal Council the Burgomaster read a letter from the directors to the effect that they were willing to discuss reforms, an increase of salary, etc., with the local authorities.

This was not only the first, but also a very important, step towards peace, but the Socialists veered round immediately, and demanded the discussion of these reforms between the directors and the striking union. Suddenly an increase of salary, more off days, and similar concessions became of minor importance to the recognition of the General Labor Union, which took the lead over the heads of the local organizations of the tram hands.

Thus, notwithstanding the official endeavors to finish the conflict, matters have threatened to come to a standstill again, even though the most conciliatory attitude has been taken, merely because the Socialistic leaders see a moral profit in the continuation of the conflict.

Nobody suspects them of aiming at private profit—they have the amelioration of the working conditions of their followers sincerely at heart—but the tactics prevailing among them do not admit of accepting any such amelioration coming as a free gift.

Everything must be obtained—forced from the masters—under Socialistic pressure and at the demand of the workers' unions. *Nulla salus extra nos!* seems to be their ground. And it is a pity that they do not appear to realize that in similar circumstances numerous capitalists, who formerly showed their willingness to relieve their employees as much as possible, begin to refrain from doing so voluntarily and to prefer waiting till they are inevitably forced into doing it. This is to be deplored, but can hardly be wondered at.

J. H. A.

Books and Men

IMAGINARY WARS.

To mention books on imaginary wars and battles is almost sure to remind a number of your readers of "The Battle of Dorking." The very title of that sketch must have had something to do with its success, for the contrast between grim battle and the peaceful town of Dorking, principally famous for its estimable hen, caught the fancy. Sir George Tomkyns Chesney was the author, and his work appeared in *Blackwood's* in 1871. It was frequently reprinted in pamphlet form.

"The Battle of Dorking" may not have been the first account of a war of the future, but it was probably the earliest of those fictitious invasions of England by the Germans which have occupied so many writers. Its author wrote as a veteran of 1925, telling his grandchildren of the humiliation of his country in 1875, when Germany, after conquering the French, captured London and overturned the British Empire.

In spite of the interest aroused by Sir George Chesney's dismal prophecy, very few writings of this kind seem to have been published in English for the next twenty years. Since then a small library of them have appeared. Mr. H. G. Wells has pictured various frightful cataclysms, in which some draper's assistant or Cockney green-grocer is displayed in the centre of earth-shaking events. The world's peace has been menaced from Mars, and Europe has been overwhelmed by the Yellow Peril. Our Pacific Coast has fallen into the grip of little men from across the sea, and our navy has more than once been saved from destruction by some obscure inventor. Within a year, Mr. H. H. Munro, in "When William Came," established the Germans once more in London, and turned upwards the moustaches of all England.

None of the followers of the veteran of Dorking, however, were more painstaking than Mr. William Le Queux. "The Invasion of 1910," published in 1906, is a long and exceedingly interesting book. The author claims to have travelled ten thousand miles in a motor car, studying the topography of the "invaded" district. The sudden descent of the Germans during the peaceful hours of a Sunday morning in the summer, and the rush of two excited journalists to the War Office (where they are told by the care-taker that they had "better come to-morrow, sir, about eleven"), are delightfully improbable. They foreshadow the opening act of Major du Maurier's "An Englishman's Home," in which the law-abiding Briton becomes annoyed at those "Johnnies"—as he calls the invading army—who are "messing-up" his lawn, and threatens to have them arrested.

Things go very badly for England in Mr. Le Queux's novel. The Germans are on shore in a jiffy. In one place about 38,000 of them land without being seen by any one but a fisherman. There are battles and repulses. London is besieged, bombarded, and taken. Then the volunteers rally, the proud Prussian is driven forth, and the book ends not altogether happily, it is true, but with the despot's heel no longer upon the shore.

"The Great War of 189—" is perhaps the most remarkable of all these forecasts. It was published in 1893, and the authors were Rear-Admiral Colomb, Col. J. F. Maurice, R.A., Capt. F. N. Maude, Archibald Forbes, Charles Lowe, David Christie Murray, and F. Scudamore. The authors did not foresee some of the developments of international politics, notably the triple *entente* of Great Britain, Russia, and France, so we have the first of these fighting the other two in a war that also involves Germany, Italy, and a number of lesser Powers.

But many of the incidents, especially in the opening chapters, come astonishingly close to the actual events of this summer—more than twenty years after the publication of the book. Of course, it required no unusual clairvoyance to make the war break out in the Balkans. That has been the recognized danger-zone for years—"there'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring" was the constant observation of the war correspondent in "The Light that Failed." But since 1893 the storm centre has shifted twice, once to the Far East and once to Morocco. Now, and for the past two years, it has been where it was placed by the military authorities who wrote "The Great War of 189—"

Another curious coincidence is that this fictitious war has for its immediate cause the attempted assassination of a prince—Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now "Czar." His would-be assassins are urged on by "Russian intrigue," whereupon some "editorial comments" are made in an unnamed newspaper. They begin in this wise:

> It is imposible to overrate the grave significance of the attempted assassination at Samakoff, which in the light of our correspondent's telegrams would seem to be the prelude to very serious complications in the East. . . . The dramatic incident may prove to have endangered the peace of Europe. We have long familiarized ourselves with the thought that the Great War of which the world has been in constant dread for some years back, and which is to readjust the balance of the Continent, is much more likely to break out in the region of the Danube than on the banks of the Rhine, and the incident at Samakoff may well precipitate the catastrophe. . . .
>
> Servia and Bulgaria are soon at war. Here fact refuses, in the present instance, to follow fiction. Austria invades Servia, and occupies Belgrade. There is an illustration—"Here at Last!"—the Austrian officers comfortably drinking beer and toasting one another at the outdoor cafés of the Servian capital. The facts of 1914, in this case, seem submissive to the fiction of 1893.

In the imaginary war Russia and Germany are soon fighting, and France loses little time in declaring hostilities against her old enemy. England fights France by sea, and Russia by land. There is a general mêlée, by which, in the end, nobody is much benefited—a prophecy rational enough.

Edmund Lester Pearson.

Genius Loci

A narrow path led me along the hillside, through rows of apple trees and poplars and past a line of cedars marching monk-like down the slope. Everywhere was a smell of apples—a strong, over-ripe odor, as of a cider press in the sun; and everywhere lay ripe and over-ripe apples—on the path itself, among the weeds under the fence, and in the field, where a solitary cow was lazily eating them. Up the slope stretched a vineyard, mellowing in the heat of the sun; and from it also came a fragrance of fruit, though most of the grapes were still forbiddingly green. Between the path and the first row of vines, goldenrod was glowing in abundance, intermingled with crimson clover, in which yellow-jackets and bumble-bees revelled, and grasshoppers scraped out their strident notes. Occasionally, away up in the clattering poplars, a cicada buzzed with rising and waning fervor, and the breeze took up the indolent strain and bore it down the slope to mingle with the universal insect murmur. Adjoining the vineyard was a field of tomatoes, smooth and warm and here and there flashing in the sun; and from them, too, came an odor of fruit, heavy but wholesome.

Below the path, below the meadow in which the lone cow ate in calm oblivion of all save the apples, below the line of cedars marching down the slope, was a yellow wheat field, extending, in its opulence, far down to the brook. The brook itself was lost in the green of weeping willows, but I could see the wooden bridge, and through the opening that it made a little red church with a slate roof, and a little row of trees that led to the graveyard. And through and above this same narrow opening, I looked upon a vista of fields and hills that, in the clear air, did not cease till they were confronted by the purple mountains.

Often, in the years since the day I paused to look upon this landscape, have I returned to it, with an increasing attachment, allowing my eyes to follow that lengthening perspective all the way from the apple trees and poplars to the mountain range that set a limit to the view; my ears to hear the grasshoppers, and the cicada in the breezy poplars, and, unless my memory exceeds its function, the hollow crunch of the apples in the cow's mouth; and my Unpoetic Sense to enjoy the smells of apple, grape, tomato, clover, now mainly one and now another, and sometimes a composite of all of them mixed with I know not what additional soporific and intoxicating fragrances. Brooding on this scene, and asking myself why it so often floated into my consciousness, I came to the conclusion that, whatever the cause, it did not arise mainly from the beauty of the prospect, since many a finer landscape which I had seen had promptly melted into the dark past. Nor was it owing to the fact that the landscape was striking, that it included elements so unusual that it could not be readily forgotten.

No, it was none of these, but rather what, through lack of better knowledge, we vaguely denominate "the spirit of the place." By this term I suppose we mean a spirit, an atmosphere, a spiritual unity, which envelops a place somewhat as the feeling of the poet envelops the poem, being everywhere and yet nowhere. So we speak of this as a typical scene of the Maine coast, or that as a view typical of what Mr. Burroughs has aptly called "the flat, featureless, monotonous, cornstalk-littered Middle West"; meaning that the very spirit of the austere coast of Maine breathes in this scene, and the very spirit of the open, almost blank countenance of Illinois is magically caught and held in that view. But are we not, in defining "spirit of the place" thus, adding mystery to mystery, or, in part, finding mystery where none is? Indeed, one of our writers on nature has become obsessed with the idea that "each locality" has "a personality of its own," an idea to which he has already devoted a pair of lengthy books, and since the supply of personalities that might be celebrated is well-nigh inexhaustible, one hesitates to think of what may be in store for us. There is no need of annihilating the phrase "spirit of the place," but there is need (if no other, the unwritten volumes suggest one) of arriving at a more tangible conception of what we mean when we use it.

It is pretty clear that the idea of a spiritual unity is insufficient. An amusing, but not uncommon, illustration of the uncertainties involved occurred the other day when, with a friend, I was looking at an exhibition of landscape paintings. We paused before an admirable picture of a red sawmill, before which ran a curving road, and behind which rose a high hill or low mountain. I could not help thinking of just such landscapes which I had seen in Pennsylvania many a time, and I am afraid was about to give utterance to my thoughts when my friend remarked: "Do you know, that's got the very spirit of New England? Remarkable how he caught it—it's exactly like a certain place I've seen near my wife's old home." Almost the only safe conclusion to be drawn from these remarks was that my friend had been in New England.

After all, do we not, in using the phrase "spirit of the place," have in mind, not a subtile element which covers the whole scene as the glass covers a water-color, but a combination of characteristic details? To me, that red sawmill stood in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, because, in the valley of the Juniata, I had seen hills of just the height and sky-line, and roads swinging with just the curve, that I beheld in the picture. To my friend, the sawmill stood in central Massachusetts, because it resembled a red barn he had seen there. We were both wrong, of course, since the painting did not contain enough characteristic details to be typical of any place. As for the landscape that I described at the outset, that has lingered in my memory so long, I am inclined to think, because, combining magically a large number of characteristic details, it *is* typical of a certain place which I once knew well, and has, consequently, a significance that it would not have if it were a random collection of details. The apple trees, the tall poplars, the line of cedars, the vineyard and tomato field, the weeping willows down by the brook, the little church and church-yard, the wave on wave of field and hill terminated by that alien range—all these characteristic details, when seen collectively, produce that sense of locality which we roughly call "the spirit of the place"; they become, so to speak, articulate, having a power of expression denied to many another landscape of the same countryside. The larger the number of these characteristic details, or the more unusual the details, the less the danger of confusing one spirit with another. If, in the case of the landscape above, I omitted several characteristic details, or if I omitted only one so peculiar to the place as the weeping willows, the possibility of reminding the much-travelled reader of quite dissimilar scenes would be greatly enhanced.

That it is these characteristic details that count is perhaps corroborated by the true sense of the phrase for which "spirit of the place" is a loose equivalent—*genius loci*. Properly, by *genius loci* we mean, nothing so delightfully vague as a spiritual aroma, but a concrete presiding spirit, such as the traditional snake. Thus we speak of the loon as the *genius loci* of a Northern lake, or the cañon wren as the *genius loci* of the gorges of Arizona, or the white pine as the *genius loci* of New England. In singling out in this manner one bird or tree or flower to epitomize the whole place, we are confessedly arbitrary, since we might just as well, perhaps, choose a different *genius*. The early summer meadow of New York State, for example, might be represented equally well, among the birds alone, by the bobolink, the meadowlark, the grasshopper sparrow, and the vesper sparrow. Each of these is an intimate part of the whole, and could therefore appropriately symbolize the whole. How intimate, through the faculty of association, is the relation between the characteristic detail and the whole, is comprehended by every one who has seen a wild creature, a *genius loci*, in a place that was foreign to it—like the scarlet tanager I once saw hiding from the amazed stare of a cluster of sparrows in the heart of a city. An interesting example of the power of the symbol to carry with it into alien surroundings the surroundings proper to it, was recently mentioned in a letter to the London *Times*. The writer remarked that he never smells the gorse when in full bloom on a hot summer's day without having a vivid memory of the sights and sounds of the beautiful South Sea Islands, owing to the fact that the odor of the gorse is the same as that of the copra, or drying cocoanut—an odor characteristic of those islands. In a somewhat similar way, my scarlet tanager brought me a vision of green woodland peace. It seems, indeed, worth while to know geniuses.

Norman Foerster.

Civil War Literature

By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

IV.

In dealing with the long diplomatic career of Lord Lyons* as a whole, Lord Newton is naturally most attracted to that portion of it in which he himself to an extent participated—the later experience of his chief as Ambassador of Great Britain at Paris during the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the long period of unrest and uncertainty which succeeded thereto; for Lord Lyons's tenure of the office covered the twenty memorable years between 1867 and 1887. In making such use of the large mass of American material at his service as commended itself to his sense of literary proportion, Lord Newton has manifestly felt under a certain constraint as respects the experiences of Lord Lyons. America being to him an unknown diplomatic quantity, the biographer seems to stand in a somewhat unnecessary apprehension of a still surviving sensitiveness. His sense of the humor of a situation at times, however, happily dominates. So we are now favored, again confidentially, with this really droll illustration of the difference resulting from the point of view. It affords what the late Horace Greeley would have termed "mighty interestin' readin'," when taken in connection with the memoirs of Mr. Gideon Welles. It very freshly describes a somewhat surprising conception which at one time seems to have obtained lodgment in the mind of the Secretary of State, but to which reference will in vain be sought in our own historical material, including the three solid volumes, "Service in Washington." Lord Newton says:

In August, 1863 [a month, be it observed, after the Gettysburg crisis] a somewhat surprising proposal came from Mr. Seward. In a confidential conversation with Lord Lyons he expatiated upon the necessity of reviving a better feeling between Great Britain and the United States, and of making some demonstration calculated to produce the desired effect. England, he said, had made such a demonstration before the war by the visit of the Prince of Wales, which had been productive of the happiest results. Now it was the turn of the United States to make a corresponding display of goodwill, but it was difficult to devise the means of doing so, as the President could not travel, and America possessed no Princes. Would Lord Lyons think the matter over?

The latter, having duly reflected, expressed the opinion that there was no real hostility to the United States in England, although there was undoubtedly a certain amount of sympathy with the South, and that consequently there was no necessity to take any extraordinary step. Mr. Seward, however, having returned to his suggestion of making some counter demonstration in the nature of the visit of the Prince of Wales. . . .

"The only conjecture I can make," wrote Lord Lyons, "is that he thinks of going to England himself. He may possibly want to be absent for some reasons connected with the presidential contest. If he thinks that he has himself any chance of being taken as a candidate by either party he is the only man who thinks so at this moment. It is, however, generally considered to be an advantage to a candidate to be out of the country during the canvass. I cannot see any good which his going to England could effect with regard to public opinion. If he considered himself as returning the Prince of Wales's visit, the absurdity of the notion would alone prevent its being offensive. The majority of the Americans would probably be by no means pleased if he met with a brilliant reception. He has, besides, so much more vanity, personal and national, than tact, that he seldom makes a favorable impression at first. When one comes really to know him, one is surprised to find much to esteem and even to like in him. It is however hardly worth while to say more on the subject, for it is a mere conjecture of mine that he was thinking of going to England when he spoke to me. It might however be of advantage for me to know whether you would wish to encourage the idea of some public demonstration or other, if he should return to the subject when I get back to Washington. I told him that so far as public opinion in England was concerned, the one thing to do was to let us really have a supply of cotton; that without this demonstrations and professions would be unsuccessful: that with it they would not be required."

Whether Lord Lyons's conjecture was well-founded or otherwise, the prospect of a visit from Mr. Seward possessed no charms for Lord Russell, whose antipathy to the American Secretary of State was pretty generally understood. "The following letter," Lord Newton adds, "appears to be full of good sense and instructive as regards the real value of those visits of exalted personages which produce such illimitable enthusiasm in the press." Lord Russell to Lord Lyons, October 2, 1863:

Upon considering Mr. Seward's hints to you of doing something here as an equivalent or a return for the Prince of Wales's visit to the United States, I do not see my way to anything satisfactory. These visits of Great Personages seldom have more than a transient effect; they form no real and solid relation of friendship between nations, though if undertaken at a fortunate moment, they serve to bring out and demonstrate a friendship already existing.

The visit of the Prince of Wales was thus fortunately well timed; but if Mr. Seward or any conspicuous statesman of the United States were to visit this country now he would find us all divided. The Government would show him every attention and civility: the Anti-Slavery party would probably make great show of sympathy by addresses and public receptions. But the party who press for recognition of the South would hold aloof, and in some unmistakable manner, prove that there is a great deal of sympathy with the South in this country.

In these circumstances I do not think that any such mark of friendship as Mr. Seward suggests would be likely to produce the good effect of which he is desirous. Mr. Sumner's conduct is very bad; he has taken infinite pains to misrepresent me in every particular. I have done my best to counteract his efforts by my speech at Blairgowrie. I don't know how far I may be successful, but I rely on your constant watchfulness to prevent any rupture between the two countries, which of all things I should most lament.

The question of the ironclads is still under investigation. The Cabinet must consider it very soon, and I have no doubt we shall do all that is right to preserve our neutrality free from just reproach—unjust reproach we shall not yield to.

Owing to continued ill-health, Lord Lyons was compelled to pay a visit to Canada in the autumn of 1863, and, upon his return to Washington in October, accompanied by Admiral Milne, then in command of the British South Atlantic naval force, he reports Mr. Seward in a more conciliatory frame of mind than ever, chiefly owing to the detention by the British Government of Confederate ironclads just referred to. "Mr. Welles and the lawyers at the Navy Department, however, still 'appeared to be thoroughly wrong-headed and unable to see that municipal law is one thing and International Law and the relations between Governments another.' The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, engaged on an electioneering tour, distinguished himself by spirited speeches, talking of 'taking Old Mother England by the hair and giving her a good shaking,' and was himself outdone (in anti-British rancour) by another distinguished politician, Mr. Sumner. There was in fact no sign of change in the feeling of the people at large towards us, and the visit of a Russian squadron to New York was made the occasion of an anti-British and anti-French demonstration."

We next obtain from these confidential communications a curious glimpse of one feature of our Civil War record to which American investigators have given scant attention. The bounty system in use in recruiting our volunteer army, and the abuses incident thereto, occasioned Lord Lyons an amount of trouble of which the patriotic American of the present day has little realizing sense. Complaining bitterly of the burden of work thrust upon him, Lord Lyons wrote to London:

It seems to me that everybody North and South who gets into trouble discovers that he or she is a non-naturalized British subject.

Lord Newton then proceeds:

Consequently, when hostilities began, the Washington Legation was besieged by persons who desired to be exempted from service by getting registered as British subjects. . . .

The difficulty really arose out of the defective military organization of the United States, which was based upon the voluntary system. The so-called voluntary system, which is in reality only a high-sounding device to impose upon an impecunious minority what ought to be a general obligation, may be an admirable institution in time of peace, but it invariably breaks down in a really serious emergency. . . .

At first these appeals [for additional levies] were responded to with the greatest enthusiasm, but it was not long-lived, for, as has been related, even as early as the battle of Bull's Run in July, militia regiments insisted

Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy. By Lord Newton. London: Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net. The work is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $8.50 net.

upon leaving at the completion of their period of service, and from that date the difficulty in finding recruits continued to increase. . . .

It became clear that not only was it difficult to attract volunteers, but also to keep them when obtained. In view of the methods employed in recruiting it was not surprising that the results were frequently unsatisfactory.

The usual method employed was to inform the Governor of a State of the number of men required. The Governor having made the necessary announcement, private persons came forward offering to raise regiments. Each set forth his claims, his influence in the State or among a certain portion of the population, and his devotion to the party in power. . . .

As the contest progressed, the bounty system was responsible for innumerable cases of kidnapping in which British subjects were the sufferers. Kidnapping especially flourished in New York, where the emigrants were an easy prey. . . .

In the autumn of 1862, Fire Island was filled with unfortunates cheated and deluded, or forced thither by the police who received ten dollars a head for each man. Now in addition to the enormous bounties offered, there is placarded in conspicuous places on the walls of the New Park barracks at the City Hall the following very suggestive notice: "Fifteen dollars Hand Money given to any man bringing a volunteer."

Lord Newton then quotes from a report of Gen. Wistar, in command of the national forces at Yorktown, Va. Gen. Wistar in this report calls attention to what he refers to as an "extended spirit of desertion prevailing among the recruits recently received from the North." He then goes on:

There seems to be little doubt that many, in fact I think I am justified in saying the most, of these unfortunate men were either deceived or kidnapped, or both, in the most scandalous and inhuman manner, in New York City, where they were drugged and carried off to New Hampshire and Connecticut, mustered in and uniformed before their consciousness was fully restored.

Even their bounty was obtained by the parties who were instrumental in these nefarious transactions, and the poor wretches find themselves on returning to their senses, mustered soldiers, without any pecuniary benefit. Nearly all are foreigners, mostly sailors, both ignorant of and indifferent to the objects of the war in which they thus suddenly find themselves involved.

Lord Newton, evidently with an eye to Earl Roberts's movement in favor of compulsory military service, now agitated in Great Britain, then goes on:

These outrages committed in the name of the Voluntary System, and many of the victims of which were Englishmen, constantly took place even after the Act of July, 1862, which provided for the enrolment in the militia of all able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and it may be presumed therefore either that the United States Government was afraid to enforce its laws or that the so-called "volunteers" were chiefly foreign subjects. In any case, amongst these unhappy victims were numerous British youths under twenty-one years of age, and the efforts made to obtain their discharge on the ground of their being minors were rarely successful and eventually abandoned altogether.

The wealth of undisclosed original material of the character of that here given—revelations from the inside of men, opinions, and events of our Civil War days—reposing in the archive-room of Norfolk House may be inferred from this fact: Lord Newton asserts that early in November, 1863, Lord Lyons had then already that year received from Mr. Seward considerably more than nine hundred notes. At some future time these will afford a rich field for the American historical investigator; but some conception of the Civil War work devolved on the British legation at Washington may be gathered from the official figures given by Lord Newton. During the year 1864 no less than 1,816 dispatches or letters were received from the United States Government; and Lord Lyons during the same period transmitted 2,782, addressed apparently to the Department of State. Lord Newton adds: "Nor does it seem probable that Lord Lyons's numerous private letters to the Secretary of State and other correspondents are included; whilst there is no mention of telegrams." Meanwhile, there is undeniable significance in this extract from a letter subsequently writen by Lord Lyons to Earl Granville, then Foreign Secretary: "Above all things, we must try and keep as much as possible out of Blue Books. If it is absolutely necessary to have one now, pray let me have an opportunity of looking over everything of mine it is proposed to publish, and suggesting omissions."

Lord Newton thus refers to the usual routine of the British Chancery at Washington during the Civil War:

The secretaries and attachés had to be at their desks at 9 a. m. They worked continuously without a luncheon interval until past 7 p. m., then adjourned to Willard's Hotel to indulge in the pernicious local habit of swallowing cocktails, dined at 8, and were frequently obliged to return to the Chancery afterwards and work till midnight or even later.

Elsewhere, reference as follows is made by Lord Lyons to the Washington of the war period:

It "is a terrible place for young men; nothing whatever in the shape of amusement for them, little or no society of any kind now; no theatre, no club." (I, 87.)

The simple fact is that with all who have personal recollections of it—now not a large number—the national capital of the Civil War period is, mentally, morally, and socially, an altogether unsavory memory. With its barrack-like taverns, unpaved, unkempt, and overcrowded, the common resort of the vicious and depraved of both sexes, it was a half-built, wretchedly governed, semi-Southern municipality suddenly called upon to meet the requirements of a great war, involving the presence of an improvised army and the daily expenditure of millions in paper dollars and fractional currency. Of Lord Lyons himself under such unattractive environing conditions his biographer now says: "He used to state, in after life, with much apparent satisfaction, that during his five years' residence in the United States, he had never 'taken a drink or made a speech.'"

Lord Newton concludes his comments on this subject as follows:

In spite, however, of the disadvantageous circumstances under which Sir Edward Malet passed his time at Washington, it is worthy of note that he considered that every one in the British Diplomatic Service should rejoice if he had the chance of going there, and he bore emphatic testimony that, according to his experience, English people were treated with extraordinary courtesy and hospitality however high political feeling may have run.

Physically broken down by labor of this sort, Lord Lyons welcomed his permission temporarily to return home in December, 1864. So thoroughly was he broken down that upon arriving in England and domesticating himself with his sister, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, he made little progress towards recovery, and was for a considerable time almost incapable of either physical or mental exertion. In the spring of 1865, it became necessary for him, therefore, to resign his post at Washington and to retire temporarily from diplomatic service. It is pleasant to find that in doing so his opinion of the American Secretary of State had risen, as the result of long and intimate relations, and he thus wrote to Mr. Seward of his own successor, Sir Frederick Bruce:

You will, I am sure, be glad to form with him the confidential and intimate relations which did so much, in my case, to make my task easy and agreeable. The friendly and unconstrained terms on which we were produced so much good, that I am most anxious that my successor's intercourse with you should be placed at once on the same footing.

Mr. Seward, upon being informed of the resignation of Lord Lyons, in a letter written to him under date of March 20, 1865, thus expressed himself:

I have never desponded of my country, of emancipation of her slaves and of her resumption of her position as an agent of peace, progress, and civilization—interests which I never fail to believe are common with all branches of the British family. So I have had no doubt that when this dreadful war shall be ended, the United States and Great Britain would be reconciled and become better friends than ever.

I have thought that you are entitled to share in these great successes, as you have taken so great a part of the trials of the war. But God disposes. I feel sure that if I never find time to go abroad again, you with recovered health will come here to see the reign of peace and order. So I shall not dwell upon our parting as a final one.

Lord Newton in closing thus expresses himself in regard to the service then rendered by Lord Lyons:

It was the good fortune of this country to be represented during a protracted and dangerous crisis by a man who, distinguished by exceptional prudence, tact, judgment, and sincerity, added to these qualities a most minute knowledge of his own duties accompanied with indefatigable industry. It is not too much to say that any one wanting in these

qualities would have found it impossible to prevent the calamity of war between England and the United States, and the diplomatist who successfully avoids a catastrophe of this nature and at the same time protects the interests of his country is as deserving of gratitude as the successful commander who appears upon the scene when diplomacy had failed.

So far, however, as the distinctively American investigator of our Civil War attitude towards Europe, and especially Great Britain, is concerned, what is perhaps not the least valuable intimation to be found in Lord Newton's biography is contained in a fragment of a familiar letter from Lord Lyons to Lord Granville, dated at Tours, September 19, 1870. The German investment of Paris, after the two capitulations of Sedan and Metz, was then imminent. Referring to a conversation which had just then taken place between the Prussian Ambassador at London and Lord Granville, Lord Lyons wrote:

On his part it is just the old story I used to hear in America from the Northerners: "The ordinary rules of neutrality are very well in ordinary wars, such as those in which *we* were neutrals, but our present cause is so preëminently just, noble, and advantageous to humanity and the rest of the world, that the very least other nations can do is to strain the laws of neutrality, so as to make them operate in our favor and against our opponents." (I, 323.)

News for Bibliophiles

THE FIRST PUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF JONATHAN CARVER'S TRAVELS.

[The material contained in the following article was originally printed for circulation among its members by the Wisconsin Historical Society.—Ed. The Nation.]

It is worthy of note that the first published account of Capt. Jonathan Carver's extensive Western travels, from his own pen, appeared in the Boston *Chronicle* of February 22, 1768, in the form of a letter to his wife at Montague, Mass., dated from Michillimackinac, September 24, 1767, and communicated to the paper by a "gentleman of distinction." For some reason, now completely hidden, Carver says in his "Travels" (London, 1778, p. 148) that he arrived at Mackinac in "the beginning of November, 1767," while in the letter which follows he specifically gives the date as the 30th of August. Here is Carver's letter in full:

My Dear—I arrived at this place the 30th of last month, from the westward; last winter I spent among the Naudoussee of the Plains, a roving nation of Indians, near the river St. Piere, one of the western branches of the Mississipi, near fourteen hundred miles west of Michillimackinac. This nation live in bands, and continually march like the roving Arabians in Asia. They live in tents of leather and are very powerful. I have learned and procured a specimen of their dialect [cf. "Travels," London, 1778, p. 82], and to the utmost of my power, have made minute remarks on their customs and manners, and likewise of many other nations that I have passed through; which I dare say, you and my acquaintance will think well worth hearing, and which I hope (by the continuation of the same divine Providence that has hitherto in this my journeying, in a most remarkable manner guarded over me in all my ways) personally to communicate. It would require a volume to relate all the hardships and dangers I have suffered since I left you, by stormy tempests on these lakes and rivers, by hunger and cold, in danger of savage beasts, and men more savage than they; for a long time no one to speak with in my native language, having only two men with me, the one a French man, the other an Indian of the Iroquois, which I had hired to work in the Canoe. I never received any considerable insult during my voyage, except on the 4th of November last, a little below Lake Pepin on the Mississipi. About sun down, having stopt in order to encamp, we made fast our canoe, and built a hut to sleep in, dressed some victuals and supped. In the evening, my people being fatigued, lay down to sleep: I sat a while and wrote some time by the fire light, after which I stept out of my hut. It being star light only, I saw a number of Indians about eight rods off, creeping on the banks of the river. I thought at first they had been some wild beasts, but soon found them to be Indians. I ran into my hut, awakened my two men, took my pistol in one hand, and sword in the other, being followed by my two men well armed. I told them as 'twas dark, not to fire till we could touch them with the muzzle of our pieces. I rushed down upon them, just as they were about to cut off our communication from the canoe, where was our baggage, and some goods for presents to the Indians; but on seeing our resolution they soon retreated. I pursued within ten feet of a large party. I could not tell what sort of weapons of war they had, but believe they had bows and arrows. I don't impute this resolution of mine to any thing more than the entire impossibility I saw of any retreat. The rest of the night I took my turn about with the men in watching. The next morning [we] proceeded up the Mississipi as usual, though importuned by my people to return, for fear of another onset from these Barbarians, who often infest those parts as robbers, at some seasons of the year [cf. "Travels," pp. 51-54].

My travels last year, by computing my journal, amount to two thousand seven hundred miles, and this year, from the place where I wintered, round the west, north, and east parts of lake Superior, to Michillimackinac, are two thousand one hundred miles; the total of my travels since I left New-England, is, four thousand eight hundred miles, by a moderate computation. Part of the plans and journals, with some letters concerning the situation of the country, I sent back with some Indians, which plans and letters Governour Rogers has sent some time ago by Mr. Baxter, a gentleman belonging to London, to be laid before the lords of trade. My travels this summer I am now preparing for the same purpose, which is the reason of my not coming home this fall.

I have seen the places where the Spaniards came and carried away silver and gold formerly, till the Indians drove them away, undoubtedly there is a great plenty of gold in many places of the Mississipi and westward. I trust I have made many valuable discoveries for the good of my king and country.

I cannot conclude without mentioning something of the superstition of the Naudoussees where I spent the last winter which agrees with the account of the father Hennipin, a French Recollect or a Fryar of that order, (who some years ago traveled among some part of the Naudoussees, tho' not as far west as I have been) has given of that people concerning books [cf. Thwaites's edition of Hennepin's "New Discovery," Chicago, 1903, p. 233]. I had with me some books necessary for my employment, which they supposed to be spirits, for as I by looking on the page when I first opened the book, could tell them how many leaves there were in the book to that place, they then would count over the leaves and found I told true; supposing the book was a spirit, and had told me the number, which otherways they judged impossible for me to know, they would immediately lay their hands on their mouths, and cry out in their language, Wokonchee, Wokonchee, which signifies, he is a God, he is a God; and often when I desired to be rid of my guests in my hut, I would open the book and read aloud, they would soon begin to go away, saying to one another, he talks with the gods. Many other remarks of the like kind I have made of that people [cf. "Travels," pp. 253-255].

They believe there is a superior spirit, or God, who is infinitely good, and that there is a bad spirit, or devil. When they are in trouble, they pray to the devil, because, say they, that God being good, will not hurt them, but the evil spirit that hurts them, can only avert their misery [cf. "Travels," pp. 381-382]. I have seen them pray to the sun and moon and all the elements, and often hold a pipe for the sun and moon and the waters, to smoak.

On my return to this place, I received the thanks of the Governor Commandant, who has promised he will take special care to acquaint the government at home of my services.

I have had my health ever since I left home, blessed be God, I hope you and all our children are well. I have not heard from you since I came away. Give my most affectionate love to my children. I long to see you all. I expect to be at home next July. I have two hundred pounds sterling due to me from the crown, which I shall have in the spring. Give my compliments to all friends and acquaintances. I am, My dear, your's forever,

Jonathan Carver.

Capt. Carver returned to his family at Montague in August, 1768, and lost no time in taking steps to have published in book form an account of his travels. The Boston *Chronicle* of September 12, 19, and 26, 1768, contained definite "proposals to the public." In these proposals, the book was described very much as it eventually appeared in London ten years later. The price was to be two Spanish dollars, and "subscriptions are taken in by Capt. Carver at Montague, and by J. Mein, at the London Book Store, north side of King Street, Boston." However, the traveller appears to have received little encouragement in his undertaking, and on February 22, 1769, he sailed for London in the Paoli, Capt. Hall, carrying with him, says the *Essex Gazette* (Salem, February 28, 1769), his draughts and journals, and good recommendations for his faithful service. After many vexatious delays, Carver's "Travels" finally saw the light in London in 1778, and rapidly became immensely popular. To satisfy the demand, many editions appeared in English, French, German, and Dutch.

And to-day the book is still widely read, and in its numerous editions it finds ready sale in the auction-room and elsewhere.

A word about Carver's estimable wife. He had married Abigail Robbins in 1746, and there is no evidence available to show that they were not on good terms at the time of the traveller's departure for London. But the sad fact is that Capt. Carver seems to have had nothing to do with his family after he left America, and while in England he contracted a bigamous marriage. He died a pauper in purse in 1780, leaving at least one child, a daughter, by this second marriage. The wife of Carver's youth survived him twenty-two years (in comfort, let us hope), dying, much respected, in the seventy-third year of her age, at Brandon, Vt., November 9, 1802, while living in the family of her son-in-law, Joshua Goss, who in 1774 had married her daughter Abigail. Mrs. Carver's resting-place in the old Congregational burying-ground at Brandon is marked by a simple slab on which her virtues are set forth.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

MR. ADAMS AS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No more welcome writer or instructive critic on either side of the Atlantic could have undertaken the task of reviewing Lord Newton's recent interesting Life of Lord Lyons than Mr. Charles Francis Adams.

Only yesterday I had occasion to turn to Professor Hadley's reference to the crisis of 1873, in which he says that a really great man, Mr. Adams, had appeared on the scene and promulgated an idea which has been of vital force and accomplished no end of good in corporate regulation ever since.

I regard Mr. Adams's account of the Washington Treaty of more service in cementing the two great English-speaking nations than all else that has been written to that end. And I shall, with a vast number of readers, look with the deepest interest for what he has to say in the *Nation*.

R. WEATHERBE.

Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, July 25.

JUSTICE IN ALABAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has just been called to the news-item from Mobile, reprinted in your publication of July 9, and your editorial comment thereon. In justice to this State, I desire to call your attention to some salient points which seem to have escaped your notice in connection with this matter. You arraign the administration of justice in Alabama because, according to the dispatch, a negro was convicted in this State of stealing or robbing (the words are used as synonymous) another of fifty cents, and sentenced to imprisonment for fifty years therefor, a whole year for each penny collected. The writer of this startling news makes no distinction between the offences of robbery and petit larceny, and you yourself fail to take note of the distinction. The truth is that this negro was convicted of robbery, one of the gravest crimes known to our law. It was so regarded by the common law of England, and is so regarded by the criminal jurisprudence of all our States. The crime is severely penalized because of the *manner* of its commission, and usually the penalty is fixed without regard to the amount extracted from the victim. While I have not access to a criminal code of New York, I know that a wide distinction exists in that State, just as here, between petit larceny and robbery. I cannot agree with you in your characterization of this case as an instance of incredible inhumanity. Whether this negro's gain amounted to fifty cents or fifty dollars, his guilt was equally great, for our highways must be kept free from such depradators for the benefit of rich and poor alike. Neither do I think you chose a good text from which to score us for our injustice to the negro. True, administration of justice in the South is far from perfect, just as in your own State. In my opinion, the negroes in this State usually get justice in the criminal courts, while the whites frequently escape. But that even happens sometimes in New York. In justice to our State, I think you should correct the gross injustice which you did us in the article above alluded to, and when again you are moved to preach to us, please start with a case where justice has failed, not one where it has triumphed.

ADDISON WHITE.

Huntsville, Ala., July 22.

AN ITALIAN BOOK-LOVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The bibliomaniacs appear to be passing unnoticed an anniversary which would seem calculated to stir reverent reminiscence—the bicentenary of the death of the most notable of their fraternity, the Florentine librarian Antonio Magliabecchi, which occurred in July, 1714.

Of humble origin, and in his youth unable to read and write, Magliabecchi worked for years in the shop of a dealer in fruit and vegetables; but he showed so keen and genuine an interest in the backs of books that a book-dealer across the way finally employed him as his helper. In a very few days, even before he had learned to read, he had made himself invaluable to the dealer because of his accurate knowledge of the location and price of every volume in stock. In the course of years he became the oracle of all the scholars in the city, for he never forgot the volume, edition, page, and line of a sentence he had once read. He studied the catalogues of every great library of Europe, and although he left the city limits of Florence only twice in his life and neither of these trips was more than half a dozen miles in length, he was said to be able to locate the contents of every other notable library as accurately as those of his own collection. On one occasion the Grand Duke is said to have inquired what the chances were of obtaining a certain rare and valuable book. "You cannot get it," replied Magliabecchi. "There is only one copy known to be accessible, and that copy is at Constantinople, in the library of the Grand Turk. It is the seventh volume in the third row from the bottom of the second case to the right as you enter." Magliabecchi's private library exceeded 30,000 volumes, and his rooms were piled with books from floor to ceiling, with only a narrow aisle between; but aside from books, his worldly possessions were limited to two straight chairs and a cot to sleep on.

Magliabecchi was so engrossed with his books that he very rarely undressed, but snatched an occasional hour or two of sleep in one of his chairs or on his cot, from which he never removed the heaps of books and papers, but threw himself across them without disturbing them. He was dirty and dilapidated to a shocking degree, since he never had time to give the slightest attention to his personal appearance. He was very considerate of the spiders who hung their festoons about his precious volumes, and became very angry if a visitor broke their webs in entering. His reputation was world-wide, and various monarchs tried to entice him to their courts, but since money, ease, and fame were alike indifferent to him, he paid not the slightest attention to their offers. He several times set himself and his possessions on fire in his absorption, but some one always intervened in time to save him, and he died a natural death at the age of eighty-one. His private library, which he bequeathed to his native city, is now the largest and most important in Florence.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Norman, Okla., July 25.

JEAN-LEON JAURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The greatest parliamentary tenor, as his opponents were fond of describing him, has passed away. The sarcasm fitted, almost too well; Jaurès too frequently allowed his voice to run to falsetto tones; but that unpleasant organ drew throngs; a Jaurès afternoon at the Palais Bourbon was not unlike a Caruso evening at the Opéra. Whether they had come to admire or to damn, all applauded; he did it so well; almost too well to appear absolutely sincere. Yet he was sincerity itself. His marvellous pyrotechnic displays were not tainted with mountebankism; his eloquence was almost a reflex. Jaurès could not help being eloquent. One is almost tempted to recall Daudet's fling at Southerners who never thought unless they were talking.

A child of fifteen, Jaurès loved to harangue his fellow-citizens and to explain to them the local issues of their little town of Castres. The boy orator was a plodder, too; he conquered his degrees at an early age, and graduated from the Ecole Normale, the most mandarinlike establishment of higher learning in France, at the head of his class.

At twenty-six he was returned to Parliament; lost his seat a few years later; taught philosophy at the Toulouse University; returned to the Chamber, and became, so to speak, an indispensable element of French parliamentary life. At one time he even rose to the dignity of Vice-President of the Chamber, which, for a Socialist, was no mean accomplishment.

Soon after his entrance into political life he identified himself with the Socialist movement; a group gathered around him which he ruled not dictatorially, but merely through the prestige of his extremely broad mind.

Jaurès soon took issue with Guesde, who clung to the orthodox theory, known as the cataclysmic, according to which collectivism will be forced upon the world overnight. Jaurès had a deep sense of the continuity of human history; he believed that the social revolution would only be accomplished by the definite and harmonious will of an immense majority. A revolutionary minority, he was wont to repeat, however intelligent and energetic, will never bring about a revolution.

Those who to Guesde were the conscious tools of capitalism—reformists, Radicals, or

mere Republicans—were to Jaurès the unconscious tools of Socialism. He never practiced exclusivism, he never hesitated to form alliances with bourgeois Republican groups whenever the Republic, which he considered as the indispensable basis for the building-up of Socialist institutions, was threatened by Royalist machinations. Charged before the Amsterdam Congress of 1904 with being an opportunist, Jaurès boldly declared that, in order to bring about the victory of Socialism, he believed in none but practical methods.

It may be that his death closed prematurely a chapter of his evolution which would have proved of intense interest. The man who had opposed the syndicalist idea of active minorities as stubbornly as the Marxist dogmatism surprised his own associates on July 17 of this year by offering a motion which committed the Socialist party to a purely syndicalist measure; the general strike as a response to attempts at mobilization. Guesde then branded him as a traitor to his party; French jingoes, who couldn't forgive him for advocating a rapprochement with Germany, called him a traitor to his country; a stupid youth did the rest. Whatever we may think of the man and of the politician, we must concede that he was a wonderful generator of activity, mental and physical. Present at every important congress, enlivening the debates with a flash, drawing fire from his opponents, and answering them in Chesterfieldian style, he, in a sense, made history wherever he went. In spite of his immense labors as agitator and leader he managed for ten years to contribute a daily article to his paper, *l'Humanité*, perhaps the most interesting product of a Radical party, as it constituted a consistent commentary on life, legislation, literature, and art. He also found time to embody in his book, "La Réalité du monde sensible," an interesting variation on the monistic theme. Historians have disagreed with the point of view he expressed in his voluminous work on the French Revolution, but its basis of facts has been found unimpeachable. An inexhaustible publicist, he had begun the publication of an encyclopædic history of Socialism.

ANDRE TRIDON.

New York, August 3.

LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the claim by opponents of prohibition that drug-using is most prevalent and serious where the sale of liquor has been prohibited, I wish, while the matter is still fresh in the public mind, to call attention to the extent of the drug traffic in New York, where there is certainly no lack of liquor, as indicated by the immense amount of news and comment in the New York papers.

The opponents of prohibition argue that if a prohibitory law is not enforced, it should be repealed, yet nobody seems to be arguing for a repeal of the Drug law.

I desire also to call attention to the traffic in drugs in the prisons as indicating how little regard the political appointees of a corrupt liquor organization like Tammany have for any law which they are supposed to enforce.

It is also noteworthy that the recent National Convention of Alienists and Neurologists put alcohol first in the list of the causes of insanity and derangement, and drugs lower down in the scale.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

New York, July 27.

Literature

A "STANDPATTER" OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By Philip C. Yorke. University of Chicago Press. $13.50 net.

A new life of Lord Hardwicke was much needed, for historians have been obliged to content themselves with the very prejudiced and untrustworthy life in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," the stupid three volumes by Mr. Harris, or the uninspired annals in the "Dictionary of National Biography." All three of these works show little understanding of the real services of Lord Chancellor Yorke to the development of English law, and they fail completely in making evident the reasons for his long possession of political influence. The present author, therefore, had an opportunity to produce a great and important contribution to our knowledge of the history of the eighteenth century by picturing in all its phases one of the most typical personalities of that age.

Mr. Yorke is a descendant of the Chancellor, and so had no difficulty in placing himself in the environment of his hero, through the perusal of family letters, listening to family traditions, and by the careful study of the activities of his ancestors chronicled in many state papers, private correspondence, and contemporary memoirs. The perusal of his three ponderous volumes gives evidence of his industry and his conscientious attempt to perform an act of piety; but that same perusal has left the reviewer with a feeling of having been present during most of the laborious undertaking. Like the real Lord Hardwicke, his biographer has taken the Chancellor very seriously and has woven into his narrative all the pomposity of the average eighteenth-century politician, until one longs for a little touch of George Selway's sprightliness when over his cups, rather than the same George's grim humor when present at his favorite entertainment in a chamber of death or at a hanging. Still the ponderousness of the biography may be excused on the plea that it reflects the seriousness of Lord Hardwicke's own life.

But the greatest disappointment of the whole book is that the author gives us no comprehensive view of Lord Hardwicke the politician. The word politician is used advisedly, for the author always calls him a statesman—perhaps a natural mistake for a relative and one who sees in the Chancellor the only hope of an expanding eighteenth-century Britain; but to understand the politics of the eighteenth century in England one should have studied the development of politics in ancient Rome or in modern United States, where similar conditions have produced similar results, an alliance of "Big Business" and politics with a natural lowering of political honesty. The Whig ring that managed to usurp all power under the Hanoverian dynasty finds its most similar counterpart in the Senatorial ring of Rome which was broken by Julius Cæsar, or in Tammany Hall of New York. Now, Lord Chancellor Yorke's great influence—benign his biographer calls it—was due to the fact that he allied himself with the right ring and proved himself, as a rule, loyal to his friends, just as the modern politician does.

Whiggism has always been a fetish among historians of the right party affiliations, and it is a fact that the best known and most popular historians have glorified the Whigs; and in writing of the development of Whiggism writers have always identified as real Whigs that particular faction which was led by Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle, whereas—provided Whiggism is to be identified with progressivism, as is systematically done by writers—that particular clique of "real Whigs" was of the ultra-conservative type and can be compared to the wing of our own Republican party which upholds the popularly designated creed of "standpattism." The author shows throughout his work no understanding of this very real distinction. His creed is expressed on an early page (143):

> The Whigs, who secured the Hanoverian succession, the national church, the law of the land, religious and civil liberty as far as the perils of the times permitted, together with the power and ascendency of Britain among the nations, constituted the only party capable of carrying on the administration at this time and worthy of the national confidence; and they were necessarily supported by all except those who had something to gain by a return to arbitrary government, anarchy, and confusion, and who could acquiesce in the subordination of British to foreign interests abroad.

Although the statement, if limited to the first years of the reign of George I, might pass as a somewhat biassed interpretation of a Whig gentleman, it is an absolutely wrong analysis of the condition for later years, particularly when the term Whig party is limited, as it is by Mr. Yorke, to a particular faction of politicians; and it fails therefore as a *vade mecum* through the intricacies of eighteenth-century politics. Yet Mr. Yorke assumes that his ancestor is always following the right and saving the empire, whatever combination his own faction makes with those formerly opposed to it. Hardwicke's introduction into politics was due to the Pelham interests, to which he remained faithful throughout his life. With his patrons he joined the forces of Sir Robert Walpole as long as his star was in the ascendency; but like the Pelhams, he felt that his political future would be served better with the downfall of that autocrat, so that his influence was lent for the purpose.

After the fall of Walpole there was a further division of the Whigs into factions, the two principal ones being that led by the Pelhams and Hardwicke and that of the Duke of Cumberland. Besides these, there was the progressive party, of which William Pitt was becoming the leader, and also the Leicester House faction of the Prince of Wales.

The chief aim of all these factions was the holding of office, and the game of politics simply turned on the possibility of ousting the "ins" or routing the "outs." Even such an important event as the outbreak of the French and Indian War was occasioned by the manipulations of the "outs," the Duke of Cumberland's faction; and the plot was so far successful as to bring some of them to power.

Of all these schemes and counter-schemes, there is sufficient evidence in the letters printed by Mr. Yorke, but there is no evidence of the author's understanding of their significance. Instead we get a picture of the Lord Chancellor as a great statesman, advising only what he regards as the best for the country. The game of politics was not for such an *Uebermensch*.

There has been, therefore, much left out by the author of these volumes that we should have expected to be included; but, on the other hand, there is much to praise. First of all, this is a life of the Lord Chancellor which gives an adequate and authoritative treatment of the externals. Controverted points are carefully investigated, and although historians will not accept the decisions where they depend on interpretations of important historical events, still there are sufficient data presented to form a personal judgment. It is a pity that more space is not granted in three volumes to treat at greater length Lord Hardwicke's contributions to the development of the law of equity, but to a careful reader of the life it is very evident that his services in this field have been great and are his surest titles to fame.

Another service of the work is an admirable pen portrait of the Duke of Newcastle. To picture this fussy, self-seeking politician was not a difficult task, as he has revealed himself—so unlike the ways of Lord Hardwicke—through his letters. There has never been a satisfactory publication of Newcastle's letters; but in these volumes we have numbers of them that will make possible a better estimate of the man.

Mr. Yorke has fortunately broken away from the time-honored English method of incorporating the private letters and public documents in the text of a biography, a practice that compels a cutting of the text to fit the needs of the composition. Instead of this, the author has printed after each chapter of narrative a collection of letters written by and to the Earl of Hardwicke. He has not, however, had the courage to print these in their entirety, and in his preface he confesses that certain liberties, such as modernizing the spelling, have been taken. On the whole, the selection of letters has been well done, when it is remembered from what a large mass of material the choice had to be made. Still, such a selective method is not sufficient for historical students, and a great service to research in both England and America would be performed if steps were taken to publish *in extenso* the extant correspondence of eighteenth-century politicians.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Sheep Track. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Celebrity's Daughter. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

These novels are sufficiently alike in theme and in species to be mentioned together. They both belong to that order of minor English fiction which deals conjointly with the life of art and the life of fashion. The "artistic temperament" is a well-recognized asset for novelists, but hardly more valuable than the aristocratic temperament. Mayfair is not less thrilling than Bohemia; where the two impinge, romance greatly flourishes. "Trilby" was merely a piquant rendering of the old theme. The "sheep track" of the first of these novels is, as may be imagined, the path followed by conventional society. The writer loses no opportunity of elaborating the metaphor. Her heroine, Marica Fayne, though her father is, as it were, a registered animal, has been bred away from the track. Fayne is a scholar and antiquary who chooses solitude as a setting for his remote thoughts. He worships beauty in the colder "classical" sense, and brings up his daughter in ignorance of everything ugly to eye or mind, taking it for granted that she will continue satisfied with his way of life. But she is young and beautiful, and has her instincts, to be confirmed by her first contact with the world. That world divides itself for her into a world of pleasure and a world of happiness. At first she identifies the one with the other, and both with the life of "society"—the sheep track. Unluckily for our satire, the portraits of sheep chosen as typical—notably a Lady Grundisburgh and a Lady Plumpton—are ridiculous and feeble caricatures. The young Earl of Windlesham, with whom Marica falls in love, and from whom she barely escapes, is, from what we have gathered of earls, somewhat more credible. But it is Peter Trent, the plain, solid man, waiting unobtrusive in the background, who really seems most like a person (Fayne himself is a monster). We are glad, for several reasons, to leave Marica in his hands.

The "Tempe" of "The Celebrity's Daughter" is a very different sort of girl from Marica Fayne, a more modern type of heroine. She tells the story herself, in that tone of "frankness" which means a deliberate abstention from modesty, not to say decency, and which marks a type of female now frequently and publicly pleased with herself. The celebrity, Vero-Taylor, whom his daughter always calls "George," is understood to be a novelist of distinction. We find him a shabby cad who has eloped with a woman of title and does not know what to do with her. He borrows right and left, but the ménage is supported chiefly by an allowance made to the lady of title by a former admirer, and another made to the distinguished novelist by his injured wife, Tempe's mother. Mrs. Vero-Taylor would be a somewhat more remarkable person in real life than in a novel. Deserted by her husband, she becomes at once an accomplished and popular actress. She will not give her "George" the satisfaction of a divorce. In the end, however, her hand is forced in two ways. The woman of title is a baroness in her own right, and if her forthcoming son by "George" is not legitimate, the poor innocent will lose what would otherwise be his birthright. This consideration works upon the actress's motherly heart. Secondly, George is made dramatic censor, and has in his hands the fate of a play which his wife believes will make her fortune. The upshot is a refined bargain by which the wife yields her husband a divorce in return for his favorable verdict upon her play. As for Tempe, the girl, she loves a young man of family whom she knows to be an utter rake, and who finally disappears from view in the rôle of a co-respondent, on the way to a cynical marriage with his latest victim. A drunken "Aunt Gerty" and numerous comic society people supply an element of even more buoyant mirth to this charming tale. There would seem to be no essential disharmony shown here between the wayside strollers of art and the followers of the social sheep-track. The moral is that, with certain differences of usage, they are all equally nasty.

The Autobiography of a Happy Woman. Anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Transition: A Psychological Romance. By Lucy Re-Bartlett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

First, a caution to the reader not to be led by the title of our first to look for anything pleasantly idyllic in these pages. The writer is a militant woman, happy because she has won her personal fight, a fight against the inherited helplessness and dependence of her sex, not in politics, but in the ordinary business of living. What she has here written is not properly an autobiography, but a tract. The style is lively and aggressive. It disposes, for example, of the present day as "a money-mad age whirling dervish dances round the umbilical cord of its own ego." The upshot of the matter is that this woman succeeded in making her own way in the material world, and thinks it a necessary and beautiful thing that all women should be able to do that. She has a raging contempt for the "generation of women that had to marry willy-nilly, or be damned," the generation that was helpless and nerveless when thrown upon its own resources. The book presents neither a consecutive story nor a sustained and progressive argument. We learn something of the writer's experiences as student, schoolmistress, woman of business, and journalist. But she continually interrupts her own story to tell the stories of other women, and to point and repoint her single moral. She is fond of italics, and of simple, strenuous words like "swat" and "bump" and "smash." For in the creed of current feminism the swat is mightier than the slumper.

In "Transition: A Psychological Romance," no such vulgar word is to be found, nor is the thing itself admired for its own sake. Nevertheless, this is a novel or series of dialogues strung together on a slight thread of plot, in defence of English militancy as one of the natural manifestations of that "coming order" which Mrs. Re-Bartlett has already celebrated in more than one volume of essays. The Hugh and Maimie of the tale are intended as mere types; the girl, of the young woman whose mind and spirit are full of the new cause, but whose heart still yearns for a mate among the unjust sex; the man, of the thick-headed citizen, wedded to the traditional notion of a female sphere, yet hopelessly in love with one of the recalcitrants. Poor Hugh—we rather pity him, he is so evidently a man of straw set up to be demolished, or converted. He seems really "a decent sort," deserving better of fate than his continual rôle of listener. The lectures he has to hear, the *argumenta ad hominem* supplied by his innocent heart, make up together a course of sprouts predestined to be too much for him. Maimie is not only a pretty girl and a militant—she is a mystic on the way to becoming an Illuminate. After and beneath her in all her phases, honest, bewildered Hugh must struggle till he comes to a knowledge of the only formula by which she may be won. The story as a story is rather absurd, but the author is not a novelist, and confides to us in her Foreword that the need to sketch pictorially the new order of life has so worked upon her that "reluctantly, fearfully," she has felt driven to adopt a literary form which she "never thought, and never wished, to touch." Such an enterprise, if the novel is really a literary form, takes courage. If Mrs. Re-Bartlett had chosen the epic or the dramatic form for her criticism of the hour, she would have been laughed at—if any one could have been found to give her a hearing at all. It is understood that one cannot step casually into success in either of those fields. But the novel is fair game.

The Day that Changed the World. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is a sort of sequel to Mr. Begbie's other books about conversion; but whereas the others dealt with observed fact, this is an attempt at millennial fiction. The topic is peculiarly fitted to bring out the author's weak points—lack of creative imagination and occasional want of humor. On the "Day" all professing Christians suddenly find that they really believe in God. This, in Mr. Begbie's view, includes belief in immortality, and in heaven and hell. It is affirmed over and over again that the hell which awaits sinners is a place of eternal torture. The realization that there is an actual God of love who condemns the wicked to everlasting agony affects different classes and persons in different ways. Fashionable ladies go slumming and take the poor for drives in their motor cars; great corporations raise wages or announce profit-sharing plans; the Bishop of Brompton and many others take to warning prostitutes in the streets that they are on the road to perdition; the leader of the Conservative Opposition in Parliament offers co-operation in reform legislation to the Liberals; the militant suffragettes transfer their enthusiasm to a campaign "for modesty, for simplicity, for dignity" of dress. "There is something definitely, flagrantly irreligious in the very spirit of women's dress. One cannot even think of St. Mary in the dress of to-day. . . . Mrs. Frothingham [leader of the militants] told me it was fifty thousand times more inspiring than campaigning for a vote." All this might be made very amusing, and some of it is so; but Mr. Begbie's intention is absolutely serious.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

Life of Walter Bagehot. By His Sister-in-Law, Mrs. Russell Barrington. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.

It is not easy to judge such a work as this. The writing of English biography has fallen so predominantly into the hands of amateurs, addicted to padding and platitudes, that a proper norm of comparison scarcely exists. How commonly, after going through one of these contemporary lives, we are reminded of the words of Bagehot himself: "Are you not conscious yourself that you do not know so much of a man just after reading his biography? It requires time to let the encumbrance of circumstances pass off. Just in the same way there is no singleness, no unbroken, defined, unified delineation of character in contemporary narrations." Judged thus, by comparison with the stream of amateur essays called biography, Mrs. Barrington's work is excellent. But by any stricter norm of criticism it would have to be condemned pretty severely for its mass of irrelevant matter and its futile circumlocutions.

To be more precise, the first six chapters (considerably above a third of the whole book) are intolerably long-drawn-out. The rambling account of Bagehot's childhood at Langport and education at University College, London, is written by one who had no first-hand knowledge of her subject, and had few documents to rely upon. The letters quoted are the usual meaningless correspondence of a boy; there are few telling anecdotes, and the attempt to trace the character of the man to the surroundings of the child, as generally happens with those who try to bend the bow of Sainte-Beuve, is merely a multitudinous waste of words. Most distressing of all is Mrs. Barrington's harping on the occasional insanity of Bagehot's mother and the effect of this family anxiety on his temperament. It would have been well to have this matter out, once and for all, clearly and explicitly; but the continual allusion to it, with never a straightforward statement of Mrs. Bagehot's form of mania and its consequences, is unnecessary, and even exasperating.

There is an abrupt change for the better with the visit of Bagehot to Paris in 1851, when he was twenty-five years old. Though he had already begun authorship in a small way, the shock of the *coup d'état* seems to have first set his real powers in motion. The letters which he wrote to the *Enquirer* on the political situation of France are still good reading, containing, among other memorable sayings, his famous characterization of the English people: "I fear you will laugh when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people whose liberty is to be progressive, permanent, and on a large scale: it is much *stupidity*." A shrewd paradox, but whether true or not, or whether the truth lies rather with Goethe's belief that the French would be saved in the end by their *intelligence*, only time and the college debating society can decide.

With this visit to Paris, Bagehot's private correspondence also begins to show the color of his genius. There is, for instance, in a letter to his father, a vivid description of the barricades, not without a useful glimpse into the nature of revolutionary mobs in general. We can quote only a few lines:

> The people making them [the barricades] were of two very unlike sorts. Immensely the greater number were mere boys or lads, *gamins* is the technical word, the lower sort of shopboys and sons of the better artisans, not bad-looking young fellows at all, liking the fair, and in general quite unarmed. Besides these and directing them were a few old stagers who have been at it these twenty years —men whose faces I do not like to *think* of—yellow, sour, angry, fanatical. who would rather shoot you than not.

From this time the interest of the life flows in a full stream, despite the meandering style of the biographer, and with the exception of one long and impertinent excursus on the acts of the biographer's father in India. We follow now the Bagehot we already knew from his books, in his career as banker with the great house of Stuckey to which his father belonged, in his editing of the *Economist*, and in his introduction into the higher political circles through the Right Hon. James Wilson. From the purely human point of view, one of the most entertaining sections of the book is that which tells of Bagehot's visits to the home of Mr. Wilson at Claverton, and his relation with the family of daughters there, one of whom he married, and another of whom is the present biographer. Indeed, Bagehot was the most human of men, as any reader of his literary or economical essays knows, and Mrs. Barrington was quite right in making this characteristic of the man the keynote of her narration. Even the dull routine of bookkeeping could not depress his spirits. "I have devoted my time for the last four months," he writes to his very close friend, R. H. Hutton, "nearly exclusively to the art of bookkeeping by double entry, the theory of which is agreeable and pretty, but the practice perhaps as horrible as anything ever was. I maintain, too, in vain that sums are matters of opinion, but the people in command here do not comprehend the nature of contingent matter, and

try to prove that figures tend to one result more than another." As a matter of fact, this astute economist and analyst of finance was never a master of addition.

Mrs. Barrington quotes at considerable length from Bagehot's essays, and adds criticisms which are sometimes wise and sometimes not. At the very beginning of the book she makes this statement: "A striking point about all his work is that he not only has mastered his subjects exhaustively, but enjoys them keenly." The second point is abundantly true, and explains the unfailing zest and gusto in Bagehot's writings, even when they deal with topics seemingly the most remote, to use one of his own fine phrases, from "the hearth of the soul." But the first point made by Mrs. Barrington is true only with reservations, particularly in his literary essays. His criticism is always interesting and buoyed up by a profound and sympathetic understanding of human nature; the critic seems to have lived literature. But his actual baggage of book-learning, as we have been trained to demand this by the great and exhaustive critics of France, is sometimes rather slender. He will give you the man Shelley to the life, and the human value, or lack of value, of Shelley's poetry; but for a genetic study of romanticism and Shelley's place therein, we must go to other sources.

A word must be said in conclusion in regard to the proofreading of the book. This is not only bad in the ordinary sense, but is disfigured by such monstrosities as "Hissus" for *Elissus*, and "Oeneas" for *Aeneas*. In several places such errors as "came" for *gave*, or "felt" for *left*, turn sense into nonsense.

ROME AND HER LOCAL COMMONWEALTHS.

The Municipalities of the Roman Empire. By James S. Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of these lectures, delivered originally in the University of London, has been heard also at the Lowell Institute in Boston and in Columbia University. The object is to present the Roman Empire in the aspect of a vast federation of local commonwealths, each retaining in some degree the characteristics of the earlier "city-state" of the Græco-Roman world. It is a view well worthy of extended presentation, but the fragmentary character of the evidence remaining with regard to the local constitution and administration even of any single one of the vast number of municipalities concerned makes the task an almost hopeless one from the outset.

After speaking of the extent to which the Roman dominion grew, Dr. Reid says:

> Scholars by profession know well, but students less advanced often fail to realize, that through this marvellous evolution there runs a continuous thread of history which is rather municipal than imperial.

If he had said that there runs through it virtually a separate thread for each separate municipality, these almost countless threads falling into more or less closely related groups, and all finally centring at Rome, he would have expressed his own view more fully and conveyed to the reader more clearly the perplexities of his task as an historian. It is no reflection upon the skill of the author to say that the result makes extremely hard reading, and the fact that he has been able to hold audiences together in three different cities for the delivery of such intractable material in an extended course of lectures must be taken as a compliment both to his own power as a speaker and to the intellectual earnestness of his hearers.

One might readily imagine that Rome, in her pathway to world-conquest, would have reduced municipal organization to a single type as she went, in the interest of convenient administration. But she knew the nature of the populations with which she had to deal too well to attempt to crush local pride under the odious weight of a dead uniformity imposed from without. Her demands were for a long time little more than the minimum which would safeguard her own suzerainty, and the later encroachments on local autonomy were but the working of internal elements of decay which were destined to bring her own ruin.

The differences marking the municipalities under her control grew out of various causes. The old idea of the "city-state" naturally tended to variety, as the history of the Greek cities so vividly shows. Cities which owed their birth and growth to the slow working of natural causes differed as a class from the large number of those which were founded at a stroke either as a bid for glory on the part of the founder or as a means of holding conquered territory. Again, the cities of the eastern half of the Empire, all through its history, were marked by characteristics profoundly different from those of the West. The Empire was thus a vast system of laboratories of experiment in municipal administration, never seriously hampered by arbitrary imperial interference with local methods. But if no ruinous pressure was felt at this point, it did finally come at another. The material demands of the Imperial Government grew gradually heavier and heavier. Mines, forests, fisheries, and other natural sources of wealth fell more and more under control of the emperors. The manufacture of necessary articles for the military and official service went generally into the same hands. The requirements of the Government post service were a severe burden upon all towns along the routes, and the delivery of corn and other provisions for public use was a heavy weight upon municipalities and farmers alike. And so it happened that the Empire itself drained away the life-blood from these local communities which alone had given it its vitality. Dr. Reid's closing words sound like an echo from the pages of Tacitus:

> In this tragedy of ruin it is difficult to assign any great rôle to human will. No movement in history wears more the appearance of a destiny, sweeping along in an ever-growing flood, imperious and irresistible.

This book could not possibly hold the interest of one who reads for mere entertainment. It is distinctly for the student, who has some knowledge of Rome already and is willing to do vigorous intellectual labor for more. One is sorry that material worked over three times for oral delivery should have been allowed to go to the press and through the press in such shape as to require two pages of *addenda and corrigenda*. It should also have been impossible for a book to get by the proofreaders of the Cambridge Press with two separate referenees to the Colonia Agrippinensis (Cologne) as constituted in 50 B. C., especially when in both cases the Emperor Claudius is mentioned in immediate connection with the incident. Are our best publishing houses possibly relaxing in their sense of responsibility in points of mere scholarship? We would not, however, close with an unfavorable impression. The wealth of matter which the author has here brought together is really indispensable to any earnest student of Roman history.

A TRAVELLER DE LUXE.

Impressions de Sicile. By Princesse Marie Wolkonsky. Paris: Librairie Hachette. 1914. 20 francs.

This sumptuous quarto, brightened by a number of colored reproduetions from the author's own paintings and printed on paper kindly as well to the eye of the reader as to its profusion of well-selected photographic illustrations, will certainly make Sicily live again in the imagination of any one who has had the good fortune to travel there. The Princess made her tour by automobile, starting southward from Messina and holding closely to the coast until she reached Selinunte. From Selinunte she passed northward to the Segestan ruins, through Alcamo to Palermo and then close along the shore to Capo d' Orlando. A break in the road east of this point made it necessary to turn southward into the mountains, and Messina was finally attained by way of Randazzo, Franeavilla, and Taormina, with the addition of many fine views of Ætna to the original sehedule. Her first sight of the colossus on reaching the summit of the Sierra del Ré, some twenty miles distant, ealls forth this passage; it was in the winter, with the snow mantle falling well down the slopes:

> The obliquely shining sun cast shadows of transparent blue and tints of opal over its sinuosities. A white flaky smoke, losing itself in the clear heavens, crowned the majestic cone. What a marvel, this spectacle of Nature! Ætna, like a gigantic diamond, darts its dazzling fires over the roseate background of the sky. We stop, entranced by this fairy spectacle, wholly unlike that of the snowy peaks of the Alps.

Her likening of the mountain to a diamond recalls the Italian habit of speaking of its fertile slopes as "empearled" with the farm-

houses which gleam in the distance, and the disaster which crushed so many of those farmhouses only a few weeks ago brings back to the mind as well the comment of René Bazin, "seulement, quand le géant se secoue, les perles tombent!"

She did not climb Ætna, and it may well have been a commendable feeling of fitness that led her to leave that awe-engendering summit to its conspicuous seclusion. It is not so easy, however, to find a satisfactory explanation of the fact that Mount Eryx (modern San Giuliano) was not included in an itinerary unhampered by imperative limits of time or expense. Gregorovius, the historian of mediæval Rome, was charmed with the place, though with an attitude not unnatural to a German of fifty years ago he felt it necessary to deny that the Æncid had any part in the attraction. But an educated traveller from France, even in these days, should be too susceptible to the spirit of Virgil to pass unconcerned within a few miles of ancient Eryx, which adds to its Virgilian memories so magnificent a view of the Mediterranean underneath, Sparagio looming into the upper blue to the east, the lofty Egatian Islands under the sinking sun, and the salt basins, wheat fields, and vineyards stretching off southward towards Marsala and Mazzara. Nor did Castrogiovanni, the ancient Henna, with its wealth of Sikel and Greek legend, lure her into the interior. In fact, the evidence of this volume goes far to fix Princess Wolkonsky as too essentially a modern to do full justice to her subject. There is much to appeal to the eye in Sicily, even if its past were utterly unknown, but there are few localities in which a sympathetic grasp of remote history and legend will yield heavier returns to present appreciation.

Of course, such a tour involved occasional lodging in places where hotel accommodations were but ill-adapted to Parisian sensibilities. In one case, at least, the beds were so uninviting to a more intimate acquaintance that the night was passed *sans déshabiller*, with sleep still further destroyed by the uproar of the "artists" of an ambulant kinematograph outfit, and the dust of that town was somewhat indignantly shaken from the tires of the Wolkonsky automobile at the hour of five in the morning, "la nuit . . . la plus mauvaise de tout notre voyage." The volume does not show much evidence of a sense of humor sufficient to minimize such infelicities of travel, though the author had been much amused the evening before at this same hotel by the naïve reply of "don Peppino" to a request for six eggs for the next morning: "Je suis incapable de les faire, mais la patronne le pourra." Whether the unusually early hour of departure forestalled the capability of "la patronne" we are not told. A slip in geographical names may be pardoned, but one feels more like granting grace to the author than to the house of Hachette for such an error as occurs in a paragraph on "an unique view" from a hilltop near Solunto. "D'un coté, le regard plonge jusqu' à la lointaine Palerme toute empourprée de soleil; de l'autre, l'œil est captivé par la beauté du golfe de *Trapani*." It would indeed be "an unique view" if the eye could pierce all that lies between Solunto and Trapani. Of course, the Gulf of Termini Imerese was meant.

Notes

"Love Insurance," by Earl Derr Biggers, is announced for publication by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Among the volumes announced for publication in September by Thomas Y. Crowell Company are: "Bullfinch's Mythology"; "Hints for Young Writers" and "I Had a Friend," by Orison Swett Marden; "The Man Napoleon," by William Henry Hudson; "Women of the Classics," by Mary C. Sturgeon; "Stories from Browning," by Rupey C. Turnbull; "Stories from Wagner," by J. Walker McSpadden.

The announcement comes from the Oxford University Press that it is about to issue a new series of small anthologies under the general title of "Oxford Garlands." The first four volumes of this series—Religious Poems, Sonnets, Poems on Sport, and Love Poems—will be published early this month. The poems have been selected and briefly annotated by R. H. Leonard.

"Chessmen in Action," by W. P. Turnbull, and "Lessons in Pawn Play," by the Rev. E. E. Cunnington (Dutton; 60 cents and 75 cents net, respectively), are timely in view of the increasing interest now manifested in the game. In the former Mr. Turnbull gives many interesting end-play problems, in which different pieces are employed, showing their relative values and methods of play. The lessons in pawn play are particularly valuable to beginners, and one hundred examples are given with their solutions, so that the novice may learn the reasons for moves and combinations.

"Game Protection and Propagation in America," by Henry Chase (Lippincott; $1.25 net), is a useful handbook covering all important phases of a subject that is fortunately attracting more and more attention. The economic as well as the sentimental reasons for game conservation are stated, the necessity for education of the public opinion emphasized, the State, national, and international phases of the matter severally considered, the legal phases of property in game discussed, and many practical suggestions given on such subjects as the field-work of game-wardens, the restocking of game covers, the propagation of game fishes, and the fighting of forest fires. An appendix gives a model constitution and code of by-laws for the formation of game clubs, organized, of course, for purposes of conservation.

Those who are frightened by the formidable six volumes of Mr. Macauliffe on "The Sikh Religion" will be glad to turn to the little volume by Dorothy Field on the subject "The Religion of the Sikhs" (Dutton; 70 cents net). The author evidently does not work from first-hand sources, but contents herself with using translations of native texts. As a result, we do not obtain anything new in the presentation of the subject, but the little compilation is useful as giving in a brief form all the essential facts of the curious religion of the Sikhs. The specimens of hymns seem to have been chosen with care and illustrate some of the views and doctrines brought forth in the body of the volume.

"The China Year Book" for 1914 (Dutton; $3.50 net) has been considerably revised and enlarged since its predecessor appeared last year. The editors mention the difficulties that the compilers of a book of this kind have had to meet in view of the disturbed political conditions in the country, but so far as can be gauged in a cursory examination of the volume they appear to have overcome these obstacles in a satisfactory fashion. The department entitled "Who's Who?" which, we are informed with pardonable pride, "contains nearly twice as many names as appeared in the 1913 edition," should prove of especial service to distressed journalists wrestling with the perplexities of Chinese nomenclature. It will be an inestimable boon, for instance, to have at hand an exact authority for the spelling of "Amuerhlingkuei," which is the first name on the list of the distinguished ones. The chapters on Commerce and Industry have also been amplified, and in the department dealing with Greater China, Lieut. G. C. Binsteed contributes a valuable chapter on Mongolia. The preparation of the list of names of members of the Senate and House of Representatives must have been a somewhat discouraging task, for a large number of the names have asterisks against them indicating that their possessors were "unseated by Presidential orders, November 4, 1913," and there is an afterthought in the form of a footnote to remind us that the National Assembly was dissolved by the autocratic Yuan Shih-Kai in January of this year.

The same publishers bring out this year for the first time "The South African Year Book," by W. H. Hosking ($3.50 net), a convenient work of reference which supplies a very real need. Subsequent editions will doubtless be considerably revised and amplified. In particular, the pages devoted to Races and Languages appear to us to be inadequate, and information concerning the Boer element in South Africa is scanty; we have, for example, found it impossible to discover from the Index any figures giving the ratio of the Dutch population to the British, the only comparison used being apparently, that between white and colored. The figures on Agriculture also leave something to be desired, unless the Index is seriously at fault, for, though there are plenty of statistics giving the values of production, nowhere are we able to find any estimate of the area of land under cultivation. Doubtless, these and other deficiences which use of the book may reveal will be supplied in subsequent editions. Meanwhile, "The South African Year Book" will form a welcome addition to the reference library.

As Napoleon wished his fame to rest upon his Code, so Lord Milner preferred, as he said in the farewell banquet at Johannesburg, "to be remembered for the tremendous effort, wise or unwise, in various particulars, made after the war, not only to repair its ravages, but also to restart the New Colonies on a far high-

er plane of civilization than they had ever previously attained." Mr. W. Basil Worsfold's two volumes, "The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner" (Dutton; $7.50 net) are an excellent statement of what this tremendous effort was and what great results it accomplished. They are a continuation of his earlier book, "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa, 1897-1902," and cover nominally the three critical years from the final surrender of the last Boer Commandos by the Vereeniging Agreement of May 31, 1902, until Lord Milner's retirement from South Africa in March, 1905; but they include also an interesting "epilogue" in which the author summarizes the economic and constitutional changes in the Transvaal and Orange Colony until May 31, 1910, when these new colonies joined with Natal and Cape Colony in the creation of the Union of South Africa.

Lord Milner's is a figure around which still rage burning controversies. He was the steadfast and outspoken champion of that British Imperialism whose greatest exponent was his chief at the Colonial Office, the late Joseph Chamberlain. When the latter resigned from the Balfour Cabinet in 1903 on account of Tariff Reform, Milner was offered his place, but with a characteristic sense of duty he declined the office on the ground that he could not leave his work in South Africa. Mr. Worsfold, too, is an imperialist and expounds imperialism vigorously. He also gives evidence of the soundness of his views and supplies a wealth of valuable information which he has gained from a study of the Blue Books, from his access to Lord Milner's own papers and private diaries, and from his wide opportunities as editor of the Johannesburg *Star*. He admires enthusiastically Lord Milner's unquestioned administrative ability; he appreciates sympathetically Lord Milner's efforts after the war to raise Boer and Briton into mutually respecting, loyal, and contented citizens of the British Empire at a time when the Boers held aloof from his Crown Colony Administration and when the British Radicals criticised him because he did not think it prudent to grant responsible government immediately; and he sees in retrospect to what a great extent Lord Milner's measures of administrative improvement and unity prepared the way for the eventual Union of South Africa. This being so, his volumes are a vigorous defence of Lord Milner against ignorant critics in England as well as a clear and valuable History of South Africa from an Imperial point of view.

The first volumes catalogued in Ernest A. Baker's "A Guide to Historical Fiction" (Macmillan; $6 net) are Jack London's "Before Adam" and H. G. Wells's "A Story of the Stone Age"; and it brings its compendious list to Gen. Charles King's narratives of the Philippine insurrection and to Pierre Loti on the Turkish unrest ("Les Désenchantées"). The book will fill a gap on reference shelves into which Mr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide" has imperfectly fitted. A simple plan divides the thousands of items, classification being made into nations or groups of nations (Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary, for example, are considered together), and each division is then considered as to historical periods or episodes. Nearly three-fourths of the heavy volume is usurped by the British Isles, America, and France; but even Africa receives twelve pages, and Asia twenty-five. As in the author's "Guide to the Best Fiction," each book gets from a score to several hundred words of description, the date of appearance, publisher, price, and main editions being noted. The principles of selection are generous, and books like the Sagas and Cid, Defoe's pseudo-histories, Fielding's and Dickens's social studies, and Henty's juvenile books, are cheek by jowl with deliberate, carefully documented pieces of novelized history like "Romola" and "War and Peace." Want of literary merit is no bar, as in Mr. Baker's companion volume; the number listed is portentous. A single index includes authors, titles, and geographical and historical names. The mass of information presented inclines one to be lenient with deficiencies, such as the omission of volumes of short stories like Daudet's and Coppée's on the Franco-Prussian scene, or George Moore's "The Untilled Field," as deep a study of actual Irish conditions as is easily found; and the rare omission of an outstanding work, as Bazin's "Les Oberlé." Of errors, only a few parallel the listing of Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolboy" under the English Colonies. Users of the volume must be careful to note that when a given work covers a span of years the date under which it is indexed represents the end of the period.

In "Bread and Cireuses" (Lane; $1.25 net) Helen Parry Eden wears with grace two very different mantles. In verses of childhood she shows a tender and subtle observation; in humor and satire her work is full of neat outcroppings of the Horatian spirit. The poems which celebrate Betsey-Jane's first party, the pinafore bought in Bruges, her relations with Four-Paws and Jocko, and her incontinent desire to go to heaven, are cunningly etched pictures, with an interfused maternal feeling. Among the topical skits to which Mr. Eden lends a hand practiced in *Punch* and elsewhere are "The Vegetarian's Daughter," "To a Journalist," and "A Lady of Fashion on the Death of her Dog," all bringing a past brilliancy and spice to present-day topics.

> Who now with quavering eloquence wouldst fill
> And tiding of a pilfered purse, the street
> Maddened with motors and the armored fleet
> Of base mechanical engines out to kill.
> Go, thou sole arbiter of Buff and Blue,
> Time hath prevailed against thee, yield the floor,
> Toil, on bare sufferance, from door to door,
> The hooters hold the highway;—as for you,
> You voice the missing ha'pence of the poor,
> And they the incomes of the well-to-do.

A musing philosophy in several of the Betsey-Jane poems rises to poignancy in the "Epitaph on a Child"; while the "Elegy for Father Anselm" has stateliness of march, and there are a few souvenirs of Drayton and others of his age.

Students of the legend of Tristan and Iseult will welcome "Isoldes Gottesurteil in seiner erotischen Bedeutung: ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte" (Berlin: Hermann Barsdof Verlag), by J. J. Meyer, for it offers a remarkably full collection of parallels to the motif which gives its title to the book. Those who are familiar with the version of Gottfried von Strassburg will recall the incident of how Iseult passed unscathed through the ordeal of carrying a glowing piece of iron in her hand as a test of the truth of her asseveration that she had always been faithful to her husband, King Mark. In view of her intrigue with Tristan, it was hopeless for her to make such an asseveration without qualifying it. She accordingly contrived an incident with a supposed beggar which enabled her to except this person in her oath, without exciting the suspicion of Mark and his barons that she had been really unchaste. The beggar was, of course, Tristan in disguise. She had thus fulfilled the literal requirements of the oath, and consequently escaped unharmed. This motif of the ambiguous oath is especially common in the Orient, and the examples which Professor Meyer brings together are accordingly drawn mainly from the literature of India and other Eastern countries. As might be expected from the nature of the "Tristan" episode, which they are intended to illustrate, these tales are licentious in the extreme. On the other hand, some of them, like the story of Durgila (given here in German quatrains), possess undeniable literary merit, and they all throw light on the primitive attitude of mind which views the literal fulfilment of an oath without regard to its spirit as satisfactory even to God.

The very abundant notes at the end of the volume are full of valuable information on the rather unsavory subject of eroticism in the East and mediæval Europe. Similarly the first part of the book is devoted to a general discussion of conceptions of love in European literature during the Middle Ages. Beneath the conventional veneer of the *amour courtois*, the author sees nothing but sheer grossness and brutality. There is, of course, a considerable element of truth in this view, but Professor Meyer injures his case by his unrestrained exaggeration. There were gleams of light even in the Dark Ages that do not appear in his picture. In conclusion, one cannot but express wonder that the author should have taken no pains to make his book usable. He has not divided it into chapters, and one has to find one's way through his pages as best one can.

The Philistine enigma is discussed by Prof. R. A. Stewart Macalister, the well-known Palestinian excavator, in "The Philistines, Their History and Civilization" (Oxford University Press). The origin of this people has been a standing puzzle—it has been held that they came from Crete or from the coast of Asia Minor. Macalister, after detailing such hints as are given in the Old Testament and in Egyptian and other inscriptions, concludes that they probably came from both these regions—a non-Semitic seafaring people, who, like the Northmen, descended on cultivated coasts, seized territory, and established kingdoms. But he confesses that the data are not sufficient to warrant a positive assertion. One bold hypothesis he ventures to put forth—he holds that it is to the Philistines we owe the so-called Phœnician alphabet; but the grounds on which he bases his argument are precarious, and this hypothesis must be relegated to the limbo in which other explanations of the origin of our alphabet repose, there to stay till we have more light on the early Mediterranean conditions. Professor Macalister has not solved the great problems involved in his investigation, but the materials he has collected help us to understand the general life of western Asia in the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B. C.

"The West in the Diplomacy of the American Revolution," by Paul Chrisler Phillips, published in the Social Science series of the University of Illinois, is a careful investiga-

tion based upon documents in the French, English, and American archives. Mr. Phillips's main thesis is that Vergennes's policy was dominated throughout by the desire to humiliate England, and that he never had any desire to secure an increase of French possessions in America. He maintains that the "Memoire Historique et Politique sur la Louisiane par M. Vergennes," published in Paris in 1802, and relied upon by Professor Turner, was a forgery. According to Vergennes, France would be sufficiently benefited, first by securing the independence of the English colonies, secondly by attaching the new nation to France, thirdly by increasing the territory of Spain in America at the expense of England. Much new material has been used to support this thesis; and in the main it seems well established. The difficulty of Vergennes's policy lay in the fact that while Spain was hostile to the independence of the colonies and determined to extend her interests in the Mississippi valley, the colonists insisted upon the Mississippi and the Great Lakes as their rightful boundaries. The chief embarrassment of Vergennes, therefore, arose from the necessity of reconciling the conflicting interests of his allies. Against Spain he insisted upon independence for the colonies; but he wished Spain to be satisfied, and could not support the colonies in their extreme western demands.

Mr. Phillips shows that it was this attitude of Vergennes in respect to the disposal of the West, and particularly the excessive zeal of his agents Girard and Luzerne in support of Spanish interests there, that gave rise to the anti-Gallic sentiment in Congress and the appointment of Jay and Adams as peace commissioners. In the opinion of Mr. Phillips, Girard and Luzerne supported Spanish interests far more vigorously than the instructions of Vergennes warranted, and the suspicion of the latter's sincerity which Jay and Adams carried into the negotiations was entirely unnecessary. There is doubtless truth in this. Yet it is true that Vergennes wished to satisfy Spain as well as the United States, that he was content to insist upon the independence of the colonies without raising the question of what the boundaries should be, and that he neither thought they had any valid claim to territory west of the Alleghanies nor made any effort to aid them in securing that territory. If England had retained Canada, including the northwest territory, and Spain had secured Florida and the greater part of the southwest territory, would not the United States have been bound irrevocably to the French alliance? And in that case would not France have been in a position to exercise a first-rate influence in the New World? One can with difficulty avoid the inference that Vergennes would have been very well satisfied with such a solution. Yet it is true that he did not make any serious effort to prevent the United States from acquiring the territory which they desired. Mr. Phillips has presented his material in a clear and vigorous style, although with a good deal of unnecessary repetition.

The second volume of the Harvard Studies in English consists of "The English Moralities from the Point of View of Allegory" (Boston: Ginn; $2), by Prof. W. Roy Mackenzie. The author, in his own words, has taken "high ground." He not only proposes a new definition for morality play, but contends that his is the only right one. He approaches the type as a botanist studies a new flower. He fixes upon allegorical structure as the distinctive mark of the species, and then applies this means of identification rigorously. "The Nice Wanton," usually classed with the moralities, is excluded, because, although "the moral is insisted upon more steadily and more earnestly than in many of the full-fledged Moralities," "while the play lacks allegorical structure, no amount of moral earnestness can retain it in the class." "Kynge Johan," frequently connected with the history play, is included, because, although "it is evident that a thread of history runs through the play from beginning to end," "this historical thread could be removed in a few moments, and the play would remain, in texture, exactly as it is now; whereas any attempt to remove the allegorical element would result in the complete dismemberment of the play." Not only is the definition perfectly logical, but the classification of moralities based on it is consistent. It brings out more thoroughly than has hitherto been done the allegorical elements in the various kinds of morality. In spite of harboring a doubt as to whether any phenomenon in literary history is truly to be studied by this inelastic method of natural science, one entertains a hope that Professor Mackenzie will turn his study of allegorical method to further account in throwing more light on the provenance of this type of drama.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

In the days when the London Underground Railway was never free from smoke, the men employed on that road were reported to be singularly exempt from consumption. Since electric traction took the place of steam trains, this hygienic distinction has been lost. The railway, however, is making a new reputation for its station flower gardens, which compete annually for prizes awarded after an inspection by the directors. The chief hindrance of a tunnel gardener, it seems, is not the lack of light or the difficulty of watering, but the draught set up by passing trains.

The Church of England continues to be disturbed by the unrest among English women. Hunger-strike litanies in St. Paul's and bombs at Westminster Abbey have now been followed by the demand that women shall be admitted to the priesthood. Some of the Nonconformist denominations—notably the Friends and the smaller Methodist bodies—have at various times made effective use of a female ministry, but in such cases the motive for the offer of service has been evangelistic zeal, not sex equality. The *Guardian*, the leading Anglican paper, dubs the proposal a "preposterous suggestion," and there is not the least prospect of its being seriously entertained. At the same time it is receiving sufficient support to become the source of a troublesome agitation.

One of the youngest and most popular of Swiss authors, M. Gonzague de Reynold, of Geneva, has lately published the first volume of a book entitled "Cités et pays suisses." His object is to call attention chiefly to the aspect of Switzerland which so often escapes the notice of the tourist who hurries directly to the Alps, and neglects "the plain." The work is partly historical, partly descriptive. This volume deals with "la Suisse romande," a second will treat of "la Suisse allemande." M. de Reynold is a poet as well as a prose writer, and his new book contains some lyrical pieces which are not without beauty.

Prof. Adrien Naville, who recently retired from the philosophical faculty, is a member of a family which has done much for the University of Geneva, and which has been for many years associated with the intellectual development of the town. His father, Ernest Naville, a man of profound learning and an author of great critical ability, was his predecessor in the chair of philosophy. The son, after teaching philosophy at Neuchâtel, came to Geneva, where he has had a large and faithful following. Among the books and many philosophical writings which he has published, the most important is his treatise on the classification of the sciences, which is quite the most satisfactory discussion of the subject which has appeared since the time of Auguste Comte.

The art collection at the Berne national exposition has caused a great deal of almost abusive criticism. M. Simonet, a very competent judge, writes: "Never, I believe, was an exposition of paintings dishonored, anathematized, and yet more frequented than this national exposition." The fault seems to be that of the jury who, it must be admitted, have shown little discrimination, and have hung next to pictures of undoubted excellence works which awaken disgust and derision. Strange to say, indignation is excited not merely at the vices of technique and manner, and at the barbarity of the contrasts of color and eccentric draughtsmanship, but also at the subjects of many of the paintings, which give one an impression of ethical and æsthetic decadence. Probably the jury was not able to oppose the new ideas and methods of the younger school of Swiss artists, whose ideal seems to be a deformed imitation of certain foreign masters.

The Paris season has had its tragedy in bibliophily. Those who still remember that there were Symbolists may also recall the name of Paul Verlaine's "accurst poet," young Arthur Rimbaud. The sonnet in which he attributes particular colored audition to each vowel would be substantially all that remains of his work if it were not for the unending malodorous publications about his relations with Verlaine. He tired dreadfully of poets and versifying at eighteen, and was lost to Paris ken. After nineteen years, during which he gave no sign, his death was announced from the Red Sea, where he had lived at peace with his conscience trading in Abyssinia. A thin book of verse, "Saison en Enfer"—the only one published by himself—he had himself suppressed soon after its appearance in 1873. Only six copies, held dear, have been known to exist—until, after forty years, two hundred uncut copies have just been found lying forgotten in the printer's store-room at Mons, in Belgium. The owners of copies—previously rare—insist that the author's intentions shall be carried out, and these inconvenient volumes be suppressed. There is an unprized and little-sold common edition of the poem in a volume of collected works of Rimbaud, which he never saw; it was published by Symbolists long after he had deliberately forgotten them and was dead. As to bibliophiles, Tristan Bernard says that he has a copy of every known edition of Fénelon's "Télémaque"—and that he has never read the book.

Science

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

The Call of the Stars. By John R. Kippax. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The author has hit upon a plan, essentially quite new, of compiling into a single volume not only the material of astronomical fact and theory, but also judicious excerpts from the vast stores of legendary lore that form a precious heritage from the ages. So "The Call of the Stars" is of course in no sense a text, still less a treatise for the technician, but rather a sort of cyclopædic compendium of astronomical literature drawn from the widest variety of sources, literary, historical, and scientific. Each chapter is a unit in itself, and forms a continuous story. There is no attempt at fine writing; indeed, the style as a whole is rather subdued, indeed prosaic in spots. It is nevertheless a good, honest, successful attempt to present in authoritative and well-balanced fashion the entirety of astronomical appeal at the present day.

The style is lightened by an exceptional variety of poetic quotations, showing a wide acquaintance with astronomical allusion in all literatures, from Hesiod and Aratus to Walt Whitman and Lydia Sigourney. Astrologic and legendary quotations are profuse. The main facts of descriptive astronomy, with here and there a geometric explanation, are set forth in plain language, without frills, much less pleasantry; and while it is a mere compilation, with no pretence of being anything else, it will be found especially useful to schools as a work of reference, and exceedingly useful to magazine and newspaper writers, who are continually under the necessity of presenting the different phases of astronomical progress, in their attempt as educational media to instruct the public, along with their fancied function of cleverly amusing it.

The stars proper take up about half of the book, and are divided into four seasons, with their appropriate constellations in succession. Orion is especially well and fully done, and the huge magnitude of the neighboring dog-star is quaintly and, for aught we know, cosmically accounted for by Zacris Topelius, the late Finnish poet, who states that "the lovers Zulamith the Bold and Salami the Fair, after a thousand years of separation and toil, while building their bridge of starry light, the Milky Way, upon meeting at its completion—

> Straight rushed into each other's arms,
> And melted into one.
> So they became the brightest star
> In heaven's high arch that dwelt,
> Great Sirius, the mighty Sun,
> Beneath Orion's belt."

Astrological stories form a frequent and welcome inclusion; and the fact is noted that Virgo as a feminine sign is astrologically unfortunate, as in England to-day. The star maps are rather insufficient in size for actual study of the sky. The illustrations, from recent work at the great observatories, are, as a rule, excellently chosen, though one is here and there defective in printing. The selections from the abounding field of art might well have been more numerous in a book of this character, with the history of all such allusions, often of exceeding interest. Barnard's fine photographs of Mars afford no suggestion of canals.

The moon receives the fullest exposition, as we might expect, in what is perhaps the best chapter of all, though the illustrations are not quite up to standard, that of the full moon not representing that body at the full at all. Adjoining the principal temple of the Sun at Cuzco was a chapel consecrated to the Moon, the acknowledged sister-wife of the Sun, and the deity held next in reverence to him, as the mother of the Incas. The zodiacal light and the *Gegenschein* are not omitted, but we should like to have seen more about the glacial epoch, tidal evolution, zones in the asteroid ring, and celestial photography; though if we except the colors of the stars, there are very few topics about which less might have been said. This author is rather too positive about the planetesimal hypothesis, and Kippax accepts See and Lowell as if ultimate authorities, crediting many wondrous things to the Arizona Observatory which are persistently invisible from other parts of the world. Nevertheless, he makes a very serious effort to be judicial in all controversial questions concerning Mars. In the matter of stellar ages, our real knowledge is far from being complete enough for unconditional statements.

The book is well printed and bound in the usual Putnam form. Blemishes of literary style are not frequent, and printers' errors are pretty nearly eliminated (excepting pp. xvii, 315, 369); standard time was introduced in 1883 (328); it is Stephen's law (370); the year of Kuhn's spectroscopic work on Saturn is 1895 (393); Tempel (411); perturbations of Uranus, not Neptune, have been employed to locate a possible trans-neptunian planet; why should the earth's "gravitative influence cease at 620,000 miles"? (313); and the reputed canals of Mars have been just as well seen with little instruments as big ones (371), sometimes perhaps a trifle better.

"The Call of the Stars" will be found a most useful book for libraries, and it deserves rewriting and bringing down to date every few years. The rather abrupt ending might well be modified, and an ampler index would be found very helpful. Nevertheless, it is easily among the best English compilations of astronomical fact and fancy.

The increasing popularity of the rock garden is in a measure attested by the publication of a second edition of a competent British work, "Rock Gardens: How to Make and Maintain Them" (Scribner), by Lewis B. Meredith. In chapters on The Site, The Natural Rock Garden, The Artificial Rock Garden, The Rockwork, The Soil, Propagation, Planting the Rock Garden, Cost, etc., the author covers the ground carefully from the point of view of an experienced gardener; and the second half of the book is devoted to an Alphabetical List of Plants Suitable for the Rock Garden, with full particulars of their habit, time of flowering, cultivation, etc., including a number of valuable plants not listed in the earlier edition. Some parts of the book—especially the chapter on cost—will need translation in the light of American conditions, but this does not seriously affect the usefulness of the book. It is well printed and illustrated, and contains an index.

"Flowering Plants of the Riviera" (Longmans; $3 net), by H. Stuart Thompson, is a handy guide to the local flora of the Riviera. Most modern manuals of botany are now arranged upon the system generally known as Engler's, in which the relationships, as now understood, are clearly presented. In the system of Engler, the families which are regarded as the lower are treated first, and the series closes with the most complex. In the system adopted, with one important modification, in this volume, the series begins with the Crowfoot family, and places the Compositæ not far from the middle. So far as the search for the name of a plant in a manual is concerned, there is very little difference between the two systems. It is enough to say that the system here used is exceedingly conservative. The author has given clear and concise descriptions, and has done a good deal towards explaining some of the puzzles of distribution. The reproductions of some excellent water-color paintings are successful in most cases, but they lack sorely some definite standards of measurement. On account of this lack, plants of large size and some of very small size are jumbled together, without any caution as to the great disparity which exists.

Prof. Paul Reclus, the noted French surgeon, died in Paris on July 29. Professor Reclus was born on March 7, 1847, at Orthez, in the Basses-Pyrénées. He was educated in the College of Sainte-Foy-la-Grande and in the Lycée of Nîmes. He was a professor of clinical surgery in Paris University, and was principal surgeon in the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu. Professor Reclus was a member of the Academy of Medicine and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was the author of several works on various diseases and on surgical practice.

Prof. Francis Humphreys Storer, who died in Boston on July 30, was born in the same city on March 27, 1832. He studied at Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard, and was assistant in chemistry at Harvard to Professor Cooke from 1851 until 1853. He then served as chemist for the United States North Pacific exploration expedition, and after that service went abroad to continue advance studies and research. In 1865 he was made professor of general and industrial chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, remaining there until 1870. He became professor of agricultural chemistry at Bussey Institution, where he remained until 1907, after his first year there becoming dean of the Institution. He was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Professor Storer was the author of several scientific works, including "Dictionary of the Solubilities of Chemical Substances," "Manual of Inorganic Chemistry," "Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis," and "Agriculture in Some of its Relations with Chemistry."

Drama

A PERSISTENT SEASON—GLEAMS OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTMENT—LONDON REVUES.

LONDON, July 17.

In defiance of unusually fine weather and warmth, though not excessive, yet above the average, the theatrical season, like Charles II, takes an unconscionable time in dying. We are well past the middle of July, yet there are two moderately important events still ahead of us. One is the production of a play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, entitled "A Woman Alone," which is an attempt to urge a middle course between the complete subjection and the complete emancipation of women. Mrs. Clifford believes in the active and intelligent coöperation of women in the affairs of the world, but she would leave the voting power to men. Having read the play, I think I may safely prophesy that it will neither check the militants in their mad career nor damp the ardor of the men and women who are working for woman suffrage by legitimate methods. That woman suffrage will come before long seems to me personally as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow; and it is equally incomprehensible to me that some people should seek to hasten the inevitable by burning churches, and that others should dream of retarding it by half-hearted arguments, dialectical or dramatic. Mrs. Clifford's argument, so far as I can follow it, is neither a very forcible nor a very clear one.

The other impending event is the first English production of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Hitherto it has lain under the censor's ban; but an unwonted spasm of common-sense has overtaken the Lord Chamberlain's office, and not only "Monna Vanna," but Ibsen's "Ghosts," after having headed for years the list of immoral works, is suddenly certified as fit for human consumption. As both plays are well known in America, I need not enlarge upon the absurdity of the situation. "Monna Vanna," to my thinking, is a bad play. There is no logical or psychological justification for the insulting condition which Prinzivalle attaches to his demand for Giovanna's visit to his tent. It is grossly inconsistent with his attitude of reverent adoration, and has therefore an air of being dragged in for the sake of its suggestiveness. So far, I think the censor could have made a plausible defence of his veto. But one artistic error does not make an immoral play; and the whole tone of M. Maeterlinck's drama ought to have placed it far above the censor's censure. The case, however, falls in with a theory I have long maintained: namely, that, where the censor has any show of reason on his side, it is almost always on account, not of any moral blemish, but of some artistic blunder committed by the author.

The removal of the embargo from "Ghosts" was celebrated on Tuesday last by a public performance at the Haymarket Theatre, organized by the indefatigable Mr. J. T. Grein, whose Independent Theatre gave the first private performance of the play a quarter of a century ago. Here again, if any excuse could be found for the censor, it would be in one or two artistic flaws which, for my part, I confess to finding rather painful. For example, Oswald's defence of "free marriages" on the ground that legitimate marriages are too expensive is so absurd that it gives one a little shock not only to hear him adduce it, but to find Mrs. Alving accepting it without demur. The whole gist of his argument is that these unions are as stable and as fruitful as though they were legalized; how, then, can the trifling cost of the actual ceremony have anything to do with the matter? The censor might, not entirely without reason, have argued that he could not give his sanction to a play in which irregular unions were defended by shameless special pleading, against which the champion of conventional morality, Pastor Manders, is not suffered to advance any effectual protest. But, in fact, the whole history of "Ghosts" illustrates the unreasonableness of censorship as an institution. That the play is, in every true sense of the word, profoundly and austerely moral, no one who knows it can doubt; yet there are certainly things in it to which an official guardian of conventional morality cannot reasonably be expected to give his deliberate sanction. The mistake lies in imposing, or seeming to impose, upon any one the duty of guaranteeing all the sentiments expressed in a dramatic work. Either he will be a vexatious futility or he will crush the whole moral and intellectual life out of the drama. The former is the alternative realized in the recent history of the British censorship.

Its vexatiousness is illustrated in a play which Mr. H. B. Irving produced last week at the Savoy Theatre—"The Sin of David," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. It must be twelve or thirteen years since Mr. Phillips, then in the first flush of his dramatic activity, told me that he had sketched a play on the subject of David and Bathsheba. I warned him that the censorship blocked all Biblical subjects: his own "Herod" was barely allowed to pass, because, though the title was Biblical, the action was not. He found on inquiry, I imagine, that he might as well attempt to put King Edward as King David on the stage; wherefore he transferred his scene of action from Judæa to Cambridgeshire, and made his David and Uriah a general and colonel in the Parliamentary army during the Civil War.

The loss, of course, was enormous. The Oriental environment would just have suited Mr. Phillips's lyric method, and though the story was doubtless rather too cynical to be handled with ease, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Phillips, at that stage of his career, could have overcome its difficulties. Transferring it to England, he lost not only the atmosphere and the temperature of the original, but was compelled to water down the theme almost into insignificance. His Sir Hubert Lisle is not a majestic criminal like the King of Israel, but only a man who performs what is almost a duty under circumstances which make the duty almost a crime. He does not, like David, invent the forlorn hope which is to rid him of Uriah—Mardyke; the opportunity occurs in the ordinary course of the campaign, and Mardyke is the one obvious man to be detailed for the job. The case becomes one of subtle casuistry—an interesting dramatic motive, no doubt, but not to be compared with the torrent of passion which sweeps David onward, so blinded by desire that he is, it would seem, genuinely surprised when Nathan, after telling him his own black story in parable, winds up with the incomparably dramatic "Thou art the man!" There is nothing in Mr. Phillips's play at all analogous to this scene: in so far, at any rate, the censorship has impoverished English literature.

"The Sin of David," regarded simply as it is, without reference to what it might have been, suffers from Mr. Phillips's characteristic short-windedness. It is not so much a fully-developed drama as a scenario with some of its dramatic passages clothed in lyric verse. But short-windedness in blank-verse drama is infinitely preferable to long-windedness—the rock on which so many an ambitious play has split. It may, at any rate, be said for Mr. Phillips that, if he leaves us somewhat unsatisfied, he often charms and never bores us

A play produced a few nights ago at Wyndham's Theatre interested me a good deal, not by reason of its own merits, but because of the mystery of its obvious relationship to Mr. George Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate." It is called "From Nine to Eleven," and its author is Mr. Walter Hackett. The scene is carefully non-committal; nothing is said to locate it either in America or England; but from many small indications I judge it to be in fact American. Has it been acted on your side? I do not know. Did it precede "Seven Keys to Baldpate"? I do not know. All I know is that the author plays the same trick upon his audience which Mr. Cohan plays in the piece which Mr. Charles Hawtrey is to produce some six weeks hence. A jeweller from whom a lady has obtained a valuable necklace "on approbation" is dunning for its return. She cannot return it until eleven o'clock, and it is now only nine—how is the jeweller to be kept quiet during the interval? She appeals to her uncle to exercise his well-known powers of romance and keep the impatient creditor fascinated for two hours. Then, without any warning except a momentary darkening of the stage, we find ourselves plunged into a lurid and variegated detective story, enacted by the same characters to whom we have already been introduced; and it is only at the end of the third act that we find it to be a "sell"—

an objectivation, so to speak, of the story which the uncle is supposed to improvise for the benefit of the jeweller. Though the actual plot is wholly different from that of the "Seven Keys," the mechanism is identical; and it seems rather unlucky that the public should have been thus put on the scent, as it were, of the joke to be played upon them in Mr. Cohan's amusing "mystery farce."

An interesting special matinée was given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre a week or two ago, when a political comedy by Lady Randolph Churchill was produced, under the title of "The Bill." A minister has staked his reputation, and almost his life, on the passage of a universal suffrage bill. The measure is like to be defeated through the desertion of a group of the statesman's own party, headed by an influential baronet. But the statesman's second wife, an ambitious, domineering woman, obtains possession of a very compromising letter which the baronet has written to the statesman's daughter-in-law, and uses it to force him to abandon his opposition to the bill. When the daughter-in-law, however, learns that this blackmailing machination is going on, she determines to defeat it even at the expense of her own good name, and by making a clean breast of her indiscretion (it was no more) to set the baronet free to vote according to his conscience. He does so; the bill is defeated, and we gather that the statesman's life is shattered, though he does not actually die on the stage. The play is fairly skilful and fairly entertaining; but these modest merits are not, unfortunately, enough to distinguish it from the crowd of semi-successes. If any one should know political life in England, it ought surely to be the widow of one Cabinet Minister and the mother of another; yet Lady Randolph has not quite escaped that air of unreality which somehow clings to political plays above all others. The production was notable for a charming performance of the indiscreet but generous-hearted daughter-in-law by Miss Marie Doro.

I have lately been making a round of the great variety theatres which are given over to the craze for so-called "revues"; and, without being unduly confident, I think I can perceive a certain upward movement in these formless fantasies. Those which are now running are on the whole decidedly better than "Hallo, Ragtime!" at the Hippodrome, which set the fashion some eighteen months ago. In that I could discover no redeeming feature except the acting of Miss Ethel Levey.

What is remarkable about these huge machines is their international character. They are not really English at all, but Anglo-Franco-Russo-American. Among the leading artists, other than dancers, the American element largely preponderates. Apart from Miss Ethel Levey, who I think has the makings of a serious actress, Miss Elsie Janis, at the Palace, easily heads the list. She has very genuine cleverness, refinement, and charm, and may fairly be said to make the success of "The Passing Show." In all of the productions Americans are prominent and popular, and have so set the style that I took for Americans one or two performers who turned out, on inquiry, to be English. The French element comes in mainly in the scenery and dresses. Paul Poiret has dressed several Alhambra shows, and in most of the productions there are one or two scenes of real originality and beauty by French painters. An odd phenomenon, by the way, is the sustained popularity of a series of French revues, played from beginning to end in French, at the Middlesex Music Hall in Drury Lane. I went to see "Vive L'Amour!" the other evening, and found it so thoroughly Parisian in its slang that most of the jokes escaped me. Certainly the popularity of these pieces is an amazing symptom of the "entente cordiale," though there is perhaps more cordiality than "entente" on the part of the English audiences. The Russian element is to be found in the dancing. Many of the actual performers are Russians, and the influence of the Russian Ballet is perceptible at every point. On the whole, in spite of many vulgarities and inanities, these entertainments show a certain aspiration towards beauty, wit, and even intelligence, which is not to be despised. And their internationalism is, to my thinking, a valuable feature. It is something for two nations to have even their vulgarities in common.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Music

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MUSICIAN.

Ecole Buissonnière. Par Camille Saint-Saëns. Paris: Pierre Lafitte & Cie. 3 fr. 50.

Like Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner, Saint-Saëns has written books that will live as long as his musical scores, which are among the best France has given to the world; indeed, it is safe to pronounce him the most scholarly composer that country has produced, and, next to Bizet, the most inspired. As a man of letters he is less brilliant and imaginative than Berlioz, but also less erratic and fantastic. His "Harmonie et Mélodie" (of which seven editions have been printed) and his "Portraits et Souvenirs" are delightfully stimulating, and give vivid glimpses of his experiences, his friends, and his opinions. A systematic book of mémoires, he has declared emphatically, he will never write; but the two books just named largely take the place of such, and what was missing is supplied by his latest volume, "Ecole Buissonnière," which, as the title suggests, is a rambling collection of articles on all sorts of subjects, giving the reader a good idea of the different ways in which he has worked and enjoyed life. As some of these chapters have appeared quite recently in *l'Echo de Paris* and other periodicals, and the author is now in his eightieth year, it may be assumed that this will prove his last contribution to French literature—for literature it is, having many of the best qualities of the Gallic style.

His way of relating the principal events of his career *en passant*, in the course of diverse discussions, has the advantage of sparing the reader dull biographic details which in a regular book of memoirs would have had to be introduced for the sake of continuity. It is only to his infancy that Saint-Saëns devotes a special chapter in the new volume. Among the interesting facts we gather from this are these: that the first instrument which appealed to his musical instincts was a tea-kettle, the singing of which, gradually growing more intense, aroused his "curiosité passionnée"; that he began to pick out tunes on the piano when he was thirty months old (this he himself remembers); that he refused to learn children's pieces, because the accompaniment was too simple and "the bass did not sing"; that at five he played sonatas and began to compose, directly on paper, not by the easier way of searching out tunes on the keyboard; that at first he did not like a violin alone, but enjoyed a number of violins played together, whereas the entry of trumpets, trombones, and cymbals made him cry out: "Stop them—they prevent me from hearing the music"—an objection which not a few adults raise against much of the music of our day.

It was by no means an easy row that Saint-Saëns had to hoe when he grew up. In the Conservatoire his merits were not acknowledged at once, and his efforts to come before the public were for a long time futile. Young American musicians who think they are not appreciated should read the "Histoire d'un Opéra-Comique" in this volume, in which the author relates in detail his trials and tribulations with the "Timbre d'Argent." There was at that time a curious prejudice in Paris against French musicians, from which not only the eccentric Berlioz suffered, but also the younger men, among them Bizet. Concerning him, when he gave the Parisians the delicious "Pêcheurs de perles" and the immortal "Carmen," Saint-Saëns remarks that "the devil in his own person, coming directly from the infernal regions, could not have had a worse reception." About his own masterwork, "Samson et Dalila," the author informs us that had it not been for Liszt, who brought it out at Weimar, this opera would have never seen the light of day.

These are a few of the biographic details that may be culled from the "Ecole Buissonnière." No less interesting are his reminiscences of diverse friends to whom sections are assigned—Victor Hugo, Pasteur, Louis Gallet, Pauline Viardot, Liszt, Rossini, Massenet, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Ingres, and others. Curious details are given regarding open-air performances in France. There are chapters on Egypt and Algiers, on stars, on travel now as contrasted with former days of discomfort, on optical questions, on religious music, on the pronunciation of Latin in the French churches, and on organs and

organ-playing. For more than twenty years Saint-Saëns was organist of the Madeleine in Paris, and this, he declares, was one of the joys of his existence, as it must have been of the congregations and of many tourists. Instead of playing the works of others, or his own, he nearly always improvised, and in this art he was without a peer, although, as he remarks, improvising was formerly "the glory of the French school." Lefébure-Wély, he continues, "who was a marvellous improviser (I have a right to say so, for I have heard him), did not write any organ pieces that rose above mediocrity; and I could name some among our contemporaries who do not rise to their full height except when they are improvising."

With the latest developments of French music, Saint-Saëns is not at all in sympathy. Without mentioning names, he loses no chance, from the preface to the final pages, to hurl an anathema at Debussy and his more or less radical imitators. The admirers of this sort of thing, he declares, are lucky: "they enjoy pleasures of which I have no conception, and which I shall never know." He has no interest in musical anarchy—in an "art" which violates all the rules of musical grammar and preaches that any combination or sequence of tones is legitimate. To him the great Frenchmen in music are Bizet, Berlioz, and Gounod, and he has much admiration for Massenet, whom he calls "one of the most brilliant diamonds in our jewel casket." Those to whom "the horrible is beautiful and the beautiful horrible" may not like him, but Saint-Saëns admires him for having dared to write music which is pleasing. He may not have been profound, but neither were the Greek sculptors profound; "their statues are beautiful and their beauty is a sufficient merit." Massenet had his faults, but "ce n'est pas l'absence de défauts, c'est la présence des qualités qui fait les grandes œuvres et les grands hommes."

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Edward MacDowell Memorial Association has chosen August 19 to 23 for its fifth annual festival in Peterborough, N. H., which promises to surpass all previous festivals by the variety of its programmes, the large list of participating artists, and the increasing interest of the music-loving public all over the country. One of the main purposes of the festival is to give composers, playwrights, and interpreters opportunity to exhibit their work to advantage without incurring any expense for singers, orchestra, or chorus. Most of the American composers whose works are to be represented next month will be present to conduct them personally. Among them are: Edgar Stillman Kelley, W. H. Humiston, Lewis M. Isaacs, Edward Ballantine, Gena Branscombe, Rossiter G. Cole, Chalmers Clifton, Arthur Farwell, Henry F. Gilbert, Arthur Nevin, Deems Taylor. The Boston Festival Orchestra has again been procured for these performances. The Peterborough MacDowell Choral Club, of seventy-five voices, will be heard, among other things, in Haydn's "Creation." Orchestral and choral works by MacDowell are on the programmes. There will be dances by Lada, the talented American girl who studied her art in Russia. Ferdinand Reyher contributes a play called "Youth Will Dance," introducing a series of old English morris dances, and one of the afternoon programmes includes "Pan and the Star," a pantomime by Joseph Lindon Smith with music by Edward Burlingame Hill. Full programmes may be obtained, with particulars concerning accommodations, from the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association at Peterborough, N. H.

One of Ignaz Friedman's achievements which is attracting attention abroad is a new edition of the compositions of Chopin. *Die Musik*, of Berlin, considers it of sufficient importance to devote four columns to a review of it. Breitkopf & Härtel are the publishers. In preparing this edition, Friedman followed the example of Mikuli, and once more compared the printed copies with the original manuscripts. In the case of Chopin, to be sure, this procedure does not always settle points that are in doubt, for he made frequent changes in his copy, and there are as many readings of some of his works as of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" and his "Well-Tempered Clavichord." Friedman has paid special attention to phrasing, fingering, expression marks, and, above all, pedalling, which is of such superlative importance in the playing of Chopin.

George Henschel—Sir George since the King's last birthday—was the first singer who fully revealed to American audiences the wonderful art embodied in the songs of Liszt when they are not only interpreted by a genuine vocal artist, but played by a great pianist. He usually played his own piano part, and to hear him thus perform Liszt's mastersongs (the best of which have also been issued in a separate volume by the Oliver Ditson Company) was an experience to be remembered. He was also for many years an authoritative interpreter of the songs of Brahms, with whom he had much personal intercourse. Sir George was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1881-84). Since then he has spent most of his time in London, conducting, singing, and teaching. On April 29 last he made his farewell appearance on the concert platform in London. Thirty-seven years had elapsed since his first public appearance in that city. Few musicians have had such a far-reaching influence on musical life in England. It has been said that "there are few English singers who have not at some time or other passed through his hands, and who would not confess that they owed a great deal to him."

That there is no prejudice in Germany against American composers is demonstrated by the growing interest in the songs and piano pieces of Edward MacDowell, and the cordial reception given this year to Edgar Stillman Kelley. Under the presidency of Carl Stoeckel, of Norfolk, Conn., a society has been formed for promoting the publication and distribution of Professor Kelley's works.

Saint-Saëns is a great traveller, and it is therefore not incredible that, notwithstanding his age, he has consented to cross the ocean and pay this country another visit during the coming season. Campanini has included his opera "Déjanire" in the repertory of the Chicago Opera Company, which has his promise to conduct it in that city and in Philadelphia. He is also to play one of his concertos at a Sunday concert. It is inconceivable that he should not also be heard in New York.

Art

A STUDY OF PESTILENCE.

Plague and Pestilence in Literature and Art. By Raymond Crawfurd. Oxford University Press.

In these pages Dr. Raymond Crawfurd deals with the artistic and literary associations of the pestilence from the earliest times until the end of the eighteenth century; from the plague which smote the Philistines in Ashdod to the plague which devastated Moscow in 1771. He has added a learned appendix in which he states his reasons for diagnosing the plague of Athens, in 430 B. C., as typhus fever rather than as Oriental plague; but, with this exception, he only impinges on the fields of medical science and of history so far as is necessary to give coherence to his narrative. The result is a work of quite unusual interest. Indeed, the only serious fault we have to find with it lies in the fact that it contains no index, table of contents, expository page-headings, or titles of chapters. We are turned adrift upon a chartless sea of print, and, having finished our voyage, must trust to our memories for every detail of it. This is unquestionably a drawback, but one which is somewhat mitigated by the strict chronological order in which the subject is arranged. Moreover, the page-margins are ample, and, when all is said and done, one's own marginalia are the most satisfactory marginalia there are.

Of a work of this kind the illustrations naturally form an important feature. If they do not really illustrate the text, they are worse than useless, and we are glad to testify that in the volume before us they are well chosen and numerous, ranging from photographs of classical Greek and Latin coins, of mediæval plague-banners, and *Pestblätter*, to reproductions of quite modern pictures. There is, however, a startling omission, and one which seems almost inexplicable in view of the stress which Dr. Crawfurd lays upon the time-honored conception of pestilence as caused by darts or arrows. It was, as he is careful to remind us, the Archer Apollo (Ἀργυρότοξος) who shot pestilence into the Grecian host; the brazen buckler which fell from heaven into the hands of Numa was given to ward off the arrows of pestilence; Bonfigli's banner, in the chapel of the Gonfalone at Perugia, depicts the Madonna protecting her votaries from the arrows of an angry Christ; while it was because St. Sebastian is always represented as arrow-pierced that he became a plague-saint. Yet the painting which, of all Italian paintings, most completely illustrates this idea finds no place in Mr. Crawfurd's book. We, of course, refer to the Tovoletta di Biccherna, of 1437, where the Plague is represented as a Demon-Archer, mounted upon a furiously galloping black horse and shooting arrows as he comes. The air is full of them, and all doubt as to the symbolism of the picture is

removed by the fact that one arrow is directed towards the groin, another towards the neck, and two towards the armpits of the various victims—details these which, we should have supposed, might at once have caught and riveted the attention of a medical man (see W. Heywood, "A Pictorial Chronicle of Siena," Siena, Torrini, 1902, pages 57-60). Probably, however, Dr. Crawfurd has never seen the painting in question, nor even the photograph of it which hangs in the R. Archivio di Stato in Siena among the *Tavolette dipinte della Biccherna e della Gabella.*

In Italy, at any rate, Dr. Crawfurd seems rarely to have left the beaten track; his information is generally at second hand, and we take leave to doubt if he even understands the Italian language. When, on page 114, he speaks of Lando di Pietro, *Landus Aurifex* (see the Milanesi documents, I, 228), as "Lando Orefice," and again, on page 115, as "Orefice" simply, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that he regards *Orefice* as a family name instead of, as it is, the Italian for *goldsmith.* Such slips (and there are others with which we have no space to deal) scarcely decrease the value of the book. We mention them to the end that if, as we hope there may be, there is a call for a second edition, Mr. Crawfurd may find time to correct them.

NEO-CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE.

Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By A. E. Richardson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Small folio. With 136 illustrations.

Mr. Richardson was well advised in undertaking the preparation of this work. It was high time that some one should do for the neo-classic architecture of Great Britain a like service to that which has been repeatedly rendered to her mediæval architecture —Norman, Gothic, and Tudor. It has been too much the custom to misprize and decry the neo-classic work of English architects, especially of those coming after Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren. Certainly the average American architect is apt to imagine that, in spite of the achievements of Gibbs, Sir William Chambers, and the Adam brothers, England has very little to show in the way of really successful architecture in the classic styles or spirit. A perusal of Mr. Richardson's systematic and admirably illustrated volume ought certainly to correct any such misconception.

After such a perusal one may, perhaps, still contend that the classic styles have always been foreign styles in England, their forms and spirit in a certain degree alien to British taste, and that even the best English examples hardly measure up to the quality of the best Italian and French work. But it will be impossible to deny that the showing made in this volume is really impressive; that not a few of the buildings illustrated are worthy to be called masterpieces; while, to many readers, the wealth of names of notable architects marshalled in the text and represented by their works in the illustrations will be surprising.

The 136 illustrations are mostly from photographs, all of high quality; while the plans, elevations, and other diagrams are precisely such as are needed to elucidate the text and supplement the views. Inigo Jones, Wren, and Gibbs do not figure except incidentally in the text; but Sir William Chambers and his successors, to the close of the neo-Greek period, are well represented. London, Bath, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Liverpool supply most of the examples. The text is sufficiently full and detailed. It avoids extravagant praise, while seeking to do justice both to the greater and to the lesser lights whom it mentions. The point is well made that the classic styles brought into England a really monumental architecture to supersede the essentially provincial earlier Renaissance styles, known as the Elizabethan and Jacobean. The four chapters between the Introduction and the Appendix treat of the Roman-Palladian Phase, 1730-1780; the Græco-Roman Phase, 1780-1820; the Greek Phase, 1820-1840; and the Culmination in the neo-Greek and Italian Phase. There are a full bibliography and an index. The work is commended to architects, and should prove especially suggestive to students of our own "Colonial" architecture.

For some years there has been evident in this country a revival of original, or painter, etching—etching, that is, as a means of direct expression for the artist, as distinguished from reproductive etching, in which a painting or other work of art is translated into the language of copper, etching needle, and acid. On the whole, the younger generation of etchers has accepted the art, with its advantages and limitations, and has realized the necessity of respecting the nature of the medium and of adapting it to each individuality. The "Year Book of American Etching" (Lane; $2 net), though far from including all of our best men in this field, does afford a good view of the state of the art with us to-day. Its hundred illustrations evidence diversity of personal expression and various influences, and they also cover a variety of subjects. There are depicted definite localities, spots in Venice, Oxford, Honfleur, Harlem River, Chicago. There is the landscape presented by MacLaughlan, Manley, and others rather for its own sake and its mood, the latter occasionally underscored by the use of descriptive titles with a literary flavor. Figure pieces include the stern vigor of Lewis and the melodramatic tinge of Higgins. The pictorial possibilities of our industrial undertakings—not a much-worked field—have been seized occasionally by Pearson and Horter. In calling attention to the last-named fact, one wishes, like Mr. Forbes Watson, who contributes an admirable introduction, to avoid the charge of false patriotism. We shall not produce American art by the mere process of picturing American subjects. As Mr. Watson points out, it is the man and his attitude that counts, whether he find topics in his own land or in some other that happens to enlist his sympathies.

Finance

THE WAR MARKETS.

With almost inconceivable rapidity, the prediction which financial experts have for years been making—that outbreak of a general European war would bring in the markets a situation unprecedented in history—has been fulfilled. On Friday of last week, when Germany sent her ultimatum to Russia, the Bank of England advanced its discount rate to 8 per cent.—the highest since the Overend-Gurney panic of 1866—and the London Stock Exchange was closed; this being followed by the closing of all stock exchanges in this country, and by cessation of business on all Continental exchanges.

On Saturday, the London bank rate went to 10 per cent.; the highest in the institution's history, and never matched but twice. On the same day, in connection with Germany's declaration of war on Russia, the foreign exchanges of the world fell into an unworkable condition. Demand sterling at New York, whose normal maximum is 4.89, and which had already gone to $5 in the pound on Thursday, touched $6½ on Saturday, and has gone to $7 this week. These are prohibitive rates for all except business conducted on a basis of paramount necessity. They meant that the machinery for financial drafts by a market in one country on a market in another had broken down. As a matter of fact, exchange on London has this week been virtually non-procurable at New York.

The first effect of this embargo on international settlement of accounts was the declaration at Paris of a "moratorium"—whereby payment of maturing indebtedness is by governmental decree deferred for the period of a month. The Balkan States set the precedent for this, in their recent war. Adoption of this expedient was under discussion, even at London, over Sunday. When this present week began, a temporary substitute was adopted, in the shape of a declaration by Parliament of three successive extra "bank holidays"—an expedient borrowed from the act of the legislatures in our own California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Oklahoma, during the panic of 1907. With this was coupled a decree releasing bankers from immediate liabilities on maturing foreign bills.

Simultaneously, our Government authorized the issue, if necessary, through the banks, of $500,000,000 or more of "emergency banknotes," based on approved commercial assets and taxed at so high a rate as to insure its return from circulation when conditions again are normal. It was properly assumed that this would prevent a shut-down on cash payments to depositors, a currency famine, and a premium on currency, such as occurred in our panic of 1907. The adoption of this expedient was followed, at the banks of New York and other cities, by the authorizing of clearing-house loan certificates, whereby a bank whose cash reserve has been drawn down too low, in a run of depositors,

BURLINGAME
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that not a few of the buildings illustrated [illegible] been
itors,

may pay its balances due to other banks in the Clearing House, at the daily settlement, in due bills secured by high-grade collateral.

Other emergency expedients may follow, abroad and here; for the situation arising from the blockade of international exchange, the embargo created on the markets of countries now at war, and the withdrawal of merchant ships through fear of capture, is one of the widest imaginable ramifications. It has now directed all interest, in this country, to the problems of the import and export trade.

Nothing at all resembling the present European situation has existed since Napoleon declared war on England in 1803, and the mutual interdependence, on a credit basis, between such markets as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and New York, was then of trivial scope, compared with the relations which exist to-day. That the greater part of our usual import trade from the European Continent is already cut off, follows necessarily from the seizure of railway facilities in France and Germany by the governments for military purposes, and from the holding in port of transatlantic vessels of those countries. Merchandise importations, from France and Germany alone, usually average a million dollars daily—which gives some conception of the problem now created, especially when credit obligations must in large measure have been incurred already, against merchandise consigned to this market from those countries and obstructed on the way.

The still larger problem of our export trade covers business not only with those countries, but with other European destinations. Our export trade to Europe averages $4,000,000 daily. Nearly one-third of it is with France and Germany direct, and that, for the moment at any rate, is completely blockaded. The rest, including the great amount which usually goes to England, is halted by the present absence of facilities for financing the export movement.

With this extraordinary problem the commercial and banking interests of New York and London have to grapple, and all that even the most experienced international bankers can yet say is that it will have to be solved through stress of sheer necessity, but that, apparently, financial machinery altogether novel will have to be invoked. It is plain enough that the expedient of the Napoleonic wars, the squadron of merchant ships under convoy of an armed frigate—familiar to our boyhood in the pages of Captain Marryat—would inadequately cope with the occasion, even if such an arrangement were actually feasible.

Meantime, however, our wheat, for which the need on European markets will grow more and more urgent daily, is piling up at our ports and inland storage points, and both the grain exporters and the grain exchanges are for the present in a state of complete bewilderment. What will be the precise outcome of this remarkable dilemma, and exactly how the sudden deficit in merchandise importations will affect the home-producing markets of the same commodities—for home consumption will not stop—are among the questions which are presently to be answered, adding something new to economic science.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Banks, E. J. An Armenian Princess. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25 net.
Barrett, A. W. The Silver King. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Gordon, Carol. Inspiration. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Hobart, G. V. You Should Worry. G. W. Dillingham Co. 75 cents net.
Lewis, A. H. Nation-Famous New York Murders. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Roberts, T. G. Jess of the River. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fansler, H. E. The Evolution of Technic in Elizabethan Tragedy. Chicago: Row, Peterson & Co. $1.25 net.
Lewis, Wyndham. Blast. (Review of the Great English Vortex.) London: John Lane Co. $1 net.
Villars, Abbe N. de Monfaucon de. The Comte De Gabalis. Harry B. Haines. $2.50.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Thompson, Slason. The Railway Library and Statistics, 1913: Fifth Series. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barclay, Sir Thomas. Thirty Years: Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906). Houghton Mifflin Co.

SCIENCE.

Avalon, Arthur. Prapanchasara Tantra. Vol. III. London: Luzac & Co.
Harbison, E. G. Low Cost Recipes. Phila.: G. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.
Rotch, A. L. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXXIII—Part I. Cambridge: The Observatory.
Savidge, E. C. The Philosophy of Radio-Activity. Wm. R. Jenkins Co. $1.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Johnston, C. H., and others. The Modern High School. Scribner.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1914.

Summary of the News

In a special Chronicle of the War, which will be found on page 185, we record the principal events in the military and naval campaigns in the European war. That department will be continued during the course of the war, and we shall endeavor to record in it only the news of the week that has been officially confirmed or that appears *à priori* to be reliable.

In estimating the value of any news that comes from the seat, or rather the various seats, of war, attention must necessarily be paid to its source. Up to the present most of our information on the course of the war has come from London, Paris, and Brussels. Berlin has been almost shut off from communication. It is only to be expected that the reports received should be to some extent colored by the source from which they come. Thus the importance of French or Belgian victories, even when they are officially confirmed from Paris or Brussels, is likely to be somewhat exaggerated, and similarly the scanty news that trickles through from Berlin by way of Amsterdam is not to be accepted at its face value. On Saturday, for instance, it was officially announced in Berlin that Liège had fallen, and the news was received with uproarious enthusiasm. In Brussels the report was categorically denied. Both statements were to some extent true, the fact being that German troops had entered the city of Liège, but that the surrounding forts—the really important defences—were intact.

United States embassies in Europe are likely to be kept busy during the next few months. Since the declaration of war the embassies in London and Paris have taken charge of German interests in these capitals, and British interests in Berlin are being attended to by Ambassador Gerard and his staff.

Less anxiety is felt concerning the safety of American tourists in Europe and their prospects of returning home. Administration officials are understood to be satisfied by the general tone of messages received from the various European countries. Secretary Garrison stated on Monday that it seemed probable that the regular steamship lines would be able to take care of the traffic and that it would not therefore be necessary for the Government to charter special vessels to bring home the stranded American citizens. Arrangements have been made for the relief of the destitute.

One of the immediate effects of the war in this country has been to cause considerable anxiety concerning the marketing of the cotton crop of the South, more than half of which is usually disposed of abroad. The Department of Agriculture has recommended cotton growers to use the nation's credit to the utmost, and to withhold cotton from the market until conditions are more favorable. A movement has been started by prominent bankers to extend credit, and to make large loans in the South, so that cotton growers may be able to tide over the present crisis. Ultimately it is expected that, even if the European market is unavailable, there will be a demand for the full crop in this country and in South America.

The President on August 6 issued a request to all officers of both services, whether active or retired, to refrain from public comment upon the military or political situation in Europe.

The Federal Trade Commission bill was passed in the Senate on August 5, by a vote of 53 to 16, and was referred back to the House for final disposition. On the following day the Clayton bill, the second of the three anti-Trust measures, came before the Senate.

The appointments of Paul M. Warburg, of New York, and Frederic A. Delano, of Chicago, as members of the Federal Reserve Board were confirmed by the Senate on Friday of last week. The Board as completed, besides the two gentlemen named, consists of: W. P. G. Harding, of Birmingham; Adolph C. Miller, of San Francisco; Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, who are members *ex-officio*.

In the primaries held last week in Nebraska, Missouri, and Oklahoma, the results of the candidatures for the United States Senate were as follows: In Nebraska Senator Bristow was defeated by ex-Senator Charles Curtis; in Missouri Senator Stone, and in Oklahoma Senator Gore, were renominated.

A terrible accident, in which thirty-eight persons were killed and forty injured, occurred on August 5 at Tiptonford, Mo., when a Kansas City Southern passenger train collided with a gasolene-motor car.

The Government suit to recover 125,000 acres of valuable timber land in Arkansas, listed in the original survey as lakes, was instituted in the Federal Court in Chicago on August 5. The land is valued at $9,000,000, and is held by several lumber companies. The suit also seeks to recover $2,000,000 for timber taken from the land.

Dispatches from Mexico during the past week have been almost as conflicting as in the glorious days when correspondents were first turned loose at Vera Cruz. This time, however, the contradictory statements that have appeared from day to day appear to have been quite legitimate and due to uncertainty in Mexico itself as to the intentions of Provisional President Carbajal and Gen. Carranza, while Gen. Villa, of course, is always a fruitful source of speculation.

On Thursday of last week it was "officially confirmed" by José Castellot, the representative of Provisional President Carbajal in Washington, that an agreement had been reached between the Carbajal delegates and Gen. Carranza, and that the peaceful occupation of Mexico City by the Constitutionalists was assured. On Friday came the news of a complete disagreement and the report that Constitutionalist forces were marching on Mexico City. It was also reported that there had been continuous fighting at Mazatlan and that the besieging Constitutionalists had captured all the outer defences of the city.

On Monday came a curious statement on the authority of a "high official of the Mexican Government" that a transfer of power was to be made by Provisional President Carbajal to Eduardo Iturbide, Governor of the Federal District, who would in turn hand over the power to Gen. Obregon, from whom, presumably, it would be transferred to Gen. Carranza. From this mass of contradictory statements the only safe inference to be drawn would seem to be that Gen. Carranza continues obdurate in insisting on an unconditional surrender of the Government.

The resignation of Viscount Morley as Lord President of the Council followed close on that of John Burns from the Presidency of the Local Government Board, which we recorded last week. Earl Beauchamp has been appointed to succeed Viscount Morley, and Walter Runciman to take the place of John Burns.

Financial conditions in England appear to be rapidly adjusting themselves to the emergency of the situation. Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced in the House of Commons on last Friday that the banking business was everywhere normal, and that people were paying in money freely. On Thursday of last week the bank rate, which had been raised to 10 per cent., was reduced to 6 per cent., and on Saturday it was still further reduced to 5 per cent.

It has been given out that the fact that several of the intending exhibitors at the Panama Exposition next year are at present busily engaged in slaughtering one another will not be allowed to interfere with the plans for the Exposition. Indeed, it is possible that the war in Europe may even assist the success of the enterprise, since many tourists from North and South America, who would under ordinary circumstances go to Europe, may be diverted to San Francisco.

In consequence of the war in Europe the race for the America's cup has been postponed. The New York Yacht Club last week cabled the Royal Ulster Yacht Club to inquire its wishes concerning the matches. The Ulster Club replied suggesting a postponement for one month, and in the event of war still being in progress an extension of the postponement till next year, when the races should be sailed under the same conditions and with the same challenger and defender.

The deaths of the week include: Thomas J. Creamer, Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, August 4; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, August 6; Col. John Schuyler Crosby, August 8; President R. Saenz Peña, Sir Edward Anwyl, August 9; William Nelson, Col. R. A. Thompson, ex-Gov. J. B. Smith, August 10.

The Week

Universal and respectful sympathy has gone out to President Wilson in his deep personal affliction. That such a blow should have fallen upon him at a time when he must stagger under official burdens heavier than any President since Lincoln has been called upon to bear, adds to the mute pity of it. Yet in the very fact that he cannot pause to indulge in the luxuries of sorrow, but must steel his heart and press on in his high public duties, he may find a temporary dulling of his grief. He must know that all his fellow-countrymen have mourned with him during the past week.

Whatever of evil the war of nations may have brought upon us Americans, the country is indebted to it for a clear revelation of the efficiency of the Administration of President Woodrow Wilson. The great machinery of government has functioned quickly and well. If we have seen in England a fairly amazing subsiding of popular passion, but yesterday threatening civil war, we have witnessed on this side of the water a similar and a most praiseworthy readiness to rise above partisanship and stand by the President in his effort to take in all possible sail and render the ship of state as safe as may be in the hurricane that has suddenly burst upon it. Quietly and effectively every disposition has been made, without the slightest blowing of trumpets or hurrahing about it; if anything has been overlooked which might have been foreseen, it has yet to appear.

While the credit for all this belongs to many men, the chief praise is, of course, due to the captain, who, face to face with a most distressing personal bereavement, yet continued to devote himself to his work precisely as if his mind were completely at ease as to all private affairs. He has met the national emergency with the same poise and skill with which he has held Congress to its work from the very inception of his Administration. The sneered-at college professor has shown again not only what it means to have communed with the world's philosophers, but has demonstrated the supreme value of rigid mental discipline as well. His hand on the helm has never wavered; his own coolness and steadiness under conditions which might have snapped many a physically stronger man have won him the unbounded admiration of the corps of newspaper men who have daily found him about the only outwardly unruffled man in the intense heat and fearful strain of Washington. They will not soon forget the eloquent words with which he outlined to them the gravity of the war crisis and the duty of the press—words spoken primarily for them, but which they demanded for publication. And the public will not forget that his message tendering the good offices of this Government to the warring nations of Europe was written at the bedside of his dying wife. In every way in this grave emergency he has given fresh proof of his marked fitness for the headship of the nation.

A glance at a batch of German newspapers recently come to hand, printed on the eve of the war, is sufficient to show how swiftly the significance of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia penetrated the German mind. It was everywhere taken for granted that this move had been made with the knowledge and consent of the German Foreign Office. Indeed, the German Ambassador in Paris promptly announced that Germany was aware of the Austrian note and would support her ally, though he added that there was no intention of forcing a war. But the German press was instantly alive to the danger of a general European war. The Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* foreshadowed it, and so did the Berlin *Tageblatt*. These two papers discussed the matter in phrases so nearly identical that it almost seems as if they were obeying an order of the day. Both spoke of the intention of Germany to "localize" the war, if possible—as if you could localize an earthquake—but also declared the firm purpose to go to war with France and Russia, if necessary. It is, however, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that we find the gravity of the situation best appreciated and most weightily discussed. This Liberal organ did not conceal its belief that the whole system of European alliances was on the point of being broken down. Nor did it share the opinion of those optimists who predicted that Russia would back down as she did in 1909. It apparently had a juster measure than most Germans did, including the Emperor, of that "Nationalismus" in Russia which would infallibly push the Czar into defence of Servia. On one point the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was in error. Alluding to the possibility of England's being drawn into the conflict, it said: "A country of which one great province is in open rebellion cannot be imagined to be desirous of incurring military dangers outside its own territory." The best comment on that is the roar of English guns in the North Sea.

A striking detail of Germany's preparations for the future was revealed a few days before Austria lighted the torch, in a remarkable statement from the Burgomaster of Rotterdam. The Vulkan Company, which builds Dreadnoughts for the German navy as well as Atlantic liners for the German steamship companies, has for two years been trying to induce the Government of the Netherlands to permit it to construct a harbor capable of accommodating Dreadnoughts, with a coaling station and the usual accessories, for purely "private" purposes. The proposal aroused great opposition in Holland. The people of Rotterdam protested against the plan, and the Ministry was compelled to promise legislation placing all harbors under public control. Nevertheless, when the Chamber adjourned, the bargain was secretly made. When this became known, the indignation of the people of Rotterdam was so great and the danger was regarded as so grave that the Burgomaster took the very unusual course of issuing a statement manifestly intended as a warning and appeal to England. The comment of the London *Times* upon the statement, while displaying keen interest in the matter, shows what a change in the relative emphasis of national and international affairs has taken place in the past two weeks. Says the *Times:* "However engrossed the people of Great Britain may be just now in their domestic affairs, they are not so preoccupied as to ignore this development, or to be unmindful of the significance of the moment chosen to announce it."

The strength of the active Austrian army is set forth by the latest German newspapers as comprising 34,000 officers and 380,000 men. The Berlin *Tageblatt's* military writer, Major Moraht, asserts that this force can speedily be raised to two millions without the *Landsturm*, or the final reserve. The regular army, which is but 8 per cent. of the population of the Dual Monarchy, begins the war at an unfortunate time, for it was just in process of a reorganization largely increasing its numbers, which change cannot now be carried out. It is reported to be well armed, particularly as to artillery, but comprises a considerable number of organizations it would not be safe to use against the Servians, because of racial entanglements. These could, however, be employed against Russia or to guard communications. Yet the general belief is that Germany has a weak reed to lean upon in her ally, whose army would be of little avail against Russia should Italy declare war against her quondam al-

lies. The German press speaks handsomely of the Servian troops, estimating that Austria would need 450,000 men at least to conquer that mountainous country. From the general tone of the news it would appear that but little progress has been made in that direction. Austria, at least, must deeply regret by this time the terrible situation in which her ferocious ultimatum to Servia has placed her and her ally.

Though there are rumors of Japan's preparing for war, German naval and military strength in China is comparatively so small as to preclude the necessity of Japan's being called in under her treaty with England. Germany has but a small settlement in the Orient; her troops would not amount to more than about five thousand men of all arms. These probably will concentrate on the Kiao-chau Bay at Tsing-tau, which is fortified and well designed for defensive purpose. If sufficiently provisioned, it would prove a severe obstacle to an attacking force. England could withdraw from the various parts of South and North China about 5,000 regular troops. These could, if necessary, be supported by French regulars from Tongquin and Cochin China, or Russian troops from the north. It is very unlikely that operations of any consequence would affect the Straits Settlement or the India Seas. The sphere of decisive action would probably be restricted to the Yellow Sea or to the close proximity of Tsing-tau. Should the war, however, inspire an outbreak of revolution in China or fresh unrest in India, complications of far greater moment might arise in the East. This, however, is highly improbable. If Japan joins in the clash of arms, she will very likely be the principal attacking force on Kiao-chau by land, while a part of her fleet will reinforce the British. In this case the German force would be outclassed on all sides and the struggles both on land and sea should be brief. But whatever may happen in China, the future relative power of foreign nations in the Far Orient will depend entirely on the outcome of the war in Europe.

We cannot commend too highly the vigorous action of President Wilson in enforcing the neutrality laws of this country by the stationing of guard-ships in the chief harbors to watch the movements of any outgoing merchantman, by the patrolling of the coast by destroyers, and by the regulation of the wireless system. That the wireless should come into it is one of the interesting developments of this war. Undoubtedly, before another comes to pass there will be such powerful stations on the Continent that a nation may be able to communicate direct with its cruisers on this side of the water, without the necessity of a relay station on Long Island. Meanwhile, it would obviously be unjust for the United States to permit the German company to transmit orders to the German cruisers on this coast, or the French or English to their cruisers. The United States suffered so much from violations of neutrality by Great Britain during the Civil War that it cannot be too careful in enforcing its absolute non-partisanship at all points where friction might possibly arise or grounds for damages be given.

At the opening of last week the declaration of a general moratorium on debts was discussed at London, and a suspension of the Bank of England Act. Monday was a regular bank holiday; the Government extended it by decree until Friday; but on Thursday night a moratorium on debts for a month and the suspension of the Bank Act were decreed. England has never before declared payment of debts suspended, since the modern credit system was created. France resorted to the expedient in the War of 1870; so did the Balkan states, in October, 1912. France proclaimed it at last week's close, Germany early in the present week; though its scope in those countries seems to have been limited. The moratorium applies only to financial and commercial liabilities—not to such obligations as rent and salaries—and it was forced on Europe by the inability of bankers in one country to meet maturing drafts, when they could not collect what other European markets had contracted to pay to them.

The suspension of the Bank Act of 1844 was due to another cause. Last Friday's statement showed the Bank to have lost from its reserve, during the seven preceding days, no less than $84,500,000. Its gold holdings were reduced $52,500,000, and, since its loans had increased $90,000,000, its ratio of reserve to liability fell from the previous week's 40 per cent.—the traditional "minimum of safety"—to 14⅝. It could not, under such conditions, continue issuing notes covered wholly by gold in its reserve, as the Act of 1844 requires; therefore, for the first time since 1866, the Act was suspended. The Bank is now issuing notes in excess of its gold reserve. Suspension of the Bank Act is a panic expedient, but not an inflation expedient. It will not involve a premium on gold, unless gold redemption of the notes were also to be suspended. That was done continuously in the period between 1797 and 1821; not since. The Bank Act itself has never been suspended except in the London panics of 1847, 1857, and 1866. The economist Newmarch once predicted that, engaged in a formidable war, the British Government would "commandeer" the Bank of England's gold reserve; but it has not proposed any such expedient. The Bank still holds £27,600,000 gold; its outstanding notes are £36,100,000. Last week its £29,700,000 circulation was covered by £38,100,000 gold. At the crisis of the Overend-Gurney panic strain, on May 30, 1866, it had £26,500,000 notes outstanding and held £11,800,000 gold against them. Its actual banking reserve was only £859,000 in its vaults, and its ratio of reserve to liabilities fell to the extraordinarily low percentage of 3¼.

It is an obvious fact that the revenue situation of this country, recently so favorable, is greatly altered. The customs duties of the Government amount to more than a third of its entire income; and last week's reports from the custom houses indicate how deeply they have been cut into. But it is also obvious that for some time it will be impossible to outline the loss with exactness, or to plan compensatory means of securing revenue, and that hasty measures might be very unwise. Should the ocean be opened within a few weeks to the greater part of our overseas commerce, any comprehensive Congressional action may be unnecessary. Should the naval blockades long continue, there is little doubt that it may be necessary to reimpose some of the special internal revenue taxes levied in our two last wars. It has been pointed out that the Spanish-American War impost on beer would now cover one-third of the necessary sum. But such measures are to be taken only when shown indispensable. The announcement of the Ways and Means Committee of the House in this connection is highly reassuring. It proposes to study the situation thoroughly between now and adjournment, with a view to taking little action earlier than the middle of September, and—if the state of the war is still uncertain—to possible postponement of it until the regular December session.

Like the battle of Blenheim, the passage of the Trade Commission bill by the Senate, following its adoption by the House, was a "famous victory," although what good may come of it at last may puzzle more than Little Peterkin to say. Changes made in it on its way through the Senate necessitate its

return to the House, which means, of course, that it will go to conference for whipping into final shape. The bi-partisan vote in its favor last week disposed of any possibility of charges of "caucus control." Almost exactly half of the Republican Senators were recorded as voting for it. Yet this was rather an indication of the radical temper of our most conservative legislative body than proof of the wisdom of the bill. The central feature of the measure is the transfer of the powers of the Commissioner of Corporations to a Trade Commission of five members, with a considerable enlargement of those powers, particularly by the conferring upon the Commission of authority to issue orders against "unfair competition." Just what is the significance of that phrase, either in practice or in law, we are left to discover by the operation of the bill. There is not a little force in the protest of the Merchants' Association against the passage of anti-Trust legislation just now, not only upon the ground assigned by the Association of disturbance to business from the European war, but also from the fact that, with that struggle absorbing public attention, such legislation will not receive the criticism that it ought to have.

The confirmation last week by the Senate of the nominations of Messrs. Warburg and Delano, as members of the Federal Reserve Board, was doubtless hastened by the war and the financial difficulties which it has precipitated in this country, as in all the rest of the world. The country is to be congratulated on getting such men as Mr. Warburg and Mr. Delano to complete and strengthen the Federal Reserve Board. At the same time, it should not be expected that there will be any haste in setting the new system of banking and currency into operation. The urgent needs of the financial situation have been met, as they had to be met, by emergency measures which seem to be ample. With them the Federal Reserve Board would not for a moment think of interfering, nor could it wisely take steps in a hurry to supplement them. The mere calling upon the banks at this time for their subscriptions to the Federal reserve system would be an embarrassment. It will, no doubt, be avoided for the present.

The apparent willingness of the Senate to resume consideration of the treaties whose shelving was recently proposed until the regular session will be the more remarkable for coming when European chancelleries are so war-engrossed. We hope that any taking up of pending agreements will not mean a loss of distinction between good and bad. Secretary Bryan, in signing with Minister Chamorro the Nicaraguan treaty, stated on August 5 his confidence in its prompt ratification. The original compact, as he said, has been stripped of the protectorate clause which the Foreign Relations Committee found objectionable; its main provision is now the simple payment of $3,000,000 for a permanent option on the Nicaragua Canal route, and the right to naval stations on the Bay of Fonseca and neighboring islands. But Secretary Bryan speaks of leaving the Platt amendment for future consideration. It is not certain, moreover, whether the alleged danger of German or other purchase of a canal route valueless to us justifies a $3,000,000 bid, or any bid at all. As to the twenty peace treaties, however, which the Foreign Relations Committee has so surprisingly approved and urged, there can be but one mind. Amid the inevitable sneers at pacific efforts, this is the moment to pass them. Their acceptance would be welcomed by France, England, and other nations—Germany did not negotiate a convention; it would be an excellent step for America, and would be a forcible and timely endorsement of pacifist principles.

The passage by the House last week of the General Dam bill, by a vote of 190 to 47, means that one of the more important of the Administration's tasks is well accomplished; so well accomplished that even the Progressives, who once claimed to be the only true conservationists, have nothing but praise for the joint product of two Democratic Cabinet officers and two Democratic chairmen of committee. The Adamson act is the result of an almost unique amount of conferring between House and Senate, Cabinet and President, and has been amended until, as Congressman Donohoe remarked, "the original bill would not be known." Six months ago a committee report to the National Conservation Congress alleged a threatening state of things which this bill was intended to avert. It was set forth that not merely was "the central fact in the water-power situation of to-day concentration of powers," with ten groups of interests controlling 65 per cent. of all the water power in the country, but that these interests had in the last two years increased their control of power held undeveloped more than twice as fast as their developed power. They were a menace not only to competitive rates, but to the rapidity with which the latent water power in America should be opened up. The act contains almost every possible safeguard against the growth of hydro-electric power monopolies. Franchises are limited to fifty-year periods, and if their privileges are abused, they are revocable. At their expiration the plant may be acquired by Federal, State, or municipal government at actual cost, "unearned increment" being disregarded. The way is paved to a new era in public use of stream-flow power.

Are the Democrats going to leave the Republicans behind in the new political game of amalgamating with the Progressives? Following the lead of Wyoming and Utah, comes Massachusetts with an arrangement by which the Progressives will endorse the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second District, and the Democrats, in turn, will endorse the Progressive candidate for Councillor. The object of the "deal" is to defeat Representative Gillett. The man upon whom the two parties have agreed for Congressman is Prof. Edward M. Lewis, Dean of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. As he is also well known for his work in the pitcher's box in his college days, it is evident that the unamalgamated Republicans will face a formidable opponent. The puzzle in these successive Democratic-Progressive alliances remains as baffling as ever. One can imagine either of the old parties, which by hypothesis are reprobate and lost to all sense of honor, jumping at a chance to walk with the saints, but how do the saints manage to reconcile their consciences to walking with the reprobates?

Roque Saenz Peña, the President of the Argentine Republic, whose death was announced on Monday morning, was a delegate to the first Pan-American Congress in Washington in 1890. In that gathering he displayed the knowledge of international law which later made him generally known, even before he rose to the Argentine Presidency. It is worthy of note that his colleague at Washington, Señor Quintana, also became President. A reasonably good friend of the United States, Señor Peña stood up robustly for his own country, and for what he believed to be the conception that ought to rule the intercourse of the world—particularly the relations between North and South America. His recent characterization of the Monroe Doctrine as highly elastic—in fact, a "rubber doctrine"—had more of humor in it than we are accustomed to expect from Spanish-American publicists; nor will many deny that there was also truth in it.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

It was inevitable that England should be drawn into the war. No British Government that had held back under the circumstances could have lived a day. Once more we have the grim irony of history, that a Liberal Ministry, pledged to peace and devoted to domestic reforms, should be forced to enter into war.

The motives, as well as the rights and wrongs of this action, will be endlessly debated. But it is the direct results of it upon which the world's attention is now fastened. That it has radically changed the whole nature of the war, simple inspection is enough to show. It is not merely the fact of another first-class Power joining with France and Russia against Germany. The significant thing is the kind and weight of resources which England brings to the alliance. It may easily be the case that some future Admiral Mahan will write a book on "Sea Power," in which the events soon to occur will furnish new illustrations of the old theme. Concerning the outcome of the actual naval battles of which we shall shortly hear, we make no predictions. There are too many untried experiments in modern war at sea, too many unknown elements, to make it possible for even the highest naval experts to be sure of what will happen. We know how recently Admiral Percy Scott, the recognized authority on gunnery in the English navy, has expressed his doubts concerning the utility of the Dreadnoughts. Admiral Mahan himself, with the modesty of a man who knows all there is to be known about modern ships and guns—and also knows how large our ignorance about them necessarily is—refrains from making any positive forecasts. Even in so technical a matter as the effects of gun-fire, he admits that the naval world is much in the dark, and declares that we shall have to wait for the test of battle before we shall know whether the "all-big-gun" ships are a mistake or not. All these matters are still behind the screen.

What all can see, however, is the fact that England's entrance into the struggle will make some enormous differences. It will tend, for one thing, to shorten the war; since the vast forces engaged, and the tremendous efforts required to maintain them, will the sooner lead to exhaustion and the necessity of making peace. But there is one important respect in which the full exercise of British sea power will prove not only of military advantage to England's allies, but of speedy and mighty benefit to the now prostrate ocean commerce of the world. What we mean is this. Whether the German navy be destroyed, crippled, or simply bottled up by the joint navies of France and England, the sea-routes to both France and England will soon be made reasonably safe for trading vessels. Only here and there can a German cruiser keep to the sea. On the other hand, England and France will be able to release a great number of cruisers to act as convoys to merchant ships. It is to be expected, therefore, that we shall very soon see the ocean highways available for trade. What this will mean, in the way of sinews of war, to both France and England, especially with the German mercantile marine swept from the sea, it is needless to point out. But we in this country may find solid reason for encouragement in the prospect that our own blockaded foreign trade may in a few weeks be restored to something like its normal proportions.

Whatever may be the real and deeply underlying reasons for England's going to war with Germany, it cannot be denied that she had a sound reason, under international law. By invading Belgium Germany was violating a treaty to which all the European Powers had set their hand and seal, and in the observance of which England had a peculiar and even vital interest. She was thus well within her legal rights in asking both France and Germany whether they would respect the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium. But the military plans of Germany could not then be changed. She admitted, through her Chancellor, that she was going counter to the law of nations, and made anxious profession of her purpose to "rectify the injustice," as the German Chancellor phrased it, after the war was over; and in her natural desire to keep England neutral, undertook to give the most formal promise never to annex any portion of Belgium. This promise, coming from an avowed treaty-breaker, was received for what it was worth by the House of Commons—that is, received with jeers. Thus Germany, in order to snatch the military advantage of a march on France through Belgian territory, brought upon herself the immense military disadvantage of adding England to the countries with which she is at war.

That the German Foreign Office quickly perceived the blunder of driving England into hostilities, is evident from the great efforts it made—when too late—to secure British neutrality. The offer after offer, and bid after bid, which poured in upon London from Berlin in the critical days, July 30 to August 5, were the plainest sort of confession that German diplomacy was aware of its own oversight in not having made sure of the position of England before declaring war upon Russia and France. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck allowing war to be begun without having first made his diplomatic combinations. It was his fear of powerful alliances against Germany which induced him to veto Moltke's proposal to seize an occasion in 1867 to attack France. There is a Bismarck statue in Berlin, but it is all too plain that it has no living Bismarck. To press all the details of the approaches and appeals made by Germany to the British Government would be unfair. We have, as yet, only the English account of them. Sir Edward Grey's counter-proposals, if any were made, have not yet been published officially. But enough is known—enough lies on the surface—to make it certain that, however it may have been with the German army—the German navy has speedily been rendered immobile—German diplomacy went into the war strangely unprepared.

THE REAL CRIME AGAINST GERMANY.

We have received protests from a number of German sympathizers against the attitude adopted by the *Nation* in fixing the responsibility for the war in Europe mainly upon the Kaiser. We are assured that this is a holy war into which Germany has been forced against her will; that she is the only bulwark between the rising tide of Slavism and the endangered civilization of Western Europe, and, therefore, that enlightened sentiment the world over should side with her as against the aggressions of the Powers like England and France, whose real motives are jealousy and envy of the wonderful commercial growth of the Kaiser's Empire.

The *Nation* has always entertained and expressed the highest admiration for the German people, but never for the Germany of the Kaiser. We have never believed that a people of essentially noble quality should be subject to the will of an autocratic king or emperor, however enlightened he may be, or however ardent a guardian of peace during a long period of years. Never have we upheld the Germany of the mailed fist, of the autocracy of militarism; against its excesses, its encroachments upon civil rights, its assertion that it constitutes a sacrosanct caste superior to any other, we have protested in season and out of season. We have long seen in this swashbuckling, overbearing attitude of the militarists, and particularly in the activities of such a body as the German Navy League, a grave menace to the

peace of Europe. We have never had the least admiration for a Kaiser who vows that he rules by divine right and not by popular consent; and we cannot now uphold a form of government which denies to masses of its population the right of the franchise.

It is another Germany which we have been proud to recognize and acclaim—the Germany of high aspirations and noble ideals, the Germany of intellectual freedom, the Germany to whose spiritual leadership every nation the world over is deeply in debt. Its flag has meant to us the flag of scientific knowledge planted furthest north in more fields of mental and governmental activity than is perhaps any other. It is the country of Fichte, of Kant and Hegel, of Schiller and Goethe, of Körner and his fellow-champions of German liberty in the wars for freedom just a century ago; of Carl Schurz and Siegel and Kinkel and their revolutionary comrades of 1848; of Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner; of Lessing, of Mommsen, of Helmholtz and Siemens and all the rest of the intellectual heroes who have been and are the real glories of the Germany for which we have entertained so profound a respect. We have realized, too, the splendid qualities which have made of Germany a foremost trading nation and have watched with amazement, like all the world, her rapid commercial conquest of the seas and the four quarters of the globe. Yet, after all, it is to the Germany that has done so much for our own university life and for our intellectual and artistic development that hosts of Americans have been profoundly attached.

Against this Germany the war into which it has been so recklessly plunged is nothing short of a crime. Whether victory or national disaster come out of it all, the intellectual and spiritual growth of the nation is checked for no one knows how long. The fine flower of its youth is to be immolated by a ruler whose signature to a single order signed their death-warrant. No consent of the people's parliament is asked; no time taken for angry passions to cool. Out of this war can come only another heritage of hatred and bitterness, of sorrow and suffering. The mighty commercial edifice erected by German enterprise and toil is already crashing to the ground. Ruin already claims tens of thousands. Germany's merchant fleet is being swept off the ocean. Her internal development is at an end; her schools and universities are idle; the whole nation is being brutalized and, through the hot haste of the Kaiser, Russia and France and Belgium as well.

Is it any wonder that true friends of Germany cry out against all this from the depths of their affection for her? That they protest against the sophisms of a Münsterberg and of all those who would suddenly see in this horrible slaughtering of the true Germany a new crusade against the heathen? For ourselves we can only say that the one consolation in it all is that, if humanity is not to retrograde unspeakably, absolutism must pay for this denial of Christianity. Out of the ashes must come a new Germany, in which democracy shall rule, in which no one man and no group of professional man-killers shall have the power to plunge the whole world into mourning.

THE POSITION OF ITALY.

One of the surprises which Germany has had in this war is the failure of Italy to act as it was supposed that she would as a member of the Triple Alliance. It is clear that Austria and Germany expected her to come forward promptly as an ally in arms. No one supposed that she would do more than make a military demonstration in force on the French frontier, or possibly send an army into Albania, but as much as that would have been of great value to the German General Staff. One of the objects of the German Foreign Office in making so great an effort to throw the onus of aggression upon France was unquestionably to induce Italy to believe that it was a clear *casus fœderis*—that is, that Germany had been attacked, and that Italy was bound by treaty to come to her aid. But the Italian Government has declined to accept that view. It does not concede that the war which Germany is waging is defensive.

When Europe first learned of Italy's joining the Triple Alliance, there was great astonishment. How could Bismarck possibly have induced the Italians to clasp hands, for any purpose, with their hereditary enemies and oppressors, the Austrians? There was much ill-informed talk about the arts of flattery having been used. Italy was seduced by the compliment of being invited to enter the circle of the great European Powers. But this was an absurd explanation. The statesmen in Rome, as well as those in Berlin, must have seen a definite national advantage in the Alliance, else they would not have gone into it. Why Bismarck turned to Italy, he plainly set forth. He had her in mind originally as an annex to the League of the Three Emperors. That was because Italy was "monarchical." It was the monarchical principle which he desired to exalt as against any possible republican tendency. Later, when the Czar dropped out of the *Dreikaiserbund* and threw himself into the arms of France, Bismarck took up with Italy almost perforce, as the only possible country to be drawn into an alliance at once with Germany and Austria.

What did Italy stand to gain by the Triple Alliance? The burdens which it entailed upon her were obvious. She had to spend more money on armaments. The Germans were always nudging her about the size and efficiency of her army. And there was the constant peril that she might be involved in a war in which she had no direct stake. But there was at least one great national interest, as the Italians regarded it, which would be furthered by Italy's membership in the Triple Alliance. It would be a check to French expansion in North Africa. Supported by Austria and Germany, the Italian Government would have a free hand in pursuing, when the time came, their own cherished plans for planting Italian colonies in the African possessions of the Sultan. The war in Tripoli furnished the long-awaited opportunity, and, by so much, justified the sacrifices which Italy had made in behalf of the Triple Alliance. Gladstone, who was certainly a true and proved friend of Italy, writing to Labouchere in 1891 about the Triple Alliance, observed: "What a little surprises me is that the Italians should not better understand the frailty of the foundation on which, I fear, they have built their hopes." But Italians to-day would point to their African acquisitions as the warrant for what they had done and dared. And now that they have come to a friendly agreement with France touching North Africa, and signed a convention establishing mutually the rights of Italian residents in Tunis and of French residents in Libya, they may well feel that the greatest of the objects which they had before them in joining the Triple Alliance has been completely attained.

This being so, the Italian Government, in coming to the momentous decision how to interpret its present treaty obligations, and how to shape the course of Italy in the existing war, may easily be imagined to have turned to the pages of the great Italian master of statecraft. In particular may it have read with attention the famous eighteenth chapter of "Il Principe," in which is discussed the question in what way states are to observe treaties (*la fede*). It will be remembered that the Florentine Secretary lays it down flat that a prince, if he is truly "prudente," need not live up to treaty obligations when he finds that they will injure him

(*gli torni contro*), or when the objects which he had in making the treaty are attained. Both these things Italy might allege to-day of the Triple Alliance, though we do not intimate that she would think of boldly avowing the doctrines of Machiavelli. If it came, however, to recriminations between her and Germany on the subject of treaty-breaking, the Italian Foreign Minister might naturally be moved to quote the following from the very close of chapter xviii of "Il Principe": "There is a prince of the present time, whom it is best not to name, who preaches nothing but peace and good faith, but is of both the deadly enemy."

INEFFICIENCY AND REFORM OF THE COURTS.

At a time when the wide dissatisfaction with our legal and judicial system is largely manifested in belief that procedural reform is the one panacea, the preliminary report to the National Economic League on "Efficiency in the Administration of Justice" should serve as a needed corrective. Charles W. Eliot, Louis D. Brandeis, Moorfield Storey, and the other committeemen who have given the subject a year's study, report that new practice acts and court rules cannot touch the root of the difficulty. No less than three remedies commend themselves to the committee as of more primary importance: a reform in the choice and tenure of judges; a change in the organization of the judicial system, with particular attention to its unification; and a general elevation of the training and traditions of the bar. "Except and until these matters are attended to," in the words of the investigating committee, "the best practice act the wit of man can devise will fail. If they are attended to, an inferior practice act may be made very tolerable." This finding, moreover, follows so close an examination of the shortcomings of the courts in their three main fields—the interpretation of the law, its application to litigated causes, and its enforcement in criminal cases—and is shown to be so practical in nature that it carries general conviction. Its essential point, that the standard of the judiciary and of the practicing profession must be raised, is based on an historical survey of American courts.

The classical and constructive period of the American bench was that preceding 1850—the era of Kent and Story, Marshall and Shaw; and this, as the Committee says, was the period of appointive courts. The innovation of the elective judiciary, prevailing everywhere outside New England, brought in a mediocre and technical judiciary. Its reaction has been especially damaging in the field of the interpretation of the statutes. Under our system of judicial power, almost everything turns on the strength, capacity, and learning of the judge. He must be an expert; and the people have shown themselves markedly incompetent in either selecting experts or keeping them in office. A comparison of the illiberal and wrongheaded decisions on contracts of the Illinois and Missouri Supreme Courts since 1880 with those of Massachusetts or the United States on the same subject, is eloquent. A contrast of the same kind could be drawn between the judicial application of the Massachusetts practice act and that of the New York code of 1848. Those States in which interpretation of the law has been best are those in which the bar has had the most influence in the choice of judges. How this expert influence can be strengthened, how the judiciary may again be made appointive in certain cases, and how electoral sentiment may be made insistent on strong individual judges, are problems requiring urgent solution. The arousal of public feeling should be inevitable under a continuance of the rejection of social legislation by many State courts. Necessarily, a stronger, more expertly chosen judiciary means a better field of lawyers and an elevation of bar requirements; and here the second recommendation to the League comes into play. The final cause of bad legal interpretation which it notices is our poor legislative technique, and it looks to our legislative reference bureaus as a promising mitigation.

The need of a better court organization is especially evident in the disposition of litigated cases, and it is a matter so large that the question of procedure is included in it. Our inherited English court system, with the demand in rural America of 1800-1850 for decentralizing justice and bringing it to every man's door, is well known to have given us a system of specialized local courts instead of specialist judges, and of hard and fast court staffs which may not be shifted even from one tribunal empty of business to another choked with arrears. The rapid rotation of judges prevents any one man from acquiring a thorough experience with one class of business, and resulting facility of action. Another form of waste is the frequent treatment of controversies in part in one court, in part in another, with resulting conflicts or maladjustments. The multiplication of tribunals to meet our new problems of industrial and urban communities, and the great increase of litigation involved in the recent expansion of commerce, industry, and population, have aggravated the situation until State reorganization is in many places indispensable. The report recommends, instead of the old specialized courts, the institution of a unified court system with specialist judges. Some one high official of this system should be charged with supervision of the judicial business of the whole court, and enabled to control calendars, distribute business, transfer cases, and reassign judges. Such a plan, it is clear, means a wholesale revolution of our State courts in the interest of centralized simplicity. But the Committee points out that it would assist in the organization of the clerical side of the courts, now equally confused, and that it would permit a frontal attack on bad procedure. There is too much hard and fast rule in procedure, too much "record" worship, too much formal pleading, too many trials and retrials, and too frequent a throwing of causes out of court when a transfer would save the proceedings already undertaken.

One fact in support of the report's attack on our organization for litigation will occur to every one—the difficulties of many municipal courts in adjusting themselves to State systems. Chicago and Cleveland have centralized the administration of their own "petty" causes; and this is, in miniature and in makeshift form, what should be done in many States as a whole. But this bad organization is not found so closely connected with judicial inefficiency in enforcing the law, as distinguished from applying it. Here a primary cause is the weakening of public interest and initiative in the carrying out of criminal enactments. For one thing, a diversity of interests in different parts of the State often leads to the imposition of laws by one section, and their resistance by a second. For another, there is constant fear of political oppression through the criminal law, and frequent class suspicion of some phases of enforcement. To the political aspects of criminal justice the report traces many of the shortcomings of the courts; and few communities have not had public prosecutors who were spectacular when the general conscience was aroused, and sluggish when they feared offending powerful interests. One reform is legislation permitting a public examination of accused persons under proper safeguards. But with crime, as in the two other fields, we come back to a better selection of judges, who shall be guaranteed a longer tenure, and to the raising of qualifications for the bar, as the most essential steps.

JULES LEMAITRE.

In the death of Jules Lemaître on August 6 French impressionistic criticism has lost its most sparkling leader. Born in 1853 in an obscure provincial village near Orléans, M. Lemaître taught in obscurity as a hard-working professor of literature at Havre, Algiers, Besançon, and Grenoble before he was brought into prominence by the famous criticism on Renan. "Renan est gai," he kept repeating ironically in his vivid description of the great Semitic scholar's lecture-room; "but M. Renan has not the right to be gay; he can be so only by the most audacious or the most blind of inconsistencies. Even as Macbeth murdered sleep, so M. Renan twenty times, a hundred times, in every one of his books has murdered joy, murdered action, murdered spiritual peace and the tranquillity of the moral life."

Thereafter, following Francisque Sarcey and J. J. Weiss, M. Lemaître became one of the most influential of the Parisian literary and dramatic critics, writing for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Revue Bleue*. Unlike Brunetière, whose interest centred in the classical writers of the seventeenth century, M. Lemaître loved the ultra-moderns. "I so love the literature of the second half of the nineteenth century," he exclaimed with characteristic sensitiveness and sympathy, "that at times it makes me quiver with delight and feel the pleasure penetrating to my very marrow. I love it even down to all its affectations and follies and extravagances, the germs of which I find in myself. . . . Is it a fault in me that I like better to re-read a chapter of Renan than a sermon of Bossuet?" This is the keynote of his first period—before the Dreyfus Affair. At that critical time, lacking definite inner standards of his own, Lemaître swung over more towards authority, Rome, and reaction. He became an active nationalist, entered into political life which he did not thoroughly understand, and expressed political views in books which did not add to his reputation. The effect of this rather unfortunate break in his career was to make him more serious and more religious, and to throw him back more to classical writers. So, during the last few years of his second period, he lectured at the Sorbonne and wrote volumes on Rousseau (1907), Racine (1908), Fénelon (1910), and Chateaubriand (1912). In 1911 he was appropriately chosen to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Bossuet monument at Meaux; there he took occasion to quote with approval Bossuet's protest in one of his great orations against the arrogance of the so-called "free-thinkers" of his day.

Lemaître marked the revolt against the "scientific" criticism of Taine, and the harsh dogmatic classifications and classical disdain of Brunetière. Rejecting their erudite and ambitious generalizations, he preferred to rest his criticism on intuition. He was a champion of relativity and pluralism, and akin intellectually to Anatole France and Bergson. "What impression does a piece make on me personally?" That was his touchstone. He approached an author with a genial sympathy instead of with a preconceived formula. He could completely surrender himself to receive an impression. In the case of a writer whom he liked, he could surrender himself so completely as to identify himself, as it were, with the writer; so that the writer's faults gave him real pain as if they were his own. Brunetière condemned Flaubert's "Bouvard et Pécuchet"; Lemaître read it with delight, in spite of its faults (which he admitted), because it was Flaubert—and he liked Flaubert. So, too, he wrote a delicious critique on George Ohnet, when the literary "mandarins" disdained to notice an author whose novels were selling by the half-million while their own works sold only by the thousand. He laid bare the business-like way in which Ohnet wrote to please the bourgeoisie, whose wants the popular novelist could gauge and satisfy as easily as a grocer reads his scales and sells sugar. He dissected Ohnet's plots and revealed them to be merely the old familiar ones which every one had always used. Ohnet was simply feeding the successful, stupid merchant, who seeks literary culture, and supposes he is getting it when Ohnet offers him the beauty of the chromo, the optimism of the simpleton, the discrimination of the concierge's daughter, and the sentimentality of the Sea Side library. In short, M. Lemaître showed Ohnet to be "la triple essence de banalité"; but he gave him the full credit due for being a very shrewd and clever purveyor for the crowd, though never an æsthetic artist creating for the lettered few.

Lemaître himself wrote novels and dramas which showed good observation of human nature, delicacy of analysis, and clever construction; but it is upon the literary and dramatic criticism in "Les Contemporains" (seven volumes, 1885-99) and "Impressions de Théâtre" (ten volumes, 1888-98), and upon the studies in literary biography noted above that his permanent fame will rest. He did not attempt to impose any literary doctrine, found any philosophy, or draw any wide-reaching conclusions in regard to contemporary French literature. But he expressed brilliantly and charmingly the sincere and instructive impressions which literature made upon an unusually sensitive, subtle, and sympathetic nature.

GENIUS AND GEOGRAPHY.

Where do America's native men and women of distinction come from? What sections produce most of them? These questions, by no means new, are subjected to unusual tests by Dr. Scott Nearing in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The title of the article in which they are discussed is "The Geographical Distribution of American Genius." Genius is a big word. By it Dr. Nearing means nothing more phenomenal than sufficient prominence to cause the publishers of "Who's Who in America" to write to you for particulars regarding yourself which the world hitherto has somehow managed to get along without. In the year 1913 there were just 18,794 such persons in this country. Dr. Nearing does not maintain that every one of these are gifted with the divine fire. He hazards the assertion that there are omissions, and likewise that names are included which are not exactly distinguished. But these imperfections, he thinks, do not seriously affect his conclusions.

The first fact to be established is the familiar one that New England has a lead in the number of eminent men and women in proportion to population that is "little short of phenomenal." With less than a fourteenth of the population of the United States, that section has been the birthplace of almost a fourth of the native-born of distinction living in 1913. The Middle Atlantic States come next, with a fifth of the population, and somewhat less than a third of the distinguished. Then follow the East North Central States, where the proportions are almost equal. In the remaining sections, the percentage of population is above the percentage of eminent natives, the South Atlantic States making the best effort to equalize them. But Dr. Nearing is not content to leave the matter here. Changes in population have been rapid in recent decades, and the supremacy of New England must be tested by more careful analysis. We must know when these distinguished persons of 1913 were born, and what the proportion of population in the various sections was at that time, or, rather, those times.

This recasting of the figures is all the more necessary as it turns out that "a sur-

prisingly large number" of our Immortals of 1913 were born before 1850. Only one in a hundred was born after 1880, only fourteen in a hundred after 1870. More than a fourth of the total number were born prior to 1850. Arranging our eminent natives by decades according to date of birth and taking the population of the various sections of the country for such periods, we find that up to 1880 New England's ratio between distinguished natives and population was steadily ahead of that of any other section. The Middle Atlantic and East North Central States also presented, for virtually the entire time between 1850 and 1880, a larger proportion of eminent natives than of population. As a further test, we may limit the figures of population to the native-born whites, omitting the negroes for the benefit of the South and the foreign-born for the benefit of certain sections of the North. But this only increases New England's lead. Every one of her States, from Maine to Connecticut, had in 1880 a larger percentage of eminent natives to native whites than the country at large had. Vermont led New England, and Rhode Island, the last New England State in this respect, led New York, the nearest rival, by a margin of 30 per cent.

But about 1880 a change began to set in, for when the figures are cast up for 1890 New England is found to have relinquished her lead in favor of the Middle Atlantic section. Her long diminishing proportion of the population is at last reflected in a diminished proportion of eminent natives. During the decade 1880-90, New England's percentage of the total population declined 7 per cent., but her percentage of eminent natives born during the decade was 35 per cent. below that for the decade preceding. The Middle Atlantic section, on the other hand, virtually stood still in percentage of total population, but increased the birth-rate of its eminent natives by no less than 50 per cent. Just why this should have taken place, either in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century or at all, Dr. Nearing does not attempt to explain. One may guess that the continued loss of enterprising sons and daughters by emigration may have had something to do with it, and it was inevitable that the growth of the newer portions of the country would lessen the gap between them and her, if only by providing them with native officials. But it would require a special investigation to ascertain all the causes of her decline, and even then there would remain for the ambitious a difficulty as great as that of choosing one's parents; the difficulty, namely, of selecting one's birthplace.

Chronicle of the War

Even the exact status of the belligerent Powers and their relations one to another have been until recently, and to some extent still remain, extremely confused. The Powers actively engaged in the war up to the present are eight in number: France, England, Germany, Belgium, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Servia, and Montenegro. In effect, Germany and Austria-Hungary are fighting the rest of the Powers, but technically the situation is more complicated. Thus, until Monday, Germany was at war with Russia, France, England, and Belgium, and Austria was at war with Russia and Servia, but not with France or England, and the Ambassadors of Austria remained in London and Paris. This anomalous situation was simplified on Monday, when Austrian troops were massed on the Swiss border and France, demanding to know the intentions of the Dual Monarchy and receiving no reply, formally declared war. Up to the time of writing diplomatic relations are not yet severed between Great Britain and Austria. Bellicose Montenegro formally joined the fray by declaring war on Austria on Saturday, and on the same day Portugal, in reply to an inquiry from Germany as to her intentions, announced that she would place herself unconditionally on the side of Great Britain, according to the terms of an old treaty between the two countries. Servia also declared war on Germany on Saturday.

As we point out elsewhere, such European diplomacy as has not been shattered by war has centred at Rome, and the reluctance of various Powers to make a formal declaration of war may be traced to a desire, on the part of Austria, to draw Italy into the fray as a member of the Triple Alliance; on the part of France, to enable Italy to maintain her declared neutrality. The terms of the Triple Alliance would demand Italy's support in case of Austria and Germany being attacked. The view that Italy has taken, however, and evidently intends to stand by, is that her partners in the alliance are the aggressors. In view of recent news, and particularly that of the bombardment of Antivari, in Montenegro, by Austria, it would not be surprising if Italy were eventually forced into war on the side of her more natural ally, France.

Holland has so far been able to maintain her neutrality, and there have even been rumors, which must be accepted with great reserve, and are probably due only to the fact that the sole news from Berlin has come by way of Amsterdam, that a tacit understanding has been reached between Holland and Germany. In view of the popular Dutch dislike of Germany, such an agreement appears improbable. In the Far East, China has declared her neutrality, but Japan, while remaining neutral for the present and supporting the President of the United States in his offer of mediation, has made plain her intention to uphold British interests in the Far East, in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

War between Great Britain and Germany was declared by both countries almost simultaneously on the evening of August 4. Preparations in England were already far advanced, and as we write mobilization is almost complete. Lord Kitchener has been appointed Minister of War, and Sir John French Inspector-General of the forces. Immediately on war being declared, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, in command of the British fleet in the North Sea, was instructed to "capture or destroy the enemy." So far there has been no general engagement between the British and the German fleets, nor is their exact position known. Apparently the German fleet is hugging the harbors in the neighborhood of Heligoland, and the British fleet is faced with the task of keeping it inactive and of repelling attacks by torpedo boats. Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced in the House of Commons on Friday the destruction by torpedo-boat destroyers of the German mine-layer Königin Luise, and the loss of the small British cruiser Amphion, which was blown up by a mine. These events happened on August 5.

Interest in the campaign by land has centred in the German operations in Belgium and the French invasion of Alsace. The German advance into Belgium began on August 4. On the following day the villages of Visé and Argenteau were taken, and the attack on Liège was commenced. The German troops that have been engaged in the operations around Liège are the Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth Army Corps. The resistance offered by the Belgian troops was obviously not provided for in the German plan of striking quickly at France through Belgium. Even if we assume that the invasion of Belgium was intended rather as a screening movement, the moral effect of the reverses which the German forces have suffered must be regarded as serious. The exact extent of those reverses cannot even now be accurately ascertained. Severe fighting took place during the last four days of last week, and an official report from Paris put the German losses as high as 25,000. A more conservative estimate, however, should probably be adopted. The German infantry apparently attacked with considerable courage, but little observance of the lessons taught particularly by the Boer War. Attacking in close formation, they were mown down by the gunfire from the Belgian forts, which seems to have been astonishingly accurate. An incident of the attack was a charge by Uhlans, who penetrated the city as far as the Rue Sainte Foie, and were then cut to pieces. In the battle on August 5 the Germans are said to have abandoned seventeen machine guns. German troops finally took possession of the city of Liège on August 8, but the forts still hold out, and are said to be well provisioned and armed, and capable of withstanding a siege.

On Saturday came the news that a French army had crossed the German frontier into Alsace and had entered Mülhausen, an important town of 90,000 inhabitants. No serious defence appears to have been offered by the German troops to the occupation of Mülhausen, but a sharp fight had previously taken place at Altkirch, near the Swiss frontier. The French losses in the fighting there are officially stated not to have exceeded 100 killed and wounded. The German troops were stated on Monday to have inundated the Seille valley, between Metz and Nancy, to hinder the advance of the French, but the quantity of the water was insufficient to prevent the French forward movement. Skirmishes have taken place all along the French

front, but nothing that ean be described as a battle has as yet occurred. Details of the Freneh advance are kept elosely guarded by the Government.

Mobilization in France has practically been completed, as is indicated by the reported improvement of the ordinary train service. Beyond stating the fact that a French army is in Belgium, going either to the relief of Liège or to meet the German army of invasion at some point, such as Louvain, between Liège and Brussels, it is difficult to speak with confidence. It may be assumed, however, that the army is in two divisions, the one advaneing from Tournoi and the other along the Meuse by way of Namur. There seems to be no doubt, either, that British troops have been landed in France, and are proceeding to the relief of the Belgians; but beyond an isolated dispatch telling of the landing of 22,000 English troops, no information has come on this point.

It is impossible to speak with any eonfidence of what is likely to be the development of the German attack. As we write it is reported that the plan still is to deliver the main attack through Belgium, and that Brussels will be the next objective. The movement of German troops in Luxemburg, however, appears to be worth watching. There they are in close proximity to Metz and to the battlegrounds of 1870-71. Their scouts have already erossed the frontier into Franee. Of the numbers of the German troops in Luxemburg, or, indeed, elsewhere, one cannot even form an estimate.

Russian mobilization is not yet eomplete, a fact whieh doubtless accounts for the unexpected appearance of some 30,000 Austrian troops on the Swiss border, near Basle, who have come to reinforce the German army in Luxemburg. This would seem to indicate that Austria shares the views of Germany, that a quick and decisive blow must be struek at France before Russia is ready to take the field. Russian troops, however, have crossed the Austrian frontier, for an official dispatch dated August 11, from St. Petersburg, tells of a skirmish between Austrians and Russians at Zalotche, in Austrian Galicia. On the other hand, a dispatch from Vienna of the same date says that Austrian troops have occupied Miechow, in Russian Poland, ten miles within the border. Reports have come from several sources of the bombardment early last week of the Russian fortress of Sveaborg, on the Gulf of Finland, by a German squadron.

The quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Servia, which was the original cause of this monstrous tramping of legions across Europe, has been somewhat lost sight of in the vista of the larger issues which have been presented. So far as ean be gathered from meagre and sevcrely censored dispatches, it would appear that but little progress has been made with the Austrian invasion of Servia. The bombardment of Belgrade has apparently been continued, but that the Servians can contemplate with equanimity. One report last week had it that there was not an Austrian left in Servia; another dispatch, which may doubtless be accepted as reliable, says that Servia has taken the offensive, and there have been reports of skirmishes in the neighborhood of Visigrad, in Bosnia.

Foreign Correspondence

ON THE BRINK OF WAR—AWAITING THE KAISER'S WORD—PREPARATIONS IN SWITZERLAND—AN EXODUS OF TRAVELLERS.

PARIS, July 31.

I wish to describe the sensations which the near danger of war produces among peaceful peoples. In five days' time I have shared such sensations in France and in Switzerland with men of many minds and interests. What I may say will come after events have decided whether it is to be peace or war; but it will relate what the eable cannot transmit. Briefly, I have had to go back myself to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 and to what I remember from my childhood during our Civil War to find anything like the emotion prevalent here.

I had to go from Paris to Lausanne, in Switzerland—a matter of ten hours by train—on the day when Austria's ultimatum to Servia expired. There was no immediate alarm as yet, and no skurrying to and fro of distracted travellers, as there has been since. The action of Austria exasperated persons of every nationality, because it threatened to disturb their summer plans, and beeause they were already depressed by the long stretch of bad weather. But every one, without exception, was honest enough to aeknowledge that individual Servians—to put the mildest eonstruction on what has happened—had been very trying.

People had not forgotten the murder of their King and Queen eleven years ago, nor the assassination of the heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne and his wife. If President Wilson was right in refusing to recognize government constituted by assassination in Mexico, then Emperor Francis Joseph had the right to see that Servia does not shelter the assassins of his heir. I have found this impression general among Frenchmen, who sympathize most with Russia's desire to prevent the annihilation of Servian independence.

A second impression, from the start, has been that Russia cannot yield yet again to the high-handed Austrian methods of dealing with Servia and Montenegro. If the great White Czar cannot protect his brother Slavs against the suppression of their race, then the hour of Russia's abdication in Europe has come. This is not far-fetched talk to Frenchmen, as it may seem to Americans. Without defining the exact limits of the Franco-Russian alliance, even the man in the street knows that, if the conflict spreads to war between Russia and Austria over Servia, it will be all but impossible that Germany and Franee should not be drawn into the struggle.

This has worked up the popular consciousness of French and Swiss and Italians to the fact that the peace of Europe or a general war within a week depends on the will of one man—Kaiser Wilhelm. Because he is an enigma, because he put aside—perhaps very properly—the propositions of Sir Edward Grey for an international peace-persuading palaver, because his Ambassador plainly notified France that any help given to Russia in case of the latter's intervention would find Germany standing beside Austria—it is because of all this that every one I see around me, French and Swiss and Italians and Germans themselves, are walking about in what yesterday's *Secolo*, of Milan, calls "eccitazione grandissima."

The sober, unsensational *Journal de Genève* says this with more authority than I ean give it: "In this extremity of danger, all eyes are turned to the German Emperor. The *Novoie Vremia* (in St. Petersburg) adjures him to hold back Austria—if there is still time—from the act which may set all Europe in flames. The *Temps* (in Paris) puts its hope also in William the Second. More than ever before, he is master of the hour. Often he has declared that his intentions are invariably for peace. More than once he has given his proofs, particularly in 1913 for the treaty of Bucharest. Governments have faith in him—and the peoples, too. We wait for the gesture from him whieh ean still stop short a catastrophe that would be little less frightful for the conquerors than for the conquered."

It is a long time since the chief of any race of men has heard words like that. When this is read, the world will know whether it is to tremble or rejoice at the nod of this new Alexander.

I have found the Swiss more upset by what is going on than the French. All the young men I meet are sure they are going to war in a week—that is, to march to defend the neutrality of their frontiers. The boots and the porter of the hotel, and the house-agent's clerk, from whom I am renting a villa for an American of Paris, all have the same conviction. They say: "The French army will march across us to take the offensive against Germany; and Germany is all ready to eross the Rhine into Basle against the Freneh; and they will fight their battles in our valleys!"

I have my doubts, though it seems a Swiss general has shown it all in a book. At any rate, these young fellows are all resolved to fight both parties impartially.

The Swiss, of all others, have the first and foremost reasons to dread war. They live on summer travel, and the mere threat of war is driving away their customers. One mountain hotel-keeper says he will have to close in a few days if there is no change. "First, all my Austrians left together; then the Germans went; now the French are going, and the Americans have stopped coming."

It is worse than this. If you are in Switzerland, how are you going to get back to Paris? Trains are already held up in Lyons, in case they should be needed for mobilization and transport of troops. How are you going to get money from Paris? For that matter, Swiss banks give out no more gold, but only the big silver five-franc piece, like a United States dollar. And if you are in Paris, must you lay in hams and canned goods and such for fear no provisions will reach the city? Already grocers refuse to change your fifty-franc banknotes ($10), unless you buy ten francs' worth of foodstuffs.

All this may be the midsummer madness of a war-scare, but it is very real to people on the brink of war. Besides the material bother, often equivalent to financial disaster, there are innumerable anxious emotions of flesh and blood. A doctor of the reserve bids me good-by and he leaves for sudden service. An automobilist of the general staff is awaiting orders to join his post. And the wives are dissolved in tears. If war comes, their husbands may not come back—for, indeed, "War is hell," and pacifism does not seem to be of much account. S. D.

A Duke Among the Wits

PART ONE:—WHARTON AN EXAMPLE OF THE PASSION OF VANITY; HIS LIFE AS POLITICIAN AND MAN OF THE WORLD.

To those who admit an acquaintance with the wits of Queen Anne and her successor, the Duke of Wharton has been a portentous but rather vague figure. An idea of the man had, indeed, been fixed in their minds once for all by one of Pope's terrible portraits:

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
. . . . . .
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

That is a portrait done in everlasting encaustic; but of the actual features of the man himself we knew comparatively little, and might reasonably doubt whether the limner drew from the life or from a fancy of his own fertile and malignant brain. In a memoir published in 1896, Mr. J. R. Robinson gave a fairly interesting sketch of Wharton's career, and now the busy pen of Mr. Lewis Melville has supplemented that work with a fuller narrative containing a number of hitherto unpublished letters.* It is the habit of Mr. Melville to be somewhat lenient to the subject he has in mind, but, however Pope may have deepened the shadows, it still appears that no essay, and indeed no biography, of Wharton can do much more than offer a running commentary on the traits we have known from the beginning.

I.

If any man of that age exemplified by his actions the current philosophy of the ruling passion, it was his Grace of Wharton. And whether that passion displayed itself as the vanity of a man of no character to win honor in the game of politics, difficult always, doubly difficult in those days, or as the itching of a high-born nobleman to shine in the still more deadly battle of the wits, it was all, as Pope said, for fear the knaves should call him fool.

As for his lack of character, he came to that by special inheritance as well as by the general dissoluteness of the period. Of an ancient family, his grandfather, Philip, fourth Baron Wharton (1613-1696), distinguished as "the good Lord Wharton," was able in the troubled years of the Rebellion to side with the popular cause, yet honorably to oppose the execution of the King and the usurpation of Cromwell. He succeeded also in combining great personal beauty and lavish display with the strict principles of a Covenanter. Philip's son Thomas (1648-1715), fifth baron and first marquis, went further in the treacherous art of contraries, being at once an incorruptible politician in the party of the Revolution and in private life a notorious rake. It could be said of him, apparently with truth,

Nor bribes nor threat'nings could his zeal abate,
To serve his country, and avert her fate.

Yet for his religion, he was well described by Swift as "an atheist grafted on a dissenter," while Harry Killegrew, one of Charles the Second's masters of ribaldry, could say to him, "You would not swear at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honor." And for his morals, Shaftesbury, an honest and fairly trustworthy reporter, summed them up in a few words: "If I ever expected any public good where virtue was wholly sunk, 'twas in his character: the most mysterious of any in my account, for this reason. But I have seen many proofs of this monstrous compound in him, of the very worst and best." The Marquis came into association with the later circle of wits by taking Addison with him as his private secretary when he went over to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant. He was himself the author of that extraordinary bit of anti-papistical doggerel, the "Lillibullero," which, according to Burnet, had more political effect than the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero, and which my Uncle Toby, long after the battle of Namur, used to whistle to himself to keep up his courage.

Of this stock, diminishing in character by generations and increasing in *hybris*, our illustrious scamp was born, in the year 1698. Whatever else he lacked in training and inheritance, he was from the first prepared to exact the wonder of senates. "His father's care," according to a contemporary biographer, "was to form him a complete orator"; and to this end the lad was put into the hands of tutors who drilled him in literature and elocution. But not for long. At the age of sixteen he eloped with a girl, said to have been "without either family or fortune," and was married in the Fleet. That he was a tyrant to his wife, we have no other witness than Pope; but at least he soon abandoned her, and contrived to amuse himself without her for years. Six weeks after the marriage his father died, and the young Marquis, handsome, witty, but not wise, was left with no curb to his "unbridled excursions" save the hand of his guardians on the purse.

Very soon the boy was sent over to Geneva, with a Huguenot tutor, to study at a religious institution. Naturally he rebelled. He stopped long enough at Paris on the way to get into all kinds of mischief, and thither he escaped again, after a short experience of Swiss discipline, leaving with his tutor his Byronic pet and this not less Byronic note of farewell: "Being no longer able to bear with your ill-usage, I think proper to be gone from you. However, that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most sociable companion in the world that could be picked out for you." In Paris the truant gave himself up to reckless humor and Stuart politics. We first hear of him associating with a Mr. Gwynn, whom he meets at an English coffee-house, and the next day visits in a chamber up many stairs. "Sure, I hope this is not the way to heaven, for if it is, I'll run down stairs again," exclaims our budding wit. Gwynn was apparently abroad for the good of his country, and, with or without his help, the young scion of the Revolution and nursling of Whiggery is soon deeply engaged in the plots to bring James III back to his throne.

And so began the crooked search to obtain general praise in the medley of politics. The boy's beginnings were fair, and he seems to have been introduced immediately into the heart of those wild intrigues which were hatching at Paris and Avignon and which had already driven Bolingbroke from the party. Mr. Melville has printed a number of Wharton's letters from the Stuart Papers which show a surprising grasp of affairs in one so young, particularly a note to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, dated November 4, 1716, when our statesman was only eighteen years old. But no necessity of state could keep his tongue from wagging folly and his brain from plotting dangerous jokes. Only two days after the sober epistle to the Landgrave, the Earl of Southesk is writing to Mar, complaining that unless some one can restrain the young man's loose talk he will ruin himself to no purpose. And in the same month we get this account of him from a correspondent unnamed:

> . . . Lord Wharton was at Lord Stair's on young Geordie's birthday. He proposed to drink confusion to the Tories, and that Liddesdale and Gardener would go to the Coffee-house and he and they would do as much there. When they came there, he cried, Here is confusion to the Whigs! What do you mean, my Lord? say they. —— —— you, says he; do you know I brought you here to get your heads broke? the Tories are too many for you here to drink any other health.

From such perils and plots his guardians delivered him for the time by cutting off his supplies and forcing him to return to England. He had lived lavishly and borrowed recklessly, even inducing the hard-pressed widow of James II to lend him £2,000. "I have pawned my principles," he said to a friend at home, "to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a considerable sum, and till I can repay him, I must be a Jacobite. When that is done, I will return to the Whigs."

**The Life and Writings of Philip Duke of Wharton.* By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Company. $4.50 net.

What his politics really were at this time, if he had any politics beyond the desire to be doing something, it would be hard to say. In December of 1716 he is writing to the Earl of Mar that he is ready with twenty men to proclaim James in Cheapside; a few months later he has taken his place in the Irish House of Lords at Dublin, and is doing good service for the Government. There is nothing peculiar in this. Most of the politicians of the age were trying to keep the peace with one King while serving the other; but they showed a certain discretion in their duplicity, whereas this young scapegrace had not even the conscience of concealment. One guesses that his real sympathies were with the King over the water, as was the prevailing fashion, for good reasons, among the greater wits of the day, but that the consciousness of talent and the craving for applause tempted him often, though not always, to play a part with the dominant, practical party. At any rate, as a reward for his loyalty in Ireland, the Government, on January 28, 1718, while he was still a minor, created him Duke of Wharton—an extraordinary honor. On February 18 the news is that "the Duke of Wharton has changed his side," and is voting with the other party.

II.

While in Ireland he met the exiled despot of the wits, who preached to him a better sermon than most of those he spoke from the pulpit. "You have had some capital frolics, my lord," Dean Swift is reported to have said to the bragging youth, "and let me recommend one to you. Take a frolic to be virtuous: take my word for it, that one will do you more honor than all the other frolics of your life." Whether the advice fell on heeding ears may be douhted, but, for some reason, on returning to England the Duke seems to have made a modest experiment in virtue. He fell "into the conversation of the sober part of mankind," wrote Mrs. Eliza Haywood, "and began to think there were comforts in retirement." And Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells her sister that "the Duke of Wharton has brought his duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; in order to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his . . . He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner." But the Duke was soon sinning again, if indeed he had ever stopped. His wife was bundled off to the country; he joined the Hell-Fire Club, which, as Mr. Melville thinks, may not have been as bad as its name, but was certainly bad enough; he played atrocious pranks, one of which sent a foolish dwarf to the madhouse; he drank furiously. Dr. Young is supposed to have lectured him under the name of Lorenzo:

> Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon;
> And the sun's noontide blaze, prim dawn of day;
> Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
> Commencing one of our antipodes!

Meanwhile, in 1719, whether as saint or sinner, he had been introduced into the House of Lords, where he soon proved his precocious powers of oratory. There, as president of the Hell-Fire Club, he opposed a bill for preventing blasphemy and profaneness, on the ground that such a law would he repugnant to Scripture! At the end of the year 1721 he was kissing the King's hand as a good Whig. Then again, in May of 1723, he was speaking in defence of that prime Tory, Bishop Atterbury, against the Bill of Pains and Penalties. Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," says that in the evening before the debate Wharton went to Sir Robert at Chelsea, avowed contrition for his opposition to the court, and consulted with the Minister on the best way of aiding the bill. Having thus got full information in regard to the case, he spent the rest of the night carousing, and the next morning, without having gone to bed, made his great speech in the House of Lords against the Government. Mr. Melville rightly observes that the anecdote, whether true or not, is quite in keeping with the Duke's character; but it can scarcely be true. Sir Robert was not one to he caught by such a trick, and Sergeant Wynne, who was concerned in the case, pronounced the story incredible. It is easier to accept Mr. Melville's eulogy of Wharton as an orator on this occasion: "With a wonderful grasp of detail and a stern logic, he summed up the evidence against Atterhury, and disposed of it, in a quiet, forcible, closely-reasoned manner that suggests the great lawyer rather than the distinguished orator." Yet here again Mr. Melville goes a little too far. It is not quite true that by virtue of this speech "the Duke takes a position among the great men of his day." His argument, indeed, shows a keen grasp of details; but it lacks something more than oratorical manner; it lacks also the persuasiveness of Atterbury's own speech on the occasion. And naturally it failed of effect; for Walpole knew, and Parliament knew, and we know, and probably Wharton himself knew, that the Bishop had been engaged in treasonahle correspondence with James. The Bishop went over to France—"exchanged" for Bolingbroke, as he said, being himself one of the brotherhood of wits—and the Duke consoled himself by inditing an ode "On the Banishment of Cicero," in the Ercles vein suitable to such an occasion:

> Thy Wisdom was thy only Guilt,
> Thy Virtue thy Offence,
> With Godlike Zeal thou didst espouse
> Thy Country's just defence:
> Nor sordid Hopes could charm thy steady Soul,
> Nor fears, nor Guilty Numbers could controul.
>
> What tho' the Noblest Patriots stood
> Firm to thy sacred Cause.
> What tho' Thou could'st display the Force
> Of Rhet'ric and of Laws;
> No Eloquence, no Reason could repel
> Th' united Strength of Clodius and of Hell.

III.

The Duke was not long in following the Bishop, in politics if not in virtue. In a "memorial" to the court at Vienna he made the treatment of Atterbury an excuse for abandoning the Hanoverian cause, but Mr. Melville is probably right in surmising that the itch for high position which he could not obtain from the Government at home, sent him back to the Pretender. Like Lorenzo of the poem—

> Denied the public eye, the public's voice,
> As if he lived on other's breath, he dies.
> Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
> Mankind the gazers, the sole figure he.

However that may be, leaving his noble name to the scandal-mongers of England—who, if we may helieve Horace Walpole, did not miss their opportunity—he crossed the Channel in July of 1725, and was immediately deep in the Jacobite counsels. "Venisti tandem?" exclaimed Atterbury, in a set of Latin verses which do more credit to his knowledge of the Gradus than to his discernment of men.

For a while he takes an important part in that futile weaving of plots which the Jacobites were carrying on all over Europe. At first he is at the court of Austria, where he accomplishes nothing, through no fault of his own, it may be. Then he is in Spain, where he accomplishes less than nothing. Both friends and enemies were heginning to find him out by this time and to regard him as the Miles Gloriosus of politics. A letter from Benjamin Keene, then British Consul at Madrid, tells the sad story in unmistakable language:

> . . . On Tuesday last. I had some company with me that the Dukes of Liria and Wharton wanted to speak with; upon which they came directly into the room. Wharton made his compliments and placed himself by me. I did not think myself obliged to turn out his star and garter [given him by James]; because, as he is an everlasting talker and tippler, in all probability he would lavish out something that might be of use to know. . . . He declared himself the Pretender's Prime Minister, and Duke of Wharton and Northumberland. Hitherto (says he) my master's interest has been managed by the Duchess of Perth and three or four other old women who meet under the portal of St. Germains; he wanted a Whig, and a brisk one, to put them in the right train, and I am the man; you may now look upon me as Sir Philip Wharton, Knight of the Garter. and Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Bath, running a course, and, by God, he shall be hard pressed; . . . neither he nor King George shall be six months at ease, as long as I have the honor to serve in the employ I am in.

It is not strange that "the other old women" soon had him excluded from what they were pleased to regard as the secrets of their conspiracy, though the "Knight of the Bath" probably knew more of what was really happening than any one of them. Whereupon our Gloriosus must turn soldier indeed—

> Est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt
> Nec sunt.

In 1727 the Spaniards made an attempt

to recover Gibraltar, and the Duke obtained permission to serve with the besieging army. The attack was futile, but Wharton at least showed that he was no coward. On one occasion, inspired by brandy, and decked out in his Garter-Ribbon, he went up to an English battery and challenged it by crying out, "Long live the Pretender," and using other "bad language." He was warned to retire, but kept up his posture until struck by a piece of a shell on the toe. So much glory he won, and then, being weary of camp life, returned to Madrid.

Meanwhile he had changed his religion and had married again. In Madrid he became acquainted with the daughter of an Irish exile who was one of the maids of honor to the Spanish Queen. As she was a Catholic, the Duke promptly went over to her religion. On June 17, 1726, we know from a document of the Inquisition that he was firm in his adherence to the Anglican faith; by July 26 he was converted and had his bride. Two years later, hoping to curry favor in England, he was swearing to Atterbury that he was no Catholic—"We might as well think he was a Turk." But when he found his denial of no avail, "he made another sudden turn, and is now as true a Catholic and Jacobite as ever he was." He was no longer taken seriously by the statesmen at home, but the wits had not forgotten him. Mr. Melville quotes an amusing ballad, by Curll, "on the Duke of Wharton's Renouncing the Protestant Religion":

Pray, isn't it queer
That a wild Peer,
So known for rakish Tricks,
That *Wharton* shou'd
At last be good,
And kiss a *Crucifix?*

. . . . . .

Old *Thomas* rise,
And if you've Eyes
To light you thro' the Shades.
See, see your Son
How he has run
From Beggary to Beads!

. . . . . .

He took the Lass
And he took to Mass.
All in an errant Whim,
And did dispence
With Marriage-pence
As she dispenc'd with Him.

The rest is the fifth act of the tragedy. Rejected by the Whigs at home and the Jacobites abroad, without money save what he could beg or borrow, sinking deeper and deeper in the habit of drunkenness, with broken health, he throws away the remainder of his life in reckless and profane debauchery. He could impose occasionally on a gullible traveller, and from one such repentant Englishman we have a terrible picture of him as he was living in Paris in 1729:

In short, he left me sick, in Debt, and without a Penny; but as I begin to recover, and have a little Time to think, I can't help considering myself, as one whisk'd up behind a Witch upon a Broomstick, and hurried over Mountains and Dales, through confus'd Woods and thorny Thickets, and when the Charm is ended, and the poor Wretch dropp'd in a Desart, he can give no other Account of his enchanted Travels, but that he is much fatigued in Body and Mind, his Cloaths torn, and worse in all other Circumstances, without being of the least Service to himself or anybody else.

Evidently, some of the old brilliance which had dazzled England in his youth remained with him almost to the end—the magic audacity of his wit. The end itself was pathetic. While going to rejoin his regiment at Terragona he was struck down by fatal illness, and died in the Franciscan Monastery of Poblet, in the habit of the order, with no one near him save the pitying fathers. He was not yet thirty-three years old. According to the inscription on the stone set up in the abbey, he met death "In fide ecclesiæ catholicæ romanæ," but his old companions at home read another epitaph. In 1733 appeared the Epistle which now stands first in the "Moral Essays" of Pope, and there, in that corner of what may be called England's Abbey of the Unwise, his effigy has a conspicuous place among those who fell as victims of the Ruling Passion:

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days.

P. E. M.

Books and Men

THE CRUEL AND ABUSIVE TREATMENT OF SLANG.

Does American slang suffer a sea-change in crossing the Atlantic? Is it really transformed? Or is the alteration merely that undergone by the cranberries which were sent to an Englishman by his American friend? The Englishman had enjoyed cranberry-sauce in this country, and after going home was pleased to receive a barrel of cranberries from across the ocean. In a day or two, however, he wrote: "I thank you for the berries, but unfortunately they have all soured in transportation." Is our slang the same on one side of the ocean as the other, but is its altered taste due to its mistaken use?

Mr. W. J. Ghent, who writes in *Harper's Weekly* on "Our Slang Across the Sea," thinks that when an English scholar sets himself to describe and define the beauties of our slang he retires into a closet, lights a lamp, and evolves a meaning from his inner consciousness—like the German scholar and the dromedary. How else, asks Mr. Ghent, could he have defined "stuck-up" as meaning "moneyless—very figurative expression derived from being 'stuck-up' by highwaymen," after which, this etymologist profoundly remarks, "You have no money left in your pocket."

The English writer whose book Mr. Ghent describes is Mr. J. Redding Ware, author of "Passing English of the Victorian Era." Mr. Ware has evidently studied the works of Mr. Hornung, but neglected Bret Harte. Otherwise he would know that, while an Australian bush-ranger "sticks-up" his victims, the ancient desperado of the American Far West would scorn to commit such an act. To "hold" them up is a different and eminently proper proceeding.

Some other oddities of Mr. Ware's book are mentioned by Mr. Ghent. A chump is defined as "a youth (as a rule) who is in any way cheated of his money—especially by the so-called gentler sex." "Snakes" is given, in Anglo-American slang, as meaning "danger," so "snakes alive" (wholly American) is "much worse than snakes." Naturally, the latter is too horrible to consider. Why Mr. Ware should say that axe-grinders are "men who grumble, especially politically," is hard to understand, since he has given, directly above, the correct definition of "axe to grind."

A few more misunderstandings, not mentioned by Mr. Ghent, occur in "Passing English." For example, Mr. Ware evidently knows nothing of the command to "dry up!" He is content to say that the phrase means "to cease because effete"—from mountain torrents which dry up in summer. "Foxes," he says, are "people of Maine—probably owing to the foxes which prevail there." He has heard of a horrid American oath which he calls "*Gaul* darned." His book is strong on our oaths—"Jee," he declares, is "an oath-like expression. First syllable of Jerusalem. 'Jee! You don't dare to do it!'" (Both "Jee" and "Gaul-darned" give evidence that Mr. Ware learned his American oaths by ear.) "Red peppers," he suggests, is another American "form of swearing." (If so, my education is defective.) "Jag" is always a stumbling-block for English commentators on our slang. Mr. Ware finds it to be a "Spanish-American-English" phrase to express a "desire to use a knife against somebody—to jag him." "Wake-snakes" means "provoke to the uttermost." Perhaps it does. And to "whoop up" is an Americanism signifying "to tune a musical instrument."

"Bull-doze" is, with partial correctness, defined as "political bullying." But the excellent Mr. Ware is not content with this—he must quote an anecdote. "'What do they mean by bull-dozing?' asked an inquisitive wife the other evening. 'I suppose they mean a bull that is half asleep.' And the injured one kept on with her sewing, but said nothing." This, writes Mr. Ware, "will show that even in the U. S. A. themselves this term is not fully understood." "Dodrottedest" is "an example of evasive swearing." That is very true—but a little disappointing.

To be the maker of a slang dictionary one must chloroform one's sense of humor. To define "Let her go, Gallegher!" as "an expression signifying a willingness to proceed" (as one of these dictionaries did) is a dreadful thing. A person with a mind so scientific as to be capable of that would be an intolerable companion. He is blood-brother to the young man to whom a girl said: "How romantic the moon is to-night!" The reply, from the youth, was: "Yes; and are you aware that the moon is exactly 244,678 miles from the earth?"

A slang dictionary and a collection of beautifully mounted dead butterflies are, to me, very much the same. It is right and proper, I suppose, that museums should have the butterflies, but killing them is a shameful thing. Slang words and phrases are, in their own way, as beautiful as moths and butterflies. Their gay life is on the lips of the people. They are held captive in literature—and this is not only excusable but necessary. But in a dictionary they are smothered, impaled, dried, and mounted. You resent that these bright creatures of the language have been pawed by fusty lexicographers.

There will come a day, perhaps, when somebody will issue a rational version of "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." That fine riot of slang—which one of the most learned of professors of English is said to have recited by the hour—will be translated into pure English! Some scholar will put his great, coarse hands to work, and——

O, Mommer, wasn't Mame a looty-toot!
  Last night, when at the Rainbow Social Club
She did the bunny hug with ev'ry scrub
  From Hogan's Alley to the Dutchman's Boot!
While little Willie, like a plug-eared mute,
  Papered the wall and helped absorb the grub,
Played nest-egg with the benches, like a dub,
  When hot Society was easy fruit!
Am I a turnip? On the strict Q T
  Why do my Trilbys get so ossified?
Why am I minus when it's up to me
  To brace my Paris Pansy for a glide? . . .

will be given in some version of cold prose such as this: "Speak, mother, and declare how beautiful was Marie, last evening, when amongst the youths and maidens in the dance she nestled in the arms of unworthy fellows from the lowest purlieus—whilst I remained passive or sought to drown my grief in wine! Is it true that I am the inferior being I seem? [Note by translator: This appears to be the best rendition of "Am I a turnip?" but cf. Schlatter, IV, p. 27], etc."

For two of their definitions, however, much may be forgiven the dictionaries of slang and Americanisms. One of these is the famous entry under "Jag" in John S. Farmer's "Americanisms, Old and New," published in London in 1889.

Mr. Farmer starts well:

"JAG—In New England a parcel; bundle; or load. An old English provincialism which has held ground colloquially across the Atlantic.

Cleveland was forced up 7½ cents by the persistent bidding of one broker buying on a heavy order. He occasionally caught a JAG of 2,000 or 3,000 shares, but kept on bidding as if Cleveland were the only thing dear to him on earth. . . . *Missouri Republican*, 1888."

But he continues:

"Jag is also a slang term for an umbrella, possibly from that article being so constantly carried."

And he proceeds to prove this by a quotation from the Albany *Journal:*

He came in very late (after an unsuccessful effort to unlock the front door with his umbrella) through an unfastened coal-hole in the sidewalk. Coming to himself toward daylight, he found himself—spring overcoat, silk hat, JAG and all—stretched out in the bath-tub.

From the earliest times Americanisms have proved a snare for the English. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue"—a work not famed for its prudishness—was a century old when Mr. Farmer wrote his book. Grose defined just one Americanism, and the day on which I found it remains in my mind like that on which stout Cortez stood silent on a peak in Darien. This is it:

"TO GOUGE. To squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb: a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A CATALOGUE OF PEPYS'S LIBRARY—BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF STEVENSON AND CRUIKSHANK.

Samuel Pepys the diarist was a true bibliophile and his library of nearly three thousand volumes, happily preserved practically intact for more than two hundred years, is still the distinctive ornament of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Now, for the first time, a comprehensive and adequate catalogue of the library, prepared by specialists, is being published by Sidgwick & Jackson, London. Part I, the "Sea Manuscripts," by Dr. J. R. Tanner, and Part II, the "Early-printed Books to 1558," by E. Gordon Duff, are before us. The latter contains a very interesting general Introduction by Mr. F. Sidgwick, giving an account of the library and its bringing together.

Although Pepys's Diary covers only nine of the seventy years of his life, there are in it about five hundred references more or less definite to his library and to special books which he bought, borrowed, or "turned over" at the booksellers'. This entry of August 10, 1663, telling of his resolution to become "a better husband" by ceasing to buy books will commend itself to the wives of some present-day book collectors:

Whereas before my delight was in multitude of books, and spending money in that and buying alway of other things, now that I am become a better husband, and have left off buying, now my delight is in the neatness of everything, and so cannot be pleased with anything unless it be very neat, which is a strange folly.

But in January, 1668, he was still buying "a great many books," and so filling up his two bookcases that he was "forced to give away some to make room for them," planning then to keep his "proper library" within the limits of these "two presses." His delight in the neatness of everything is shown by his care in cataloguing and arranging or (as he called it) "adjusting" his books, as is recorded in other entries in his diary, as well as by several passages in his will. The books were nearly all put into uniform bindings, with the backs gilded and each volume bearing his "arms or Crest or Cypher" stamped in gold. He was very particular that the books should range evenly upon the shelves, and in some cases the volumes are mounted upon wooden "stilts" covered with leather and stamped in gold so as to appear to be a part of the book. Some of the volumes in the library bear as many as seven changes in shelf-numbers or press-marks, showing that he was continually shifting the books about.

By a codicil to his will, added only a fortnight before his death in May, 1705, Pepys left his library to his nephew John Jackson with full instructions as to its final disposition. It was to be given to Trinity or Magdalen, preferably the latter, and was to be kept together in a room by itself, without additions of any sort except such as might be made by Jackson, and no books were ever to be taken from the room except to the Master's "Lodge," and then never more than ten books at a time. As a final safeguard was added the stipulation that whichever of the two colleges received it, the library was to be open to an annual visitation by the officials of the other, and if it appeared that the terms as laid down by Pepys were not being carried out, the custody of the library was to be transferred. That the trust has been most faithfully kept is shown by the fact that of the 2,971 volumes which made up the library as transferred to Magdalen College by Jackson in 1705, all but seven were still in position in 1906.

The Early-printed books, as catalogued by Mr. Gordon Duff, contain a number of bibliographical and literary rarities from English presses. There are seven Caxtons, one of which is unique; seventeen books or pamphlets printed by Wynken de Worde, five of which are the only copies known, and sixteen pieces from the press of Richard Pynson, seven of which seem to be unique. The Continental books are fewer in number and of less interest, there being apparently but two books printed before 1500.

The "Sea Manuscripts" described in Part I of the Catalogue are mainly material gathered together by Pepys for his proposed "History of the Navy," but among them are other important manuscripts, including originals or transcripts of several journals of early navigators to America and the East. Among these are Clement Adams's account, in Latin, of Richard Chancellor's voyage to Muscovy in 1553; the journals of Edward Fenton's two voyages to China in 1578 and 1582-1583; of Capt. Robert Holmes's two voyages to Guinea in 1660-1661 and 1663-1664; of Capt. William Ambrosia Cowley's Voyage around the World, 1683-1686; Capt. John Narborough's own journals of his voyages, 1669-1686; and Capt. Bartholomew Sharpe's journal of his South-Sea Voyage, 1680-1682. A more elaborate catalogue of the manuscripts in the collection which relate to the English navy is in preparation by the Navy Records Society.

Beyond the fact that it is published at a very moderate price there is little to be said in favor of the new Bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson, by J. Herbert Slater, just published by Macmillan (75 cents). This little volume is announced as being the first of a projected series of similar handbooks, which will describe the "first, early, and collective editions of a variety of old and modern authors," among which are Francis Bacon, Ben Jonson, Bunyan, and Goldsmith. Good collectors' bibliographies of the books

of these older writers are badly needed, but their preparation will require a vast deal more of original work than has been given to this first of the series which, so far as bibliographical information goes, seems to be merely a condensation of the much fuller and more accurate Bibliography of Stevenson prepared by Col. W. F. Prideaux, and published in 1903. Mr. Slater's arrangement is alphabetical by title, and not, as is the more general custom in books of this character, chronological by dates of publication. Several of the rarer items are, however, mentioned only in the notes, and not in the alphabetical list at all.

As the editor, for nearly thirty years, of the *Book-Prices Current*, Mr. Slater is recognized as an authority on book values in England, and he has affixed market values to most of the first editions in this list. These are mainly prices realized at Sotheby's, American records of sale being ignored, and in many cases they are much too low. For example, twenty-one shillings is a ridiculously low value to place upon the four numbers of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, and even worse is the price, £2 19s., the latest English auction record on that little pamphlet "Not I, and Other Poems," which is much rarer and more difficult to procure than the similar pamphlet, "The Graver and the Pen," which is valued at "about £18." In the same way the remarks as to the number of copies printed or in existenee of some of the pamphlets are probably understatements. This is true partieularly of the eighty-page pamphlet "The Story of a Lie," of which Mr. Slater says the copies preserved "are not likely to exceed half a dozen in number," though he gives records of sale of four copies at auction at prices varying from £30 10s. in 1899 to £1 2s. in 1907. This is a book which can always be procured without difficulty, though it generally brings a good price, and the existing copies must be numbered by dozens. The usually accepted story as to its origin needs authentication.

It is almost unkind, in a notice of a book of this character, to allude to a slip like the following. To his bibliographical aceount of Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga" Mr. Slater, for the benefit of his English readers, adds this note: "Ticonderoga is the name of an old fort on Lake Champlain, New York State, celebrated in war and peace long before the Revolution which culminated in the Declaration of Independence."

The books, pamphlets, and magazines containing illustrations by George Cruikshank continue to have a perennial interest for collectors, and the rarer items, when in choice condition and original state as issued, command ever-increasing prices. Several guides or reference books on the subject have been printed, the best having been Captain R. J. H. Douglas's Catalogue, published in 1903, which, though badly arranged, contained much important and interesting information there printed for the first time. For whatever reason, a fire in a book-bindery, we understand, his Catalogue has been scarce for a long time. Now there appears a new book, "A Bibliographical Catalogue," by Albert M. Cohn (Longmans; $5), which will take its place as a handy reference book on the Cruikshank collector's shelves. Mr. Cohn's Catalogue is more nearly complete than Captain Douglas's, as he describes 820 items, nearly one-fourth more than those enumerated by Douglas, but as the earlier work contains fuller descriptions of some of the most sought-for and rarer volumes and series, it will not be entirely superseded. Mr. Cohn's collations seem to be accurate, and his estimates of market values of the rarer items are more nearly truthful than in most works of this character, the authors or editors of which do not seem to be able to keep up with the rapid increase in the prices of the great rarities when in the right condition. The books described are arranged under the names of their authors, and at the end is a full index of titles. L. S. L.

Correspondence

LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I call attention to the fact that neither of Mr. Anderson's statements in his letter in the *Nation* of August 6 invalidates the assertion that prohibition increases the sale of narcotic drugs? It is quite obvious that in a city where the nervous tension is so great as it is in New York the use of such means of intoxication would be relatively great. Does Mr. Anderson doubt for one moment that absolute prohibition of liquor in New York would still further increase this use? As to the second statement: I have very serious doubt, the result of much investigation and study, whether alcohol is ever the cause of insanity; that it is the occasion of its manifestation I freely admit. The real eause is to be found in certain protoplasmic weakness of the nervous organization, due most often to vital wastes of various sorts, which seeks in the use of alcohol a stimulation for action, or even a locus of consciousness. The prohibition of alcohol invariably leads to the use of drugs in such cases. The reformable dipsomaniac is one who has not much to fear from his potations. It is the convenience and accessibility of alcohol, and not its inherent quality, that places it first on the lists as the occasion of insanity. Much will be gained when these facts are recognized and scientifically treated.

Oscar Woodward Zeigler.

Baltimore, August 8.

"THE PROMISED LAND."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the last year Palestine has been the scene of a noteworthy struggle. For some years philanthropic Jews of three countries, Germany, Russia, and the United States, had had a Technical Institute at Haifa in contemplation. When the final arrangements for opening the school were under way, it became known that German and not Hebrew was designated as the language of instruction. The Jewish population was aroused to so high a pitch of excitement that young and old joined in demonstrations against those supposed to have dictated the change of policy. The lower schools controlled by the same elements, though hitherto lauded as the protectors of Hebrew, were "boycotted" by teachers, pupils, and parents. These militant acts have delayed indefinitely the opening of the Institute, the cherished project not only of the Palestinian Jews, but also of a considerable number of Jews in Russia, who were hoping to seeure in Palestine the vocational training for their children denied them by the stepmotherly policy of Russia. And yet, in spite of the grievous loss, there is joy in Palestine, for it is now established that Hebrew lives.

Hebrew has never been a dead language in the same sense as Latin and Greek. Nevertheless, to make it an instrument pliant to modern need, it had to undergo a revival. The opportunity for the renascence was afforded by the gathering of fragments of Jewry in Palestine from every part of the world, all animated by the ideals summed up under the term Zionism. Such groups have been turning Zionward for the last thirty-five years, each bringing its own language with it. The building of the nation was menaced by the confusion of tongues. As a result of concerted action, Hebrew, the never-abandoned language of prayer, became the language of life, too, of the first stirrings of that national life which had been the object of prayer for eighteen centuries, and to-day the pioneers are ready to sacrifice a livelihood for this new-old national possession.

In the Diaspora, the Jew has performed equal miracles of self-preservation. This miracle, however, belongs besides in the category of self-rejuvenation. It is rooted in the *terra firma* of agricultural settlements in some forty colonies and villages. It implies that a Jewish population, rural and urban, has interpenetrated "the land without a people." The Jewish villagers, inspired by unquenchable Hebrew optimism, and applying the Occidental methods brought from the lands of the exile, have created values in an abused country in a single generation. The international movement behind these colonists possesses a fund of over one million dollars, collected pennywise, for the purchase of the land as an inalienable national possession. It operates a bank with branches in Jaffa, Jerusalem, Haifa, Hebron, Safed, Beirut, etc. The land is covered with a network of schools, for elementary, secondary, agricultural, and arts and crafts instruction. Plans are now under discussion for an industrial development as large as the agricultural basis will support, and the poll-tax shekel-paying sympathizers to the number of over 200,000, scattered all over the world, from Sweden to South Africa and from China to Argentina, send delegates to an international congress—in itself a miraculous aehicvement after a dispersion of nearly twenty centuries—to devise ways and means of investing with a political body the spiritual and cultural manifestations of a national life in Palestine.

The above would go to show that one or the other part of a statement by your reviewer of Dr. Richard Gottheil's book on Zionism is incorrect. Either it is not true that "sentiment alone keeps the Zionists together, or rather from getting at one another's throats," or it is not true that "no movement of a large character has ever thrived on sentiment alone." Nor would it seem that Zionism is doomed, because to define it "baffled" the author of the book, or because it—like life—is composed of "diverse" and "contradictory" currents. Nor does it appear to be final condemnation to say of a movement that "after an existence of barely twenty years the Zionists represent a diversity of views and aims which is almost bewildering." In the face of two thousand years of Jewish separatist activity, they consider twenty a negligible quantity, and in the face of worldwide dispersion, they believe "diversity of views" nat-

ural and indeed a sign of health and modernity. But to speak of "diversity of *aims*" in connection with Zionism is incomprehensible. There is but one aim, national rehabilitation.

The just limits of this letter would have to be transgressed were your reviewer's questionable statements of fact and his debatable opinions to be pointed out. He fails to understand, for instance, the relation of the Jewish "religionist" to the "nationalist" in respect to the movement. He asserts "the failure of Zionism to make any substantial headway after the first burst of enthusiasm had passed"; yet the National Fund added two hundred thousand dollars to its capital during the past year. He does not grasp the growth in Theodor Herzl's Jewish outlook and convictions during the nine years that constituted his Jewish life, and though the premature removal of the regal leader caused grief and for a time consternation, the permanent effect has been misjudged by the reviewer. In all these and many other points he has had no eye for the connection between the modern political movement and the age-long attitude of the Jew in the dispersion towards nationalism and the Holy Land.

Two points should be especially noted. The reviewer chides the leaders of Zionism for having adopted—as he maintains—a wailing and whining tone. He charges them with looking upon "minor social prejudices in the same light as actual injustices and direct persecution," and for exaggerating "the disability under which the Jews labor." There are nearly thirteen million Jews in the world, of whom about one-half live in the Russian hell. To this half it must be left to decide whether there is "no cause for discouragement" after "but a century since the movement began for political and social emancipation of the Jews." There is a Gymnasium at Jaffa; 710 pupils are sitting on its benches; they fill it to the limits of its capacity. Outside its doors, panting for an education, stand three hundred boys and girls, sent to Palestine by their parents in Russia to secure a schooling. Why? Because not only has Russia closed her secondary schools and her universities against them, but also Germany and France refuse to receive them into their higher schools, and ominous rumblings are beginning to make themselves heard in the educational circles of other European countries. For at least one-half of the Jewish people there would seem to be "cause for discouragement."

It is but fair to admit that the modern political form of Zionism originated in anti-Semitism. None the less, to hold it to be a negative movement is to misapprehend its scope. It is not cowardly retreat, but a remedy for an ailment affecting Jews and others. If the world is committed both consciously and conscientiously to the emancipation of the Jew, it should hasten to plead, before whatever tribunal there be, that he be given the refuge of a country of his own, lest the moral fibre of a noble race grow flabby under the disintegrating influences of its present anomalous position. **In point of fact, it is the Zionist above all Jews who hates whining.** It is because he is weary of being accounted a member of the "backward looking race" par excellence; because he declines to win favor for his people by virtue only of past service, past nobility, and past martyrdom; because he is convinced that it is capable of present service and present nobility, as it has shown itself capable of present martyrdom, that he seeks in these modern days to be more than merely a martyr. He asks a fair chance *qua* Jew to be once more a contributing factor to civilization. In brief, it is because he is a modern man that he is a Zionist, *i. e.*, a complete Jew. As for the religious Jew, when he is a Zionist, he is an intenser Zionist than the agnostic Jew can be. He is imbued with faith that the old land and the new nationality will enable him to transform the "legalism" of which he is accused into the progressive law it was of old. And if it be true that his "religious practices and rites" are to a large extent "survivals of ancient Semitic customs" "grafted on to Prophetical Judaism," then what he desires is the opportunity of revivifying them with a new Prophetism grafted on them.

The reviewer questions the wisdom of the Jewish Publication Society in publishing a book on Zionism, "a movement that arouses as much opposition as it does adherence, written by one who is a stanch and uncompromising advocate of Zionism. . . . Such a presentation is naturally controversial and becomes a special plea for which the Society, though supposed to be impartial, in a measure stands sponsor." The impartiality demanded by your reviewer would, one fears, silence the Society on many subjects of real Jewish interest. Jewishly speaking, though there may be non-Zionism, there cannot be anti-Zionism. Anti-Zionism is assimilation and assimilation is Jewish self-negation. But any one who knows the Jew, and Judaism and Zionism as well, knows that the last is a genuine and an essentially modern expression of the eternal Jewish spirit.

HENRIETTA SZOLD.

New York, July 28.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reiterated assumption that a certain thing or a movement is reprehensible is one of the subtlest forms of injustice. May one who has been a member of the Navy League since its organization, and who is perfectly familiar with its character and aims, protest against the insinuation, expressed in your article on "Our Military Propagandists" in the *Nation* of July 16, that the League is inspired with the militarist spirit? This is far from being the case, in spite of the facts that some naval officers, as is natural, are enrolled among its members, and that certain unscrupulous manufacturers make money out of the navy. Is dealing in grain wrong just because of an occasional dishonest corner in wheat, or running a grocery reprehensible because some swindling grocer sands his sugar?

The Navy League is a civilian organization, composed of the rank and file of patriotic American citizens, who sincerely and firmly believe that a powerful navy is the best and cheapest insurance against war that this Republic can have. It is therefore an out-and-out peace organization.

As to the fear of militarism, is it not a little ridiculous in a land where the very courts have to be called upon to insure decent treatment for those who wear the uniforms of our army and navy?

EDWARD BRECK.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., July 31.

[The Powers of Europe have been paying premiums on "cheap insurance" against war for some years. Their policies have now matured.—Ed. The Nation.]

GAME PROTECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Henry Chase's book on "Game Protection," recently noticed in your columns, seems to the writer to be seriously vulnerable in its treatment of the legal protection of migratory birds. It is his evident opinion that the McLean-Weeks bill will eventually be annulled by the Supreme Court on the ground that the protection of game birds falls within the jurisdiction of the several States, not of Congress, as the Constitution now stands. To meet this difficulty, in case it comes, his suggestion is not the orderly amendment of the Constitution, in accordance with its own terms, but the negotiation of a series of game-protecting treaties. Birds migrating from one country to another, and of demonstrable value to both, he holds, are clearly a proper subject for treaty consideration. Now a treaty is the supreme law of the land, and it is a part of the duty of Congress to pass such legislation as may be needed to carry it into effect. Let the President therefore negotiate, and the Senate ratify, a series of bird-protecting treaties with the different countries concerned, and Congress will at once be clad with the power, now presumably lacking, to protect migratory birds within the limits of the several States.

All this may be clear sailing to the enthusiastic follower of the Sagamore Hill School of Constitutional Law, but to the mind of the writer there could hardly be a clearer case of the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that there is no limit on the treaty-making power of the President and Senate. Mr. Chase assumes at the outset that the Supreme Court, as things now stand, will declare the legislation in question unconstitutional, on the distinct ground that it is a matter left by the Constitution to the competence of the several States. The President then negotiates a treaty aiming to secure the same end, the Senate ratifies it, and with no further ado it is affirmed that Congress may now freely enact the identical legislation before invalidated. In other words, the President and Senate, with the aid of an outside Power, may effect a radical change in the distribution of power as between our States and our Federal Government, thus virtually amending the Constitution. Let the prophecy here be ventured that in no clear case will the Supreme Court ever deliver a decision that Congress can be clothed with a new power wrested from the individual States in this way, however close it may have come to doing so in cases lying within a more or less doubtful borderland. If ever it shall be decided that Congress has not the power to protect migratory birds, the clear duty of conservationists will be to work in the duly appointed way for an amendment giving that power.

Of course, the views here expressed are readily combated by a course of reasoning now prevalent in certain quarters: A sovereign Power can make any treaty it —— pleases. The United States is a sovereign Power, and therefore the United States can make any treaty it —— pleases, and Congress can carry it into effect. But our court of last resort has not as yet gone so far from its moorings, and if ever it should do so there will be something more important to protect than game birds.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., August 8.

Literature

THE ELDER PITT.

The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By Basil Williams. With portraits and maps. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. $7.50 net.

Mr. Winstanley, in his excellent little book, "Personal and Party Government," says that Pitt's "errors were those of the intellect and not those of the heart. He was sometimes mistaken, but he was never mean." This cool judgment finds eloquent amplification in the admirable new life of the Elder Pitt by Basil Williams, a book so good that it bids fair to stand as the standard biography of the great patriot. Mr. Williams does not lay great emphasis upon the mistakes. If Pitt did make mistakes, they were due to his consciousness of the justice of his position, his unwillingness to take less than the most for England, and his unwavering devotion to the "liberty of the subject"—even when that subject was the unspeakable Wilkes. Mr. Williams's volumes, therefore, are a much-needed antidote for the poisoned shafts of Von Ruville, and it is interesting to note the summary treatment meted out to him by Mr. Williams. For example, in a footnote in regard to the Pynsent bequest:

> Dr. Von Ruville makes a laborious attempt to show that Pitt angled for this bequest. He, however, produces no proof of a view, based simply on his own preconceived notion of Pitt's character, and has to invent a suggestion, which is contrary to all the known facts, that Pitt knew beforehand of Pynsent's intention to leave him his property.

Mr. Williams very properly begins with a chapter on old "Diamond" Pitt, the great Governor of Madras, from whom the grandson, William, inherited the stern directness of vision, the love of England, and the peculiar insight into the minds of merchants and traders which gained him the strong backing of the City whenever the court or the great Whig families tried to crush him. From the explosive old Governor the grandson inherited also, unfortunately, that virulent form of gout and that impatience of opposition which often stood in the way of his own interests and those of his country. The author then describes Pitt's independent but earnest career as a student at Eton and Oxford, where he acquired a great fund of useful and premature knowledge; as Cornet in Cobham's Horse Guards, where, instead of merely keeping up an agreeable appearance and waiting to get drunk until one o'clock in the afternoon in accordance with the demands of tradition, he took his military duties seriously, and, like Wolfe, set himself to read every military book on which he could lay his hands.

Pitt entered the House of Commons in 1735 and rapidly became its ablest speaker. He spoke with authority, partly because he was confident of his own ability, partly because he knew he had the people of England behind him, and partly because of his innate oratorical power. Pitt's great service to his country was to lead her confidently and victoriously into the Seven Years' War and save for her the continents of North America and India which were threatened by the Bourbons. He hated the Bourbons because they represented to him all the intolerance and arbitrary rule which his soul abhorred. It was this hatred which made him loved by Englishmen. Such hatred was a simple idea which they could grasp; and it was one they shared and in which their idol never failed them. Another source of his power was the perfect frankness of his public utterances. When he changed his mind he never concealed the fact. "I have," he said, "a contempt for the abilities as well as the honesty of any minister who will not endeavor to gain the confidence of the people." "When I am on my feet," speaking to the House of Commons and through it to the men of England, "I speak everything that is in my mind." But while such frankness brought him the confidence of the nation, it brought him also the strong dislike of the King, so strong, in fact, that it was more than twenty years after he entered Parliament before he was accepted as Prime Minister (December, 1756). England was then just entering the critical period of the Seven Years' War, and Pitt merely uttered what the nation thought when he said: "I know that I can save this country, and that no one else can."

Aside from his popularity and power in argument Pitt could also do much in the House with a look or a tone. Once, when he had concluded a speech and was walking slowly out of the house, just as the doorkeeper was opening the door for him, his ear caught the words: "I rise to reply to the right honorable gentleman." Turning around, Pitt gave the member a look which made him sit down instantly. The member recounting the scene was asked if anybody laughed. "No, sir, we were all too much awed to laugh." Another day—

> it was Morton who had said, "King, Lords, and Commons, or, as the right honorable gentleman would say, 'Commons, Lords and King.'" Pitt sprang up: "My blood runs cold at such words—I desire that they be taken down by the clerk." "Nay," spluttered Morton, frightened out of his senses. "I mean nothing: King, Lords, and Commons: Commons, Lords, and King—it is all one." "I don't wish to push the matter further," said Pitt, "but whenever a member *means* nothing, I advise him to *say* nothing."

When the American war seemed imminent, Pitt proposed an elaborate scheme for conciliation—not so much as an organic law, but as a declaration of principles; in its preparation he had the aid of Franklin, and it was as sound, at least, as the plan of Lord North. He made a tactical blunder, however, in not confiding in any of those men on whose support he had counted. The bill would have been killed in any case, but its summary death was largely due to this proneness "to trust to his own powers of persuasion and despise all outside help." Mr. Williams shows how much better England would have fared with Pitt at the helm, but he does not show sufficiently how largely Pitt himself was responsible for his own lack of power and party connection. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Williams's facts lead to Winstanley's conclusion:

> During the early years of the reign [of George III] it had been within his power to render the whig party an effective force, and he refused to do so; and it is in accordance with the usual irony of history that the man who had assisted to win Canada contributed towards losing the American colonies. He united with his sovereign to destroy the party system; and the disastrous events of the years which elapsed between the fall of Rockingham and the fall of North were to show that Newcastle was right and that Pitt was wrong.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Williams's skill as a biographer. He knows what to omit and how to bring out the high lights of the picture. He does not attempt to write a history of England or a meticulous diary-like life; yet he does not give the impression of jumping from one main incident to another; his narrative is smooth and his style pleasing. He has been diligent, too, in research, making good use of the Chatham MSS. and a mass of other material. Especially noteworthy is his careful reconstruction, in an appendix, of the date, report, and subject-matter of each of Pitt's speeches in Parliament.

CURRENT FICTION.

When Thoughts Will Soar. By Bertha von Suttner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Bertha von Suttner's last message comes to us in the form of a novel-essay, in which the modern woman, claiming for her sex participation in the world's activities, shares the honors with the generous American millionaire who devotes his fortune to the creation of an international Chautauqua from which are to rise "soaring thoughts." There is more of the sermon than of the novel in this attempt to formulate the laws of a new science making for the betterment of humanity—moral aeronautics. The perfection of flying must be followed by the conquest of High Thinking, for the possibilities of annihilation have grown too powerful to be abandoned to "low-thinking" man. Just how this fraternal state is to be realized is left to the reader's imagination. Franka Garlett, embodiment of the "high-thinking maiden," is called to her task of marshalling the young girls to the duty of service to humanity by her grandfather's poet-secretary. In public addresses she expounds her doctrines. Her efforts culminate when she is made a member of the Rose Order, organized by the fabulously wealthy John Toker. This genial old gentleman, in order to combat the power of violence, has instituted what he calls "a world-ennobling factory," in the shape of a gigantic Rose Festival, held at Lucerne annually in the month of roses. In the Rose Palace, built by him, he gathers all the "stars from the firmament of living celebrities." With the host as chair-

man, they engage in a mighty symposium, in which music, poetry, science, oratory, and even such Utopian delights as color symphonies have their place on the programme. Their aim is to promote moral aviation, and, of course, to lay countermines against diplomats who would involve peace-loving nations in needless wars. The proceedings of Rose Week fill two-thirds of the book. In spite of the bombastic language, the sickly sentimental episodes, the childish delight in descriptions that add nothing to the story, there is a breath of that whole-souled idealism that pervaded the pleadings of the Baroness for international peace. It breaks through the all but impervious mask of a translation at times unwittingly humorous in its faithfulness to the original. The unanticipated timeliness of much of the volume does not need emphasizing.

An Armenian Princess: A Tale of Anatolian Peasant Life. By Edgar James Brooke. New York: The Gorham Press.

The complications of this simple little story give suspense and variety to a much-crossed course of true love. The author's intention is to demonstrate that the crying need of the Far East is increased missionary activity, and the book is, in effect, a tract in very palatable form. Mr. Brooke is evidently conversant with life and customs in Turkey and Armenia, and his descriptions of them are vivid. He understands the idyllic possibilities in the romance of two poor and persecuted Anatolian Protestants. Their chief persecutor is an arch-villain of unexampled blackness. Hassan Bey, covetous of the beautiful heroine, drives her from her home, ruins her village by extortionary taxation, tortures her father to death, kills her sister and aunt, and hounds her with emissaries to bring her into his harem. Even at her triumphant marriage he appears as a malign spirit, robbing her husband of the home he had prepared. There is nothing incredible in the scenes of massacre and imprisonment in which the hero figures, though the reader would like to believe them so; nor is their reaction upon character melodramatic. It is an apparently truthful picture of a repellent region, perhaps too strongly tinctured with a moral purpose.

That Affair at Portstead Manor. By Gladys Edson Locke. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

Three detectives are enlisted in the effort to solve the mystery of a stolen and mysteriously restored diamond necklace, or rather the more engrossing mystery of the murder of the master of Portstead, which temporarily eclipses the interest in the initial problem. One of these detectives is an amateur, who is actually made to act like an amateur, without the wonderful insight—or second sight—sometimes suddenly displayed by personages of his class—in novels. A second is a professional from Scotland Yard, who lives down to the reputation that his fellow-detectives have acquired in books by their mingled shrewdness and stupidity; and the third is a woman, a professional, too, who, by the grace of the author, is allowed to understand her job. She does her work in a refreshingly common-sense and untheatrical way, and is really a little in the dark until the revelation that discloses the final secret to everybody else as well as to herself. Of course, there is the usual number of characters, any one of whom might be the guilty one, and all of whom are evidently concealing some knowledge of the circumstances of the crime from coroner and detectives, as well as from the reader. For various reasons, they have been at the scene of the crime near the hour of its perpetration, although that hour was past midnight. To some extent, too, they appear to wish to shield one another. But with the woman detective, Mercedes Quero, alias Mary Grey, on their trail, clue is added to clue, until, with a mass of information in her hand, a confession is forced. Who makes that confession only a very skilful reader of detective stories will be likely to guess.

The Crime Doctor. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A perusal of Mr. Hornung's book would seem to lead to the conclusion, which we virtuously reject, that the curing of crime is not nearly so inspiriting as its commission. Doctor Dollar, the curer of crime, lacks the buoyant personality of Mr. Hornung's Raffles. In the interests of the impressionable young, the romantic criminal ought doubtless to be suppressed and the good doctor of crime encouraged, but in the interests of romance we prefer Raffles, and we fancy Mr. Hornung himself would share our opinion. And even if we must subordinate romance to good morals, some of Dr. Dollar's methods of treatment are open to criticism on that score. To our puritanical sense, for instance, it seems the height of impropriety for him to have cajoled an impressionable Home Secretary—a character obviously inspired by the picturesque figure which is at present at the head of the British Admiralty—into staying proceedings against a militant young lady who had inadvertently murdered a policeman for no better reason apparently than that she was comely and of an engaging personality; but perhaps Mr. Hornung thinks that the treatment of fair murderers is one of those things that "they do better in France." Dr. Dollar, however, is a disciple of the new theory of crime (or is there one still later?) that the criminal is a lunatic and that his mental deficiency will, if taken in time, usually yield to medical or surgical treatment. As a successful exponent of this theory, it can hardly be said that Dr. Dollar is particularly convincing, but Mr. Hornung has happily endowed him with the instincts of a detective as well as with those of a social reformer, and the result is that the half-dozen stories in this book are sufficiently readable to beguile pleasantly an idle hour.

A PACIFIC PEOPLE.

The Life and Thought of Japan. By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Illustrated. $1.25.

More and more the world must look to Japanese scholars and thinkers for valuable studies of the national life and characteristics. Material that is not open to the Occidental, even though he has been resident in the country for many years, is at the disposal of the native scholar. Especially is this the case when Buddhism, with its numerous sects, comes into the discussion, as it will do more and more. Its absorbent power, shown in its readiness to admit outside worthies into its pantheon—is it not willing to recognize Christ as Buddha?—renders it a dangerous rival of Christianity; and it is aggressive to-day.

With Mr. Okakura, who speaks from the educational standpoint, the religious attitude asserts itself as of particular value in the teachers whom he has to train. He reviews the history of the nation from the early times when Chinese civilization, with its insistence on ancestor-cult and filial piety, came in to modify the native deification of nature and race heroes. Then followed Buddhism, with its contemplative ideals, its dislike of bloodshed, its imposing ritual. Mr. Okakura credits his people, however, with an inborn dislike of bloodshed, attributing this dislike, along with the apparently antagonistic, but equally strong, preference of that form of suicide known as *hara-kiri*, "to the prime motive of the love of cleanliness in body and mind." But his data and deductions both seem to need revision. The Japanese stage is grewsome with bloodshed, in which the audience finds a morbid satisfaction. And Mr. Mitford's story of an experience he had on the railway between Tokio and Yokohama, told in his recent "Japan's Inheritance," is not abnormal but characteristic. His fellow-passengers were all alighting from the carriages and hurrying in the direction of the engine. "I followed suit. To my horror, I found that a suicide had been the cause of the delay, and the track and the engine-wheels were being hastily cleared of the mangled remains of what had been a human body. But more horrible still, to my mind, was the attitude of the crowd. Neither horror, nor disgust, nor pity could be traced upon a single face. If the general expression might be summed up in a phrase, it was one of amused interest." In regard to the other symptom of a love of cleanliness, Mr. Okakura's logic is quaint. "As I have intimated," he says, "the very mode of suicide by cutting open the belly, *hara-kiri*, is a result of the strong wish on the part of the suicide to show that his 'inside,' the supposed seat of his thought, was not guilty of impure meaning!" That the Japanese are great bathers, and like to keep the interiors of their houses spotlessly clean, is very true; but what about the vile smells that make their inns often absolutely unbearable to visitors who are at all fastidi-

ous? And the vile smells everywhere? Their "cleanliness" does not differentiate them, racially or nationally, by any means, as Mr. Okakura would argue.

He carries this theme into all his evolutionary studies. Love of cleanliness becomes love of peace. "We sons of the Land of the Rising Sun," he declares, "are . . . a set of plain, and simple, peace-loving workers, plodding laboriously along the toilsome road of honest life. . . . We remain to this day the same old set of harmless islanders, with practically the same physical and mental traits that characterized our forefathers at the dawn of our authentic history." How, then, did it happen that Buddhism took on in Japan a military aspect that made it a menace to the secular government? Were not the Portuguese and the Jesuits welcomed because they brought with them the firearms which made Shogun and daimyos stronger? Did not Hideyoshi lead an army of invasion into Korea, largely because the number of idle armed men in the nation had become a danger? And was not Christianity stamped out, at Shimabara and elsewhere, with almost the insanity of cruelty? Mr. Okakura has not a word to say about the place in the evolution of his nation, and also of Buddhism, of those "unruly monks in the Buddhist monasteries" and "Buddhist generals," whom he mentions cursorily in his historical survey. That mild Buddhism, of all religions, should have assumed a military aspect in any country, surely reveals a fighting element inherent in its people. His argument that the Japanese spirit is essentially pacific is not really supported by the story he gives, for he neglects to "thresh out his wheat."

The seven chapters which make up the book were originally delivered in the form of lectures before a Boston audience. Some inconsistencies have been suffered to remain. For instance, at page 2, the author speaks of "Buddha, . . . undoubtedly one of the wisest, if not the wisest, of teachers of humanity," as having been asked by King Mahabrahman to preach the law on Vulture's Peak; but at page 71 he is called "The Indian Prince Gautama [who] attained Buddhaship by virtue of his enormous exertion and toil," and is only one Buddha in an endless chain of such teachers. On page 102 (twice) "Angero," Xavier's convert, should be Anjiro; and, at the foot of page 105, "A History of Japan During the Century of Early European Intercourse" should be credited to Yamagata as well as to Murdoch, for it is a conjoint work. There is unfortunately no index to give the book unity and reference value. Otherwise, the author deserves commendation for his clear and nervous English style, and the careful use he makes of good authorities. The closing chapter on Japanese Home Life and Society is judicious and illuminating, especially when he touches upon educational matters. Although there are kindergartens in Japan, he informs us, the kindergarten does not form part of the national system, and is viewed with disfavor by many educationists. "We are all agreed," he says, "in this, that there should be no systematic teaching, . . . and that the rooms in a kindergarten shall not be called rooms, but nursery-halls." The later severe task of memorizing Chinese ideographs is better undertaken by pupils who have not been spoiled by an enervating system of "reading made easy."

MACHIAVELLI'S FALL.

La Disgrâce de Nicolas Machiavel—Florence: 1469-1527. By Jean Dubreton. Paris: Mercure de France. 3.50 francs.

This is a handy book of Machiavelli's interior life, if we may call it so. That life of his has been passed over or exaggerated in the ages of shifting reputation of the public man and writer:

> Never had a man so many faces as Machiavelli and all—or nearly so—have been fashioned from wickedness.

In the sixteenth century, he was in France an atheist and his book was the "gospel" of Catherine de Médicis; at Rome he was solemnly condemned; and he all but became a Turk when Sultan Amurath was found reading his "Prince" at Constantinople. In the seventeenth century he was a Republican preaching tyrannicide; and England confounded him with the Jesuits, while Holland defended him against the priests. In the eighteenth century, the encyclopædists made him out a professor of tyranny; and Montesquieu announced: "The bill of exchange has killed Machiavellism." Napoleon at St. Helena thought it wise to defend himself from some eulogy of the writer which he had made in his day of power. Then Macaulay came to inform the nineteenth century that Machiavelli could only have been a man of his time, with all the inconsistency that implies. Stendhal, who was not yet read, had been reading him; and, after him, Nietzsche taught disciples to admire his time of will-contradictions. At last, Italian learning has given to the twentieth century the copious and complete life and times and works of the disputed Florentine:

> We wish to approach Machiavelli from another corner—not in the way he approached the ancients, in court costume—but in his working dress of every day, like a manual laborer and official—for with him it is good to have functionaries' talk.

He was the typical functionary of a proud and independent city undergoing revolutions; and as such he came to have fellowship with a captain of the highways; that Cesare Borgia who now gives him renewed actuality. For in this terrible Italian Renaissance the world is now reviewing past valuations with many doubts. Our author recognizes the crisis in his hero's life, which he is not far from making out a legend:

> Machiavelli remained with Cesare Borgia three months and a half (as Florentine envoy in the Romagne which have just been repeating in modern style that old campaign). He passed "big hours" in his company—eighteen or nineteen conversations which he has summed up in his "Legations." It was the fatal moment for him, a terrible *tête-à-tête* which has fixed his place in history. The romantic taste which willed the coupling of these two names, the need of popularizing, levelling, planing down to bring figures of history into equilibrium and to unite fames that affright, the unexhausted abundance of commentaries on the "Legations" and the "Prince" have made sure of such everlasting conversation. The Borgia-Machiavelli dialogue still continues.

It forms, however, a small part of this volume, which gives the common life of the man through the long years of his petulant letter-writing—often very common and sometimes squalid and worse, and not fitted for the reading of youth nor of too inquisitive age. No wonder that the world judged ill what was so full of contradiction.

> No one understood the extreme nobleness—nobleness of a workman of the last hour—amid so much mediocre manual labor of this true workman, builder, engineer, tactician, intendant of troops, who alone gave all at this last hour. Yet in his letters, there passes I know not what of the patriotic and revolutionary enthusiasm of a hero of the Commune.

THE SEA FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our Many-Sided Navy. By Robert W. Neeser. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

It is time that a book like this should appear, that our people may gain an inside and accurate view of their navy, and it is well that the book comes from the pen of an author so exceptionally qualified for his task. Not only is he a close student of, and an acknowledged authority on, naval affairs, but for months at a time he has been permitted by the Navy Department to live on board one or other of our battleships, so that what he tells us is based on personal experience and observation.

The average American knows the navy, if at all, only as he visits a ship in port, when the strenuous activities to fit her for her place in action are temporarily lulled, that officers and men may become acquainted with their families and friends, from whom they have been separated by long periods spent in exacting drills, manœuvres, training and exercises, with scant intervals of rest. From this visit he is too apt to gain the notion that the bluejackets' labors are solely to keep the ship in exquisite order and the brasses highly polished. So general is the ignorance of the real conditions of naval life that even the present Secretary of the Navy is reported to have issued his order establishing primary schools on board ship "to give the officers something to do beyond standing their watches, eating, and sleeping." Experts in such matters have found that American naval officers devote daily more hours to their work than any other class of men living—no trade, no profession excepted. The readers of Mr. Nees-

er's book will be gradually convinced that these experts in efficiency cannot be far wrong. The marvel is that the days are long enough for the accomplishment of so much and that officers and men can remain contented under such a phenomenal stress, physical and mental. The wisdom and ingenuity which have introduced rewards, competition, team-work, into practically every phase of duty on board our ships finds its guerdon in the excellent feeling prevailing forward and aft and in the splendid morale of our sea-fighters, whether in the sailor's shirt or the lieutenant's "long-tailed blue."

Much space had to be given to descriptions of batteries, engines, torpedoes, etc.—the frame for the picture—but it is the treatment of the human element which deserves the greater share of attention. The mystery of how the recruit who, in the majority of cases, has never seen salt water, can in a surprisingly short space of time be made into a competent electrician, a good mechanic, or a gun pointer who lands his twelve-inch projectile on the bull's eye of a target five miles distant, is solved for us in this volume.

The chapter on the Organization of a Ship should be the first read, since it gives the key to the others and, incidentally, treats of discipline and messing on board. The Bluejackets' Daily Life relates the story of unflagging activity from early morn to sundown—there is no eight-hour day in the navy. There are notable chapters on The Battleship as an Educational Institution, Gunnery, Training, Target Practice, etc., written with full knowledge and in sympathetic vein. That on Sailor as Soldier explains the swiftness and success of the landing at Vera Cruz. The part of Athletics might seem overdone were one to forget that the sail and spar exercises, which, in the daily routine of the old-fashioned masted frigate, kept the crew in good physical condition, being wholly absent to-day, must be replaced by an equivalent; otherwise all hands would suffer in health.

A very illuminating reference to the many services the navy has rendered in times of peace is given in an Appendix. The list and nature of these services come as a surprise to those unacquainted with the obligations under which humanity has been laid by the extended labors of modest American seamen.

The volume is a credit to the Yale University Press. It is copiously illustrated, and is written in a familiar yet engaging style. There are a few typographical errors, but these are of minor importance. So much is said by the author of Guantanamo and its value as an outpost towards the Panama Canal that he ought to have supplied a map of the Caribbean Sea to make clear his contentions.

The book should be widely read, for it tends to correct many popular errors as to what our sailors are and what they are doing, and to justify to some extent the huge sums annually appropriated for their maintenance.

Notes

"Charles Stewart Parnell," by his brother, John Howard Parnell, will be published on September 19 by Henry Holt & Co.

"Soul-Spur," by Richard Wightman, is announced for publication in the autumn by the Century Company.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish this week "The Vanished Messenger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "Oh! James," by H. M. Edgarton.

The Oxford University Press announces for publication this month "The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam," six studies by representative missionaries to Moslems.

The third volume of the collected essays of the late William Graham Sumner, under the title "The Challenge of Facts and Other Essays," is announced for publication early in the autumn by the Yale University Press. The volume, like its predecessors, is edited with an introduction by Albert G. Keller.

The following books are included in the September list of Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Clay and Rainbows," by Dion C. Calthrop; "Personality Plus," by Edna Ferber; "Burgess Unabridged," by Gelett Burgess; "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by F. J. H. Darton; "London Survivals," by P. H. Ditchfield; "The Forest of Arden," by George W. Edwards; "Sizing Up Uncle Sam," by George Fitch; "Complete Hoyle" (revised), by R. F. Foster; "Love, Home and the Inner Life," by Arthur H. Gleason; "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream," by Morton Grinnell; "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure; "Collector's Manual," by N. Hudson Moore. To the Great Men series will be added volumes on "Edison" and "Balzac," and to the Great Nations series one on "Republican Rome."

The indispensable Statesman's Year-Book (Macmillan; $3 net) comes to us in its fifty-first annual edition. Events in the Balkans have necessitated such alterations in boundaries as to make a new map of the troubled region most welcome. Turkey and China, also, have gone through transformations that have made a thorough revision of the sections dealing with them necessary. The introductory tables have received additions of interest, such as the course of food prices in various countries since the opening of the century, which, however, is too summary for more than the most general inferences. The volume, which, although it has grown to 1,500 pages, is not unwieldy, is edited as usual by J. Scott Keltie.

To the Wisdom of the East series a competent scholar, E. J. Thomas, has added a booklet entitled "Buddhist Scriptures" (Dutton; 70 cents net) which consists of a suitable introduction, historical and literary, and twenty-three short chapters of translation from the best-known Buddhist works, though somewhat abridged and occasionally given in essence rather than in translation. The editors of the series hope that their publications will be "ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West" and help to a revival of the true spirit of charity in religious matters. It is a worthy ambition and the selections from the Buddhist scriptures are well chosen to show the true spirit of a religion which embodied more than any other Eastern religion the very attitude of mind which the editors wish to see revived.

A. D. Innes, who is writing a four-volume History of England and the British Empire, is also publishing parallel with it a "Source Book of English History" (Cambridge University Press; two volumes, $1.10 net each). It is intended for use in schools, interesting the student by presenting history to him as it presented itself to the men of the time. The author chooses his selections from the contemporary writers wisely, groups them chronologically together in chapters so that they illustrate a period, and refrains from adding more than a minimum of necessary annotation of his own. This plan differs from that of many so-called "source-books" in that it does not contain constitutional documents for intensive study and interpretation. He aims rather to arouse the interest of the student and give him something of the flavor of the age. In the first volume, covering the years 597-1603 A. D., he naturally draws mostly from the delightful and fairly trustworthy chronicles, but adds also some selections of great literary as well as historical value such as those from Chaucer and "Piers Plowman." In the second volume, 1603-1815, he has shown good judgment in drawing largely from Clarendon, Cromwell's letters, Pepys, Defoe, Burnet, Walpole, and other interesting or amusing writers. He has given still more of the flavor of the age by the reproduction of authentic contemporary pictorial material of a varied nature. He has made, in fact, one of the most attractive source-books we have seen.

In one-third of a million words one can learn how sixteen years of a missionary's life passed, almost day by day—simply by reading "My Ogowe," by Robert Hamill Nassau (Neale; $3 net). The account of discouragingly slow progress in the arts of civilization among the natives along the Ogowé or Ogoway River in equatorial West Africa is veracious, but hardly engrossing. Verily, the leopard cannot change his spots. The author gives interesting, but scattering, details of the customs and superstitions of various tribes, without clearly limning their characteristics. He includes a good deal of sporadic information about the use of the aborigines in the ivory and rubber trades, without giving anywhere the full account which, from an eye-witness so familiar with conditions, would have been valuable. He mentions frequently the fauna and flora without describing their distinctive features. In short, the topics of most interest to his readers he treats in a persistently allusive manner. The volume is a portentous example of the necessity of vigorous sifting and sorting of material.

The aim of Moreley de Wolf Hemmeon's "Burgage Tenure in Mediæval England" (Harvard University Press) is to give a specific description of urban tenure, as practiced in England in the Middle Ages, avoiding speculation as to its origin, and dealing only with the facts as they are found. As the subject has been far from adequately dealt with in the past, Dr. Hemmeon's monograph, despite its somewhat uningratiating

style, supplies a genuine want. The first thing shown is the connection between the burgage and the feudal tenure as regards the extent to which the former was affected by the incidents and other concomitants of the latter, or by the incidents of villeinage, if such should be shown to have existed in boroughs. The purely economic phases of the tenure are next considered, such as the amounts and incidence of the original or quit-rents, and in addition rents and prices of realty in the boroughs. This is followed by a discussion of what was, perhaps, the most important feature of the tenure—its modern aspect, with mediæval modifications, in regard to freedom of sale and of devise. The work closes with deductions and conclusions from the foregoing material, and, in addition, the urban tenure in England is compared with that in parts of France, in the Netherlands, and in Germany. As it is in the last country that burgage tenure finds its nearest counterpart, and as the tenure there has not been directly treated heretofore, an appendix is devoted to a short account of the tenure in German cities.

In looking through the Fourth Volume of "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association" (Oxford University Press), collected by C. H. Herford, many American readers will be puzzled to imagine the kind of public which the editor had in mind in selecting his materials. An article like A. R. Skemp's on "The Plays of Mr. John Galsworthy" might appear in any of the current monthlies. On the other hand, "Some Unconsidered Elements in English Place-Names," by A. Mawer, is of a highly technical character and so finds its natural place in the publications of a learned society. There is, of course, much truth in the reproach which we often hear from our English colleagues that learning and literature in this country too rarely walk hand in hand, but the difference between such articles as those we have named, from the nature of the subjects, is fundamental, and their inclusion in the same volume seems to indicate a divided aim. After all, however, the main thing is that the essays and studies thus brought together should be good in their respective kinds, and from this point of view only a favorable judgment can be rendered in the present instance.

The best article in the volume, J. E. Spingarn's "Note on Dramatic Criticism," comes from this side of the ocean. We have here a much-needed protest against the tendency of the times in dramatic criticism to ascribe an excessive importance to "dramatic technique," the material conditions of the theatre, the influence of the audience, and the conformation of the stage. "What the unities, decorum, *liaison des scènes*, and kindred petty limitations and restrictions were to dramatic theory in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," says Professor Spingarn, "these things are to criticism in the nineteenth and twentieth. They constitute the new pedantry, against which all æsthetic criticism, as well as all creative literature, must wage a battle for life." In illustration of the point at issue we might cite a recent writer on Shakespeare, who explains the differences between the plays of the dramatist's second and third periods, respectively, as largely due to the fact that his company had changed in the interval from the Theatre, with its apprentice patrons, to the Globe, where the audiences were of a better class. This really brilliant "note" takes as its starting-point the "Dramatic Museum" of a certain American university (which is not named but which most readers will easily identify) as an extreme manifestation of the spirit which it criticises. Professor Spingarn indicates briefly the development of these ideas from Castelvetro down, through Diderot, Schlegel, and others, to their culmination in our own day.

Of far greater importance than its brevity would suggest is Prof. Oliver Elton's thoughtful essay on "English Prose Numbers," with its classification of the various species of rhythm that are distinguishable in English prose. The great impulse to the study of prose rhythms which was given by Norden's "Die Antike Kunstprosa" (1898) has since communicated itself to the modern languages and we have had within the past two years Professor Saintsbury's elaborate, but, on the whole, unsatisfactory, "History of English Prose Rhythm." The present article, short as it is, seems to us to furnish a better theoretical basis for the study of the subject than Professor Saintsbury's book. Instructive, also, is Miss Lilian Winstanley's article on "Platonism in Shelley." We observe here, however, the disadvantage in the plan of the collection which we commented on at the beginning. The desire to produce something that will appeal to a wider circle of readers deprives this essay of finality. To possess that quality it would have to include a definite and, as far as possible, complete list of the works and passages in Plato and Shelley which connect the two writers, together, of course, with appropriate discussions of the same. But not only would such an investigation be extremely laborious—the result would have no attraction save for the professional student. Miss Winstanley's essay is cast on a much more modest scale than such a study as we have just indicated, but it marks an advance on any previous treatment of the subject. Two contributions to this volume remain to be mentioned: a reprint of the first edition of Defoe's "True-Born Englishman," by A. C. Guthkelch, and G. P. Baker's "Dramatic Technique in Marlowe."

Among the leaders in the remarkable development of linguistic and grammatical studies during the last forty years of the nineteenth century no one was more distinguished for vigor and originality than the late Henry Sweet. A volume of his "Collected Papers," arranged by H. C. Wyld, which has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, will accordingly be welcomed by students of this class of subjects. Most of these papers appeared first in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*, others in German technical periodicals, and one was read before the Shelley Society. Sweet was particularly strong in the observation and analysis of the sounds of living speech, and so we find one-half of the present volume devoted to his system of sound notation (modified from Bell's) and to discussions of spoken Danish, Swedish, Russian, Portuguese, and North Welsh, specimens of phonetic transcriptions from these languages being given in each case. This enumeration is in itself sufficient testimony to the astonishing range of the writer's observation of linguistic phenomena. His intimate and varied knowledge of living languages stood him, of course, in good stead when it came to the discussion of the languages of the past. Five of the remaining papers, ranging from 1874 to 1882, were reports on the progress of linguistic science that were read before the Philological Society at various times during this period. Four more, including his first published paper (1869), "The History of the TH in English," relate to general principles of linguistic study. We know of no contribution to the study of language that within the same compass leaves such an impression of power as the first paper of the last-named group, viz., that which is entitled "Words, Logic, and Grammar" (1876).

"The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich, sometime professor in the Imperial Government College, Kioto (Chicago: McClurg; $1.50 net), is the sixth volume in a series in which the same author has already considered China, Africa, Russia, Mexico, and Canada. It is partly a history of the Hawaiian Islands, partly a description of present conditions, and least of all an attempt to forecast their future, the one thing which the title would suggest. The historical portion is not sufficiently connected and complete to be satisfactory, nor is it always careful of accuracy. In the account of probable visits to the islands before Cook, the story of the wrecking of one of Alvaro de Saavedra's vessels on the coast of Hawaii is alluded to under a date nearly a century too late. The account of the annexation of the islands to the United States is hopelessly fragmentary, possibly because, as Horace suggested to Pollio centuries ago, there was a little danger of treading on live coals underneath the apparently innocent ashes. The real tragedy of the Hawaiian people, fading so rapidly out of existence in a situation where commonsense and justice might have helped them into a healthful civilization of their own, may be read very easily between Mr. Goodrich's lines, although he himself does not see it clearly or feel its force. To attribute the change from an increasing to a decreasing population to indiscreet horseback riding by Hawaiian women will not do. It is preposterous to assign any serious importance to chance accidents from this source in comparison with the ravages of the syphilitic infection first introduced by the sailors of Captain Cook and reinforced with sad regularity by subsequent European and American visitors. There is a great deal of valuable material in this book, but it is poorly arranged, in addition to such other defects as we have indicated. For one thing, however, we may give the author high credit. He sees no necessity of filling the Pacific with warships for fear that Great Britain, Germany, or Japan may choose to wrest the islands from our grasp. With suitable corrections, additions, and rearrangement, the volume might be transformed into a useful "handbook."

Nine years ago William Sharp McKechnie, lecturer on constitutional law and history in the University of Glasgow, issued a bulky volume containing a commentary on "Magna Carta." The work was received with approval at the time, as well planned and useful, but it was subjected to numerous and weighty criticisms. Aware of the defects of the book and desirous of bringing it up to date in matters of scholarship, Dr. McKechnie has recast what he had written, and has issued a second edition (Glasgow: Maclehose). The result is a sounder and more scholarly production in which errors have been cor-

rected and weak statements strengthened. Much new material, also, has been added, and some changes have been made in the appendix of documents. The work is now an excellent commentary on what is perhaps the most famous single text in secular history. Mediæval texts edited by modernists are bound to show at times a certain artificiality of interpretation, and Dr. McKechnie's volume is no exception to the rule; but all things considered it may be commended as a sound and serviceable contribution to the subject.

The series of the "Original Narratives of Early American History" continues the measured tread of its progress, and grows in strength as it proceeds. The last three volumes have risen to a very high level of scholarly excellence, and now a newly issued volume on "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1706," edited by Prof. George L. Burr, of Cornell University (Scribners; $3 net), enhances materially the repute of the series. It is a model of what such a work should be, combining subject-matter of great human interest with editorial supervision that cannot be improved upon. Professor Burr has made the field of witchcraft, in all its aspects, peculiarly his own, and beyond all others is competent to deal with the colonial phases of the great delusion. These witchcraft tales, as he says, were "bulletins of a war more actual, more cruel, more momentous than any fray of flesh and blood," because they recorded contests in that mysterious and imaginary world where Heaven and Hell, orthodoxy and the Devil fought for the mastery. The panic was not a passing madness of the Christian Church, nor was it local to New England. It was a phase in the history of Christian thought, representing the influence, in about equal terms, of two great forces in the life of modern society, human psychology and Christian theology. The witch-panic found no manifestation in those parts of the world where Christianity did not flourish; it was confined to Christian lands, Roman Catholic or Protestant, and as the outcome of belief in the powers of Satan was a terrible witness to human ignorance and human fears.

The witch-epidemic broke out in nearly all the colonies during some part or other of the seventeenth century. Independent narratives or documents are here printed for all the colonies, where the manifestations appeared, except Connecticut. Two of Connecticut's cases, however, are dealt with by Increase Mather in his "Remarkable Providences," and Prof. Burr prints a bibliography of Connecticut witchcraft in a footnote (p. 16). Thirteen accounts are given, of which all but three relate to New England. The others, which are not narratives but court records, relate to New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Of the New England narratives, one is here printed for the first time, Cotton Mather's "A Brand Pluck'd Out of the Burning" (1693), an account of the case of Mercy Short, which was to have been edited and printed long ago by Dr. Samuel F. Haven, formerly librarian of the American Antiquarian Society. This narrative throws light not only on the Salem trials, but also on Mather's attitude towards them, and it is a matter of congratulation to all concerned that at last we have so authoritative an edition of this unique text. No narrative can compare with it "for the appraisal of [Mather's] credulity and of his rôle as exorcist and as dupe" or for disclosing his innermost thoughts regarding "the Bewitched people tormented by Invisible Furies in the County of Essex." In reading this volume one cannot but be impressed with the New Englander's mania for writing down his thoughts. Ministers and laymen between them have contributed 90 per cent. of its contents, and of that proportion the Mathers, father and son, have contributed no less than half.

The healing power of time is well illustrated by the tolerant interest with which the present generation of Northern readers may be expected to welcome Colyer Meriwether's life of Raphael Semmes (Philadelphia: Jacobs; $1.25 net), the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies. Mr. Meriwether has not, apparently, unearthed much new material, and has naturally relied a good deal upon Semmes's own books, "Service Afloat" and the "Cruise of the Alabama." Of the available printed authorities, however, he has made industrious use. The chief place, in any biography of Semmes, must, of course, be given to his career as commander of the Sumter and Alabama, and the account of these episodes is both readable and meritorious. For the rest, there is a good narrative of Semmes's service in the Mexican War, an elaborate summary, with becoming refutation, of his views on the constitutionality of secession, and a careful sketch of his life from 1865 until his death, in 1877. Admirers of Gideon Welles's "Diary" will do well to examine Mr. Meriwether's outspoken criticism of Welles for his official attitude towards Semmes.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The public librarians in some English cities are blaming the picture palaces for the decreases they report in the number of books issued. It is admitted, however, that interest in certain authors—notably Dante, Scott, Dickens, and Hugo—has been stimulated by the films that have "visualized" their works. At Kendal, for example, during the representation of "Ivanhoe" there was an unprecedented demand for the novel itself. When a film of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was recently shown at Newcastle, one local bookseller sold in a few days no less than forty-three copies of the book.

At the Congress of the British Radical Association recently held in Aberdeen the address of outstanding interest to the layman was that of the president of the year, Dr. Archibald Garrod, on "Medicine from the Chemical Standpoint." It is described in one of the reports as a grave and considered rebuke of the food faddist, whether qualified or unqualified. "I would venture to assert," declared Dr. Garrod, "that two-thirds of the restrictions [in diet] imposed upon sufferers from particular maladies find no real justification in the teachings of science or experience. How contradictory are the directions given by different advisers to gouty patients as to details of dietary, and how few of them can be justified by reason or argument!"

Pitchpine from the United States has at last won its way into French Government offices, where the *protocole* regulates furniture as rigorously as it does precedence. In the various Ministries in Paris and in the Prefectures of the Departments in the provinces, oak upholstered in rep is reserved for "directors'" private offices; the "chefs de bureau" have mahogany and red rugs; walnut and green carpets belong to the "sous-chefs"; the chief clerks have to be content with leather-covered chairs and varnished black-wood tables, while the "expéditionnaire" has a cane-bottomed chair and schoolboy's desk. This was the lowest end of the official hierarchy until the advent of the typewriter, with the *petites dactylographes*. These have now been recognized as having a right to pitchpine—a new triumph of Feminism.

Lucien Poincaré, the younger brother of the President of the French Republic, has been appointed Director of Higher, that is, University, Education, which is the highest Government place under the Minister of Public Instruction. It is not a Cabinet position, and the appointment is not due to political influence; but it has been won by natural promotion in the University service. The outgoing Director, Albert Bayet, has held the post since 1902 under fifteen Governments. Lucien Poincaré has spent his whole career in the University, beginning with his studies at the Ecole Normale in its famous days. After usual professorships in state colleges of the provinces, and then in Paris, he was appointed to lecture in the Paris Faculty of Sciences. He earned scientific distinction in physics, particularly in electricity, by his researches and writings. He must have shared his brother's administrative ability, for he was soon named to be University Rector at Chambéry, and then Government Inspector-General of Public Instruction. This final promotion crowns this typical career of a successful French Universitarian. The Poincaré family has had other noted men of learning. Among them was that glory of French science, Henri Poincaré. He was first cousin of the President and brother of Madame Emile Boutroux, whose son is mathematical professor at Princeton University.

The death of its founder has led to the absorption of the Hetzel publishing house by the older Hachette Company, of Paris. Hetzel's chief claim to interest is his discovery and appropriation of Jules Verne. He began with him by a life contract, guaranteeing an annual sum of $4,000—which seemed immense riches to the unknown writer. It was not at all proportionate to the rapid success and sale of his books throughout the known world. Jules Verne was content with his bargain, and for many, many years furnished dutifully his two volumes a year. At his death, he left several more finished or nearly so, which explains the continued appearance of new works bearing his name. Hetzel took pains to provide the writer who was laying golden eggs for him with a yacht and all other appurtenances necessary or useful to stimulate his inventive powers. This publishing house had many other successes, nearly all in the same line of higher school-boy reading, but none of at all the same spread. For the needed illustration, excellent line engravings were used, photo-processes not then having been adopted. Copies of some of these publications, illustrated by Riou and Yan d'Argent, and, particularly, Th. Schuler's wood-cuts for Hetzel's popular

edition of Erckmann-Chatrian, have now a certain art value.

Hunger and thirst after sensational stories perhaps obscured the very real lesson conveyed by the chief actor at the trial of Madame Caillaux. The husband had to explain his attitude towards Madame Caillaux the first, with whom he was confronted before the Parisian jury which was trying Madame Caillaux the second. He complained that this first wife of his had not the same "mentality" as himself, that she was not of his world, and was consequently without community of feelings with him. On the contrary, he married his second wife, and found perfect peace with her, because she was a *bourgeoise* just as he was a *bourgeois*. This is of interest from the fact that Madame Caillaux the first has American antecedents and experience—and, among conservative Europeans, the objection to American marriages is based precisely on this bringing in of a spirit alien, if not hostile, to the life of the European party. English and, particularly, American newspapers have indulged in certain obvious and not very intelligent pleasantries on the trial. It might well be contrasted with the case of Parnell, in which politics of equal bitterness were mixed with the course of love—but that case was tried out of court and, mainly, by the celebrated Nonconformist conscience. The striking difference is that foreign journalists seem not to know just where conscience is in France, or, indeed, if there is any. Their pleasantries, of course, have been those of schoolboys play-acting about some distant land with which they are not acquainted. In the meantime, whatever may be thought of the moralities of the case, it should not be forgotten that M. Caillaux has given his proofs as one of the most brilliant Finance Ministers of France, if not of the world, though not the safest. And for that, surely, a master head, if not a New England conscience, is required.

Without belonging officially to German *Cultur*, there is an amount of fossil French to be found in the popular use of Berlin. Clinking glasses to the cry "Prost Knusemann!" is not easily traced to the French "que nous aimons" (the one we love), with the Latin health "Prosit" before. Coachmen declining a fare used to say "Grüssen sie Murmillier!" not knowing they were keeping up all the feud of their guild with Lieutenant de Merveilleux, who was from Swiss Neuchâtel when it was under Prussia. The veterans of the War of 1870 have a proverbial respect for the French commander, Max Mahon (MacMahon). The great-grandson of the Gobelins tapestry-maker, Luc Cossart, a Huguenot, who took refuge in Prussia after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was a genuine German, as shown by his name "Luka Kaiser." Odon became Otto; La Fosse was translated Grabow, just as French Canadian Court-demanche is "Short-sleeves" in New England; and Manclerc is Munklerg. "Schuskla!" chanted for the player who has to draw cards is the French "Fourrez-fourrez-fourrez-jusque-là" abbreviated. All this may not be of much use in dictionaries, but it helps to understand the inextricable mixing up of words of unexpected origin in native and idiomatic expressions, and the mingling of parti-tongued humanity which gave rise to it.

Science

COUNT RUMFORD.

MUNICH, July 11.

The Royal Bavarian Academy of Science joined forces with the magistracy of Munich in commemorating this morning* the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Count Rumford, better known to Americans as Benjamin Thompson. Even among the greatest, few men are actually remembered one hundred years after they have passed away; the tribute to Count Rumford was all the more remarkable because at the time of his death at Auteuil (Paris) opinions about the man were still divided, though his great achievements in science were generally recognized. To follow an account of Thompson's career, from his birth, on March 26, 1753, in the small town of Woburn, Mass., through his early life, passed in the most humble circumstances, until we find him one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most notable figures of the day, is to be transported into the realm of historical romances. Famous as a many-sided scientist, he was the founder of the Royal Institution of England, an active member of the Royal Society of Great Britain and of the Bavarian Academy of Science, and in closest touch with the scholars of the French Academy. In addition to this, he was a powerful influence in military and diplomatic circles in England and in Bavaria, and during his sojourn in Munich became the power behind the throne, instituting political reforms, the effects of which are still felt, and leaving behind him traces of his interest in promoting the welfare of the people of Munich that have kept his memory fresh even in the minds of the masses. Among Americans, Franklin, whom Rumford resembles in the manysidedness of his talents and in the contradictory elements in his nature, is his only rival in romantic interest.

The commemorative exercises held in the beautiful *Festsaal* of the older Rathaus revealed the permanence of the impress made by Count Rumford on the city of Munich during his residence here over 130 years ago. The assemblage itself was a notable tribute to this remarkable man. The members of the Bavarian Academy were present in their resplendent uniforms, the city was represented by the "Oberbürgermeister" and the members of the magistracy; royalty sent as delegates Prince Alfons, a cousin of the King, and Prince Konrad, the King's nephew, besides several members of the Cabinet, and in the large audience were to be seen the leading scholars, artists, physicians, and men of letters of Munich and prominent citizens in various walks of life.

The chief magistrate, Dr. von Borscht, made the opening address, in which he emphasized the services Count Rumford had rendered the city of Munich. It was he who projected and laid out Munich's beautiful park, which still bears the name "English Garden," because it was modelled on the parks of England; he introduced a new kind of stove which saved fuel and prevented the thick clouds of smoke that polluted the atmosphere. He taught the people how to make nutritious soups at an absurdly low cost. For many years "Rumford soup" was one of the staple articles of food among the poorer classes. It was Rumford also who introduced the use of potatoes in Bavaria as an article of food, and it is curious to read of the opposition that his efforts first encountered. He instituted shelters for the poor, provided municipal activity for them, and abolished promiscuous begging in the streets. In various other directions he laid the foundations for the excellent administration of the city which has made Munich one of the most attractive as well as one of the healthiest and happiest cities of Europe.

Count Rumford's larger services to the state and his important contributions to science, particularly in the domain of physics and chemistry, were set forth in the main oration of the day by the president of the Bavarian Academy, the distinguished historian, Dr. von Heigel, who also told the details of Count Rumford's romantic career as revealed by unpublished material in the archives of the city. He quoted from a letter which threw definite light on the reasons that prompted Thompson to leave his native land and to seek his fortune in Europe. After receiving a fair education, which included a partial course at Harvard, young Thompson served as an apprentice in a shop in Salem, and subsequently in Boston, afterwards taught school in Wilmington, Mass., and in Rumford, N. H., and at the same time carried on his studies in physics. At an age when others were still pursuing their studies at school, he was ready to undertake original researches and experiments with gunpowder and the velocity of projectiles, the problem of perpetual motion, and the like. He became interested in military science also, and took service in the New Hampshire militia. At the outbreak of hostilities with England, he sided with the mother country, and so pronounced were his sympathies that he proceeded to England to place his services at the disposal of the Government. His attitude naturally made him exceedingly unpopular in the colonies, and this no doubt was the main reason for turning his back on his native land, to which he returned but once, and then only for a short time. The letter unearthed by Professor von Heigel indicates that his attitude was prompted by an apparently sincere conviction that England was right. It is rather surprising to find one brought up as he was siding with the aristocracy and declaring unequivocally in favor of a constitutional monarchy as the best form of government. Throughout his career he showed these two sides of his nature—a strong leaning towards aristocracy based on a dis-

*The actual date of his death was August 25, 1814. The Munich memorial was held a few weeks earlier because of the University vacation, which begins in August.

trust of democracy, and an equally strong desire to improve the condition of the masses. In his scientific work Professor von Heigel showed he was actuated by this practical and philanthropic aim. He believed that scholarship and science should be yoked to public service; that both should be cultivated to improve conditions of life. Wherever he was, in England, Ireland, Bavaria, and later in France, he was busy with plans of reform, municipal and economic reforms, the reform of military organization which he worked out in detail in Bavaria; reform of scientific work, which led to the establishment of the Royal Institution in England in 1799, and prompted him, after his admission to the Bavarian Academy, to evolve an elaborate plan for the reorganization of that body.

Naturally, he reaped the unpopularity of the reformer, which showed itself in the circumstances that forced his departure from Munich. His coming to that city was in the nature of an accident. After arriving in England, where he was well received in aristocratic and military circles, he took service in the Department of State, passing from one position to another until he reached the rank of Under-Secretary. At the same time he carried on researches in various directions, and received recognition by being made a member of the Royal Society. The most famous scholars of the day became his intimates, and his scientific activity in the midst of his official duties was prodigious. In 1782 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the English army, and embarked for America to fight against the Colonies. Fortunately, the war soon came to an end and his military activity was limited to some skirmishing near Charleston. He returned to England, and in 1783 retired from the army on half-pay after having been knighted by George III. He then proceeded to Vienna to offer his services to Emperor Joseph II in the impending war against Turkey. On his way to Vienna he passed through Munich and presented his letters to the reigning Elector, Karl Theodor. Thompson, who was very tall and handsome, apparently made a favorable impression on the Elector, and when, on reaching Vienna, he found that war had been averted, he returned to Munich and became the Elector's personal adjutant. He soon began to unfold an astonishing activity and held various posts, from Chief of Police for Munich to Minister of War for the State. His plan for reforming the military organization of Bavaria, which, it is interesting to note, involved an elaborate system of general education for soldiers, aroused much discussion, as did his efforts for the improvement of the city. Increasing influence added to his sense of importance, and he made the fatal mistake of allowing a letter addressed to the King commending his services to be printed and distributed. This aroused the ire of the city magistrates, who began a campaign against the foreigner and "intruder" which finally forced the Elector in 1796 to dismiss him.

Meanwhile, Thompson had been elevated to the highest peerage, choosing his title, Count Rumford, from the name of the town in New Hampshire (now Concord), where he had married when less than twenty years old (or, as he says in a letter, "was married to") Sarah Walker, who was thirteen years his senior, but who had the advantage of bringing her husband a competency. His wife had died in 1792, and it was partly as a tribute to her memory that he chose his new title. He was also accorded a handsome pension and, as an additional mark of royal favor, was appointed Ambassador from Bavaria to the Court of St. James's. Here he encountered the severest disappointment of his life, for after his arrival in England he was told by Canning, the Prime Minister, that as an English subject, which Count Rumford still was, he could not act as the representative of a foreign country. It was a severe blow to his pride, and for a time he thought of returning to his native country. An inquiry as to whether he would be permitted to enter the United States, and how he would be received, elicited the reply that the Government would welcome him and give him some military post consistent with his high distinction and wide renown. He, however, decided to remain in Europe, passed some time in Ireland, where he projected improvements in hospitals and asylums, but spent most of his time during the succeeding years in London, actively engaged in scientific researches and endeavoring to carry out social and economic reforms which had on the whole been so successfully applied in Bavaria. In London, as in Munich, he published papers of extraordinary value.

In 1802 he was called back to Munich, where he became as great a favorite with the King Max Joseph as he had been with his predecessor. He received an increased annual remuneration for his services and rose to the presidency of the Bavarian Academy. His marriage with the widow of the famous chemist, Lavoisier, in 1805, may have had something to do with his leaving Munich again and ultimately settling in Paris, where he was destined to end his days. This second marriage was not a happy experiment, and when on one occasion the Countess poured a pail of hot water over the Count's favorite poodle, the pair decided to separate. Count Rumford passed his last years in retirement at Auteuil, giving the impression of a disappointed and embittered man. In social intercourse he grew morose, but he retained his interest in science to the last. Indeed, some of his most notable researches were made during these years. The range of his researches was always exceedingly wide; he opened up many new avenues of investigation, and it is sufficient to mention here that no less an authority than Tyndall regards Count Rumford as the pioneer in the modern theory of heat.

It speaks well for him that, despite his voluntary exile, he retained so strong an affection for his native land. By his will he endowed a Rumford professorship of chemistry at Harvard. During his lifetime he had given a fund for the encouragement of research to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, and had sent a liberal sum for philanthropic purposes to the town of Rumford. When he died, his loss was mourned by no less than four countries.

In a summary of Count Rumford's character, Professor von Heigel properly emphasized certain defects of character which prevented him, despite his achievements, from gaining general confidence and esteem. He failed to give the impression that his motives in his public service, and even in his efforts for improving conditions of life for the masses, were of the highest. His attitude towards life was somewhat cynical. He believed that in order that people should be virtuous they must be made happy. Whatever he did to improve economic conditions was the result of calm and cold calculation; he was apparently not inspired by any deep enthusiasm or love for mankind. We have seen that he aroused opposition even when rendering useful and valuable services; and he had not the nature to bear the disappointments of life in a worthy manner. Granting all this, the fact remains that few men of his day did more to merit the gratitude and recognition of their fellow-men, and it is gratifying to see his memory thus revived in the city for which he did so much, though also somewhat humiliating to reflect that less notice has been taken in our own country of one who ranks so close to Franklin.

An excellent musical programme served to heighten the solemnity of the celebration. The Symphony Orchestra of Munich played the prelude of the "Meistersinger" in masterly style, and furnished the accompaniment to two splendid choruses, one a male chorus of about 100 voices chosen from the "Lehrergesangverein," and a children's chorus of some 200 school children. The former rendered Schubert-Liszt's "Great Is Jehovah," the latter Schmitt's composition of Wieland's anthem, "Praise be to thee, O Lord." The occasion was thus in every respect a noteworthy tribute to the memory of this extraordinary American.

It may perhaps be well to add that there are two monuments to Count Rumford in Munich, a high shaft in the English Garden, and a life-size bronze statue in the Maximilianstrasse, where he stands in a notable group of Munich's greatest citizens. In addition, an oil portrait of Count Rumford adorns the large hall of the Bavarian Academy. This portrait was transferred to the *Rathaus* for the commemorative meeting, where it was placed on an easel banked with beautiful flowers.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

"Weeds; Simple Lessons for Children," by Robert Lloyd Praeger (Putnam; 45 cents), is one of the Cambridge (England) Nature Study series. Its hundred pages are well written, well printed, and fairly well illustrated. But the book owes its chief interest to the fact that it is largely devoted to the plants and scenes of Ireland. The author even goes so far as to give the common Irish names of many of the plants which he describes, in *Irish type*.

Drama and Music

CINEMA AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 18.

The Paris theatrical season began uncertainly in September of 1913, and it has ended palely in June of 1914. All the summer theatres which give far-away reproductions of Paris in watering and seaside places, the amphitheatres of "Nature" in the open air of mountain resorts, Corneille and Euripides amid Roman ruins at Orange, or Shakespeare with restored mediæval ramparts for stage-setting at Carcassonne, neither add to the season's significance nor detract from it.

The first sense of it is that, between legitimate theatre and cinema, this may destroy that. "There are years when things will not go!" Henry Mürger used to say. That has been true of Bohemia for so long a time that it has all but vanished; and it has been partly true of theatre and opera in Paris for more than a year. The question is how far the cinema is to blame for it. People did not realize in the past how much the *mobile vulgus* contributed to the receipts of the most select theatres. Perhaps they do not realize in the present how much the *élite* patronizes the cinema. At each of the theatrical failures of the year—and they are not few—the same question arises. It cannot be limited to France.

The closing of the theatre and opera of the Champs Elysées, which were supposed to run on American money, and the very moderate success of the American opera season, which later took over one of the halls for a month, have to be estimated by themselves. Paris may be cosmopolitan, but its power of assimilating exotic productions is limited. In these two cases, the public seems to have tended towards the minimum limit.

It is not the same with the State Opéra. Fashion, snobbishness, and sincere love of music combined to make "Parsifal" a financial success; but this alone was not enough to get the directors out of their troubles. They have resigned in the midst of their last year of contract with the French Government. The coming director, who was to begin his seven years' contract only at the New Year, has consented to take control in September—and he already has trouble of his own. It is not from the cinema, indeed; but it is from an even more non-musical element—orchestra and chorus and other labor unions clamoring for less service and more pay. The unions are a force in politics; and it has always been given as the excuse of difficulties at the Paris Opéra that politicians of influence interfered with the choice of singers—and *danseuses*.

It is a Spanish proverb, "Dogs dance for money"; and so operas and theatres and the cinema itself must look to the subsidy and the receipts. Art may or may not be their end and aim and final cause; but money is now and for ever their *conditio sine qua non*. This must not be mixed up with the year's most resonant failure—Joseph Strauss's attempt to interest a Parisian public in his "Legend of Joseph," an opera without words. The public was prepared neither for the art nor for the lack of art, whereas the lack of art in theatres which tire and bore aids the cinema, which goes on the principle that "variety is the spice of life!"

Just here there is a very curious flare-back of popular emotion. After knocking down the traditional theatre, the cinema may end by putting it on its feet again. A silly season's correspondence in a Paris newspaper turns upon the relation of the cinema to book-reading. "Does the representation of the plot of a novel at the cinematograph excite the curiosity of the spectator so that he will be likely to read the book?"

A publisher who has a specialty of popular editions of Victor Hugo, Beaumarchais, Zola, and even Racine and Corneille, was asked his experience of the cinema's effect on the sale of books. "Beyond belief!" he answered. "During the time that the film of the book is worked at the cinema, whole editions of the printed volume are sold. Even subscriptions to the illustrated edition of the complete works of Victor Hugo show the effect."

Now the same thing is taking place at the theatre—wherever managers are wise enough to take advantage of it. One Paris theatre in a popular quarter, while the cinema was exploiting the "Misérables" of Victor Hugo in the neighborhood, placarded everywhere: "This week the 'Misérables'—not cinema, but theatre!" The device succeeded; the cinema had prepared a public, perhaps a new one, for the theatre as it had done for the book. And it must be remembered that this influence of the cinema is strongest for great writers of imaginative literature, and should be so for great playwrights.

True, this may prove meagre consolation to the suffering theatrical writers of the present. Well, they must change their methods. The publics of different nations have always had different requirements in their amusements. In the attempt made some years ago to induce the Parisian public to look and listen to Gillette's "Secret Service," the lack of success was attributed for the most part to the breathless running on of events and running off of actors on the stage. People accustomed to following composedly narrower lives in more limited space and time experienced a mental confusion. It has been said of the American woman that pleasure to her is mainly excitement of vital changes. Perhaps the new drama, which will be a resultant of the struggle for life between theatre and cinema, will conform to new habits of eye and mind, quicker than our present potencies. None can doubt that the elementary emotions of human nature will still dominate the public, as they did in slow-moving Greek chorus and tragedy which was almost liturgy, as in Imperial shows that kept Rome tranquil, or parades of self-satisfaction before the Court of Louis XIV, or rutilance of Elizabethans.

That other factor of the contemporary life of youth—the automobile—tends towards the same composite result as the cinema. Its effect on Art for Art's sake has long been deplored; but it remains to be seen if the composite will not excel in clarity and suddenness of impression our late neurasthenics, "devoid of all mental security," as Jules Lemaître complained when Maeterlinck and Ibsen invaded Paris:

O, I see the ancient promise of my spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!

That was mid-Victorian foresight. Before it is realized in the coming theatre, Paris today verifies the insight of a lighter observer of a hundred years since:

—Here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melodrames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of Scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

S. D.

"THE THIRD PARTY."

Described as a farcical comedy, "The Third Party," now being presented at the Shubert Theatre, lives up to its name. Humor of situation alternates with horse play in a manner to enhance the fun, which, if not always fast, is furious. The turns in the series of mishaps are managed with plausibility, so that the complications are increased up to the moment of their untangling, which process is suitably swift. The basis of the piece is the old device of mistaken identity. The confusion, however, is not accidental, but a deliberate ruse on the part of Hillary Chester and Rose Gaythorne, who, posing as husband and wife, in order that she may have an unchaperoned conference in the Restaurant Royal with Christopher Pottinger, M. P., are dragged by their misrepresentation into unanticipated consequences. Rose merely wants to obtain the influence of Pottinger on behalf of her fiancé, but, being interrupted by Mrs. Pottinger, to whom she and Chester are introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Gazzaza, is compelled to accept the invitation of that lady to proceed to the Pottinger country home. There she is recognized by Col. Redwood, who has strict ideas on marriage, and also, being a justice of the peace, power to enforce them. Peril from this source is averted long enough to allow the development of another complication in the presence of Hillary's fiancée, who is naturally surprised at his introduction to her as Mr. Gazzaza, and shocked at the presentation of a Mrs. Gazzaza.

Pottinger and Hillary are the centre of the action, which they make especially diverting by their awkward attempts to "explain" things to those not in the secret. Taylor Holmes, as Hillary, is excellent in his representation of the endeavor of "Mr. Gazzaza" to be loyal to Rose in the deception they are now driven to keep going, and at the same time to prevent his fiancée from doing what any fiancée would do under such cruel circumstances. His facial expression is particularly good. Walter Jones, as the harassed Pottinger, ably seconds him, and a word should be added in commendation of the cast in general.

R. J. D.

Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" was about two years old when it was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, where it had nine performances last year, with the aid of a star cast. As a rule, however, the Strauss operas have to be produced fresh from the pen to succeed. Königsberg some weeks ago gave "Salome" for the first time, but found that it had waited too long. The public's interest could not be aroused in this once sensational work.

Palestrina, the oldest of all composers whose works are still likely to be heard in concert halls, was until recently believed to have been born in 1524 or 1526. Rieman accepts the latter date, for which Haberl pleads. But more recent researches seem to indicate that Palestrina was born in 1514. In view of this discovery, preparations have already begun in Italy for worthily celebrating the four hundredth birthday of the master who marks the climax of Catholic Church music as Bach does that of the Protestant Church. Wagner was a great admirer of Palestrina, and Saint-Saëns thinks that the beginnings of modern musical expression must be sought in the "Stabat Mater" of that old master.

The oldest of all surviving operas is the "Orfeo" of Gluck, whose two hundredth birthday has just been celebrated in Germany and France. His importance in the history of music lies in his "trying to forget that I am a musician" (as he put it) when composing an opera. In other words, he emphasized the maxim "The play's the thing" even in an opera, and thus controlled the vanity and the excesses of the singers, who, in the Italian productions of his day, had succeeded in making opera a mere occasion for their "stunts" in vocal embroidery. There is another important aspect of art, ignored by the historians, to which Dr. Max Arend calls attention in the "Gluck Heft" of *Die Musik* (Berlin), in an article entitled "Gluck, der Reformator des Tanzes." Not only, declares Dr. Arend, did Gluck's "Armida" furnish the model for the Flower Girl scene in Wagner's "Parsifal," but even Richard Strauss, in his latest work, "The Legend of Joseph," went back to Gluck, whose works he studied thoroughly. Gluck's working principles and ideals in creating his ballets are set forth briefly in a pamphlet by his collaborator Angiolini. Of this document the Vienna Hofbibliothek possesses the only existing copy, so far as is known to Dr. Arend, who has made a German translation of it which is incorporated in this "Gluck Heft" of *Die Musik*.

The *Musical Courier* announces that R. E. Johnston has arranged for an American tour of the famous Sevcik Quartet. It will begin with a recital in Aeolian Hall on the fifth of next January.

Frau Isolde Beidler, the daughter of Cosima Bülow-Wagner, has evidently made up her mind not to let the question whether she is the daughter of Hans von Bülow or of Richard Wagner rest where the courts left it. It is announced that she has in preparation a book to be entitled "Reminiscences of My Father"; and, as she has contended all along that she is the daughter of Wagner, it is obvious whom the book will be about. As she was eighteen years old when Wagner died, she will be able to add some interesting details to the innumerable facts already printed.

Art

VERMEER OF DELFT.

PART ONE:—A PAINTER WHO WAS MORE THAN A REALIST, AND TO WHOM TECHNIQUE WAS THE SYMBOL OF HIS DEAREST EMOTIONS.

In his early thirties, Jan Vermeer, of Delft, was conspicuous enough in his native town to be looked up by the French traveller, Balthazar de Monconys. The interview is recorded with tantalizing brevity in Balthazar's "Journal des Voyages," published in 1665: "At Delft, I saw the painter Vermeer, who had none of his own works, but we saw one at a baker's, which, though it had only one figure, had been sold at six hundred livres." It may be suspected that the baker was something less than the Mæcenas he appeared, for ten years later Vermeer's widow had a suit with a baker to whom two pictures had been pledged for precisely this sum. Vermeer's honorable, if short and unprosperous, career is represented to-day by half a dozen civic dates and by some thirty-seven magnificent pictures. On October 31, 1632, the year of Rembrandt's Anatomy Lesson, he was born in the clean and delightful town of Delft. Of his parents' condition and his own early education we know nothing. April 5, 1653, in his twenty-first year, he took a wife, Catharine Bolenes. They settled in the Old Long Dyke, and in twenty-two years of wedded life she bore him ten children, of whom eight survived their father. Eight months after his marriage, December 29, 1653, he joined the Painters' Guild of Saint Luke. It was three years and a half before he fully paid his initiation fee of only six florins. Nevertheless, in 1662, his fellow painters made him head man of the guild. He served for two years, and again for the same space in 1670 and 1671. He died on the 16th day of December, 1675, early in his forty-fourth year, and was entombed in the Old Church. Twenty years after his death his pictures were still esteemed. In an Amsterdam auction of 1696 twenty of his pictures—the list is still the basis for identification of his works—fetched very fair prices. Then followed more than a century and a half of obscuration.

His pictures, to be sure, for the most part survived, but were casually attributed to other artists—to Terborch and Pieter de Hooch, which was tolerable; to Metsu, which was somewhat less so, and to Eglon van der Neer, which was atrocious. When the indefatigable John Smith was compiling his "Catalogue Raisonné" of Flemish and Dutch paintings, about 1840, Vermeer received only incidental mention. But the moment of rehabilitation was at hand for Vermeer as for so many other forgotten artists. Before 1848, the year of revolutions, Bürger-Thoré had begun to hunt up and buy Vermeers. His comprehensive essays, which appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux-arts* for 1866, had the natural defects of all literature of discovery. Your true explorer is prone to see more than is there, and subsequent criticism has had to abate by half Thoré's list of some seventy-two Vermeers. It required still a generation to bring the world round to Thoré's feeling that Vermeer was a great master. As fine a critic as Fromentin could pass through the Netherlands in 1876 without so much as mentioning Vermeer. Gradually the writings of Henri Havard and Dr. Bode did something to popularize the master, but the movement of modern art was making even more strongly for a revival. Hals and Velasquez had already been consulted by Manet and his fellow impressionists. The generation represented by Degas had need of a still more exquisite exemplar. Vermeer became *par excellence* the painters' old master. Long before the dealers had perceived in him a sensational commodity, he was the shibboleth of cosmopolitan studios everywhere. Indeed, in one way and another he had anticipated many of the technical researches of the '60s and '70s. Nor was his spell there exhausted. As febrile an experimentalist as Vincent van Gogh was entranced by the poise and nobility of The Reader in the Rijksmuseum.

Scholarship and criticism have of late years amply confirmed the verdict of the studios. Hofstede de Groot's monumental Catalogue of the works of Karel Fabritius and Vermeer, 1907, was followed by the excellent little monograph of Gustave van Zype, not to mention a number of special articles by many hands, and now Philip Hale, an excellent painter himself, and a veteran teacher and critic, devotes to Vermeer the most elaborate stylistic analysis ever applied to any artist.*

To one who has ever found Vermeer a painter of the most personal and intimate charm, Mr. Hale's judgments come with a shock. Vermeer is treated as a cold realist, chiefly concerned with problems of lighting, values, edges. He was a pure eye: "he simply painted right on, striving to get the appearance of things." Subject-matter was indifferent to him, save as it was convenient or challenged his dexterity. "It may be said that Vermeer's vision was as impersonal as that of any painter who has ever lived." He was not "primarily a painter of women in the sense that Gainsborough was, or Watteau, but one guesses it was more convenient for him to get them to pose." His works are "simply coldly and definitely right, and they gain something of the hatred which those who are right must always endure." If this were the truth, and the whole truth, about Vermeer, my task

**Jan Vermeer, of Delft.* By Philip L. Hale. With reproductions of all of Vermeer's known paintings and examples of the work of certain of his contemporaries. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $10 net.

In this portly and well-printed octavo is contained practically everything that is known about Vermeer, full lists, and bibliography, a trial chronology, and a number of excellent color reproductions.

would soon be done. I should merely have to epitomize Mr. Hale's admirable analysis of Vermeer's composition, values, tone, textures, edges, and repeat his warning to sentimentalists against merely subjective interpretations. But Mr. Hale's entire critique is a signal illustration of the fact that a half truth is more misleading than a flagrant falsehood. Vermeer was a great realist, and much more, and the much more is what greatly counts, and what we must endeavor to find. There is an established principle by which the artist tends to recreate the world in his own image, and the Vermeer reconstructed by Mr. Hale is amusingly like some able but not sufficiently appreciated member of the Boston school of painting, worthily pedestalled on unpopular heights. With a singular lack of humor, Vermeer is represented as a misliked artist. In this Vermeer I recognize as in a remorselessly skilful caricature certain traits of the artist that I love, but the whole picture seems so distorted that I must essay a far simpler portraiture of my own.

The aim of criticism is always to reconstitute a superior personality. If we stop with the mere analysis of his technique, we fail to explain why he ever undertook to create. For the motives to production, at least in the case of a great artist, involve the whole man, and especially his emotional life. His finest thoughts and feelings are the only value in his art. These thoughts and feelings are, of course, expressed by means of his technique. But if we study it merely for itself, we fall short of the vision of the artist. To him it was no cold device for simulating difficult reality, but the symbol of his dearest emotions. These symbols we must endeavor to read. Such reading, naturally, is more or less inferential, but at worst it will be truer to the facts than is the figment of the artist as a mere prestidigitator in a world from which all but art has been scrupulously eliminated. By a simple analysis of Vermeer's subject-matter we may ascertain his preferences. What, then, are admittedly the finest Vermeers?

The finest Vermeers, almost without exception, have no more ambitious subject-matter than a young and usually capable woman engaged in some household occupation. Sometimes she is a milkmaid, carefully pouring milk in her buttery (Amsterdam), or as a placid housewife, with one splendid gesture, she grasps a ewer, while with the other hand she opens a casement (Metropolitan Museum). Sometimes she stands at a window and with gently bent head reads a letter (Dresden, Amsterdam). In the loveliest of all the Vermeers, at Berlin, she only holds out a string of pearls from her fair throat. In one hardly less fine, she is carefully weighing pearls in a balance (Widener collection). Again, in more girlish guise, she bends with unconscious grace over the lace cushion and bobbins (the Louvre). To these may be added the exquisitely candid portrait of a young girl at The Hague. I have named most of the finest Vermeers. Clearly drama or narrative is not of their essence. Sometimes Vermeer's housewife is engaged in a more gentle occupation. She is writing (Morgan collection), playing a guitar or lute (Johnson and Huntington collections), playing the spinet (Beit collection and National Gallery), or standing at the virginals (National Gallery). Of Vermeer's thirty-five figure pieces, twenty-two contain only one figure, in nineteen cases that of a woman.

In eight cases, Vermeer painted compositions of two figures with some pretence of anecdotal subject-matter. Again, a woman always occupies the centre of the little stage. She is writing or receiving a letter, with a maid in attendance (Beit and Jules Simon collections and Rijksmuseum); she is chatting, drinking wine, or discussing a piece of music with a cavalier (Frick collection and Berlin). These conversation pieces are well carried off. They are more studied than a good Metsu, less pointed than a good Terborch. There is a little sense of effort in most of them, and the eight two-figure compositions include only two undoubted masterpieces, the bizarre, yet wholly lovely, Painter in his Studio, of the Czernin collection, Vienna, and the subtly complicated but very intimate Music Lesson at Windsor Castle.

Just three times Vermeer composed his anecdote with as many as three persons: Christ with Mary and Martha (Coats collection, Scotland); Girl with Wine Glass, at Brunswick, and the Music Lesson, at Fenway Court, the last formerly one of Thoré's pictures. All of these are fine Vermeers, but not quite the best. There is one four-figure composition, the early and not wholly successful The Courtesan, at Dresden. Five figures occur only in the homely idyl, Diana and Her Nymphs, at The Hague, again an early and experimental piece.

Does not this rather dull census after all suggest a temperament? Contrast this thinly peopled, often solitary, woman's world of Vermeer with the drastic man's world of Terborch, the casual bustling world of Metsu, the swarming humorous world of Jan Steen. All that these contemporaries reckoned necessary in a picture—action, drama, crucial state of mind—Vermeer calmly ignored. His action is nil, the state of mind of his characters undramatic, habitual, almost bovine. Oddly, since his flavor is domestic, he never plays upon the obvious and always winning theme of motherhood. It was an advantage he willingly conceded to Metsu and Rembrandt.

Shall we then conclude with Mr. Hale that for the charm of a Vermeer we must look merely to its consummate technique? A little study of the four or five women who grace the finest pictures will suggest that we must rather look to some rare lyrical sentiment in the artist's soul of which the technique, marvellous as it is, is merely a secondary evocation. Where else in Dutch art will you find such women as Vermeer's—the Milkmaid, stately as a Millet as she bends over the jug; the little Lacemaker, daintily alert as her beautiful hands attack resolutely their difficult task; the Lady at the Casement, quizzical, capable, with a peculiar sane sweetness; the plump creature of pearl-like blondness, radiant in azure and pale gold, who holds out a pearl necklace from a throat as lovely as the jewels; the candid, fearless young girl with a blue turban suddenly turning out of the picture, mouth half open at the wonder of a friendly world? To her even Mr. Hale has softened. Regarding her, he cites the Mona Lisa, and the analogy, by which he signally fails to profit, might have suggested to him something peculiar in Vermeer's attitude towards women. He observed them not merely with a remarkable attention, but with a special tenderness and reverence. M. Van Zype has aptly called Vermeer's emotional attitude chivalric, implying merely a respectful cult of womanhood and of beauty. It is just about the last sentiment one would expect to find in Holland of his time. Generally the Dutch masters treated woman as a plaything or a mere utility. They did not contemplate her; she hardly seemed worth the pains, but they plainly stated her points, chiefly as regards bed and board. Under such sensual and utilitarian criteria, the poetry which art usually detects in womanhood vanishes. The Dutch artist often rather cynically pokes fun at his women—Terborch does so impliedly, Steen directly—or, after the fashion of Metsu, celebrates the paying housewifely activities. Vermeer does this, and much more. He invests his women, in whom we may surely recognize his wife and daughters, with glamour. In the clean bright spaces of his home on the Old Long Dyke he contemplates the moral and physical beauty of those who have made that house a home. He finds beauty in all the household ritual, and when he seeks it farther afield, he often fails to find it. If ever a painter deserved to be called a feminist, it is Vermeer. He was, despite Mr. Hale, a painter of women, in his own fashion a precursor of Watteau and Gainsborough. It was easier to get women to pose? Possibly. Surely it was more delightful.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

"Ancient and Mediæval Art," by Margaret H. Bulley (Macmillan; $1.75 net), is an elementary textbook on a novel plan. Each period is introduced by an imaginary story which gives some notion of the times and of the condition of the artist. Then follows a chapter on the usual historical lines. Some disparity of style between the two parts naturally results, but the stories are ingenious and instructive, while the compilation is uncommonly well written, accurate, and up to date. The scope is wide, early Chinese and Mohammedan art being included. There are many well-selected illustrations. In schools and for the home instruction of children this book should prove useful.

"What Sculpture to See in Europe," by Lorinda Munson Bryant (Lane; $1.35 net), is an illustrated and very elementary guide fitted for the needs of the greenest type of tourist. It is vivaciously written in a sloppy

way. For example, the flexibility of Michelangelo's dead Christ at St. Peter's is said to illustrate the master's scientific knowledge of *rigor mortis*. The general accuracy of the work may be fairly judged from this specimen.

Finance

IN THE LAST "GENERAL EUROPEAN WAR."

It has been commonly said that it is a century since Europe has been confronted with such a collision of hostile states, march of belligerent armies, and manœuvres of hostile fleets, as have suddenly been brought upon the scene in the past ten days. The statement is entirely true. No parallel for this war, in scope of operations or number of combatants involved—seven states have their armies in the field already—has been presented since the war which began on May 20, 1803, between France and England, which virtually lasted twelve years, and in which every Government of Europe was eventually engaged. In view of what has happened this week, in the finance and trade of the civilized world, a little retrospect is timely.

Both financially and commercially, those were days of small things, compared with these. War had, moreover, been so familiar to Europe, even before 1803, that ocean commerce was already more or less of a gamble. But there were some highly interesting events in those directions, nevertheless.

British consols dropped from 73 to 50 during the first months of the war in 1803. Holland, an ally of France, at once placed an embargo on all British commerce, and an immensely lucrative trade stopped short. From Continental ports like Hamburg, England at once recalled her merchant ships. The Italian Republic, then under Napoleon's domination, ordered that goods and deposit credits in that country, belonging to English merchants, should be seized to provide a fund from which Italian merchants could be recompensed for goods of their own detained in England.

The immediate result of all this was that Great Britain's export trade fell from £45,000,000 for 1802 to £36,000,000 for 1803. But it cut both ways; a letter from Paris, dated August, 1803, declared that "from our seaports we continue to hear of nothing but captures, loss, and failures; of total stagnation in trade and great scarcity of money." To those who have been concerned this week as to how the tourists in Europe would get home, it is interesting to recall what happened to them in May, 1803. There had been a year and a half of peace, and Englishmen, curious to see France under the new régime, had been thronging into that country. Napoleon ordered all of these English tourists—estimated as numbering ten thousand—to be seized and kept in prison. Some of them did not emerge until 1814.

Prices of commodities did not rise everywhere on the outbreak of that war; in England they fell, because of the blockade of the markets, and rose only when the Bank of England suspended specie payments and issued new banknotes not secured in gold, and when the European harvests failed in 1804. Until well on in the war, there was no such thing as drafts on foreign exchange. A merchant ship carried in its own strong box the gold for the business of its voyage, and usually three or four of such vessels would be escorted by a man-of-war. These were the rich prizes of the ocean warfare.

England, being the wealthiest nation even then, financed its long war by huge issues of British consols at 6 per cent. Napoleon began by selling Louisiana to the United States for $16,000,000; he persuaded Portugal to pay him 16,000,000 francs per annum on condition that she kept out of the area of warfare, and he assessed Spain, Italy, and Holland heavily.

As other European nations joined in the fight against France, England began to provide the money for the poorer European states to arm. It made these remittances to the Continent in a curious way. By 1805 nearly one-third of England's trade was with the neutral United States. American merchants bought more than they sold in England, and sold more than they bought on the Continent. They arranged with London to meet their English debit balances by turning over to English agents on the Continent their credit balances at Continental markets, and with these Great Britain paid its subsidies.

When this was stopped, first by Napoleon's decree of 1806, declaring all commercial intercourse with the British Islands contraband of war, then by England's retort in kind, and then by our own Non-Intercourse Act, the trade situation became deplorable. But the Continent steadily insisted on getting British goods. When Napoleon entered Russia in 1812, his own army was largely fitted out with shirts and shoes from England. One enterprising merchant used 500 horses in hauling overland, from the Gulf of Finland to France itself, English merchandise landed in Russian territory. The cost of transportation was said to be fifty times the regular ocean freight from London to Calcutta. Under all these conditions, the price of gold in London rose from 80 shillings per ounce, in the period 1803-6 (the mint price being 77.10½), to 91 in 1809, to 105 in 1812, and to 110 in 1813.

It may be asked, what were the great commercial results, after all was over? Years of complete prostration for the European Continent, which had been ravaged by the armies, was one. Great expansion of England's commerce, when it had driven the French navy from the seas, was another. But the third was the rise of the neutral United States as one of the great commercial and maritime Powers of the world, with a sea trade which it had never possessed before, and which it never lost until our own Civil War.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

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Craddock, C. E. The Story of Duciehurst. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Diver, Maud. Captain Desmond, V.C. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Diver, Maud. The Great Amulet. Putnam. $1.35 net.
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Satchell, W. The Greenstone Door. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bailey, L. H. Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture. Vol. II. C.-E. Macmillan. $6 net.
Godfrey, W. H. Gardens in the Making. Scribner.
Slingerland, ,M. V., and Crosby, C. R. Manual of Fruit Insects. Macmillan. $2 net.
Tingley, Katherine. Garden of Helpful Thoughts (A Nosegay of Everlastings). California: Roja Yoga College.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Burnet, John. Greek Philosophy. Part I. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Ashley, W. J. Economic Organization of England. Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents net.
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Harris, William J. Financial Statistics of Cities, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Baldwin, C. S. English Medieval Literature. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.
Barbour, W. T., and Coopland, G. W. Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History. Volume IV. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Butler, J. R. M. The Passing of the Great Reform Bill. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.
Chambure, A. de. A travers la Presse. Paris: Th. Fert, Albouy & Cie. 5 fr.
Cowan, A. R. Master-Clues in World-History. Longmans, Green & Co.
Durham, M. E. The Struggle for Scutari. Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.
Gray, Edward. Life of William Gray of Salem, Merchant. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.
Les Origines Diplomatiques de La Guerre de 1870-1871. Paris: Gustave Ficker.
Macaulay, Lord. History of England. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Paullin, C. O., and Paxson, F. L. Guide to Materials in London Archives for the History of the United States since 1783. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Turner, F. J. Reuben Gold Thwaites. Wisconsin: State Historical Society.

TRAVEL.

Baedeker, Karl. Southern Germany. Handbook for Travelers. Scribner.
Buxton, Noel and Harold. Travel and Politics in Armenia. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Dana, R. H. Two Years Before the Mast. Scott, Foresman & Co.

POETRY.

Keeler, Charles. Elfin Songs of Sunland. Third Edition. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Driesch, Hans. The History and Theory of Vitalism. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Faris, R. L. Terrestrial Magnetism. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Freud, S. Psychopathology of Everyday Life. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Goddard, H. H. Feeble-Mindedness (Its Causes and Consequences). Macmillan. $4 net.
Lückes, E. C. E. General Nursing. Ninth Edition. Dutton. $1.75 net.

Williams, E. H. The Question of Alcohol. The Goodhue Co.

DRAMA.

Boas, F. S. University Drama in the Tudor Age. Oxford University Press. 14s. net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Davis, C. O. High School Courses of Study. World Book Co. $1.50 net.

Glehn, L. C. von, and Chouville, L. Cours Français du Lycée Perse. Vol. II. Cambridge: W. Heffer et Fils et Cie.

Price, William R. Reformlesebuch. Ginn. 75 cents.

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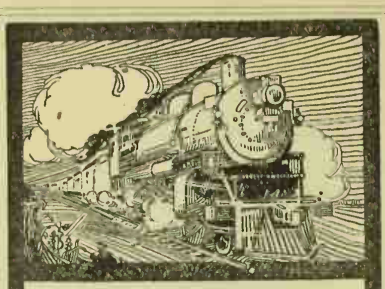

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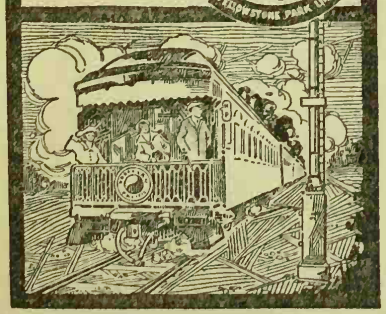

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1914.

Summary of the News

A résumé of the naval and military operations in the European war during the past week will be found in a Chronicle of the War on page 215. In these columns we shall deal only with the more general or political developments of the situation.

The declaration of war, or rather the official statement that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Austria, which had been regarded as inevitable for some days, finally came on August 13. The form in which the statement was made was probably adopted in order that Italy might not be under the technical obligation to join with her nominal allies in resenting what might have been regarded as an act of aggression had Great Britain actually taken the initiative in making a declaration of war. Nothing, however, appears more improbable than that Italy should now be induced by any consideration, technical or otherwise, to throw in her lot with Austria.

By far the most important development in the international situation was the ultimatum sent by Japan to Germany on August 16, demanding the immediate withdrawal from Japanese and Chinese waters of German men-of-war and armed vessels of all kinds, or the disarmament of those which cannot be so withdrawn, and the surrender without compensation to the imperial Japanese authorities of the entire leased territory of Kiao-chau, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China. A time limit of one week was given for the receipt of Germany's reply to the ultimatum, and its demands were to be complied with by September 15. The reply that Germany will give is naturally not in doubt, and so Japan will be added to the Powers with which the German Empire is at war.

Some concern has been expressed in this country lest Japanese aggression against Germany should extend to the German island possessions in the Pacific. The attitude of the Administration, however, is understood to be that it does not question the good faith of Japan, and the British Government on August 17 issued a statement pointing out that the ultimatum was only delivered after full consultation between Tokio and London. It also expressly stated that the action of Japan would not extend to the Pacific Ocean beyond the China seas, except in so far as it might be necessary to protect Japanese shipping lines in the Pacific, and Sir Edward Grey is said to have received assurances from Japan that Kiao-chau would be surrendered to China in accordance with the undertaking contained in the ultimatum.

Some alarm has been caused, particularly to Greece, by the purchase last week by the Turkish Government of the two German cruisers, Goeben and Breslau, which passed through the Dardanelles after running the gantlet of the British and French fleets. Turkey's action was made the subject of inquiries by the Powers of the Triple Entente, and assurances were given that the German crews would be repatriated and the vessels manned by Turkish crews. The purchase has been made, according to Turkish explanations, to compensate for the taking over by Great Britain of the Turkish Dreadnought that was building in English yards, and to offset the recent purchase by Greece of the Idaho and Mississippi from the United States.

Russia at the end of last week made a desperate bid, which appears likely to be successful, for the support of the Poles. A manifesto to Poland was issued by the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, promising autonomy to the country in return for loyalty in the present crisis.

The British Government on August 13 adopted the heroic measure of guaranteeing the Bank of England against loss on discounts granted by it. The beneficial effect of this unprecedented action was immediately seen in a considerable easing of the financial situation. The Government has also guaranteed insurance of cargoes, the guarantee apparently being confined to cargoes on British bottoms and consigned to British ports.

The difficulties of American tourists abroad are gradually being ameliorated. With the resumption of transatlantic traffic, many have already returned. Seven boats, carrying 9,000 passengers, left England on Saturday, and within the next three weeks forty-eight other ships are scheduled to leave British ports for America. Announcement of plans for the relief of stranded Americans was made on Tuesday by Henry S. Breckinridge, Assistant Secretary of War. London is to be the headquarters for the relief of those Americans now on the Continent. The cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina will make their headquarters at Falmouth, moving from there to Continental points whenever it may be found necessary.

Since public interest has been somewhat diverted by European affairs, the Mexican situation has settled itself with remarkable rapidity. The process of transfer of power was complicated but expeditious. Dr. Carbajal, Provisional President, on Thursday turned over the chief authority to Gen. Iturbide, Governor of the Federal District, and departed for Vera Cruz. Gen. Iturbide promptly transferred the power to the Constitutionalist Gen. Obregon, who entered Mexico City with his troops on Saturday, amid the acclaim of the multitude. The Federal army has been dissolved, and, with the resignation of the Military Governors of the states of Chiapas, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, and Campeche, the last vestige of the Huerta régime is at an end. Gen. Carranza has not yet entered the city, but is expected to do so shortly.

The Panama Canal was formally opened to traffic on Saturday for all ships up to 10,000 tons register. The steamship Ancon, owned by the United States War Department and leased to the Panama Railroad for service in the New York-Colon trade, was the first big boat to go through. Col. Goethals, builder of the Canal, and an official party, including President Porras of the Republic of Panama, were on board. The trip from ocean to ocean was made in ten hours.

The United States District Court, sitting at St. Paul on August 12, declared the International Harvester Company to be a monopoly in restraint of trade, and ordered it dissolved. An appeal will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

A conference was held in Washington last week to discuss means for offsetting the estimated loss in import duties of $100,000,000 that is expected to result from the war in Europe. It was decided to draft a bill to raise the amount, and the Ways and Means Committee will take up the task of framing the bill as soon as possible.

The question of the unwarranted increase in the prices of foodstuffs in this country upon the pretext of conditions existing in Europe was taken up by President Wilson last week with Attorney-General McReynolds, with a view to determining whether prosecutions could be undertaken against those who were artificially raising the prices. The matter is under investigation.

The shipping bill, admitting foreign built ships to American registry, was passed by the Senate on Monday by a vote of 40 to 20. The bill was passed in its original form as it had been adopted by the House, the conference report being rejected. The bill suspends the restrictions requiring that foreign built ships applying for American registry be less than five years old, and authorizes the President to suspend also the provisions requiring all watch officers to be American citizens, and requiring survey, inspection, and measurement by officers of the United States. Coastwise shipping will not be affected by the terms of the bill.

The question of the propriety of banking houses in this country arranging loans to any of the European Powers engaged in war has occupied the attention of the State Department during the past week, as a result of inquiries made by J. P. Morgan & Company as to what would be the Administration's attitude towards the project of extending a loan of several hundred millions to France. The reply of the State Department was that such action would be inadvisable, and that "loans by American bankers to any foreign nation which is at war are inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality." A statement issued by Mr. J. P. Morgan on Monday made it clear that the advice of the State Department would be complied with.

The deaths of the week include: Pol Plançon, John P. Holland, Prof. A. S. Bickmore, August 12; Henry L. Oestreich, August 13; Michael A. Scanlon, August 16; Lieut.-Gen. James M. Grierson, Robert Drouet, August 17.

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The Week

Last Saturday the Panama Canal, the greatest engineering achievement in the world, was thrown open for traffic, and—there is no foreign traffic. Could anything be more sardonic? Just when the most notable enterprise of peace nears completion, the war comes on to paralyze ocean transportation. The one is an enormous constructive task finished; the other bids fair to be the greatest destructive action of humanity of which there is any record. The amount of capital which will be destroyed in Europe alone, if this war lasts a few months, would build several such canals. Of course, so far as ocean transportation is concerned, this is a passing condition, while the Panama waterway is presumably there for all time, and it will profit by the trade revival and the regeneration of American shipping whenever they come. But it is doubtful if any one happening could throw into clearer relief the essentially wasteful and destructive character of the war abroad than Col. Goethals's notice to the world that the greatest American conquest of peace is ready to serve those who are so busily cutting one another's throats.

The official British statement about the Japanese ultimatum to Germany shows, what was surely to be inferred, that the step was taken only after consultation with the Foreign Office in London. No proof, however, is offered of the assertion that the two nations were compelled to joint action to "protect their general interests in the Far East." No evidence of German aggression there has been produced. The obvious German policy in the Orient was to lie low during the war. Germany was fully aware of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and knew that any attack by her on Hongkong or Wei-hai-wei or the Straits Settlement would instantly bring Japan upon her back. Of course, the English will say that war is war, and that, once in, she is entitled to use every weapon against Germany within her reach. Yet England would have been in a stronger moral position if she had sought to dissuade Japan from striking this blow. The official statement adds that hostile action is to be confined to the China seas and to "German occupation in the Continent of Asia." But this sounds very like the talk about "localizing" the war between Austria and Servia. War has a way of refusing to be a limited liability company. In the end, the Japanese may be found in possession of German Samoa as well as Kiao-chau.

From the full text of the English diplomatic correspondence preceding the war, which has now reached this country, nothing essential is to be gleaned that was not contained in the cabled accounts. One point, however, stands out clearly in the last dispatch of Sir Edward Grey included in the official publication. It was sent on the very eve of war, after he had declined the German offers to insure British neutrality: and it gave Germany a plain opportunity, not only of preventing the war, but of breaking up the Triple Entente. Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Berlin:

> I said to German Ambassador this morning that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but, otherwise, I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in.

This was the last and splendid chance for German diplomacy. It failed to grasp it. And the plunge into war was made with, as the *Westminster Gazette* justly observes, "a confusion and miscalculation in the things that Bismarck would have regarded as essential."

Bidding for the good-will of the Poles has been going on briskly, ever since the outbreak of the war, but the Czar appears now to have outbid both his German and Austrian competitors. In an official proclamation from St. Petersburg, the Poles are assured that the Russians are their truest friends. This will be surprising news to the inhabitants of Warsaw. But to give a tangible and striking proof of his benevolent intentions, the Czar makes a definite promise to reunite all Poles in their ancient kingdom, and then to make it "autonomous." This new hope of a restored Poland—a hope which the Poles have cherished indomitably for a hundred and fifty years—has been acclaimed by Polish residents of Paris. "Magnificent! Sublime!" they exclaim. We have yet to hear anything definite from the Poles who have had actual experience of Russian government. They must be reflecting that his is a very sudden change of policy. Far from encouraging Polish national aspirations, Russia has steadily suppressed and punished hem. Poles must be excused if they wait a time before believing in this new-found nthusiasm of the Czar for a united Poland.

The numerous dispatches from Belgium which have been received since the outbreak of war, telling of German soldiers suffering from lack of food, will be of great interest to students of military affairs. The German commissariat is one of the unknown factors of the present problem. Unlike the custom in our own army, the Germans make but little of their supply officers; we give them high rank and place them in our army register ahead of all the line officers. In Germany it is just the reverse; the supply officials come far after the line troops, upon whose development everything is concentrated. Fighting in Europe, where there are perfect roads and railways in every direction, makes the provisioning of an army very different from that of our troops in the Civil War, or in our oversea expeditions to the Philippines and Cuba. In 1870 the supplying of the German army was excellently carried out; as Sheridan pointed out, the Germans were able to live largely off the country; but the problem of 1914 is a difficult one, if only because the forces called out are so much larger. Hence there has been a good deal of speculation as to how the commissariat would work over a long line of communications, and particularly if there should be a smashing reverse on the border. If the reports received are true in any considerable degree, it would seem as if this part of the German machine were halting and groaning, just as the reports of charges in solid masses on heavily armed forts indicate a failure to bring the German battle-tactics up to date. An army, as Lord Bacon said, proceeds on its belly, and can crawl at all only if its supplies reach it promptly.

The truth about the war which is at length being furnished to a prejudiced world from mpartial sources friendly to Germany does not differ perceptibly in spirit from the ruth that emanates from Brussels, Paris, and London. Mr. Ridder's English column n the *Staats-Zeitung*, instead of nailing the ies of Germany's enemies, only nails Germany's flag to the mast in the face of the entire world; a laudable performance in its way, but hardly carrying out the promise that American readers would find in the *Staats-Zeitung* the facts which Anglo-Saxon orrespondents and editors are unwilling to ive to the public. So the German-American Chamber of Commerce has chosen for

the author of the first of its "impartial presentations" of the war a member of the German General Staff who is now in this country. Our awe for that greatest of military machines is somewhat lessened when a member of the Kaiser's General Staff explains the German method of attacking forts in close formation, at Liège, as resulting from the fact that as the original circle of assailants draws closer to the enemy's position the circle grows smaller, and the formation thickens up. Nor, we hope, is the General Staff's exactitude of information indicated by this officer's statement that "all Belgian fortresses were constructed by French engineers." Gen. Brialmont, who planned the fortifications on the line Liège-Namur and Antwerp, was a native Belgian.

When Gabriel blows the last trump and the elements melt with fervent heat, the *Marine Journal* will rise to explain: "This would not have happened if we had only had ship subsidies." It now emits a wail over the "Day of Retribution" which has come to this country for disregarding its warnings. Didn't it always say that, if the United States did not subsidize a mercantile marine, the day would come when foreign ships would fail us and our commerce would be paralyzed? Well, now you see. "We did not pay the subsidies and now we do not have the ships." But does anybody think that the *Marine Journal* wants the ships without the subsidies? Not for an instant. It denounces the bill to give American registry to foreign-built ships as a "wretched subterfuge" and a "miserable scheme of buncombe legislation." Let any craven American dare to buy such a ship and he will find out what the *Marine Journal* thinks of him. Its platform is, No ships without subsidies. As a last resort, we presume, it might compromise on taking subsidies without the ships.

The decision of the Federal District Court against the Harvester Company, in the Government's suit under the Anti-Trust law, is based on reasoning which will make review of the decision by the Supreme Court, on appeal, altogether desirable. The decision itself was reached by vote of two out of the three sitting Justices, and the two majority opinions are not wholly in harmony. All three agree that the open and obnoxious suppression of competition, which was the main ground for the Supreme Court's decisions against the Oil and Tobacco combinations, has not been proved in the case of the Harvester Company. One of the two majority opinions waives entirely the argument as to alleged unlawful methods of organization, to which much attention is given by the other majority opinion, and asserts that the simple fact of combination of "five great competing companies, which controlled more than 80 per cent. of the trade, . . . is the controlling fact; all else is detail." But as to even this argument of Judge Hook, the minority opinion of Judge Sanborn answers:

> The evidence in this suit seems to me to present a new case under the Anti-Trust law. No case has been found in the books, and none has come under my observation, in which the absence of all the evils against which that law was directed at the time the suit was brought and for seven years before was so conclusively proved as in this suit.

When the Supreme Court reviews the case, it will presumably have to take cognizance of a previous anti-Trust decision of its own, other than the Oil and Tobacco Company decisions of 1911. We refer to the Northern Securities decision of 1904. The main opinion against the railway merger, in that case, answered defendants' argument—to the effect that no overt act whatever had been committed in restraining or regulating traffic by the Northern Securities directorate as such—by the statement that, under the necessary purpose of the combination, "competition between the constituent companies would cease." Justice Brewer's concurring opinion rested on the argument that if "these two railroad companies can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation," be placed under one control, "then in like manner, as was conceded on the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railroads in the country be placed in a single corporation." It has been felt by all close observers of the course of the anti-Trust litigation that the decisions of 1911 swung away from the specific reasoning of the decision of 1904. The Court will now, in all probability, have to examine again, in the light of the Harvester Company's particular situation, the grounds of the opinion in the case of the Northern Securities. It will naturally have to consider the important question how far the precedent is affected by the fact that combination of all existing railways would create an essential monopoly, whereas combination of all existing implement manufacturers would not necessarily have that result.

The acceptance last week by the New Haven Railroad of the reorganization agreement with the Federal Government, the recent rejection of which brought about the Federal suit, was due to several causes. Wish to avoid the delay incident to prolonged litigation was naturally one. Consent of the Department of Justice not to insist on surrender of ownership in the New York and New England line—an important east-and-west route in the system—was another; relinquishment of that road had been demanded in the Federal suit. The question on which the negotiations lately broke down—that of selling the New Haven's Boston & Maine shares, stamped with the formal assertion of the right of purchase by the State of Massachusetts—is virtually left to the courts; for the present agreement provides that if the trustees of that stock shall have been unable to sell it under such conditions within a year, the matter shall go to a trial court. In the meantime, there is the chance that the Massachusetts Legislature may take action that will remove what are now acknowledged impediments to such a sale.

On Saturday the Constitutionalist forces under Gen. Obregon entered Mexico City, the same day that Gen. Huerta landed in England to seek a well-earned rest, with which unfortunately the disturbed condition of Europe may somewhat interfere. The entry of the Constitutionalists was to the accompaniment of much rejoicing, and the streets which but lately resounded to the cries of "Viva Huerta" now echoed the name of Madero—which shows that Mexico City is very much like any other capital. Gen. Carranza's arrival is still being delayed, partly because of the more formal ceremonies that will attend the event, partly because of the necessity of transporting the machinery of government, personnel, and archives, which has moved from place to place during the last two years with the advance of revolutionary fortunes. The transfer of power is taking place in peace; the guarantees demanded for the supporters of the fallen régime have been arranged. A little more than three years after Francisco Madero was installed in power, a government pledged to carry out the political and social reform embodied in the Madero programme will be once more functioning in the capital.

It is not unmitigated optimism to believe that a new epoch has thus begun for the troubled republic. It is true that the habit of revolution may persist, and that unclouded peace is still for the future. But, after all, even in Mexico a revolution, to attain formidable dimensions, must have a

cause behind it. Madero stood for one set of principles, and the reaction under Felix Diaz and Huerta stood for another set of principles. That the reaction has spent its force for a long time to come, if not forever, may be safely assumed. Mexico cannot go back to the state policies and economic policies of Porfirio Diaz. Such dangers, therefore, as are anticipated will arise from the personal jealousies and aspirations of those who have carried the revolution to success. But here also we have grounds for believing that the dissensions between Carranza and Villa have been magnified by their opponents. Or, if strife should break out, there is still the all-important fact that, whereas formerly Mexico's internal troubles were fed in part from across the Rio Grande or regarded with contemptuous indifference there, the elements now in control in Mexico City have behind them the expressed friendship of the United States. Carranza has with him the good wishes of the American people and the Administration at Washington, a factor almost of primary importance in guaranteeing the permanence of the new régime.

Announcement from Washington that 80 out of 130 approved candidates have taken the examinations for the commercial attaché service, and will be hurried through further tests, assures our trade of one form of prompt assistance in taking advantage of its new opportunities. By the end of next month it is hoped to have a Government representative each at Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, and Santiago; while already six special agents are ready to depart for the same field. No stroke could have been more fortunate, as events turned out, than that of the Administration in procuring the recent appropriations of $100,000 for the commercial attachés, and of $50,000 for the special agents. Five of the former were to have been situated at London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and Peking, and whether the destination of any of them will be changed is not yet known. But the other four, with the agents designated outside the civil service, have a unique opening to prove their usefulness. Emphasis is being laid in the tests not merely on their knowledge of languages and of commercial matters, but upon their character and address. Three of the agents have been assigned respectively to survey the lumber market, the hardware market, and the textile and fruit markets; and the directions of their fellows will be made public in a few days. No one can now accuse American manufacturing and exporting interests of the indifference to South America that was only beginning to be dissipated a few months ago.

The Colonel was never strong on logic, but in his speech on Saturday about the war and the United States and the Monroe Doctrine and the peace treaties, he got himself more than usually tangled up. He began by felicitating his countrymen on their being not only out of this awful European conflict, but freed from the burden of "crushing armaments." This latter immunity is conferred upon us by the Monroe Doctrine. Without it, European Powers would have colonized in South America—he said nothing about North America; Canada doesn't count for the purposes of the argument—and then we should have had to fight them all. Blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, which saved us from all that! But stay a moment. The Colonel is not yet done. Unless the Monroe Doctrine is supported by overwhelming "force," it is worth less than the paper on which it is written. European nations would not respect it for a moment unless we were prepared to whip any or all of them that infringed it. Consequently, we must make our naval and military power so great that all Europe would not dare attack us. Thus does the Colonel work up to his little Q. E. D.—namely, that we are happily free from "crushing armaments."

The most interesting feature of Ohio's State primary, held last week, is the defeat of ex-Senator Foraker in his attempt to put himself in line for return to the body he left five years ago. Personal antagonisms, one of the few certainties of Ohio politics, probably had as much to do with this result as larger issues, although the Foraker platform of opposition to the Administration at all points, good and bad, in the old thoroughgoing way, could hardly appeal to the sober-minded of his party. But while his defeat by ex-Lieut.-Gov. Warren G. Harding is interesting, the more important result of the primaries is the renomination of the Democratic Governor, James M. Cox. Gov. Cox has aroused the enmity of partisans who have not been provided with all they wanted in the way of patronage, and a vigorous fight was waged against him on this score. But it turns out to have been more vigorous than general. His position upon the question of State reforms had won to him the forward-looking Democrats of Ohio, and, as the successful candidates are, under the Ohio Primary law, the official framers of the party platforms, his is more than a personal victory. The disappointing feature of the contest was, as is usual, the light vote.

Just before the European war cloud burst, there were reports from the Middle West of great political activity by ex-Senator Beveridge. He was addressing audiences in Illinois. Then came the war and news from Illinois suffered an eclipse. But it now appears that there was a special election for judge in the Sixth Judicial District, the returns from which have at length been compiled. They are rather interesting. The once triumphant G. O. P. was rent in twain in this district in 1912, the vote being 11,000 for Taft and 13,000 for Roosevelt, which let Wilson walk away with it with 15,000 votes. At the recent election, after a vigorous campaign by Beveridge and Medill McCormick, who toured the district in a special train, and poured out the vials of Progressive wrath upon Cannon, ex-Representative McKinley, and other well-known Illinoisians, the Republican nominee polled 8,000 votes, the Democratic nominee 6,000 votes, and the Bull Moose 2,800 votes, Wilson carried every one of the six counties in 1912, with one exception. The Republicans did the same thing this year, the exceptional county going for Roosevelt two years ago and this time for the Democratic candidate.

One year of a compulsory education law is convincing North Carolina of the shame of having gone for so many years without it. For every one hundred children of school age in the State, at least twelve who were absent before have been taken to school and kept there, an aggregate of 40,000 new pupils being registered. In one county which the State Statistician calls typical, there was an increase in average daily attendance of 17.4 per cent.; in another of almost 30 per cent. Opposition to the law was expected, but its enforcement was "patient and tactful," and it has been heartily supported in nearly all communities. Its results are the more notable in that the act affects only children of from eight to twelve years. South Carolina is witnessing a State fight for a similar measure, and the experience of her neighbor is proving valuable, as the Spartansburg *Herald* notes, to dissipate the impression that compulsory education "cannot be applied in Southern States." There are only six commonwealths in the Union, indeed, which are now without such laws; and in every one of these efforts are being made to enact them.

THE SLAVIC TERROR.

We can readily understand why champions of Germany should speak of the war in Europe as a predestined and gigantic struggle of races. It is the fated collision of Teuton and Slav, they say; and they picture the immense disaster to Western civilization which would follow if the wave of Pan-Slavism proved irresistible and the Czar set his heel upon the neck of all Europe. Such questions as the following have been frequently addressed to the *Nation* during the past few days: What do you think of the Russian autocracy? Do you wish to see the *pogrom* spread over Western Europe? Would you supplant Uhlan by Cossack? Is it your preference that the methods of the Russian police should be made the standard of civilization, and that the ferocious means of restoring "order in Warsaw" should be introduced at Berlin and Vienna? Do you believe in the reign of the law or in rule by the knout?

These questions answer themselves. The very fact that they are put, however, by some of our correspondents, argues an excitable state of mind which can hardly be expected at present to see things in true perspective. It is natural, we repeat, that German sympathizers should seek to raise these terrible spectres of Slavs bestriding the whole civilized world. The war is colossal, and it is easy to translate it into terms of a vast historic movement and the death-grapple of two civilizations. But even in the heat of conflict we should endeavor to keep our heads. And we think that a little calm examination will show that it is impossible to represent this war as a clean-cut combat between Slav and Teuton, or to maintain that the Slavic terror is now, or will be when the war is over, anything so closely resembling a *Dies iræ* as some of our deeply moved German friends would make it out.

Not all of our correspondents are agreed on this Slavic thesis. Some of them contend that the war was caused by Anglo-Saxon perfidy and greed. Others say that it was brought on by the Celt's unslaked thirst for revenge. When you begin moving "races" about like pawns, there is no telling what strange and contradictory juxtapositions and combinations will result! We presume that one reason why some hesitate to go the whole theory of the Slavic menace is that they pause to consider a few facts in regard to the distribution of population by races. Germany herself has fully 2,500,000 Slavs within her Empire. Would she like the word to be spread through East and West Prussia that the hour had now struck for a war to the death between Teuton and Slav, so that her Polish subjects would feel the call of race stronger than that of German allegiance? As for Austria-Hungary, the assumed initiator of this apocalyptic world-war against the Slav, she has millions of Slavs among her own subjects. A rough but fair estimate is that 23,000,000 of the heterogeneous peoples that go to make up the total of 46,000,000 in Austria-Hungary are entitled to be called Slavic. Thus we are asked to believe that Austria has desired to give the signal for a *Weltkrieg* that would array half of her own population against their Government!

Such considerations do not, of course, go to the heart of the Slavic terror. They simply throw light on some of its marginal absurdities. The central prophecy is two-fold. It is that, in case of a defeat of Germany by Russia, France, and England, Russia will instantly proceed to dominate her present allies; and then—prediction number two—that Russian autocracy will irresistibly submerge the civilization of Western Europe. But surely this is "a large order," even for an agitated prophet. Take the first part of it. The Triple Entente exists for the present emergency only. Like the Triple Alliance, it will pretty surely be thrown into the melting-pot after this war. Indeed, the whole foregoing system of European alliances will be broken up. And the supposition that Russia triumphant would at once undertake to drag France and England at her chariot wheels, flies full in the face of all probability. Great Britain cannot in a day forget her far-flung Empire in the Orient, or the historic danger of Russian encroachments upon it. Nor could France ever translate her obligations under the Dual Alliance into a duty to part with her new-found allies, the English, who had saved her from another terrible defeat. If there is any dominating to be done, when the time comes to settle the terms of peace, it is much more likely to be done by France and England together than by Russia alone. More probable than either would be some kind of European Congress—a modern Congress of Vienna—in which all the details could be threshed out.

However, let us grant for the moment the contention of those who are so alarmed by the nightmare of the imminent Slav. Call the war mainly Russia's. Concede that she will claim the victory as hers, with all the fruits thereof. Even so, is there any possibility of a Czar suddenly terrifying all Europe like another Genghis Khan, or of a brutal Russian regimen being imposed upon the countries to the south and west? None whatever, we think, will be affirmed by any cool student of the problem, after balancing all the elements available and weighing all probabilities. One probability stands out so clearly as almost to wear the guise of a certainty. It is that this war is to be followed by immense popular upheavals. These will take the form of determined protests against militarism and also against autocratic government. The vast half-articulate masses will no longer consent to be thought of as merely food for cannon, whenever their besotted rulers give the signal for carnage. And if Russia were to think of setting up an imposing Slavic statue, and bidding all the world fall down before it, she would speedily find that its feet were of clay. The spirit of revolution is only slumbering in Russia. It may awaken any day like a giant refreshed. No one is more keenly aware of this than the Russian rulers; and they cannot fail to dread the convulsions and reactions that are sure to be seen among the Russian people after the war is over. In this ever-haunting fear of revolution in Russia itself there is the plainest assurance that the present attempt to affright by the thought of a Slavic terrorism whelming all Europe will soon disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision.

WHY ENGLAND WENT TO WAR.

What chiefly surprises one who reads the English newspapers published during the week ending August 5 is the extent and intensity of the feeling against going to war with Germany. There was, of course, an active war party. In the press it was led by the London *Times* and *Daily Mail*. And naval men, it is evident, were hot for striking now that the hour for which they had been watching had come. But there was a powerful anti-war party. Its moderate exponent was the *Westminster Gazette*, a newspaper which has long shown that it stands closer to the Liberal Government than any other. It was all for caution and restraint, and, till the last moment, anxious to keep England out of the war and to find some means of coming to terms with Germany. But the impassioned champion of peace, through all the time when the issues hung in the balance, was the *Manchester Guardian*. This able newspaper—thought by many to be the most influential in England: outside London it certainly is—made a most gallant fight against the war. Day after day it made powerful appeals, argu-

ing that neither English interest nor English honor required the nation to fling itself into the gulf of a European war.

And this opinion found very wide support throughout the country. A Neutrality League was formed. It at once gained numerous adherents. It spread its protests broadcast. And a host of enlightened Englishmen hastened to array themselves against the war party. Among them was the editor of the *Economist*, still the chief financial guide of England, with clergymen, professors, philanthropists, and honorable women not a few. One begins to understand why John Morley, veteran Liberal and friend of learning and progress, should have been so moved by all this demonstration that he resigned from the Cabinet rather than put his name to a declaration of war. One of the most striking documents put out was an "Appeal to Scholars," signed by Oxford and Cambridge professors. Those who have lightly maintained that all Englishmen were mad to strike a death-blow at Germany, should at least be given pause by such a passage as the following from this University appeal:

> We regard Germany as a nation leading the way in the arts and sciences, and we have all learned and are learning from German scholars. War upon her in the interest of Servia and Russia will be a sin against civilization. If by reason of honorable obligations we be unhappily involved in war, patriotism might still our mouths, but at this juncture we consider ourselves justified in protesting against being drawn into the struggle with a nation so near akin to our own, and with whom we have so much in common.

What was it, then, that swept away all this opposition to war with Germany, or rendered it futile? What finally broke down English patience? It was unquestionably the German invasion of Belgium. This reckless tearing up of a solemn international treaty, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, and regarded for eighty-five years by all the Powers as a part, in Professor Westlake's words, of "the permanent system of Europe," could not but fill England with alarm, could not but frustrate the efforts of the peace party. Early in the discussion the *Manchester Guardian* had admitted that a violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality would be intolerable; and when the thing was done, and the die was cast, it could only bow its head in grief and say: "Now there is nothing for Englishmen to do but to stand together and help by every means in their power to the attainment of our common object—an early and decisive victory over Germany."

Sir Edward Grey put the case in a way to which every Englishman could not fail to respond: "If it is a case that Belgium's neutrality is gone, no matter what might have been offered her in return, then her independence is gone; and the moment her independence goes, that of Holland will follow." This statement, declared Prof. J. H. Morgan, is one to which "every student of international law will unhesitatingly subscribe." He pointed out by how many binding agreements Germany was estopped from setting foot on Belgian territory. It was not merely a case of the Treaty of London. This was carefully observed by Germany in 1870, when Bismarck was in charge of German diplomacy. After Sedan, Germany thought of transporting her wounded home through Belgian territory, and asked permission to do so. Belgium objected, and Germany acquiesced. Later she took upon herself a still more sacred obligation never to do what she has now done in Belgium. The Hague Convention of 1907 contained this explicit provision: "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power." To that Convention Germany was a signatory!

If any doubt remained that it was Germany's disregard of her treaties, and ruthless invasion of Belgium, that threw away her last chance of retaining, we will not say the friendship, but the neutrality of England, it would be dispelled by Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons, the full text of which has now reached us. He reviewed the whole matter of the relations of England to France, and of the earnest and unceasing efforts of the English Government to prevent the Austrian clash with Servia from drawing the other nations into war. He had no word of animosity to Germany. But he solemnly pointed out the inevitable consequences of violating the neutrality of either Holland or Belgium, both of them states which had no desire except to be left alone and independent, quoting with great effect the words of Mr. Gladstone, that a wanton disregard of the international guarantee of Belgium's independence would be "the direst crime that ever stained the pages of history."

But, of course, none of these things moved the German General Staff! It had its military plans all made for striking at the heart of France through Belgium, and nothing must be allowed to stay their execution. But the plans themselves have already failed, and in bringing England against Germany have a thousand times outweighed any immediate military advantage that might have been gained. It was a colossal blunder. Germany might well make her own to-day the historic warning sent by the French military attaché in Berlin to the War Office in Paris: "Beware of the German General Staff."

SOCIALISM AND WAR.

"Take care," once cried Mirabeau, in words often quoted by Socialist advocates of the general strike, "do not oppress this people, that produces everything, and that, to make itself formidable, has only to become motionless." No recent contention has been more urged by Socialist leaders than their ability thus to stop war. To-day their assertions look as ghastly as those of all other theorizers on war's impossibility. How much influence did Socialists exert during the recent swift march of affairs? We know that there were demonstrations in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere; that the *Vorwärts* was suppressed for a day and Jaurès assassinated; that anti-war posters were multiplied. We know, too, that in Italy Socialism has been potent in forcing a neutral policy.

The Socialist contentions received their most forcible statement at the last international meeting at Basel, in November, 1912; in the national meetings that followed; and in the pamphlets like George Allan England's "The International Socialist Movement in World Peace." The Basel Congress declared itself ready to order the most drastic measures to prevent extension of the Balkan imbroglio; leaders from the English, French, German, and Austrian Parliaments drew up a manifesto threatening revolution if the war spread; and reports were made of the vast mass meetings that had been held simultaneously a week before in eight European capitals. It was no wonder that the Congress, going so far beyond the mere declarations against militarism of the previous Amsterdam and Copenhagen Congresses, and affirming that millions of men in France and Germany would stop the food supply in case of need, intoxicated the enthusiasts. Mr. England ends his account of the meeting by remarking that "the end of war for all time is now definitely in sight. I express my firm belief that, through the coherent anti-militarism of the increasing Socialist party all over the world, Mars has already received his death-blow." But the more cautious were doubtful, and based their doubts on grounds that are now sustained. The chief weakness, indeed, was revealed at the Con-

gress, in the inability to agree on the general strike as the direct weapon against war. Bebel had refused it his full approval at Mannheim in 1906. In a question of national and party loyalties, many felt that they could not assent to crippling their country while still uncertain of what was happening to her opponents.

The exact status of this question when the war cloud broke is revealed in accounts of the meetings last month of the United Socialists of France. Jaurès, Vaillant, and Rapoport declared for invoking the international general strike in all cases, on the ground that all wars were an imperialistic expression of capitalism. As to its effectiveness, did not the Germans now see in it an adequate weapon to win general suffrage? But Morel and Hervé objected. "I doubt," said Morel, "the sufficient advancement of labor organization in various countries to make a strike other than one-sided, leaving the nation defenceless to active foes." To this the only reply was that the International would reject any plan not adopted on both sides of the frontier. But the division clearly marked the present weakness of Socialist anti-militarism. We see this in Jaurès's replies in *l'Humanité* to a series of articles in the *Temps*. With two countries going to war, he granted that the Brussels bureau must organize "the common and simultaneous action of both proletariates." And to this he saw even more obstacles than did the *Temps*. In Germany, Bebel had stated that popular as well as official action would crush any attempted general strike; in France the working classes had nowhere sufficient unity to pledge their action. What the Socialists *had* accomplished was to educate many millions to hate war, to strive against it as long as they consistently could, and to look forward to a day when the perfection of their organization might prevent it. They made an internal influence felt in each country.

In the crusade against war European Socialism doubtless enlists multitudes who would have no other affiliation with it; certainly, the sympathy that many feel is unaccompanied by any acceptance of the Socialist basis for anti-militarism, or of Socialist aims. Its campaign is felt to be an index of awakening democracy; to express the new realization of the working classes that it is intolerable that their money and their lives should be sacrificed to the ambitions of dynasties and military rings. The reactions that follow the war must surely give an impulse to true democracy, and to nothing else. The Socialists themselves have repeatedly warned autocratic and bureaucratic interests that such reactions were inevitable; they have pointed to the Commune after the Franco-Prussian War, and the Revolution after the Russo-Japanese War; and they have asked what will be the attitude towards change of the many followers of Social Democracy, from the 4,250,000 of Germany to the 1,300,000 of Austria. But the Commune gave the world the French Republic, and it may be trusted that any changes that follow 1914 will be similar in character. The excision of war will be the work of a well-awakened populace, who will be as capable of dealing with it as the one party, so silly in its boasts, has been shown impotent.

THE BILL FOR A MERCHANT MARINE.

It should be clearly understood that the Ship Registry Bill, as it finally was passed by Congress on Monday, does not embody comprehensive revision of our obnoxious shipping laws. The old Navigation Law of 1792 denied American registry to all ships except such as were "to be wholly owned by citizens and to be commanded by a citizen of the United States," and those of which the officers "shall in all cases be citizens of the United States." The amendments of 1884 and 1896 applied the last of these provisions to "all the officers who shall have charge of a watch, including pilots," and, on steam vessels, to "the chief engineer and each assistant engineer in charge of a watch."

The old law also provided that vessels built within the United States, vessels which might be captured in war, and vessels forfeited for breach of law, and no others, might be admitted to American registry. This was amended in 1892 so that registry might be granted to foreign-built ships of a stipulated speed and tonnage, owned to the extent of 90 per cent. by citizens; provided that the same owners "shall, subsequent to the date of this law, have built or have contracted to build, in American shipyards, steamships of an aggregate tonnage of not less in amount than that of the steamships so admitted to registry." But the old provisions which required the officering of these ships by American citizens remained. They were also left in the further amendment under the Panama Canal Act of 1912, in which "sea-going vessels . . . not more than five years old at the time they apply for registry wherever built," were admitted to registry if wholly owned by American citizens.

The only permanent change in these older laws, introduced by the Congressional amendment, is repeal of the condition that the ships must be not more than five years old. Regarding the stipulations as to manning the ships by American citizens, and in regard to certain onerous provisions regarding survey and inspection, the bill provides:

> That the President of the United States is hereby authorized whenever in his discretion the needs of foreign commerce may require to suspend by order, so far and for such length of time as he may deem desirable, the provisions of law prescribing that all the watch officers of vessels of the United States registered for foreign trade shall be citizens of the United States.
>
> Under like conditions, in like manner, and to like extent, the President of the United States is hereby authorized to suspend the provisions of the law requiring survey, inspection, and measurement by officers of the United States of foreign-built vessels admitted to American registry under this act.

In other words, this section, as it stands, is as purely an "emergency provision" as the clause in the Bank Act authorizing the Federal Reserve Board, under exceptional conditions, to suspend for a given period "any reserve requirement specified in this act." It must be discussed and accepted on that basis, and not as a permanent solution of the problem of an American merchant marine.

This leaves the question uppermost how far the suspension, by the President, of the provisions which have obstructed recovery of our former position in that field will meet the difficulties of the hour. That it simplifies them, there can be no doubt. But, naturally, any American owner now transferring his ship from foreign to American registry, and any citizen or group of citizens purchasing ships from foreigners, would like to have some assurance of the scope and duration of the immunity proposed. Congress has conveniently dodged that question and placed it on Mr. Wilson's shoulders.

The first test of the practical usefulness of the new bill will arise in the highly complicated problem created by the offer for sale of their embargoed steamers by the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd Companies. Our immediate need of new and large ocean vessels is unquestionable; that need has in fact been created largely by the enforced withdrawal of these very ships from ocean service. The objections of general policy which apply to the raising of

money here to subscribe for loans of belligerent European states, do not touch this case; for, in buying the German ships, our people would be transacting an ordinary business operation, would be dealing with corporations, not with governments, and would not be directly contributing to the war fund.

The real problems in this matter affect the questions who is to raise the purchase-money; whether these ships, designed as they were primarily for the tourist business, will be economically fitted for the present situation, and what is to be the attitude of Germany's antagonists towards the whole transaction. Meantime, as was to be expected, transfer to the American flag of vessels owned by Americans and in active service, but hitherto under foreign registry, has begun. This was a natural measure to insure their safety on the seas.

THE STATES AND THEIR ROADS.

Wholly unwise as was the Shackleford bill of last winter, proposing the final expenditure of half a billion of Federal money on the post-roads, it indicated two hopeful facts. The first was the great increase of popular interest in the improvement of the 2,200,000 miles of roads in the United States. The second was a new appreciation that our administration of road-building and road maintenance is crying aloud for centralization. As to the former, the Department of Agriculture has just made public some illuminating statistics. Ten years ago all the States combined appropriated less than $2,000,000 for roads. For 1914 they have set aside $43,000,000—an increase of $13,000,000 since 1912 alone; while in 1913 the single State of New York spent $15,531,928, Pennsylvania $4,606,232, and six other States over $1,000,000 each. Local expenditures have likewise grown by leaps and bounds. Whereas in 1904 their total throughout the nation barely topped $75,000,000, in 1913 they were estimated at $166,250,000—raising the whole national outlay for that year above $206,000,000. Rhode Island now lays claim to having improved 58.8 per cent. of her roads; Massachusetts to 51.2 per cent.; Indiana to 42.3 per cent., and Ohio to 33.8 per cent. How much remains to be done is seen in the fact that our aggregate of State-built roads is still less than France's national system. What we have done, moreover, is too largely sectional; more than four-fifths of our total expenditure is made by six Eastern States and two Pacific States. But the outlook is vastly different from that at the opening of the century.

In the country as a whole this growth of expenditure has been accompanied by an undeniable improvement in road administration. The last few years have seen our half-dozen State Highway Commissions grow to twenty-two, with more certain of creation this winter. Only seven States are now without a State highway law; only nine fail to make regular appropriations for road-building; while toll roads have rapidly disappeared, road taxation developed, and the wasteful system of statute labor diminished. The aims of State Highway Commissions are three: to equalize and distribute the burden of road-building; to insure wise outlay, by avoiding such improvement of disconnected roads as has been charged in New York, with the employment of better machinery and engineering skill than small localities can afford; and to classify the State's highways. Many States have learned that all progress depends on laying out a system connecting the large centres for primary attention; a system connecting county seats for secondary attention; and a final system of local roads for mere general supervision. The experience of Ohio, as brought out last winter in the hearing before the House Committee on Good Roads, is typical of the advanced States. Up to 1904 she had groped without a plan, under laws which enabled the rich urban counties, like Cuyahoga, to build excellent roads, but left the rural counties deep in mud. In 1904 the State Highway Department was created, and, after a period of ineffective, because uncoördinated, assistance to the counties, began work in 1911 on an inter-county system. That system, by legislative action based on expert surveys, has been defined as 9,300 miles—11 per cent. of all the State highways—joining all considerable cities. Not until it and a supplementary system of market roads are finished can State funds be used for other stretches.

A wish to stimulate the local action that still maintains three-fourths of our whole expenditure has led many States to adopt measures parallel to that described by Gov. Major of Missouri at the same hearing. In addition to appropriating $15 per mile for the upkeep of a system of county-seat roads, Missouri has recently agreed to expend dollar for dollar with any sum raised by county tax or popular subscription. "The counties," the Governor testified, "need every cent the Legislature can give them, and they are coöperating as fast as they can." Upon this measure real road advancement, in a region where nothing like New York's $12,000 expenditure per mile is yet required, may be based. But useful as such methods may be, they are mainly characteristic of States timid in incurring a vast lump-sum expense. Bolder State Governments will prefer to centralize their expenditures and their schemes of road-building at the same time. New York, with her recent issues of $100,000,000 in fifty-year bonds, has been widely criticised for burdening a future generation with the cost of highways that may well need replacing in five years; but she follows a plan that the imitation of other well-settled and prosperous States is endorsing. Every step towards the gathering-in of local reins from road districts, townships, and counties to the State has spelt improvement; and that gathering-in is immensely assisted by the concentration of funds. A marked addition to the sources of income from taxes and county and State bonds is shown to be provided by the State automobile taxes. In the whole country that source furnished $7,820,895 during 1913. In New York it reached $1,275,727; in Pennsylvania $841,062; and even in Iowa $787,411.

It was to stimulate filling the sad gaps in the American system of roads that the Shackleford measure was advanced; and these gaps may be emphasized without reading in them any argument for a Federal grab-bag of worse possibilities than the rivers and harbors bills. The great States of Kansas and Nebraska have improved, respectively, three-tenths and four-tenths of one per cent. of their roads. Nevada, North and South Dakota, Montana, Oklahoma, and Mississippi have not yet brought to standard one per cent. Illinois, the third State in the Union, with a wealth of agricultural products that should make good country roads the best of investments, has only 9.6 per cent. that are not half-impassable every spring. The swift progress of the last decade is regrettably uneven; and the prospect of a Federal grant, dollar for dollar, would doubtless rouse to interest the most inert of the Western and Southern States. But the creation of State Highway Departments or Highway Commissions, with comprehensive powers, marks the extent to which centralization of direction in road-building should go. There is no economy in Federal supervision of post-roads; there are sound reasons why roads should be built by State, not national, taxation.

Chronicle of the War

It seems probable that when we write next week we may have to record the progress of a serious general engagement between the German troops and the Allies; whether even then we shall be able to record any definite result appears more doubtful. Up to the present, despite the daily reports of German "routs" and French and Belgian "victories," it is evident that, in comparison with what is to come when the two vast armies shall be really engaged, the battles that have taken place have been the merest skirmishes. We may accept the fact that the Allies have been very generally successful, that is, that they have done what was required and held the German army in check. In numerous outpost engagements, also, they have doubtless scored individual victories. To accept at their face value, however, the official statements issued from Paris and Brussels would be to ignore the facts of the situation. On August 11 the German army in Belgium was around Tongres and St. Trond, its right wing resting on the latter place, that is, about twenty-five miles northwest of Liège. The following day sharp fighting was reported at Haelen, Diest, and Tirlemont, and despite severe reverses at the two former places, by August 17 we hear of German cavalry in the neighborhood of Wavre, fifteen miles southeast of Brussels, and on the following day (Tuesday), we learn that Brussels itself is threatened and that the seat of Government has been moved to Antwerp.

There is nothing startling or alarming for the Allies in the situation. By the time these lines are read it is even possible that Brussels itself may be occupied by German troops. If so, the victory will have been a purely spectacular one, intended for home consumption in Berlin, for the occupation of Brussels is without strategical advantage. The net result, however, of a week's skirmishing shows that the German army of invasion has advanced some twenty-five to thirty miles. This advance is by no means inconsistent with French and Belgian reports of victories, for beyond question the German troops have had to contest every inch of the way and have paid heavily for each step of progress.

We are probably justified in assuming that the German plan of attack was to make a quick and decisive stroke at France through Belgium, and so to crush the enemy on the southwestern frontier before Russia on the northeast was ready to strike. It can hardly be supposed, without holding the intelligence of the German General Staff in very low esteem, that resistance in Belgium was unexpected, but it seems apparent that the resistance encountered has proved very much more effective than had been calculated upon in the German plan of attack. To this extent, then, the French and Belgian troops have met with signal success. Time is probably the most powerful of all the Allies, as it is the most powerful enemy of Germany. The check that the German troops have encountered in Belgium must have been of inestimable value to Russia in giving her time to complete her mobilization, and the crucial moment of the war for Germany may be expected to come when Russia is ready to strike on her northeastern frontier. For the defence of that frontier, Germany has at present available but six army corps (between 300,000 and 400,000 men), in addition to the reserves. Against these Russia will ultimately be able to fling numbers that are almost limitless. The remaining twenty army corps of the German army (about a million men) are all engaged on the long front, of some 250 miles, stretching roughly from Louvain, in Belgium, through Luxemburg, and down through Alsace to the Swiss border. Nothing, it would appear, but a decisive and crushing victory all along this line would enable Germany to release sufficient troops to repulse the general Russian advance, which, if we may credit an announcement in St. Petersburg on Tuesday, was actually begun last Sunday.

In numbers the allied troops opposing the German advance are probably not inferior to the enemy. Considerable mystery has surrounded the movements of the British expeditionary force. Beyond an isolated dispatch two weeks ago telling of the landing of a force of 22,000 in France and the announcement of the arrival of Sir John French, the British commander-in-chief, in Paris on August 14, no news on this point had reached us until Tuesday, when it was officially stated by Lord Kitchener that the British force had landed at French ports. From English papers we know that the force consists of three army corps, making a total of all arms of well over 100,000 men. As we write nothing is known of the disposition of the British troops, and it is probable that nothing will be known until they are reported as in action, but as the situation is at present it seems not unlikely that they may be valuably employed in a flanking movement on the German right.

At the other end of the line, in Alsace, the most definite successes of the Allies have been recorded. On Thursday of last week came reports from German sources that the French advance into that province had been turned back, and that not a French soldier remained on the German side of the frontier. A statement given out by the French War Office on Sunday, however, reported a renewed advance in the Vosges Mountains. The German army corps, which had crossed the frontier into France, was apparently driven back on Saarburg after defeats in the neighborhood of Blamont, Cirey, and Avricourt. Thann, fourteen miles west of Mülhausen, was recaptured by the French, and Schirmeck, twenty-six miles southwest of Strassburg, was occupied on Sunday or Monday after a fight in which, according to the French official statement, 1,000 prisoners, 12 field guns, and 8 rapid-fire guns were taken. It looks as if some importance might be attached to these operations in Alsace. They possibly represent a genuine offensive movement in force to outflank the enemy where he is weak.

Reverting to Belgium, one of the most interesting skirmishes of the past week appears to have been that which took place at Dinant, about fifteen miles due south of Namur, on August 16. It seems to have been a rather more determined attack than most of the outpost affairs, for an artillery duel of some hours preceded the advance of the German infantry. Concerning the strength of the latter, however, we have no information. The attack was repulsed by the forces of the Allies after sharp fighting, and with losses that are admitted to have been severe. The affair has special interest because it may possibly afford an indication of an attempt on the part of the German forces to repeat the tactics used in the war of 1870-71, an attempt to enclose Namur in the same way that Metz was cut off in the previous war. This purpose might well be effected by a southward swing from Charleroi simultaneously with a westward movement from Dinant.

Dispatches concerning the conflict between Austria and Servia have been vague and contradictory. On Saturday a Reuter telegram from Nish, Servia, stated that after incessant bombardment along the entire frontier line of the rivers Save and Danube, the Austrians had forced an entry into Sabac, on the Save, thirty-seven miles west of Belgrade, and into Losnitza, on the river Drina. Subsequent reports from Vienna, by way of Amsterdam, confirmed this dispatch, but from Servian sources on August 16 it was stated that the Austrian forces which had succeeded in crossing the Save had been driven back with heavy loss. On Tuesday a dispatch (dated August 17) from the Servian Premier to the Legation in London was published, stating that the Austrians were completely routed in the mountains near Sabac, with a loss of 15,000 men and fourteen guns.

There are no developments of great importance to record in the naval situation. The movements of the British and German fleets in the North Sea are guarded with absolute secrecy, and presumably the German fleet is still bottled up in the neighborhood of Heligoland. That its offensive power is paralyzed is evident from the fact that commerce has been resumed between England and the Scandinavian countries. On August 12, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, of the British cruiser Suffolk, off the port of New York, announced that the Atlantic Ocean was clear for shipping as far south as Trinidad. In the Adriatic the Austrian fleet is reported to have taken refuge from the combined French and British fleets at Pola. An official statement issued by the British Admiralty declares that the French fleet has made a sweep of the Adriatic Sea as far as Cattaro, and that a small Austrian cruiser has been sunk.

A noteworthy point, which it would be a mistake to emphasize too strongly, as we have accounts from only one side, about the engagements that have taken place in Belgium is the extreme value that aeroplanes appear to have been to the Allies. In this respect, according to the accounts that have come to hand, the French and Belgian armies seem to have been far better served than the German. Aeroplanes played an important part in the fighting around Liège, and time and time again in subsequent encounters of the advance guards of the respective armies we read of their use by the Allies in locating the enemy with remarkable accuracy. The German air scouts appear to have been less fortunate. The French and Belgian scouts seem to have been generally successful in making their reconnoissances and getting back to their own lines unharmed, whereas there have been frequent reports of German aeroplanists being shot or captured. On the face of it it looks as if the special guns used by the French army against aircraft were superior to the corresponding German weapons.

Foreign Correspondence

ENGLAND AT WAR—PICTURES OF THE SITUATION FROM TWO CORRESPONDENTS—A SOBER SPIRIT.

LONDON, August 7.

By the time these lines reach New York, you will know all about the happenings of the next week or ten days, which we now are endeavoring, so futilely, to forecast. All that I can attempt is to give some account of the effect in London and its neighborhood of the declaration of war and of the attitude and temper of the people.

The extension of the bank holiday for three days was a sagacious and effective move, which met with general approval, notwithstanding the infinite amount of petty, and sometimes ludicrous, inconveniences which it caused. Thousands of well-to-do persons found themselves temporarily penniless under embarrassing circumstances, without being able to replenish their purses. But the compulsory suspension of business—much of which had come already to a standstill—furnished a breathing space for reflection and gave pause to incipient panic. Now the nation at large has had time to pull itself together in a measure, and to give leisurely attention to the action of the Government, which has been prompt and reassuring.

There was no general excitement over Austria's provocative treatment of Servia. The significance of it was not apparent to the multitude. Germany's proclamation of war against Russia brought about an awakening and references to Armageddon. But even then the full seriousness of the crisis was not grasped by the public, until the neutrality of Belgium was threatened and it was realized that the Ministry was almost a unit in making this a *casus belli*. The climax came with Sir Edward Grey's announcement of Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany. At midnight on Tuesday every one knew that England would be in the fight before morning, and the whole atmosphere was electric with suspense.

You will have heard, doubtless, that the crisis was greeted with demonstrations of vociferous patriotism. All the newspapers here—especially those of the halfpenny variety—devoted much space to these ebullitions of popular enthusiasm. It is true that there were large crowds in front of Buckingham Palace, before the Government buildings, in Parliament Street, in Trafalgar Square, and in some other principal centres of traffic. The National Anthem was sung in thunderous choruses, and the King and Queen were cheered again and again when they appeared on the balcony of their private rooms in the palace.

What was really impressive and encouraging to the thoughtful observer—it was the subject of wide comment—was the sober silence which fell upon the entire community the next day. Every intelligent man and woman, the whole social fabric, appeared to labor beneath a load of solemn realization of heavy national responsibility. The holiday makers on the highways vanished as if by magic. In the shops, in the houses, on the sidewalks, there was but one topic of conversation. All faces were grave and all tones hushed. But nowhere was there any sign of discontent, mistrust, or irresolution, least of all of political criticism or of boastfulness.

The approval of the action of the Government was unanimous even in circles where for months it had been the object of the bitterest denunciation. There can be no question that the Cabinet have the solid bulk of the nation behind them. Especially are they commended on all sides for having forestalled Germany in declaring hostilities without waiting to be forced into them and for their foresight in effecting a naval mobilization—while as yet there was no evident need of it—under the guise of summer manœuvres and a review in honor of the King. There is a rumor that this was done on the suggestion of Lord Kitchener.

Now that hostilities have actually begun, the pervasive feeling is one of hopeful confidence, not of arrogant assurance. Much is expected of the fleet, of course, and there is great faith in the strategical ability, resourcefulness, and nerve of Jellicoe, but there is no blinking of the fact that there are terrible possibilities in the German navy. The argument most in favor is that the greater force ought in logic to prevail. But it is to be noted that the mobilization of the land forces here is on a scale that has never been dreamed of before. It is plain that an attempted invasion is not regarded as a mere nightmare. Very little is said about it in the newspapers, but the preparations for land defence in ease of marine disaster are extraordinary. Large numbers of police have been drafted from the big cities to take the place of soldiers engaged in semi-civil duties; the utmost energy is displayed in gathering reeruits for the regular army, the Territorials, and the various militia organizations.

Time-expired reservists have been recalled to the colors, every postman who has ever done military service has been recalled to the ranks, and the vacant places filled with telegraph boys or qualified boy scouts, and on all sides there are printed appeals to able-bodied men to take up arms. Minor harbors and estuaries are being hastily fortified, seaside villas in the line of gun fire from distant forts have been demolished by the dozen, big guns and wire entanglements have been mounted at all sorts of hitherto unguarded points of the coast, and all the trunk railways are busy day and night in transporting men, stores, and ammunition to the remotest parts of the island.

Commissions have been offered to undergraduates in the universities and the older boys in such military schools as Haileybury; retired officers have been invited to rejoin their old regiments, and naturally are jumping at the opportunity. All age limit for military service has been virtually abandoned, and it is plain that the authorities are straining every nerve to provide an efficient substitute for the expeditionary force which is to go to the relief of Belgium.

No longer is there any apparent disposition to put unbounded confidence in the inviolability of the "silver streak." If it is not altogether certain that there is full justification for Sir Edward Grey's assertion that "we are ready," there is abundant evidence in the rapidity and smoothness with which the arrangements for mobilization are working that the Government has not been caught altogether napping. Meanwhile, there is Kitchener to supervise and drive the machinery, while 'Bobs" is in all councils. One of the happiest features in the whole dismal outlook is the instant, if temporary, reunion of Ireland in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm. It is strange to hear the names of Redmond and Carson linked in terms of glowing admiration.

Already the British public is learning, by unwonted experience, its first practical lessons in the anxieties and inconveniences consequent upon a state of war at the doors, and threatened invasion. It is a melancholy fact that the educated classes, or the classes which are commonly credited with a modicum of education, have been setting a very bad example to those less fortunate than themselves. It might have been supposed that they would perceive that the surest way of promoting a panic is to exhibit signs of it. Of course, they have long been reading doleful propheeies that Great Britain, if engaged in a general war, would inevitably soon feel the pinch of famine; but they ought also to have known—the facts in the case have been long and frequently discussed in the daily press—that at the present juncture she happens to be uncommonly well provisioned.

It has been officially declared that no unusual shortage of food is likely to oceur within four to six months, that the harvest is a good one, and that there is no good reason for fearing that the channels of supply from the West will be permanently or seriously interfered with. In any case the very worst and most selfish policy that could be adopted by intelligent, moneyed, and patriotic citizens would be to create a run upon the provision market and to monopolize the stores in hand. And yet in the first few days of perturbation this was just the course of action which they adopted. On all sides the substantial householders—there were honorable exceptions—proceeded to accumulate all the food they could lay their hands on. I know of several instances in my own suburban neighborhood of rich folk ordering one hundred pounds' worth of meats, flour, and groeeries. Naturally, in a few hours, the retailers were utterly unable to meet the demands made upon them. Of eoursc, they, one and all, raised their prices, and the laboring folk had to pay more or go without. Fortunately, the evil was so acute and flagrant that to a certain extent it remedied itself. The big middlemen, unable to fill their orders, closed their stores, and the smaller men refused to sell except for ready cash. Then the newspaprs raised an outcry, and the Government promptly took the matter in hand.

Much mischief has been done, but the situation is easier, and there are signs that the offenders are beginning to recover their senses. Greedy retailers, who reaped rich harvests for a day or two, arc already discovering that they have lost many of their best customers. But in two or three days the cost of living jumped up about 20 per cent., and it will be some time before it will fall to its previous level. The action of the Cabinet in promising to insure cargoes of grain and meat is received with universal approbation.

Doubtless the cable has informed you of the exciting times in the Atlantic steamship offices. I need not, therefore, dilate upon them. The withdrawal of the German liners has brought an influx of stranded Americans into the steamship quarter adjoining Trafalgar Square. Many tourists, short of funds and with useless tickets, are in perilous condition. There is not a vacant berth to be had for many weeks on any boat carrying the American flag and all the English Atlantic boats are equally full. Then there is the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that many of the fastest British steam-

ers will be commandeered by the Government for the expeditionary force. What will be done with their passengers no one can even guess as yet. Moreover, there is the possible chance of a big British defeat in the North Sea and a consequent irruption of German cruisers into the Atlantic. It is not necessary to anticipate trouble, but nevertheless it is not absolutely certain that the faith of the English in their ability to guard the Atlantic trade routes will be justified by the event. Just now the American flag is a very precious possession on the high seas.

J. Ranken Towse.

London, August 5.

The middle of last week found me holidaying at a quiet village on the coast of Devonshire. I had often seen, passing the cottage where I was staying, two or three trim young fellows in coast-guard uniform, cycling two or three times a day between their homes in the village and the look-out station. On Friday morning the local gossips were all agog with the news that these men had been called off to Devonport to join the naval reserve. Similar demands had been made on all the other coast-guard staffs in the neighborhood, and the look-out stations themselves had been left in the care of the women.

Travelling back to London later in the day, I saw and heard few other indications that anything unusual was afoot. I could get nothing to eat on the journey, and when I reached Paddington there was a long delay through the difficulty of getting a porter. But that was another story. It happened to be the second day of a two days' strike of the Great Western restaurant-car staff. Many of the other railway servants had struck sympathetically—not, like the dining-car men, by going out, but by staying in. Their scheme was a curious one, and had an element of the humorous in it, if one's personal inconveniences were not annoying enough to blunt one's appreciation of a joke. Their policy was to give the railway company trouble by working strictly according to the official rules.

There is a rule, for instance, forbidding "flying shunts." This means that carriages must not be coupled up while they are in motion, but the men must wait until each succeeding car has come to an absolute standstill. But the "flying shunt," dangerous as it is, takes place many times daily, or the work never would be done in the required time. On Friday, however, every car was brought to a dead stop before the next was coupled, with the result that the process took twice as long as usual.

Again, when a railway servant supplies a train with water or attends to the lamps, he is accustomed to jump from the top of one car to the next. The rules prescribe that his duty is to descend the steps, walk to the next car, and then climb up again. These instructions were scrupulously followed on Friday. In consequence of all this unprecedented obedience to orders, big excursion trains for the west of England started from the London terminal as much as an hour and a half late.

A palpable sign of the times this morning is the decrease in the size of several of the London daily papers. Journals which usually issue twelve or sixteen pages are today content with eight. No readers want anything but war news, and of even war rumors there is yet only a limited supply. A large part of the decrease is clearly attributable to the great and sudden falling off in advertisements. Clothing manufacturers are calling attention to their "Active Service Kits," but other business houses are cautious about spending money in appeals to a public that is being urged on all hands to economize. Perhaps, too, the need for economy is impressing newspaper proprietors themselves with the desirability of cutting down their costs of production.

Many English visitors to the Channel Islands have found amusement at the extreme frugality of the inhabitants, who often make use of the front gardens of their villas for the growing of potatoes and other marketable produce. It is possible, however, that this example may now be followed at home. The secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society writes to the papers this morning to suggest that, in view of future needs, the smallest plots of ground should be planted with such food plants as it is possible to sow at this season. Turnips, beets, carrots, and onions are especially recommended. Farmers, too, are advised not to leave vacant any land that might profitably be used in this manner.

There is a saying among Englishmen that if you were to stand beneath the big clock at Charing Cross railway station for five years you would meet all your friends. Any American with a wide circle of acquaintances among his compatriots might have met a good many of them by taking up his position there for only the last three days.

One of the notice-boards at this station has been giving eloquent testimony of the condition in which many of these refugees made their flight across the Channel. It is the board which publishes bulletins, usually quite insignificant, about the incoming boat trains from Dover and Folkestone—how many passengers they are carrying, whether they are running late, and so on. Yesterday evening the notice relating to the boat from Ostend had these items: "Passengers, 686; luggage, number of pieces, 206." More than three passengers to every single piece of baggage! When one thinks of the normal equipment for a Continental tour, it is clear that many of these unlucky travellers must have realized more vividly than ever before why the Romans called baggage "impedimenta." As soon as the train came in, the impression made by the notice-board was deepened as one observed how quickly the arrival platform cleared—such a large proportion needing no assistance from porters, but pouring through the barriers at once with nothing but light bags in their hands.

It would seem incredible that as late as yesterday there could be any nook or corner of Great Britain into which a knowledge of the crisis had not yet penetrated. Last night, however, a friend of mine discovered such a refuge from the turmoil. He thought of a widow lady of his acquaintance, a woman of education living with her daughter in a suburban home not eight miles from Hyde Park Corner.

Remembering that she was of a somewhat nervous temperament and had no men folk to talk things over with, he thought it would be a kindness to call and reassure her against any tendency to panic about food supplies, and so on. To his surprise he found her perfectly calm. His surprise became amazement when he learned that she was unaware that anything was happening out of the common! She had heard somehow that there was trouble somewhere in Europe between two of the Powers, but did not know which.

H. W. H.

A Duke Among the Wits

PART TWO:—THE PROFESSION OF WIT, ITS ORIGINS AND KINDS; WHARTON AMONG THE WITS OF TWICKENHAM.

IV.

We have followed the crooked course of Philip Duke of Wharton in politics and religion; but it is not for these things we remember him now. The wandering court of James knew too many of his kind to allow him any distinction in these things. He is remembered rather as a lord among the wits, and for his few years at Twickenham. And what, we ask, had he to do in that galley?

Now, the wits were not a new folk. Their progenitors had come up to London from the universities in the days of Queen Elizabeth, attracted thither by the playhouses, and bringing with them a plentiful baggage of genius with a small portion of learning. How they lived, and roystered, and peopled English literature with their visionary creations, we know from the stories of Marlowe and Greene and their fellows. The later drama found its material in their descendants, the merry rogues who used their "understanding, travel, reading, wit," as money in the purse for buying the joys of the town. "Means?" exclaims one of Fletcher's delightful rascals; "why, all good men's my means. My wit's my plough, the town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house, and all the world knows there's no want. All gentlemen that love society, love me; all purses that wit and pleasure opens, are my tenants; every man's clothes fit me." And the genius of the dramatist was like the life of his hero; it was not "wit without money," but it was without principle and without rule save the law of abundant, irresistible vitality:

As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature.

The tradition was carried on by the writers of the Restoration, but with a difference. The new wits fall into two pretty well defined classes, united, however, by the irresponsibility and immorality which they inherit in common from their ancestors. In the one class are the initiates of the court, who employ their genius, not, as Fletcher did, in the service of a rollicking full-blooded life and indiscriminate emotions, but for the creation of a world of artificial exclusions. Here every jest is an intended rapier-thrust at the conventions of respectable society, laughter is a sneer, and pity a miracle. These men refined the license of Fletcher into a philosophy of licentiousness. In the other class were those who wallowed in what Swift called the "thick sediment of slime and mud" at the bottom of Helicon; the scurrilous creatures of whom it was said by the "facetious" Tom Brown, their proper spokesman: "Our wit, generally speaking, is debauched." These men did not stab virtue, but merely bespattered it. Reading Tom Brown and his like, one gets the notion that

wit is a convention in which scandal, drunkenness, and lechery take the place of faith, hope, and charity—but the greatest of these is scandal. He and his fellows introduced one element at least which was to be almost constant with the followers of the new school—"the faithful attendant of wit, ill-nature," as Walpole named it, echoing the sentiment of Butler, that "there is nothing that provokes and sharpens wit like malice."

In the case of a man like Brown this ill-nature was a mere wantonness; he belonged to the diseased beings who were afterwards described by a writer in the journal *Grub Street:* "The morsure of these worms, which we call wit-worms, are much of the nature of the biting of mad dogs: which makes the afflicted follow their noses directly, and snap at everybody they meet." There was something else needed to give this malice the true ring of the wit of Twickenham, something which had already been brought to the devil's brew by contemporaries of Fletcher who had not genius enough to preserve their names in literature. In the preface to the collected edition of the "Memoirs of the Society of Grub-Street" it is said that the original members of that fraternity were a set of writers "who, for the cheapness and obscurity of lodgings, resided in Grub Street, in the seditious times of King Charles I, and from their garrets and cellars dispersed those false reports and reasonings which were very instrumental in stirring up the people at last to a rebellion." So important was this ingredient of polities that these "Grubeans," despite the oblivion that has overtaken most of them, have some claim to be regarded as the true begetters of wit, as the word came to be used with a very specific meaning. But they did not long maintain their monopoly. It was Butler who turned the tables with a vengeance against the rebels of Church and State, transmuting politics into literature. But the author of "Hudibras," if not a rebel, was ribald, and there were some honest folk who sighed to see all the wit of the world running atilt from every angle against the decencies of life. So, in one of his sermons, "Against Foolish Talking and Jesting"—it is really a delightful literary essay—we find Barrow calling on the men of virtue to take possession of the "lepid way":

> It is wit that wageth the war against reason, against virtue, against religion; wit alone it is that perverteth so many, and so greatly corrupteth the world; it may therefore be needful, in our warfare for those dearest concerns, to sort the manner of our fighting with that of our adversaries, and with the same kind of arms to protect goodness whereby they do assail it. If wit may happily serve under the banner of truth and virtue, we may impress it for that service: and good it were to rescue so worthy a faculty from so vile abuse.

V.

The lesson was heeded. Presently came my Lord Shaftesbury, who would purge wit of its grosser humors and elevate it into an elegant philosophy. Henceforth laughter was to be your only syllogism, and the ability to endure ridicule was to be the supreme test of truth and virtue. So far Barrow might have followed the fulfilment of his prayer, with dubitation perhaps, yet without indignation. But the criterion was to be applied also to enthusiasms and to any departure from the calm self-sufficiency of gentility with results which would have disgusted Barrow as much as they did actually alarm the later opponents of a genteel Deism, from John Leland, and Thomas Brown (not the scurrilous "Tom"), and Dr. Warburton, down to Cardinal Newman. It may be worth while to stop long enough to read a few sentences from Leland's criticism, written when the war of the wits was pretty well over, and time had come to take account of the dead and dying. His words have considerable historical interest, and are, indeed, not without some meaning for those of us to-day who like to make "humor" the test of all virtues in life and literature:

> He not only expressly calls ridicule a test, and a criterion of truth, but declares for applying it to everything, and in all cases. . . . And though he doth not approve the seeking to raise a laugh for everything, yet he thinks it right to seek in everything what justly may be laughed at. He declares, that "he hardly cares so much as to think on the subject of religion, much less to write on it, without endeavoring to put himself in as good humor as possible," *i. e.*, treating it, as he himself expresses it, in a way of wit and raillery, pleasantry and mirth. . . .
>
> The best and wisest men in all ages have always recommended a calm attention and sobriety of mind, a cool and impartial examination and inquiry, as the properest disposition for finding out truth and judging concerning it. But according to his Lordship's representation of the case, those that apply themselves to the searching out truth, or judging what is really true, serious, and excellent, must endeavor to put themselves in a merry humor, to raise up a gayety of spirit, and seek whether in the object they are examining they cannot find out something that may be justly laughed at. And it is great odds, that a man who is thus disposed will find out something fit, as he imagines, to excite his mirth, in the most serious and important subject in the world. Such a temper is so far from being an help to a fair and unprejudiced inquiry, that it is one of the greatest hindrances to it. A strong turn to ridicule hath a tendency to disqualify a man for cool and sedate reflection, and to render him impatient of the pains that is necessary to a rational and deliberate search.

Such were the elements which entered into the dizzy game of wit when stout Queen Anne gave her name to English literature. It was a field of battle—a kind of general tournament, like the "gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby," described by Scott in "Ivanhoe," wherein the combatants were divided into two main parties, but in such a way as to leave each knight pretty free to follow his own personal feud. Now, politics seemed to make the grand division in the Battle of the Books, when Whig and Tory joined in a mighty mêlée; but at other times politics was lost to sight in the natural antipathy of genius and dulness, or even of virtue and vice. And at the end reputations lay dead and dying about the trenches at Twickenham like the bodies on any well-fought *champ de bataille.* What carried such a man as Wharton, a peer of the realm, to whom a great career in Parliament was open, into this medley? Well, mere idleness and force of imitation, in large part. "If it were not for a rainy day," says Swift, "a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning—but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt, the number of authors and of writers would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold." Most of these causes were magnificently operative with the Duke of Wharton, and he had also as mad a lust of praise as any of "great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers."

VI.

He had commenced author, to use the contemporary idiom, at a tender age, and had continued on occasion to indite lampoons and ballads which, for the most part, are rather above the average scribbling of the day. One of his ballads, which Mr. Melville signalizes as his "most noteworthy literary composition," is in fact a capital piece of fun, as may be guessed from the opening and closing stanzas:

> God prosper long from being broke
> The Luck of Eden-Hall.*
> A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
> There lately did befall.
>
> To chase the spleen with cup and can
> Duke Philip took his way,
> Babes yet unborn shall never see
> The like of such a day.
>
> The stout and ever-thirsty Duke
> A vow to God did make
> His pleasure within Cumberland
> Three live-long nights to take.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thus did this dire contention end;
> And each man of the slain
> Were quickly carried off to bed,
> Their senses to regain.
>
> God bless the King, the Duchess fat,
> And keep the land in peace;
> And grant that drunkenness henceforth
> 'Mong noblemen may cease.
>
> And likewise bless our royal prince,
> The nation's other hope;
> And give us grace for to defy
> The Devil and the Pope.

Wharton had also played his part as patron, notably in the case of Young, who repaid the generosity by cancelling a fulsome dedication when his benefactor was an exile and by preaching the morals of the

*Referring to a famous cup at the home of his cousin, Sir Christopher Musgrave, the breaking of which was to foretell the fall of the house.

"Night Thoughts" at him. Such was the Duke's "constant bounty which no friend has made." It is something in the annals of literature to have furnished the model for Young's Lorenzo—not to mention Richardson's Lovelace, if we may believe Anna Seward.

It was something also to have associated his name with the select band who were fighting the battle against dulness from the headquarters of Pope and Mary Wortley Montagu at Twickenham. In 1722 Wharton leased "The Grove," which lay about a quarter of a mile from Pope's villa, and here he made his home until he left England never to return. In these years he entered the arena definitely as a political pamphleteer by managing and in part writing the *True Briton*, a semi-weekly journal, which purposed ostensibly "to animate every honest mind to lay aside those Party Resentments, which, in time, must end in the Ruin of this Island," but which seemed to the Government so far from impartiality that they suppressed it after the seventy-fourth issue. Now, too, he appears to have been most furiously engaged in the social contest. And with what desperate earnestness the game was played we may gather from a chance remark of Horace Walpole's on Lady Stafford, who, as daughter of the Comte de Grammont and "La Belle Hamilton," was by birth an heiress of the world's wit. "She used to live at Twickenham when Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton lived there too," he writes; "she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago? —I think anything but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, 'Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day'; that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment to be in particular spirits."

Naturally, the Duke's activities in this noble sport were not pent up in a country village, and, in February, 1724, Lady Mary, sending the news of London to her sister, tells of a band of "twenty very pretty fellows" who called themselves the "Schemers," and met regularly three times a week to consult with Wharton as a "committee of gallantry." "'Tis true," she adds, "they have the envy and curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all old women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning." But Twickenham was the centre of the hottest fighting, and Lady Mary had good reason for knowing the Duke's prowess as a "Schemer." It was even hinted that hers was the attraction that lured him thither, and Lady Mary herself declared that Pope's jealousy of Wharton was the cause of her quarrel with the wicked wasp. Whether that charge is true or not—probably literary jealousy had more to do with the quarrel than amatory—the marriage of gallantry and wit ran no smooth course with the Lady and the Peer. Indeed, the lady had good reason for resentment. When she wrote a set of melting verses on the death of a young bride, the Duke parodied them with a bit of insulting scurrility which shows only too plainly the savage grossness underlying the polish even of the Olympians. That was bad enough, but the outrage became intolerable when the Duke amused himself at her expense with one of the common practical jokes of the day. Lady Mary tells the story in a letter to her sister:

> Sophia [the Duke] and I have an immortal quarrel; which though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written: . . . and Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to pique the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse.

It needed a strong man to play the game of wit in that fashion, and it is not hard to understand why life at Twickenham, and indeed in England, should have become impossible for Wharton, even apart from his political vagaries. A few months after the placable letter just cited, Lady Mary is again writing of her gallant rival:

> Sophia is going to Aix la Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. . . . We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured from him this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to heaven from the passive meekness of my temper.

So the Duke of Wharton passes out of the literary life of England. The meekness of Lady Mary—others had a different name for it—endured the strain for fourteen more years, and then she, too, partly by the venom of Pope's satire, was driven from the land; both Peer and Lady lost in the battle where the little captain of Twickenham was wielding his "terrible swift sword." But neither was the victory long. The year after Lady Mary's exit the wife of another Edward Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth, is gossiping thus to a friend: "Lady Shadwell saw Lady Mary Wortley at Venice, where she now resides, and asked her what made her leave England; she told them the reason was, people were grown so stupid she could not endure their company, all England was infected with dulness." The writer adds charitably that by "dulness" the exile meant her husband, whom she had abandoned. That gentleman was dull enough and mean enough, in all conscience, to afford his wife excuse for such a synonym; but when one thinks of the change from Lady Mary to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, and of the difference between the society that fought and bled at Twickenham and the insipid circle that purred about the "Queen of the Blue-Stockings," one is inclined to believe the Lady meant precisely what she said. The twilight of the wits was come:

> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal Darkness buries All.

P. E. M.

Books and Men

THE EPHEMERÆ OF WAR.

If laws are silent during the clash of arms, how still must letters be! When the face of the earth is undergoing change, when the nations' armies confront one another along a line estimated at any length up to three hundred miles, when there is no seaport so lowly, no summer resort so humble, that it cannot indulge in the luxury of hearing "heavy firing" at least once a day, when the long-drawn and terrible cry of "Wextra!" (for "Wuxtry" is a myth) comes bellowing down the street at intervals of half an hour —when all these things are happening, who cares to read of books? However much you would like to do so, to steep yourself in literary calm is beyond your power.

What books can you read or discuss, without having your mind brought back to the one great and terrible subject? Shakespeare? His pages are full of alarums and excursions —"Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" is recalled to your memory, and you pause to reflect that the besiegers and besieged of Harfleur are now fighting side by side. Thackeray? You must not open "Vanity Fair," or you will hear the guns of Waterloo, as Waterloo itself is hearing them again. As for Kipling—

> The earth is full of anger,
> The seas are dark with wrath;
> The Nations in their harness
> Go up against our path!

If you shrink back to the classics, even there you are not safe. For, as Mr. Don Marquis has pointed out, you cannot read a page of Cæsar's Commentaries without being reminded that: *Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ . . . proximique sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt.*

What literature has the war itself produced? The Poet Laureate has written a poem, and Mr. Stephen Phillips has written a much better one about the defence of Liège. Mr. Alfred Noyes has abandoned his pacific attitude, and, in verse, commended England's war. Mr. William Watson upbraids the Kaiser in a really powerful sonnet, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who is certainly not a jingo, rejoices (in vigorous prose) at the coming downfall of "Krupp worship, flag-wagging, and all the sham efficiency which centres at Berlin." Mr. Henry Newbolt's solemn invocation to England in the *Times* is the finest of the occasional poems I have yet seen. And Mr. Bernard Shaw hastens to strip away any illusion of patriotism or nobility from England's or any other country's share in the conflict, and to nerve his fellow-citizens for the test by reminding them again that he holds them to be hypocrites.

Behind the veil of censorship how many books are making! Now we get confused reports of battles that turn out to be skirmishes, and rumors of battles that may be

very real indeed. It will be months before we can know. Nations that hold dominion over palm and pine cannot go to war without sending the echoes of their thunder to the uttermost parts of the earth. And stranger, more appealing to the imagination than all, is that great fleet which moved silently away, and has disappeared into the North Sea, where it remains to guard the liberty of Europe, as its predecessor, more than a century ago, stood guard against the war-lord of that day.

Here, we have aroused a newspaper controversy. At the beginning of the war even the sensational papers could not keep ahead of the real events. The facts were exciting enough, without embroidery. It shows how hardened we are, in a few weeks, to news that two months ago would have agitated the world: England declares war on Austria, and in the tumult of battle news the event is hardly noticed. Japan's threat to Germany is thought worthy of as much space as a cavalry skirmish.

There was, at the outset of the disturbance, no indication in the American newspapers of any hostility towards Germany. The Kaiser was hailed as the man who might make peace. When the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia became better known, and when it was seen that Germany was backing Austria in a course that led straight to war, the belief in Wilhelm II as a peace-maker wavered. His invasion of Belgium swept away all doubts, and created an aversion that found expression in speech, in editorial articles, and in cartoons. Germans might call Russia "barbarous," France "revengeful," and England "jealous," and they could, to some degree, as current slang goes, "get away with it." But the spectacle of the nation which has kept Europe for forty years resounding to the tramp of her big boots and the rattle of her sabre, now engaged in cutting her way through the bodies of the Belgians—this was revolting to all but Kaiser worshippers.

These, asserting that there exists a conspiracy against Germany in the American press, have issued the *Fatherland*, a weekly, "devoted to fair play for Germany and Austria." Its cover represents two club-like sceptres crossed on a field of red. The German eagle, the two-headed eagle of Austria, and the American eagle are also displayed. (What the devil does the American in that galley?) The *Fatherland* is all that is to be expected of a war-time periodical. Opening with a poem to "Wilhelm II, *Prince of Peace*," by Mr. G. S. Viereck, in which the monarch is called on to smite nearly every one, but especially the Czar, France ("the harlot of the world"), and England ("the serpent of the sea"), the new magazine lays about itself right lustily, and hits every head in sight. So far, it is America's only special contribution to the literature of the war, but it has made one mistake. It deals in English, not German, mustard.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A PAMPHLET ERRONEOUSLY ATTRIBUTED TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In August, 1772, there appeared in London a pamphlet of sixty-one pages with the title: "Report of the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, on the Petition of the Honorable Thomas Walpole and his Associates, for a Grant of Land on the River Ohio in North America, with Observations on, and Answers to, the foregoing Report." The usual history of this pamphlet, which may be found in any edition of Franklin's works, under the title of "Settlement on the Ohio River," is as follows: In 1769 there was formed a company of Americans and Englishmen for the purpose of purchasing land on the Ohio. The name of the most distinguished financier of the association, Thomas Walpole, was given to the company, which in the end determined to petition for sufficient land to found a colony to be called Vandalia. This plan was opposed by Lord Hillsborough, the Secretary for the Colonies, who with the Board of Trade drew up the unfavorable report printed in the above-named pamphlet, and this would naturally have put an end to the plan of the company, had not Dr. Franklin written such an answer that the Privy Council was convinced of the value of the proposed settlement. The rest of the story is based on the account of the pamphlet which was printed by Almon in his "Biographical, Literary and Political Anecdotes of Several of the most eminent Persons of the Present Age" (London, 1797, Vol. II, 303). The passage is worth quoting:

> Lord Hillsborough was so much offended by the decision of the Privy Council, that he resigned upon it. He resigned for that reason only. He had conceived an idea, and was forming a plan, of a boundry line to be drawn from the Hudson River to the Mississippi River, and thereby confineing the British Colonies between that line and the Ocean, similar to the scheme of the French after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which brought on the War of 1756. His favorite project being thus defeated, he quitted the ministry. Dr. Franklin's answer to the Board of Trade was intended to have been published; but Lord Hillsborough resigning, Dr. Franklin stopped the sale on the morning of the publication, when not above *five* copies had been disposed of.

The most significant points in the story are that this pamphlet was written by Franklin and that its appearance defeated a well-developed western colonial policy of the Secretary for the Colonies, who in his chagrin at his defeat resigned. The pamphlet has become, therefore, of more than literary interest, for its appearance has been connected with the innermost workings of the British Ministry. Thus is history written. The truth is that the pamphlet was not written by Benjamin Franklin, that Hillsborough had determined to resign several weeks before the pamphlet was published, and that its presentation of arguments in favor of settlements west of the Alleghanies had no influence of any moment upon the decision of the British Government.

The true originator and organizer of the Walpole Company was a Philadelphian Quaker, Samuel Wharton, a member of the firm of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan, Indian traders and land speculators. In the autumn of 1768 this wily schemer was sent to London by a company of merchants who had suffered from the depredations of the Indians at the outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy to obtain from the British Government consent to a tract of land ceded as a compensation by the Indians. Shortly after his arrival he was received favorably in both financial and political circles, for he was recognized as a man well-informed on American affairs, and London at the time was looking for opportunities to speculate in colonial lands.

The steps by which Wharton built up the company are not known; but from the results certain facts of importance can be inferred. His first associates were found undoubtedly among financial circles, such as Thomas, Richard, and Robert Walpole, Moses, Naptoli, and John Franks. To these he added certain important names among the colonists, as Sir William Johnson, Benjamin Franklin, Sir William Franklin, Joseph Galloway, and the agents of the colonies were represented in the persons of Grey Cooper and Richard Jackson.

The Quaker politician, however, knew that other influences besides financial were needed to get his plan through the Ministry, so he added to his company some of the powerful under secretaries of the departments; Thomas Bradshaw, who exercised great influence with the Duke of Grafton, the head of the Ministry, was soon brought in, as were the crafty John Robinson and Robert Wood, both under secretaries of the Treasury.

The influence of the Walpoles naturally led the company to seek support from the Grenville faction, which at the moment was in opposition, but which was so soon to be taken into the Ministry. Their recruit from this quarter was no less a person than George Grenville himself, whose share was represented, after his death, by his brother, Earl Temple. The first representative of the Ministry to join was Lord Camden; and a great friend of the King, the Earl of Hertford, needy of pocketbook, lent his influence for a share. Such were a few of the fifty names in the list of the company which lies before me.

From the very first negotiations with the Ministry the leadership in the company was in the hands of Samuel Wharton, a position he maintained until all hope of obtaining the grant was lost through the outbreak of the American Revolution. At first everything moved smoothly. It was at Lord Hillsborough's suggestion that the company determined to ask for sufficient land to form a new colony. Lord Hillsborough later explained that his advice was given in the expectation that the Board of Treasury would place such a price on the grant that the company could not afford to make the purchase; but the price was set at the moderate sum of £10,000, so that the Secretary for the Colonies was obliged to find other means of preventing the establishment of the western colony.

His next move was to arouse the colony of Virginia, which would be shut off entirely on the west by the new colony. The Virginians, such as George Washington, Patrick Henry, the Lees, and others interested in land speculation, were naturally aroused by the danger, and they found in their new Governor, Lord Dunmore, an appointee of Hillsborough's, a ready ally; but all they were able to accomplish was of no immediate avail, for changes in the British Ministry made that body more favorably disposed to the colonial project.

In the beginning of the year, 1770, Lord North became the leader of the Ministry; and during the course of the year, after the death of George Grenville, several of his faithful followers were brought into the ministerial cir-

cle, which was now composed principally of three factions, the King's friends, to which faction Lord North and Lord Hillsborough belonged, the Bedford faction, and the former followers of Grenville.

Historians have been inclined to think of Lord North's Ministry as being exceptionally united through its loyalty to George III; but this was far from being the case. The Bedfordites—and they had always been supported by the followers of Grenville—were never satisfied with a subordinate position and had never been on the best of terms with the King's faction. They, therefore, watched their opportunity to overthrow Lord North. The best account of the ministerial intrigue, which was to place the project of the Vandalia colony nearer a realization and to call forth the pamphlet under consideration, is to be found in a paper written by William Knox, Under Secretary in the Colonial Office and faithful follower of Lord Hillsborough, and this narrative supported by other testimony is the basis for the following account:

The Colonial Secretary's opposition to the erection of a western colony was sufficient to prevent further steps being taken in the matter. It was, therefore, necessary to obtain more powerful influences than were yet engaged. The votes of the Bedford faction would be sufficient, and Samuel Wharton bought this faction by giving shares in the company to the Earl of Rockford, Southern Secretary and Lord Gower, President of the Council. There were, however, other reasons than financial—weighty as this was in the case of Lord Rockford—for their acceptance of the shares. An opportunity to overturn Lord North lay in the situation. Hillsborough was North's right-hand man, and the resignation of the former was likely to bring about that of the latter, in which case Lord Gower would probably be made first Minister. George III, who had always been anxious to justify the Treaty of 1763 by the development of Western America, was easily induced to interest himself and to get word to Hillsborough that he desired a report on the Vandalia plan.

It was then that Lord Hillsborough came out boldly in opposition to the colony, declaring that he would resign in case his policy was overthrown. He tried to persuade Lord North to take active steps, but the latter found that nothing could be done in the face of the King's attitude, and not caring to make Hillsborough's cause his own offered no opposition to the Bedford cabal. The unfavorable report of the Board of Trade was drawn up under Hillsborough and repeated the well-worn arguments against inland colonies. It was a perfunctory performance. because everybody knew what the outcome was to be. "When the report came down to the Council," writes William Knox, "Lord Gower declared he should be open to evidence against it, and Wharton was allowed to have a copy, and to make and print observations on it, before it was considered." These observations written by Wharton are those universally attributed to Franklin. As the majority of the Cabinet had decided how to vote, they were easily convinced by Wharton's arguments and determined to advise the King that the grant ought to take place. In accordance with the programme, Lord Hillsborough resigned, but the Bedford cabal gained nothing by this, for Lord North's interest with the King was sufficient to bring about the appointment of a personal friend, Lord Dartmouth, to the vacant position.

C. W. Alvord.

Correspondence

THE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems incredible that any such impression as is set forth in the letter of your Paris correspondent, published in the *Nation* of August 6, should have been created by the Mohonk Conferences. The Conference never accepted Mr. E. D. Morel's book, "Morocco in Diplomacy," in any way. The Conference assumes no responsibility for the papers which are presented by speakers, and certainly not for the details of those papers. It is essentially a *conference,* and wide freedom is given to speakers, who often represent the greatest possible divergence of view. At the close of each Conference a platform is adopted, nearly always unanimously, which invariably is conservative in the extreme. Many statements of individual speakers go unchallenged for lack of time, and many more because they are so obviously personal or partisan as to require no comment from a body which seeks to offer a forum for temperate presentation of fact and opinion rather than for the debate of matters of divergent opinion.

No one thoroughly conversant with the Mohonk Conferences can fail to appreciate the sanity and catholicity which has from the beginning characterized them.

Ethelbert D. Warfield.

Keene Valley, N. Y., August 8.

THE "ANTI-GERMAN" PRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The haste in which the Powers of Europe have rushed to arms is exceeded only by the haste in which the anti-German press of America is seeking to place the blame for the commencement of hostilities. Indeed, the *Nation* of August 6 has fixed the responsibility of the whole affair upon the German Kaiser, not only before the determining facts are at hand, but in spite of the fact that all reports thus far, as everybody knows, have come almost entirely from Germany's enemies.

Every lover of peace will share with the *Nation* its abhorrence of war, but to place the blame at this time upon any one nation is to forget or ignore the most patent facts of history, and to disregard the motives and conditions that have brought upon the world the present deplorable catastrophe. The whole argument of the *Nation,* in common with the stock argument against Germany, is based upon two assumptions, both of which are unwarranted: It is assumed that England, in her dealings with other Powers, has been actuated by unimpeachable motives, or at least by motives more just than those of Germany, and that therefore her conduct should be regarded as a criterion from which to judge the motives and conduct of that nation. In the second place, to carry the argument of the *Nation* to its logical conclusion, it assumes that English civilization is superior to that of Germany, and therefore contemplates with alarm the triumph of German arms and the establishment of Germany to a position of power and influence equal to that of England. In other words, Germany must not grow, even in the peaceful arts, to a dominant position in Europe, for the criticism of Germany on the ground of its numerous battleships cannot be justified without twice condemning England with a fleet nearly twice as large.

It is high time that some of England's apologists should give reasons why she should be arbiter of Europe. What assurance had Germany in the present crisis that England was not playing her old game of setting one state against another; of forming unholy alliances, not for the peace of Europe, but for her own gain? By what facts of history or by what process of reasoning are we to conclude that the official England of to-day is not the same England that violated the treaty of 1783, and sent an insolent note to the State Department concerning the Trent affair during the most critical period of American history, while sons of Germany were fighting by thousands for human freedom in the army of the North; or the same England which more recently united with Russia to depose an American financier from the government of Persia, to prevent that struggling state from winning its independence? Does memory not reach back to England's manipulation of Balkan diplomacy to its own interest, regardless of the sacrifice of life, or to the more proximate fact that she was the first to recognize Huerta, to the embarrassment of our own Administration?

The *Nation* virtually admits that France drew Germany into the conflict (p. 148), relying upon England for support in accordance with the *entente cordiale*—which agreement, be it remembered, was directed against Germany, while the Triple Alliance was not directed against any particular Power. In view of this fact, it is difficult to see how Germany could well have prevented what you call a "challenge to England." Again, in accusing Germany of violating Belgian neutrality, you disregard the fact that the British Foreign Office had previously laid down terms to Germany restraining her from operating in the Baltic against Russia, and against France on its north coast. There are also reports to the effect that Belgian neutrality was violated openly by France and England. Time alone will determine the truth or falsity of some of these reports, and until that is determined the principle of neutrality might well be adopted by the American press. Besides, too much is made of the mere fact as to who *first* violated Belgian neutrality. When threats are made on every side, when scouting parties cross border lines, when ships of commerce are being mounted, fleets ordered home or to port, and armies mobilized—fleets and armies that have been building for but one purpose for a quarter of a century—it is idle to ask, for it matters little, who first threw off the mask.

So far as England and Germany are concerned, the causes of their difference are easily explained. The crime of Germany, decreed by England as such, lay in its growth and prosperity during the last two decades. This growth first aroused the jealousy of England—for Germany had nothing to be jealous of—when she found her trade and commerce slipping away from her and passing into other hands. As envy begets envy, it acted and reacted on both sides of the Channel; was fanned into flame by a thousand incidents, great and small, from the Cabinets and cafés of London and Berlin, until the masses came to believe there was a real grievance to be righted. It is a sad commentary upon the statesmanship of both

Germany and England that the delusion of different interests for each nation was not dispelled. It is more unfortunate still that the large nations of western Europe should believe that battleships are a necessary concomitant to industrial and commercial development when exactly the reverse is true; but here again England is at fault for setting the example, for if armaments are to decide the cause of one nation, other competing nations must adopt the same methods, and there was nothing left for Germany but to follow England or maintain a position of inferiority. England felt that Germany was following too close, and the result, whatever may have been the immediate cause of hostilities, is before us, with all the ghastly horrors of militarism. Since the final outcome, however, may mean either Slav or Teuton supremacy in western Europe, it is difficult to see why Americans should wish the annihilation of Germany, or give moral aid and support to Great Britain in its unholy alliance with a civilization in which, if it triumphs, we ourselves can have little in common.

KARL F. GEISER.

Oberlin College, August 11.

[The *Nation* is glad to publish letters like Professor Geiser's presenting a point of view from which we ourselves wholly dissent. To reply to what we must regard as the obvious fallacies in Professor Geiser's argument would be to repeat the substance of several of our editorial articles. But we may point out that this correspondent follows Professor Münsterberg in ignoring the fact that Germany refused to take part in the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey—this at a time when such action might have prevented the war. Likewise, it should be noted that to assign jealousy as the cause of England's and, as Professor Münsterberg does, of America's attitude also, is to deal loosely with the facts, besides adopting a tone far from conciliatory.—ED. THE NATION.]

TRAVEL IN NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A terrific blow is about to be aimed at our already staggering transportation system in New England. May the travelling public not in some way rise to its defence?

Many of us recall vividly the old conditions of travel in New England, when through connections were a matter of uncertainty. A Connecticut man journeying to Vermont or New Hampshire spent hours of tedium in the Springfield station. A New Yorker bound for Maine wound through the streets of Boston, and usually took a troubled nap at the North Station. Northern New Englanders came south—but not often—with equal difficulty. In a word, through traffic was haphazard and primitive.

Furthermore, a rate of two cents a mile was a dream for travellers to the north. The tolls ranged from two and a half to four or five cents. A run to the White Mountains required several sorts of mileage books—if one attempted that form of economy—and scalpers thrived. Even in parts of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, a decade ago, three or four cents a mile prevailed.

At present, whatever may be said against the New Haven management, numerous through trains connect New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island with northern Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Travel to the north has become easy and convenient. Also a single mileage book, at a rate of two cents a mile, carries one to remote corners of the mountains or to distant stretches of the Maine coast. Altogether the improvement in conditions of traffic in this section has been enormous.

Whether the New Haven Railroad system is a combination in restraint of trade or an organization for the furtherance of trade, it apparently rests with the courts to determine. From the standpoint of the traveller, however, the proposal to divorce the New England Railroad from the New Haven sounds preposterous; and the proceedings to separate the Boston & Maine exceedingly dubious. Under proper governmental supervision, may not a single leading railway system in a section—like a single trolley system in one of our cities—work for the public convenience and benefit?

Most of us have come to feel that the reign of the high hand in New Haven affairs has been ended; and that the new management can be trusted to coöperate with legislators and citizens in efforts for honest efficiency. If, as seems plausible, the affiliated trolley and navigation lines ought to be made independent organizations, at all events the railway system proper needs, not a staggering blow, but the encouragement and backing of those who believe in travelling throughout New England with safety, economy, and convenience.

W. L. SQUIRE.

Wethersfield, Conn., July 31.

CARD CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose most librarians will be inclined to pass over the gentle and undoubtedly clever gibes of Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson anent card catalogues in your issue of July 30 with the remark, "It amuses him and don't hurt us." But in my retirement I feel like coming to the support of my brethren who are bearing the heat and burden of the day in regard to one or two points. The extent of these catalogues and the space taken to house them must always be in proportion to the size of the library and the adequacy of the cataloguing. As to the latter, the zeal of the librarians in furnishing all needed guidance may have o'erleapt itself, but the multiplication of entries to meet various points of view is certainly an amiable fault, and one that should be condoned by a journal given, as is the *Nation*, to observing the fulness and adequacy, or the opposite, of the indexing of books it has occasion to review. And with high ideas of the value of good cataloguing, it is difficult to see why one need object should even 10 per cent. of a library's capacity be devoted to the catalogue, a proportion which, I imagine, has nowhere as yet been reached.

When one considers all the elements that enter into the making and arranging of entries of author, title, and subject for a collection of hundreds of thousands of volumes, it is apparent that complications will arise, destroying all hope of a facile simplicity. The transliteration of Oriental names (Mr. Pearson cites "Tagore") is one of the most difficult *cruces* in the whole matter. All this being so, is it not to the credit of the libraries that they are more and more employing "interpreters to make them clear"; that is, reference librarians to help the inquirer in the use of the catalogue and of bibliographies and other helps?

Unlike Mr. Pearson, who has "no method to suggest whereby they [catalogues] may be kept smaller," I have one, the one I advocated in a letter to the *Nation* a generation ago; a method which has been largely followed in a good many libraries. It is the omission from the catalogue of a great many "analytical" entries, the purpose of which may be better served, through the help of a reference librarian, by bibliographical works and indices now increasingly available.

W. I. FLETCHER,
Librarian Emeritus, Amherst College.

Quaker Hill, Conn., August 11.

CARLYLE'S TRANSLATION OF LEGENDRE'S GEOMETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some of your readers to know that the very rare translation of Legendre's Geometry by Thomas Carlyle mentioned by Sir Leslie Stephen (Ency. Brit., Vol. 5, p. 350) was published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, 1822, under the "editorship" of David Brewster, F.R.S., the name of the "translator" appearing nowhere in the book. We may infer from Sir Leslie Stephen's statements that the translation was made when the youthful and struggling Carlyle had given up teaching and was writing articles for the Edinburgh Cyclopædia, of which Brewster was editor. The copy which I have before me was picked up by the late Prof. G. W. Jones on a visit to Edinburgh over twenty years ago, and was left by him to the Cornell mathematical seminary library. It contains the names of several owners, and the following pencil note by the second-hand bookseller: 'Very rare; translated by Thomas Carlyle; Brewster only 'superintended' the translation." In the editor's preface, it is stated that an "Introduction on Proportion, by the translator, has been prefixed to the work." For clearness and terseness of exposition these eight pages on proportion well merit the praise from Augustus de Morgan quoted by Sir Leslie Stephen.

It is known that Carlyle was a diligent student of mathematics at the University of Edinburgh under Playfair and Leslie, both of whom were distinguished geometers. It is curious that in the article on Sir David Brewster in the Britannica the Introduction and Notes to the English edition of Legendre are attributed to the editor, the facts being that the Introduction is the translator's, and the appended Notes are the original author's. Moreover, in the article on Legendre the translation is attributed to Brewster. The Notes are enriched by a special contribution from Legendre, written for the English edition, containing a reply to certain British writers who had found fault with the logic of his treatment of the theory of parallels. The interest of this vigorous reply is not diminished by the fact that Legendre's ingenious attempt to give an *à priori* proof of Euclid's postulate of parallels has not stood the test of more searching modern logic.

JAMES MCMAHON.

Ithaca, N. Y., August 7

Literature

BABYLONIAN CULTURE UNDER FOREIGN INFLUENCES.

Babylonian Records in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. Part II. By A. T. Clay.

Following close upon the heels of the first comes a second volume by Professor Clay of cuneiform texts from the considerable collection of such material obtained by the late Pierpont Morgan, whose activity as a collector led him into so many and various fields. In this volume, Professor Clay selects fifty-six tablets of a legal character, dating from the latest division of Babylonian history, when the country was in the hands of Greek governors, known as the Scleucids, and their successors, the Arsacids, comprising the period of 312 to 65 B. C. Up to the present comparatively few documents of this period have been published, so that Professor Clay's contribution is of great value in throwing light on social and commercial conditions during the three centuries preceding our era.

To many it will come as a surprise to find the continued existence of Babylonian culture, despite the Persian conquest by Cyrus in 539 B. C. and the Greek conquest by Alexander in 333 B. C. Such, however, was the tenacity of the civilization which had enjoyed a continuous sway for several thousand years that it was able successfully to withstand foreign influences. Not only did the Babylonian language continue to be used, at least officially, despite the fact that from the seventh century on Aramaic had become current among the population; but the religious beliefs and customs maintained their hold on the people, the temples and an elaborate priesthood were kept up, and though no doubt Greeks and Persians introduced some changes in the forms of government, the ancient laws were retained and social conditions were not modified in any essential particulars. The proof of this is furnished by Professor Clay's publication. The texts all come from the ancient city of Uruk or Erech, represented by the Mound Warka, which retains in its name a tradition of the ancient place. Temples and shrines in Uruk are referred to in the documents, and, indeed, with few exceptions, the texts are temple archives, dealing with property that belongs to a temple or with income derived from a temple.

The chief deity of Uruk was the god Anu, and it is, therefore, not accidental that in the thousand names or so occurring in the text, a large percentage contain the names of this deity as an element, while the name of the chief goddess, Nânâ, whose temple, known as E-Anna, "the heavenly house," was one of the oldest as well as one of the most famous shrines of ancient Babylonia, dating back to the earliest period, is also found as an element in several hundred names. The other chief deities of the Babylonian pantheon, Enlil, Ea, Marduk, Sin, Shamash, Nergal, etc., are likewise represented both in proper names and in direct references to their shrines or to offerings made to them. The officials mentioned are those with whom we are familiar from documents of an earlier period, and the legal formulæ are precisely the same as we find them to be centuries earlier.

It is interesting to note, also, as a further proof of the pertinacity of customs in Babylonia, that in the days of the Greek supremacy the temples continued to be business establishments, dealing in estates and slaves. What is more, officials of the temple trafficked in their incomes derived from offerings and sold their rights to render temple services and to receive the income accruing therefrom. No less than nineteen documents, as Professor Clay points out, are concerned with transactions of this nature. In addition to this, however, a large number of other commercial matters are dealt with in the collection, such as lease of houses, deeds of gift, sales of slaves, divisions of estates, deeds of release, exchange of properties, records of debts, and warranty deeds. Of special interest is one of the documents, No. 53, in which a certain Nikanor, son of Demokrates, dedicates a five-year-old slave girl, Arakhuna, to the "divine sanctuary." The formal assurance is given that the dedication gift is unencumbered through any previous disposition of any kind, and that in case this does not turn out to be correct, Nikanor agrees to forfeit one mina of gold for the benefit of the "divine sanctuary." The expression used, *bît ilâni*, which is literally "house of the gods," recalls the Hebrew *beth Elohim*, "house of god," and suggests a designation of a sanctuary due to Hebrew or Aramaic influence, for the plural use of "gods" seems to have acquired the same force of "god" in general, as in the Hebrew phrase, where Elohim is likewise a plural. Professor Clay appears to have overlooked this parallel, which furnishes an explanation of the Babylonian phrase occurring elsewhere in these texts, *e. g.*, No. 34, obverse 2, and No. 45, obverse lines 2, 4, 9, etc.; nor is he quite right in explaining a somewhat similar phrase, *ilâni bîtishunu*, which occurs in a good many of the texts after the enumeration of deities, as "gods of their houses" and as a reference to minor deities not specifically mentioned. It is necessary to take into consideration the word *gabbi*, "all," which is invariably attached to *bîtishunu*, "their houses," so that the whole phrase means "all the houses of the gods," and refers to the sanctuaries of the gods mentioned.

The occurrence of Greek names in the text above referred to leads to a consideration of what is perhaps the most significant feature of the texts, namely, the proof furnished through the many Greek names of predominating Greek influence in Babylonia. Professor Clay, in his Introduction, has collected a list of these Greek names, and it is interesting to note among them such well-known forms as Ariston, Artemidoros, Demetrius, Diodoros, Nikarchos, and Alexander. The transliteration of these foreign names into the syllabic cuneiform writing (which has no vowel) furnishes some interesting features. So it is significant that the famous Alexander appears without the expected ending *os*, being written *A-lik-sa-an-dar*—an indication, therefore, of a popular pronunciation of the name, precisely like the form given to the name in Latin literature. The final ending disappears in some other names, as, *e. g.*, *Ba-as-si-ia*, which is no doubt Pasias, *Di-e-mu-uk-ra-te-e*, *i. e.*, Dêmokrates. On the other hand, we have *An-ti-'u-ku-su* (Antiochos), *Di-du-ur-e-su* (Diodôros), *Ni-ik-ar-ku-u-su* (Nikarchos), where we have even an overhanging vowel beyond the final *s*, though no doubt this overhanging *u* was not actually pronounced. A very happy identification is the somewhat strange form, *Ni-ik-ku-u-la-mu-u-su*, with Nikoleos (*i. e.*, our "Nicholas"), where again we have the overhanging vowel. The *m*, which has also the sound *v*, represents a consonant between *e* and *a* in the Greek name, as in modern Greek *basilevs* for *basileus*. In regard to the puzzling *Is-sa-ru-u-tu-nu* (with a number of variations) which Professor Clay hesitatingly explains as Isorodon (though such a form does not occur among Greek names), the suggestion may be made that it may be due to a metathesis for Issadurunu, which would give us Isidôron.

As a further illustration of the commingling of Babylonians with Greeks that was taking place during the Seleucid period, we have statements in the texts regarding persons who bear two names, a genuine Babylonian one by the side of a Greek one. Sometimes the Greek name is the second one, as in the case of a certain Nânâiddin (signifying "the goddess Nânâ has given"), "whose second name is *Di-me-ti-ri-ia*," *i. e.*, Demetrios; at times we have the reverse, as in the case of *Di-i-pa-tu-u-su* (probably Diopostos), "whose second name is Anu-uballit" ("Anu gives life"). In the former case, we may assume the individual to have been a Babylonian, or at least the son of a Babylonian father, in the latter a Greek, or the son of a Greek father, who had married a Babylonian woman. A curious custom, which appears to have risen from the example of two names in the case of the offspring of mixed marriages, is the occurrence of individuals who bear two Babylonian names, *e. g.*, a certain *Anu-balat-su-ikbi* ("Anu has commanded his life"), "whose second name is Anu-zêr-idden" ("Anu has given offspring").

There are several important historical problems arising from the dates attached to the tablets, which Professor Clay briefly discusses without reaching in all cases satisfactory solutions. The impression made by the Seleucid governors of Babylonia on the country was such that, even after they had been replaced by the Parthian Arsacidæ, the Seleucid era beginning in the year 312 B. C. continued in use. So, *e. g.*, we find a document, No. 52, bearing the double date, "year of 109 Arsak' King, which is the year 173," *i. e.*, the 109th year of the Arsacidian era, beginning 248 B. C., equals the 173d year of the Seleucid era, *i. e.*, 139 B. C. The Jews, likewise adopting the Babylonian custom, con-

tinued to use the Seleucid era in their official calendar many centuries after the end of the Seleucid rule.

To discuss the chronological questions, however, would take us too far afield, just as we cannot for lack of space consider the specimen translations of selected texts given by Professor Clay in regard to which some differences of opinion might be set forth. Needless to add that the translation as a whole betrays the thorough study which the author has given to his subject. There are few living scholars who have published so many legal documents of all periods of Babylonian-Assyrian history as Professor Clay, and the results of his prolonged study of the legal formulæ contained in them are to be seen in his most recent translations. To mention, however, one point, we doubt whether Professor Clay has correctly understood the phrase which he renders "to work the clay," occurring in a text, No. 53. The sign used for "clay" also means *duppu*, "tablet," and the phrase would seem to be the technical one for preparing the clay tablets for the use of the temple. In No. 45, obverse 9, there is an official whose title is expressed in the very same terms, "maker of the clay of the sanctuary of Uruk." Since No. 53 records the gift of a slave girl five years old to the temple, it is hardly conceivable that she was assigned to do this work, as Professor Clay's rendering might lead us to suppose. It would seem rather that the slave-girl is offered in payment of a vow on the part of her master to prepare clay tablets, the vow being indicated in the opening phrases, "for the life of the king, for the life of himself, for the life of the people [*i. e.*, the household], and for the life of his city (?)." The slave-girl is designated as "a maid of *taturru*." Professor Clay renders *taturru* as "possession," which is correct, but it is not clear whether he recognized that the term appears to be the technical designation for a child of a slave "born of the house" (as the Biblical phrase has it), and therefore belonging to the master of the mother-slave.

A word should be said in conclusion of the exquisite autographed copies of the texts. Professor Clay's reputation as an expert copyist of cuneiform texts is so well established that commendation of his work would be superfluous were it not for the fact that in his latest volume he has even surpassed his former accomplishments. It is quite within the proper limits to say that never has an edition of cuneiform texts been published superior to this beautifully clear and regular reproduction of the original tablets.

It is to be hoped that the generous policy of the late Pierpont Morgan in thus making the treasures accumulated by him accessible to scholars will be continued.

CURRENT FICTION.

Telling the Truth: A Novel of Analysis. By William Hewlett. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

The author evidently thinks this book very daring; in fact, it is rather mild in comparison with the high-flavored fiction to which the younger English novelists are accustoming us. The form is autobiographical. A successful novelist is supposed to undertake to tell the whole truth about his own life. From childhood he was, it seems, recalcitrant. He early perceived that his father was a fool, his mother a weakling, and his sister a heartless prig; religion a mockery and social convention an elaborate fraud. He lost no opportunity of conveying his impressions, was cast out of a virtuous home, became a journalist, an actor, and finally a well-rewarded maker of realistic novels. On his way to that comfortable eminence his chief pleasures were confessedly of the senses. He had twenty mistresses, following one infatuation of more note. He then fell seriously in love with a married woman, whose only scruple was lest she should give herself to him without the full sanction of her own heart. She is adored by her husband, but has never really found herself able to respond to him. Finally, the moment comes when she realizes that she does really love our hero, and she at once notifies him and her husband that there must be a change of partners. "She holds, with me," says the complacent novelist, "that only by severing the tie that blnds her to a man she does not love can she regain her self-respect. There will be no marriage, whatever course Sir Ralph may pursue. The sacrament of marriage can profane ltself, but nothing can sully the supreme and holy sacrament of love." We suspect that lt is a very young gentleman who gives utterance to these now almost time-honored sentlments in a key so ingenuously shrill.

The Lights Are Bright. By Louise Kennedy Mabie. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a well-told story of business rivalry, of love, and (rather self-consciously) of the Middle West. It makes frank, but not offensive, use of the machinery of melodrama. There is a beautiful heroine, heiress and owner of a great steel mill. She lives with a malden aunt of the old-school order, who duly serves her purpose by affording comedy relief. The mill has a manager of the stalwart and true type. His name ltself, John Sterling Ames, ls a guarantee of his worth. He is much older than our Theodora, ln love with her, and bound that she shall never, never know. She, adoring him, mistakes his self-command for coldness; hence the usual pretty pickle of romance. The mill has a deadly rival, the Lake City Steel Company. This malign corporation is under the secret control of a multi-millionaire, who is none other than our old acquaintance, the wicked financier. He determines to buy out Theodora, or to put her out of business. But, of course, he does not come to her with a business offer. He prefers sending spies and thieves to steal the books of the mill, and otherwise harass Theodora's John. The chief of these emissaries is another familiar figure, the villain from one of New York's oldest families. His manners, we are assured, are exquisite; unluckily, they do not lend themselves to reproduction in black and white. An elaborate plot removes Theodora from Ames's influence by way of a voyage on the Great Lakes, and places her apparently at the mercy of the wicked financier and the villanous aristocrat, his agent. But here Theodora shows her quality: the lesser villain is confounded, and the greater, by means of a virtuous sort of blackmail on the part of Ames, is forced to give up his designs. This sounds commonplace enough, but the book is better than its plot. Certain of the minor characters have far greater reality than the principals, and the Lake atmosphere, a setting for human action as distinctive as that of coast village, prairie, or bayou, is conveyed with a good deal of force. The title, it may be said, is derived from the call of a lookout on a Lake freighter.

The Trend. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Co.

A young English composer has scoured Europe in vain for a singer fit to create the title rôle of his "wonderful cantata on Giordano Bruno"—the requislte combination of vocal and spiritual gifts is positively not to be found among world-famous tenors—when, strolling at nightfall upon the London streets, he happens upon a ragged youth singing celestially. He accosts the prodigy, and, finding him to be equally angelic in appearance and disposition, and conveniently unhampered by family ties, straightway adopts him and takes him down to Derbyshire, where, amid peaceful country scenes, the education of the fairy child proceeds apace. Bill Solesbee, whom cultural influenees promptly converted into William Soulsby, proves a most edifying combination of humility, docility, and original inspiration. The local clergyman, after being entreated: "Oh, sir! I want words, sir! Please learn them me, and to speak properly, arrange 'em properly," obligingly consents to shepherd thls hungry mind through the dictionary and "Paradise Lost." The composer has no trouble in teaching him to sing the desired rôle to perfection, and although he finds him quite incapable of profiting by any technical instruction ln the art, is compensated for this disappointment by the curious melodies which his protégé's subtle ear detects in woodland sounds. In a few weeks the young genious is ready for fledging, and preparations for the production of the cantata are under way. But the vitality of the phenomenal lad is already on the wane. When his adored benefactor cuts short his protestations of gratitude by the remark that "he would have done the same for any one with such a voice," he imme-

diately begins to pine away. The additional shock of realizing that his idol is infatuated to the point of marriage with an extremely mundane young woman still further weakens his hold on life, and upon the final note of martyr's triumph which concludes the cantata's highly successful *première*, this other-worldly spirit takes its flight. The plot *per se* is much more entertaining than the book, in which the wings of mystical fantasy are made to carry a heavy load of argumentative dialogue. Seldom, even in Johnsonian days, were characters in a book so inveterate in discourse upon abstract themes.

The Woodneys: An American Family. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: The Devin Adair Co.

When we meet the Woodneys, they are on the point of suffering a series of reverses comparable to those that gave the Vicar of Wakefield large opportunity for resorting to the consolations of his philosophy. But they do not quite reach the point of actual distress. A near relative has been provided for just this contingency. Happily divorced, enjoying a generous alimony, she arrives on the scene in good time to checkmate the evident determination of fate to afflict the inoffensive Woodneys with all the troubles that can well be crowded into a few weeks. Her excuse for existence, however, is sadly marred by a sudden turn for the better, brought about by a miscreant who, through the clumsy device of a long and unnatural letter, undoes the part of the evil he has wrought. Nobody, whether a divorced relative or an anonymous thief, seems to be able to do much for Robert Woodney, the son, whose attempt to carve his way in New York is a pitiable failure. The book, although not the first work of its author, is crude. The Woodneys are not alive, nor if they were would they be a typical American family, even of the unrefined and unlucky sort. For the undiscriminatingly sentimental, there will be some pleasure in the reunion of the divorced couple, which, like the rest of the story, is most artificially managed.

Two in the Wilderness. By Stanley Washburn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The exhilarating experiences of a trip by canoe and horseback through the wilds of British Columbia are here combined with a situation of man and maid which has been a favorite with romancers since the days of Arthurian legend. Theirs is, in fact, the story of Gareth and Lynette transplanted to the last American frontier. The defenceless but arrogant damsel who resents finding herself thrown upon the mercy of a chance protector is, of course, the pampered daughter of a wealthy Easterner. The knightly protector who, while meekly suffering under her disdain, still continues to serve her in all chivalry, is, all unknown to her, the self-exiled heir to many millions, who, after seven years in the wilderness, has at last "made his strike," and is even now on his way back to the paternal arms. The author, more expert in treating of trails and woodcraft than in describing the melting of minds to love, has, perforce, reduced the psychological situation to its simplest terms. Under the necessity of protracting the process till the very end of the journey, he keeps his hero endlessly reiterating, "She is far too fine for a rough backwoodsman like me," and rushing off into the forest to hunt fresh meat for her supper, while his heroine's resolve to maintain social distinctions is forever giving way to the recognition that here is a far better specimen of manhood than her New York beau. Manifestly this is no book for the student of erotics; but those who love to follow a rough trail, even vicariously, and can get a pleasurable thrill out of hearing how, by a few strokes of the axe, a spruce tree may be converted into a gigantic umbrella for a rain-drenched maiden, will find it a cheerful story, unvexed by moral perplexities, and as mentally relaxing as those beds of fresh-cut pine boughs upon which, we are told, these two wayfarers reposed soundly.

HUMAN PERSONALITY.

Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00 net.

This book is an attempt to value anew the things that are usually grouped under the term "economic goods" and services and to substitute for the money measure usually applied thereto a standard of "human valuation" expressing "costs" and "utilities" in terms which are directly referable to human personality, both individual and social. In that it lays much more stress upon the "spiritual" side of personality than is customary in discussions of these matters, Mr. Hobson's book should be particularly welcome to the economic student who, whether or not he agree with the conclusions expressed, can hardly fail to be refreshed by the atmosphere in which the subject is immersed. The "average man"—so dear to the average economist—is no friend of Mr. Hobson's, for, as he intimates more than once, to borrow from Mrs. Gamp, there "ain't no sich a person." While it is clear that for a perfect valuation of the "goods and services" of human life there is necessary a *Weltanschauung* with a definite theory as to the end or purpose of life, and while Mr. Hobson definitely renounces at the outset all effort at so complete a "valuation of life," the standard of desirability which he adopts is probably as good as any obtainable after such renunciation. "The best escape from this predicament," he says, "is to start from some generally accepted concept which indicates, even if it does not express fully, the desirable in life. Such a term I take to be 'organic welfare'" (p. 12).

Although this concept (taken, as it is, in a biological sense) may seem to be in danger of overemphasizing the physical at the expense of the spiritual in human activities, Mr. Hobson strives gallantly to avoid this mistake in making his equations of individual cost and utility:

> [The] "organic" point of view avoids two grave errors common to the more mechanical treatment of an economic science which has subordinated man to commercial wealth. It insists upon regarding the productive effort which goes into any work of production and the satisfaction which proceeds from the consumption of any product not as a separate cost and a separate utility, but in their total bearing upon the life of the producer or consumer. . . . Nor is this all. Current economic science has not only treated each cost and each utility as a separate item or unit of economic power, it has treated each man as two men, producer and consumer. . . . The standpoint of organic welfare reduces to its natural limits this useful distinction of producer and consumer, and enables us to trace the true interactions of the two processes. In a word it obliges us to value every act of production or consumption with regard to its aggregate effect upon the life and character of the agent (pp. 13-14).

These contentions seem to be justifiable. But a "social interpretation" must also be achieved, and this is attempted by Mr. Hobson in the later portion of his book. He carries the same "organic" concept into his interpretation of the needs of human society, which he regards as a true "organism" in a strict biological sense, adopting the analogy of a body and its component cells. There are three possible views of human society: the extreme individualistic view, which considers society as purely "a means or instrument for achieving the ends of personality"; the extreme "social" view, which considers the individual existence as quite subordinate to that of society, and the middle view, which slights neither the individual nor the "social" group. From the "individualistic" point of view, society, if an "organism" at all, is of extremely low organic structure; the more nearly the biological analogy holds, the higher must be the organization and the more subordinate the individual component cells to the structure as a whole. Mr. Hobson is aware of the importance of human personality. He admits that the biological analogy is not perfect. Nevertheless, society must, he says, "be conceived, not as a set of social relations, but as a collective organism, with life, will, purpose, meaning of its own, as distinguished from the life, will, purpose, meaning of the individual members of it." Consequently, it becomes of great importance to consider economic processes, "not only in their bearing upon individual lives, but in their bearing upon the welfare of society." He continues:

> Indeed it is difficult to see how any reasonable person can confront the grave practical problems presented by the industrial societies of to-day, such as those contained in individual, class, sex, national differentiation of economic functions, without realizing that the hypothesis of humanity as itself a collective organism can alone furnish any hope of their rational solution. . . . Human welfare will be not merely the welfare of human beings

taken as an aggregate, but of society regarded as an organic unity (p. 17).

Mr. Hobson, despite his appreciation of individual personality—one would almost infer from what he says in more places than one that his psychology contemplates at least a possibility that there is such a thing as the human soul!—definitely leans to the notion that on the whole the "social soul" is more important. It is to the reconstruction of human society in such a way that true "social values" shall be set up as a standard, and that mankind in general shall in the light of these "values" pursue and achieve true "social" ends, that he wishes to summon and direct human effort. The problem is to reconcile and harmonize "individual" wills to the "social will" and to find "individual motives" in "social service." Mr. Hobson's ideal "commonwealth" in its main features greatly resembles the "coöperative commonwealth" of the intelligent Socialist:

> We have sketched a growing order, harmony, and unity of industrial life, concerned with the regular supply of economic needs for mankind. Were such an order effectively achieved in accordance with the rational and equitable application of our human law of distribution (and the law as Mr. Hobson sees it is practically that of the classic Socialists: "to each according to his needs"), the economy of industrial processes would be accompanied by a corresponding economy of thought and emotion among the human beings engaged in this common coöperation. This social economy demands, as we have seen, the substitution of social welfare for private profit as the directing motive throughout industry. But it does not imply a completely socialistic system in which each productive process is under the direct and exclusive control of society (p. 290).

How is the harmony between individual wills and the "social will" to be brought about? It is in the attempt to answer this question that Mr. Hobson is least satisfying. His theory is that we must rely upon the biological analogy for our solution. The social organism has its own collective instincts. Being an organism which is at best somewhat low in the biologic scale (p. 358), society is mainly governed by instinct; man, on the other hand, has gradually developed his instincts into what is called reason—for Mr. Hobson apparently recognizes no clearly dividing line between the two. We are to suppose that society's "instincts" are to become more clearly and "rationally" expressed and the "collective will" more clearly apprehensible by and convincing to the individual "reason," and thus in one time both will work in harmony to the desired end. Mr. Hobson rightly points out that "democracy" justifies itself on this theory of the biological analogy; only upon such a theory can a rational faith in democracy as the term is nowadays used be securely based (p. 351).

This is all very logical, but, one must admit, not very convincing. Mr. Hobson does not as boldly face the root-difficulty of "human nature" as does Mr. Wells in that passage towards the close of "New Worlds for Old," where, admitting that "Socialism" is "against human nature," he describes human nature as the "Ishmael of the universe." Was this, perhaps, recognition by him of "original sin" and its consequences? There is a huge difficulty inherent in the concept of rational, self-conscious, reflective personalities as cells in an evolving organism—this is really Mr. Hobson's basic assumption—and it is this difficulty which renders in large measure ineffective the concluding chapters of his book. Nevertheless, one should be grateful to him for his insistence on the rights and needs of human personality and for the high plane upon which he has placed the discussion of a subject only too often treated on purely materialistic lines.

THE RECORD OF AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

Memories of Two Wars. By Brig.-Gen. Frederick Funston, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

To those who revel in adventures and bloodshed, Gen. Funston's reminiscences will make a great appeal. A Marryat, a Cooper, a Lever might have envied the General the wealth of adventure upon which he can draw. None of their heroes, surely, ever faced death more frequently or more nonchalantly. His has been a charmed life, yet only a part of the experiences of this modern O'Malley are herein set forth. This is the story of his drifting into the army of Cuban liberation in 1896 as an adventurous son of Kansas, without prestige, or social or political influence, and of his becoming within a few months, on his merits, chief of artillery of the Cuban army, followed by his extraordinary rise in three years from colonel of a raw Kansas regiment to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army of the United States at the age of thirty-six. Where else than in America could so romantic a career and so sudden an elevation be possible?

Let it be said at once that the General has told his often thrilling story in an admirably direct and simple style that recalls pleasantly the remarkable memoirs of our great soldiers of the Civil War—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Whereas they dealt with great campaigns and vast battalions, Gen. Funston tells chiefly of regiments and individuals. That extraordinary adaptability, and the mental keenness and courage of the average American, which made him so fine a soldier in 1861-65, are shown here to have existed in the same notable degree among our volunteers in the Philippines in 1898-1901. But no sound mind of genuine humanity can put this volume down without a shudder at the slaughtering of human beings recorded. Gen. Funston tries to be fair to his enemies, and pays a handsome tribute to his comrades of the Cuban army who were so greatly misunderstood in 1898. But the callousness of the professional man-killer is evident, none the less, in his book, side by side with a vivid note of pain when the bullet pierces the brain, not of his enemy, but of his friend. What a difference there is in the point of view!

Here is proof enough, too, that all is still fair in war. The adventure of Aguinaldo, as told in this volume, shows clearly the extraordinary fertility of deception, the amazing imagination for planning, the remarkable endurance and readiness to risk a spy's death of Aguinaldo's captor. This exploit will be judged according to the moral standards of each of his readers. Heaven knows, when war is ever the "sum of all villanies," he who would especially cavil at Funston's methods on this quest of the Filipino leader must be hard pressed indeed. On the whole, the reader of this gory book lays it down with a better opinion of the narrator than he held before. Extraordinary as it may seem that a man untrained in war should have been promoted over the heads of a couple of thousand of trained soldiers—it is said that this never would have happened if Gen. Wheaton's dispatch recommending Funston for a regular brigadier-general had not been inadvertently given out at the War Department—it is clear that out of the adventurous boy who roamed Alaska and joined the Cuban army merely for the sake of adventure, has grown a man of force and power in his chosen profession, a genuine leader of men, simple and without boastfulness or immodesty over his extraordinarily successful career.

Notes

"The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland, is announced for publication in the autumn by Rand, McNally & Company.

Henry Holt & Company announce for autumn publication a translation of Selma Lagerlöf's "Christ Legends," by Velma Swanston Howard.

The Macmillan Company will publish shortly "The King of the Dark Chamber," by Rabindranath Tagore.

The Century Company announces the publication next month of "Little Eve Edgarton," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

The following books are promised for publication in the autumn by the John C. Winston Company, of Philadelphia: "The Bend of the River," by Max Adeler; "The Quitter," by Jacob Fisher; "The Mary Frances Housekeeper," by Jane Eayre Fryer; "Sylvia's Marriage," by Upton Sinclair; "Myths and Legends," by Logan Marshall.

The University of Chicago Press announces as forthcoming: "Water Reptiles of the Past and Present," by Samuel Wendell Williston; "The Evolution of Early Christianity," by Shirley Jackson Case; "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates," by Horace White (Publications of the Chicago Historical Society); "The Origin and Teachings of the New Testament," by Ernest D. Burton and Fred

Merrifield; "William James and Henri Bergson," by Horace M. Kallen; "Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America," Vol. VIII, edited by A. C. von Noé; "An Historical Examination of Some Non-Markan Elements in Luke," by Ernest William Parsons (Vol II, Part 6, Second Series, Historical and Linguistic Studies); "Sunday-School Buildings and Equipment," by Herbert F. Evans; "A Graded Social Service for the Sunday School," by William N. Hitchins; "The Problems of Boyhood," by Franklin W. Johnson. To the University of Chicago Science series will be added: "The Evolution of Sex in Plants," by John Merle Coulter; "The Origin of the Earth," by Thomas C. Chamberlin; "The Isolation and Measurement of the Electron," by Robert A. Millikan.

The following titles are included in Frederick A. Stokes's September list of announcements of juvenile books: "The Boys' Motley," by H. W. Banks; "The Beard Animals," by A. B. Beard; "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," by Batten Beard; "A Nursery Book of Science," by Ainsworth Davies; "The Human Side of Plants," by R. Dixon; "Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles," by W. A. DuPuy; "The Buccaneers of America," by John Esquemeling; "Margaret's Book," by Fielding H. Hall; "Boy's Book of Astronomy," by Ellison Hawkes; "How to Enjoy Pictures," by Ruth Head; "The Kewpies and Dotty Darling," by Rose C. O'Neill; "The Kind Adventure," by Stella G. S. Perry.

For the third volume of his "History of European Diplomacy" (Longmans; $6 net) David Jayne Hill has chosen the appropriate sub-title "The Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism." In it he traces the main outlines of European diplomatic history from the ascendency of France in 1648 to the diplomatic bankruptcy of France after her loss of Canada and India and her failure to prevent the partitions of Poland and Turkey in 1772-74. It is decidedly a better volume than its two predecessors. Doubtless, the diplomatist of today warms more quickly to his subject in this later period, inasmuch as the territorial settlements and the diplomatic usages which were adopted in the long negotiations preliminary to the Peace of Westphalia are virtually the essential starting point for the modern diplomatist. In the century and a quarter following the Peace of Westphalia, the typical and the usually successful government was that in which absolute power was concentrated in the hands of a single powerful monarch or minister. By centring the attention, therefore, upon a few great diplomatists —Mazarin and Louis XIV, John DeWitt and William III, Dubois and Alberoni, Walpole and Pitt, Catherine II and Frederick II—Dr. Hill is able to tread a fairly easy path across the tangled maze of diplomatic endeavor of many lesser men. He thereby secures a unity and continuity which would have been impossible had he tried to take up the aims of all the rival nations. He wisely sacrifices completeness to clearness. In his selection of topics to be considered his judgment is broad and catholic. His style is simple and direct, and is enlivened by apt quotations from others and by happy phrases of his own. On the other hand, his authorities are often a little dusty. Over such an immense field he has not always been able to note fine points which have been established by recent scholars: Admiral Van Tromp, for instance (p. 10), sails down the Channel again with the apocryphal broom at the masthead. Being frankly based mainly on the secondary accounts of others, his work makes no original contribution to knowledge, except in so far as his synthesis shows the relation between absolutism and diplomacy. There are helpful bibliographies at the close of each chapter, but it is surprising that a recent ambassador to Berlin should think (p. 534) that Frederick the Great's "Œuvres" are included in his "Politische Korrespondenz." However, new American diplomatists are not likely to pack in their travelling bags a more satisfactory one-volume history of a period which it will do them no harm to know than is contained in Dr. Hill's thoughtful volume.

"My Days of Adventure," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly (London: Chatto & Windus; 7s. 6d. net), comprises the entertaining reminiscences of a young English war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War. The author was connected, as he states repeatedly, with a family of famous war correspondents, and consequently knew many interesting people by sight and even by acquaintance. He was only in his teens when the war broke out in 1870, but he had once been noticed by Napoleon III when helping secure some copy for the *Illustrated London News*. He stayed in Paris during the summer, heard on the boulevards of the terrible French defeats, was swept into the Palais Bourbon by the republican mob, which insisted on the downfall of the Second Empire, and experienced fifty days of the siege. He was fortunate in having a shrewd concierge, Saby, who provided tolerable food even during the scarcity; among other things Saby had had the wit, before the Germans closed in, to acquire some rabbits which multiplied with their usual fecundity, in spite of the Germans; so that he was soon able to sell *lapins* to Rothschild at ten dollars apiece. The account of Paris besieged, with many anecdotes, is the best part of the book. In November, thanks to the intervention of Mr. Washburne, the United States Minister, the author was allowed, with a band of other foreigners, to depart from the famishing city. He then followed the armies north of the Loire, and sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the first published English account of the hard fighting at Le Mans, of which he had been an eye-witness. The author's egoism palls somewhat, yet it is doubtless the unimportant details of how much cheese he ate, how cold he felt, and what he said to his father that make his rambling narrative readable.

John Addington Symonds was by no means a great writer, but he was an extraordinarily stimulating spirit. Whether in Greece, Italy, or Elizabethan England, he had the gift of making the past seem vivid, related to our own emotions, and important. Those who, like the reviewer, owe much to him, will admit with some reluctance the reservations made by Van Wyck Brooks in "John Addington Symonds: A Biographical Study" (Kennerley). Yet Mr. Brooks's estimate seems both just and sympathetic. Symonds was fundamentally a derelict æsthete, who sought escape from self in popularization, who ultimately achieved conviction in the task, and who entertained rather despairingly the hope that an accidental immortality might result from a single hit. This somewhat sporting attitude towards literature was largely a personal deduction from Whitman's philosophy of life. The wholesome influence of Whitman on the morbid Symonds is one of the curiosities of literature. It will never be thoroughly understood until some one deals frankly with Symonds's underlying vice. Since the matter is more than hinted at in the official memoir and avowed in semi-private publications, the present biographer seems to us unduly reticent or strangely ill-informed. Unquestionably, it was the ambiguity of Whitman's doctrine of male love that first attracted his British admirer. That such a curiosity should have been a stage towards a kind of moral conversion is surely worth noting. At Davos, in his long fight against consumption, Symonds attained a fairly patriarchal standing. His life there was so normal and serviceable that one must most regret the hectic enthusiasm that drove him to constant overproduction as a refuge from himself. Thus his writing assumes the air of an accomplishment, and his enthusiasm takes on the somewhat perfunctory vim with which one enters upon a favorite game. This produced the paradox that so copious and eager a writer is at his best, not in original production, but in translation. We agree with Mr. Brooks that the version of Benvenuto Cellini is likely to outlast the rest.

Mr. Brooks's essay is an excellent bit of criticism, written with sympathy, discrimination, and distinction. We quote his statement of the fundamental weakness of the gifted author of the "Renaissance":

> True literature strikes a middle term, where self and theme coalesce. In poems, essays, subjective work, theme is harmoniously submerged in personality, just as in really great histories and biographies personality is harmoniously submerged in theme. Symonds, not in his biographies, not in his *magnum opus*, reaches this point; certainly not in his poems and essays. He is not quite the true historian, the true biographer, who finds satisfaction in a just view of objects. In all his pseudo-objective books the history of the man or the epoch is, one feels, continually being utilized, restlessly, half-consciously, in place of strictly creative work, to test the point of view of its author. As a corollary, in his subjective work, his poems, his personal essays, one feels that the author is trying to get away from himself, to submerge himself in objects. He cannot find himself, because he cannot lose himself. Hence, this morbid shyness—getting himself by a kind of blunder into the foreground of his objective themes and on the other hand failing to subdue objects to himself: neither the literature of knowledge nor yet the literature of power, but always a fatal mixture of both.

The opinion seems to us eminently just, yet precisely this way of mixing himself rather indiscreetly in his works of scholarship gave them an uncommon warmth. They struck fire from impressionable young people, as few similar books have ever done. To have approached the Greek poets and the Renaissance under his somewhat fitful guidance may still seem a privilege, even when riper years shall have revealed a flickering brilliance in what once seemed a steady blaze.

Prof. Martha Hale Shackford adds one more to the lengthening list of mediæval texts in modern dress. The title, "Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature" (Ginn; $1.25), is not to be strictly interpreted, for the volume contains, in addition to legends like the "Purgatory of St. Patrick" and the "Life of St. Margaret," and to satires like the "Land of

Cockaygne" (somewhat abridged), such various matters as the "Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora," a twelfth-century debate, in the Elizabethan translation of Chapman; extracts from the "Bestiary" and the "Lapidaries"; and the romance of "Sir Orfeo" in its Middle English form. There is sufficient variety of matter and of manner to extend to the reader an agreeable invitation to explore further in the byways of mediæval literature, among which the notes point the way.

"Nantucket: A History," by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow (Putnam's; $2.50 net), is written, as the author explains, because "no systematic record of Nantucket has appeared since 1835, when Obed Macy's 'History' was published." Meantime, however, many books, historical, biographical, genealogical, and geographical, have been printed dealing in detail with various phases of the island's past, and to these the author-compiler acknowledges his debt, making his selections cover a wide range of time and events. Certain Nantucket experts also have contributed chapters covering their special fields, and the author has painstakingly made a chronological record of all the important events on the island during the latter half of the nineteenth century. When we read that "the names of more than twelve thousand descendants of Tristam Coffin can be traced. The ramifications of the family extend to England, to all the British dominions, and to every State of the Union," we begin to feel that there is a very large public to whom a new history of Nantucket will appeal. Special mention should be made of the chapter on Eminent Nantucketers. The reader may smile over the author's rhetorical flight in his introductory paragraphs; but to one who knows and loves the island this will appear no mere spread of flowery phrases. To him it is a sacred truth that "this freedom-hallowed spot has sent its natives to work in the cause of human progress, to achieve national distinction and reputation, and to reflect unsullied honor upon the place of their nativity."

A number of new volumes have recently been added to the series of Outing Handbooks, published by the Outing Company (70 cents net each). Of course, none other than Charles Frederick Holder, of Tuna Club fame, could be the author of the volume on "Salt Water Game Fishing." It is a very pardonable pride that leads him to mention in four or five different chapters the latest fruit of the Tuna Club's sowing in the passage through the Californian Legislature of an act protecting the spawning beds along Santa Catalina Island from the ravages of market fishermen. His chapters are spiced, naturally, with many references to his own and other exciting adventures in sea angling, a sport which in its higher development owes more to him than to any other one man who has ever lived. The subject of "Iceboating" is presented by Archibald Rogers, H. Percy Ashley, and Dr. William M. Stanbrough, under the editorship of Herbert L. Stone, editor of *Yachting*. The instructions given cover both building and sailing. The volume on "The Canoe," by Robert E. Pinkerton, after considering more narrowly matters of selection, care, and handling, branches out into a number of chapters on the general requirements of a canoe outing trip, such as tents, clothing, bedding, cooking outfit, and camp-making. A volume on "Tennis Tactics" is from the pen of Raymond D. Little, winner of the doubles championship in 1911. Mr. Little puts his emphasis on generalship and strategy, as the features of the game about which least has heretofore been written. The subject of "Taxidermy" is handled by Leon L. Pray, a practical taxidermist. After a very brief chapter on tools and materials, Mr. Pray takes up in order the mounting of the small bird, the small mammal, the game fishes and reptiles, the Virginia deer head, and the coyote, illustrating his directions with a number of diagrams in each case. For the one obvious criticism of the book one may go to Horace: *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*

"The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts (Stokes, illustrated; $5 net), is a large and well-printed quarto which develops a theory of exercise. Mrs. Watts's system grew out of the endeavor to analyze and imitate the poses of certain Greek statues, notably the Discobolus and the archer of the Ægina pediment. Her experiments convinced her that Greek training consisted in perfect control of the tense body, the position of head and torso remaining virtually unchanged in the most active movements, the work being thrown upon the balancing limbs. From these imitative studies she draws a series of exercises involving utmost accuracy of execution, tension throughout the movement, exquisite balance. Characteristic of the system is mounting a high block without bending the head and back. The feat seems to be a correct analysis of a famous marble of a charioteer. Some dozen movements, many of which are of a dance-like order, are fully described and illustrated by photographs and cinema series. By doing the exercises in a dark room with electric lights attached to her feet and the camera vertically above, Mrs. Watts obtained very interesting plans of her exercises. These came out in beautiful and regular curves, which the authoress regards as a demonstration of the correctness of the scheme. It may be said at once that the exercises are beautiful and extremely difficult. That they will do good to any sound person practicing them, Mrs. Watts, beginning after forty, proved in her own case. One must regret the too-ambitious title of what is in most respects a good book. The principle of tense balance is perfectly familiar to any fine dancer or figure-skater. The patterns of figure-skating much resemble Mrs. Watts's geometrical plates; in fact, her exercises, with due allowances, are often very like the skater's. As for the theory that a perfectly trained body is "tuned" to respond to the "cosmic forces," the history even of Greek athleticism hardly warrants such a belief. Unless the cosmic forces are purely physical or, as Mrs. Watts intimates, an indistinguishable blend of the mental and physical, those who have been in nearest touch with the world forces have not been trained athletes, but often aged or even invalid persons. Still the mysticism in this book may be taken or left, according to the reader's mood. An enthusiast for physical culture will find much to interest him in the system, and the archæologist will find hints of a very sensible method of interpreting the difficult postures represented by the ancient sculptors.

"Theological Symbolics," a posthumous volume by Prof. Charles A. Briggs (Scribner; $2.50 net), is a study of the official Christian creeds in the interest of church unity. The division of the subject indicates the author's practical purpose and point of view. Part I treats of Fundamental Symbolics, the classic ecumenical creeds officially accepted by all the larger bodies of Christendom. Part II is entitled Particular Symbolics, in which Professor Briggs analyzes and interprets the conflicting symbols which arose in the Protestant Reformation and subsequent divisions. In Part III, Comparative Symbolics, an effort is made to determine the consensus of doctrine in the symbols of the separated churches and to prove that adjustment and agreement is possible. Professor Briggs urges that a sufficient platform for reunion is found in the ecumenical creeds, in which the three great divisions of Christendom actually agree. He pleads for a supreme jurisdiction, under which "the subordinate jurisdictions representing each of the three divisions, and the particular jurisdictions into which each of these are or may be divided, may still retain their particular symbols and particular institutions without any interference whatever on the part of the higher jurisdiction." The example of the United States and the separate American commonwealths is cited. The desire to promote unity led Professor Briggs to minimize differences and to lay undue stress upon creedal statements in which various branches of Christendom appear to be in harmony, as well as to neglect many important differences in principle and point of view which have never found expression in official symbols. Modernism, both Catholic and Protestant, is something Professor Briggs did not at all understand, and since the real problem of Christian unity is the reconciliation of ancient and modern faith, there is a pathetic aspect of this scholarly and conscientious endeavor to promote harmony by harmonizing outgrown and discarded symbols. The student of the creeds will still need other manuals for reference to the exact language of the symbols, but will find in the present work valuable bibliographical material. As was evident in an earlier work of Prof. Briggs on the Apostles' Creed, he was unable to conceive a symbol as the outgrowth of the religious life and problems of a particular age.

The last issued double section of the Oxford English Dictionary goes from "shastra" to "shyster" and completes Volume VIII of that work, leaving parts of Volumes IX and X to be finished. These two volumes will be issued by Sir James Murray and his coadjutors, probably in 1917, the year of Sir James's eightieth birthday, as predicted by him last year. He published the first section, "A—Ant," in 1884, and it is to be hoped that he will live to see the noble work completed. Dr. Henry Bradley, of Oxford University, is the editor of the present section, and in his prefatory note says that the number of words recorded is 3,670, as against 1,525 in the Century Dictionary. This discrepancy is not nearly so great as it appears to be, because so many two-word compounds of practically self-evident meaning are included in the Oxford work. He also notes that this section is peculiar in that it records no words, except a very few phonetically abnormal ones, from Greek, Latin, French, or Old Norse, the initial of the words being the digraph *sh*. He might well have compared it with the group of words, occupy-

ing nearly two hundred pages, beginning with the digraph *ch*, where are found not merely words of Greek origin, the digraph being a purely Greek borrowing, but all sorts of other words, the digraph having become well Anglicized.

The section is marked by the absence of conspicuous finds in the mistakes of other books, but exhibits the immense superiority in citations and consequent sense-development of words having a really literary history that distinguishes this work from any other dictionary ever published. Some of the notable terms are *shed, sheen, shine, shirk, shoot,* etc. This class of words, with their citations, discloses an admirable, almost Biblical, accuracy of typography and great acumen and care in comparison; but an examination of the section discloses a lamentable lack of care in the treatment of a class of words of more technical or superficial importance. It is unfortunate that these words were not either omitted or else treated with such care as to make the dictionary a work of final authority. Related words should have been compared to see that they agreed and the other works of reference, which appear to have been used irregularly or ignored altogether, should have been used systematically. For example, the earliest and only citation given for *shuck* in the sense of "the shell of an oyster or clam," is: "1881 Ingersoll *Oyster Industry*"; but Bartlett noted the use of the term in this sense in 1859, and this Bartlett is cited under *shindig*, and elsewhere. *Shindig* is a common enough word in the United States, but no American citation except from dictionaries is given. The word is slang, but is marked only "U. S."; yet *shebang* and *shyster* are properly marked "U. S. slang." When correct information as to American usage is to be had for the asking, it would be better to give it. The interesting etymology for *shyster* given in the New International Dictionary as being: "E. dial., from Ir. *siostair* barrator," is ignored. The citations under *shirred* are enough to warn the editor that the definition under *shirr*, "To poach (eggs) in cream instead of water," is inaccurate. This is quoted from an American dictionary, but should have been cited and a correct definition given. Many cook books afford one.

Prof. Joseph Schick, whose pursuit of the Hamlet story led him into a veritable Shinar of Coptic, Kurdish, and the like, now appears in the current "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft" (Berlin: Georg Reimer), with a version of this tale in Chinese. The hero, who, like Hamlet in Saxo's telling of the story, though the bearer of a letter intended to bring him to his death, luckily wins fortune and a bride instead, is in this case no less a person than the Buddha himself. The present text, probably ultimately of Sanskrit origin, comes from the middle of the third century of our era. The original is collated with all the affectionate enthusiasm which marks the author's "Corpus Hamleticium." This issue of the "Jahrbuch" of the Society, now in its fiftieth year, contains, among others, essays on "Shakespeare und die Impresa-Kunst," "Shakespeare und Haydn," "Shakespeare und das Burgtheater," besides the usual summaries of recent publications in this and related fields.

Science

LEGENDS OF THE SUN.

Sun Lore of All Ages. By W. T. Olcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

What more natural than that primitive man should speculate on the great problem of the origin and creation of the visible universe, the sun and moon in especial? His myths relate how that orb, without separate existence before the birth of the world itself, was built and set going by the god of light. In yet other legends the sun either sprang into being as the sacrifice of the life of a god or hero, or was rescued from a dungeon or cave by a champion. Perhaps the solar myths of the North American Indian are the most interesting of all, because of their variety and ingenuity. While the various tribes agree that the world was dark before the sun was made, the majority of them had each its individual tradition as to how the sun actually came into existence. The great tribes of the Northwest believed that the raven, their supreme deity, one day hit upon the sun quite accidentally and, realizing its probable value to man, beast, and plant alike, set it in the heavens where it has ever since remained; the Yuma tradition was that the great god Tuchaipa created first the world, then the moon, the light of which proving insufficient, he provided in the sun everything requisite for man's need. Especially interesting is a legend related in full by Jeremiah Curtin in his "Creation Myths of Primitive America," a purely imaginative product ranking high with the best examples of Grecian and even Egyptian mythology, and among the Yana Indians of California there is a somewhat similar myth; the Cherokee myth reveals the sun as arbiter of man's fate; a Ute myth tells how the sun had to be conquered and rendered subject to the will of man before it would perform its daily task in a regular and orderly way; the Apache myth, while agreeing with most of the other Indian myths as to traditional darkness on earth, due to the belief that in the beginning the only light in the world emanated from the huge eagle feathers that people carried about with them, relates how a council of the tribe was convened to devise a better system of lighting: result, a great experimental disc painted bright yellow and with its more successful successors placed up in the sky one after the other, goodness knows how. The Kootenay myth creates the sun out of a ball of grease, through the instrumentality of the Coyote or Chicken Hawk; and the Cherokee myth was more elaborate and even implies that the legend of the Deluge was not unknown. We must pass over the Yokuts and Mewans and Pomos and Wyandots to touch upon the novel Navajo legend of the creation of sun, moon, and stars, which reveals the widest imaginative range of primitive man. Mr. Olcott, in order to accentuate the quaint imagery of these myths, has followed their original language quite closely; and he shows conclusively that the Indian was ever a poet, the study of whose tribal legends reveals a charming beauty of expression.

Myths of the solar creation are added from the mythology of Japan, Norseland, the Eskimo, the Peruvians, and the Manicacas of Brazil, the Mexicans, and the bushmen of South Africa; the Maori, the Tongas, and the Dyaks; and the salient feature of most of them is their agreement that life existed on this very insufficiently illumined sphere ages before sun and moon were created and stationed in the heavens.

Then follows a most interesting chapter embodying the views of the ancients as to what sun and moon really were; in the early history of all peoples these bodies were deferentially regarded as human beings, connected with the daily life of humanity, influencing mysteriously man's existence and controlling his destiny, whether as ancestors, heroes, or benefactors transported to the heavens after a life of usefulness here on earth. This supposed influence was largely parental, the first objects of idolatrous worship in the history of humanity being the Great Father (solar) and the Great Mother (lunar). Although naturally distinguished as to sex, the sex assigned to these bodies is sometimes interchanged, as in Australia the sun was a woman, the moon a man. In Peru the moon was mother and both sister and wife of the sun, like Osiris and Isis in Egypt. The Eskimo makes the moon the younger brother of a female sun, the early Malays regard both as women, a tribe of South American Indians makes the moon a man and the sun his wife, while Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" tells us that the Ottawa Indians, in their story of Iosco, picture the moon and sun as brother and sister. As a whole, in North American myths the sun and moon are more frequently brother and sister than man and wife, whereas in Central and South America, and, in particular, in Mexico and Peru, sun and moon were man and wife, and often called grandfather and grandmother.

This confusion of sex, Mr. Olcott remarks, may have arisen from the fact that the day, mild and friendly, would naturally be ruled by a feminine sun, while the chill night would have its counterpart in stern man. In equatorial and sub-tropical regions, on the contrary, the burning and forbidding day-time sun is a man, while the mild and pleasant night is due to a womanly moon, climatic condition alone being responsible for the confusion. So in the Romance languages generally, following the Latin, sun is masculine and moon feminine, whereas in German the gender of these bodies is reversed, and in the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria the sun is still spoken of as Frau Sonne and the moon is called Herr Mond.

From the legend of sun and moon as husband and wife sprang many myths, chief among them the old Persian belief that

the stars are their offspring. Of course, the mythologic sun and moon no more lived happily together than man and wife do now; and the legends of their disputes and marital troubles are many, and it is most interesting to find among the bushmen, almost the lowest tribe of South Africa, the same mythology and celestial lore as among Eskimos, Australians, Egyptians, and Greeks. The culminating chapters of the volume relate to sun worship through all ages and in every clime; and these are followed by the wonderful sun-catcher myths, or legends that relate the fancied snaring of the sun, or retardation in its daily course, from Joshua to Weeseke-jak. Then come solar festivals, a remarkable chapter, and solar omens, traditions, and superstitions. "In short," says Mr. Olcott, "sun worship, symbolically speaking, lies at the very heart of the great festivals which the Christian Church celebrates to-day, and these relics of heathen religion have, through the medium of their sacred rites, curiously enough blended with practices and beliefs utterly antagonistic to the spirit that prompted them" (p. 248).

Following is a chapter on the solar significance of burial customs and the orientation of tomb and temple, for nowhere in the study of ancient rites and customs is the sun's influence on human affairs in greater evidence than in ceremonials attending the burial of the dead. Orientation played an important part in the rite of baptism as well as in many games and customs in vogue to-day: in the ring games of children, for instance, are obvious survivals of ancient sun-worship.

To many readers the last chapter, but one, on emblematic and symbolic forms of the sun, will be the most interesting of all, because these solar symbols enter largely into designs that embellish works of art whether ancient or modern; and as symbolism and worship are closely related, it is most instructive to trace these emblems and symbols to their sources through a study of ecclesiastic architecture, and the structural and artistic adornment of edifices dedicated to worship in very land. There are few modern edifices of the Christian Church but reveal the curious fact and bald incongruity of the combination of pagan symbols of worship with anti-pagan ritual. The symbolism of free masonry is briefly touched upon; in fact, the entire chapter, as well as in some sense the whole book, may be regarded as opening a rich field for further investigation, most fascinating, not only to the scholar, but to the antiquarian.

Whether the author has added anything to the worth of this exceptional book by a supplementary chapter on the Sun as Revealed by Science may be doubted. The work is well-nigh perfect without it, and must take instant place among the really significant books of the year. It is well made, handsomely printed, and fully illustrated, and contains a brief bibliography and fairly ample index.

Drama and Music

A FRENCH VIEW OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare et la Superstition Shakespearienne. By Georges Pellissier. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

It is always profitable to hear the other side in every case, and so this book may have its uses, although the sentence of unmitigated severity which the author passes upon the great poet is not likely to win the approval of many readers—at least, outside of France. M. Pellissier has at any rate the courage of his convictions, as will appear from the following paragraph of his introduction, in which he states the main theses of his book:

Ayons le courage de le dire, ce "dieu du théâtre" est un très mauvais dramatiste. Nous montrerons qu'il taille ses pièces à coups de hache, que l'invention lui manque, que son pathétique relève en général du mélodrame et son comique de la farce, qu'il n'observe le plus souvent ni la vérité matérielle, ni la vérité morale, qu'il ne sait pas composer un personnage, qu'il substitue des effets de scène ou des déclamations ampoulées à l'analyse psychologique, qu'il prend enfin la place de ses acteurs pour parler lui-même par leur bouche.

When we come to look into the execution of this formidable programme, we discover that at bottom the author is merely reviving the old quarrel between the classical, or rather neo-classical, and the romantic drama. Do you prefer the methods of Corneille and Racine, or do you prefer those of Shakespeare and the rest of the romantic school? This is, essentially, what it all comes to. Indeed, we do not believe that even in specific criticisms much that is new will be found in this volume. On the other hand, the writer has massed such criticisms in a way that no one else has hitherto undertaken. Herein lies whatever value the book may possess.

To illustrate the general spirit of the author's work, we may cite his objection to Shakespeare's free handling of time, whereby the events which fall within a single act are sometimes of such a nature as to require us to assume the lapse of hours or even days. We might remind M. Pellissier that Æschylus, in the "Agamemnon," and Sophocles, in the "Œdipus at Colonus," have been guilty of the same offence without impairing their fame, but what is the use of hauling out of the limbo of forgotten pedantries such objections as these? The same thing applies, for the most part, to his remarks on Shakespeare's frequent changes of scene—only here he might still further have taken into account the condition of the Elizabethan stage, on which, of course, there were no such shiftings of elaborate scenery as are necessary in the modern presentation of plays.

Another stumbling-block to our author is the loose structure which characterizes Shakespeare's plots, as those of the Elizabethan dramatists generally. As every one knows, these writers, in dramatizing the chronicles, novels, etc., that lay before them, did not aim at giving to their materials a rigid dramatic structure. They regarded abundance and diversity of incident as among the chief sources of interest in the drama as well as in prose fiction, and with this principle in mind they even went so far as to combine very often in their plots stories that were originally separate. The chronicle-plays furnish the best illustration of the procedure just indicated, but the same thing is observable, more or less, throughout the Elizabethan drama. Freedom and variety are certainly advantages of such a method, but apart from this, why apply the yardsticks of the neo-classical drama to productions that are constructed on entirely different principles? It is the same attitude of mind that leads M. Pellissier to condemn with particular severity the first scene in "King Lear." Nothing could be more preposterous from his point of view than to give dramatic form to this fairy-tale conception of a King who divides out his kingdom among his daughters in proportion to the strength of their protestations of affection for himself. The lover of the romantic drama might reply that the scene, after all, sets before us, in a form that strikes the imagination, one of the most frequent weaknesses of human nature. In such cases, however, it is better for the representatives of two different tendencies in art not to argue, but to go their respective ways in peace.

The author, it should be remarked, makes no distinction between the plays of Shakespeare's youth and those of his maturity, or between plays like "The Taming of the Sbrew" and "Timon of Athens," which are only partially Shakespearean, and others that are wholly so. Similarly, he does not seem aware that scenes like those in which Hecate appears in "Macbeth" or Posthumus's vision in "Cymbeline" are very generally rejected as spurious. The matter, however, is of little importance, for "Hamlet" and "Othello" receive as hard measure at M. Pellissier's hands as the most inferior works that are printed in the collective editions of Shakespeare. We scarcely need add that the reading of this book is a difficult task. The rôle of Zoilus involves an intolerable monotony, and if our author has assumed it, he must suffer the penalty.

The war will have a paralyzing effect upon the musical activities of Europe. The Paris Opéra, already on the brink of ruin before immediate war was dreamed of, can hardly hold its own now; and it does not seem probable that the opera houses of Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, London, Munich, and other cities will be able to open for a winter season. As for the soloists, those who can will no doubt be eager to come to this country for the coming season. Many of them, unfortunately, will have to serve in the armies of their country. Of the greatest of living violinists, Fritz Kreisler, this seems certain, for he is an officer in the Austrian

army. The conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Josef Stransky, is another Austrian subject who may have to follow the call to arms. As he was a physician before he became a conductor, he will probably be in the surgical department, safe from bullets. Among the other great artists who may be exposed to them are the Russians, Chaliapine, Godowsky, Josef Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, Lhévinne, Safonoff, Siloti, Rachmaninoff—to mention only those best known in this country; the Frenchmen, Clément, Renaud, Saléza, Dalmores, Rothier, Dinh Gilly, Marcoux, Roussilière, Muratore, Dufranne, Thibaud, Huberdean; the Germans and Austrians, Goritz, Reiss, Burrian, Hensel, Braun, Weil, Knote, Slezak, Sauer, Wüllner, Burgstaller, R. Strauss, Max Reger, Muck, and many others; to which Italy would add Caruso, Sammarco, Ruffo, Scotti, Bonci, Amato, Toscanini, Polacco, etc.

It is too late to make any suggestions, but one cannot but wish that arrangements had been made for including all musicians in the army bands, for which they would be much better fitted than for carrying guns. Caruso has shown in "Pagliacci" that he is a virtuoso on the drum, and doubtless many of the artists named play one of the instruments used in military bands, or could learn one in a few weeks.

How important a rôle bands play in army life every one knows. In Russia alone there are 100,000 uniformed musicians, one-half of whom are actively employed in the Empire's one thousand regiments, the other half being in the naval and military schools. Ivan Narodny contributed an illuminating article on this subject to *Musical America* two weeks ago. There has been serious discussion, he says, as to whether it would be wise to reduce the number of these musical companies, which cost a great deal of money, but the military authorities have never dared to do so, knowing the seriousness of the results. "Music for a Russian soldier means more than anything else." Before the great battle of Mukden, Mr. Narodny heard a Russian soldier say: "Whether I am to be shot or I have the luck to remain alive, I know not—but I must hear my favorite march this fatal night. It is a stimulation to action, a solace to the soul."

The generals who know this effect of music on soldiers are the ones who have thwarted all attempts to banish music from the army. On this subject Mr. Narodny cites the late General Linevitch, commander of the Russian army, who expressed himself in this forcible language: "Music is one of the most vital ammunitions of the Rissian army. Without music a Russian soldier would be dull, cowardly, brutal, and inefficient. From music he absorbs a magic power of endurance and forgets the sufferings and mortality. It is a 'divine dynamite.'"

The Russian surgeons in the Russo-Japanese War said that the dying soldiers in the hospitals implored that a band might play for them that they might overcome the agonies of pain. Napoleon complained, after he was defeated in Russia, that it was the deplorable result of Russian winter and Russian army music. "The weird and barbaric tunes of those beastly Cossack regiments simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites to the maddest rage, and they wiped out the very cream of the army," wrote the great conqueror in his notebook.

Art

VERMEER OF DELFT.

PART TWO:—AN ARTIST WHO PAINTED MORE LIKE A DREAMER AND A LOVER THAN LIKE A FATHER AND CITIZEN.

Jan Vermeer was also a most distinguished workman. Within his favorite scheme of straw yellow and blue, his planes of color are scrupulously accurate in atmospheric placing. Hals, had he given himself to work in little, might have shown an equal scrupulousness; no other Dutch artist did. Terborch effaces too much; Metsu lets his objects clash for lack of atmospheric subordination; De Hooch, with a wider range of color, sets himself a far simpler task. There never were more truthful interiors than those of Vermeer, and there never will be. The mere modulation of the apparently uniform tone of a wall, the sparkle of a gilt frame, the blue translucence of an open casement—of these effects, Vermeer is subtlest of masters. His modelling is highly simplified and discreet. Everything is kept rather flat, after a sort that at times will suggest the blander mode of Cézanne, and the form is suggested by the right distribution of large masses of light and dark and by the very accurate placing and texturing of the high lights. The textures are admirable, though never obtruded. Painting with a loaded brush, he yet keeps the surface relatively smooth. Within this smoothness are the most extraordinary modulations, so that a slight change of stroke or thickness will mean satin, fur, white porcelain, latten, or the Persian carpet which appears in so many of the pictures. Such bread and fruit as he painted quite incidentally you will seek in vain until Chardin. His contours or edges are most carefully graduated to accord with the background.

In general Vermeer eschewed the strong contrasts affected by his contemporaries. The blondness of his work gives it a very modern look, and in fact in its endeavor to cope with the actual effects of lighting without forced contrasts it is entirely modern in spirit. Certain eighteenth-century devices of heavy dotting or stippling, for coruscation—Guardi's habitual expedient—seem to have been first tried by Vermeer. You will find these loaded dots on almost any bit of still life, and particularly on the barges in the View of Delft. This fine but perhaps overestimated picture, for its quality is of a sort become rather usual to-day, well illustrates Vermeer's love of harmonious tone and avoidance of crass contrasts. The salmon-pink strand of the foreground and the pale blue of the haven are so nearly of the same value that in a photograph the waterline is found with difficulty. No other Dutch artist would have dared set this bit of true observation against the notorious fact that land and water are very different elements. The whole picture swims in air and diffused light. The red roofs glow between sky and water, as they do in nature, but with a depth no other Dutch painter has attained. The eye goes straight to the picturesque skyline of the town by virtue of the right placing and value of everything. There is no resort to the common device, which Goyen and even Rembrandt employed, of artificially darkening the foreground to lead the eye into the artificially irradiated middle distance. The attraction of Vermeer's picture, a splendid experiment which apparently he did not repeat, lies less in any implication of sentiment than in a quiet candor, probity, and fidelity to actual appearances.

Vermeer's figure composition, on the contrary, is highly conventional, though the convention again is legitimately deduced from facts. He builds his pattern out of rectangles—tables, chairs, casements, frames, floor-tiles cunningly assembled, against which the human figure serves either as an axis or as a contrasting arabesque. Sometimes, as in the Dresden Reader and the Studio, he hangs a curtain in the foreground, thus dividing the first plane into unequal rectangles. In the Love Letter, at Amsterdam, he makes a *coulisse* of several such rectangular forms, curtains and doors, and by displaying his scene far away in a tall slit, obtains an arresting, if rather sinister and uncharacteristic, effect. The convention is carried to the furthest point of refinement in the Music Lesson, at Windsor. The tall rectangles of casements and picture and mirror frames contrast with the oblong of the virginals high up in the picture. The tessellated floor repeats the geometrical pattern in a transverse sense. The figures of a girl and her auditor are skilfully set to break the severity of the scheme. A 'cello and a heavy rug trailing over a table are contrasting elements. Everything gives a sense of quietude and harmony. The respectful attitude of the man is rare in Dutch art, and wholly typical of Vermeer. Sometimes, as in the Amsterdam Reader, the rectangles overlap in interesting fashion, forming an elaborate fret. A more simple and normal use of this standard motive may be seen in the Charming Lady at a Casement, in the Marquand Room of the Metropolitan Museum. A table and map cut the wall into a sideways T (⊢), which is filled by the double S curves formed by the woman's outstretched arms and shoulders. There could be no satisfactory way of establishing a pattern, and the whole thing, with its lovely harmony of faintly shimmering blue and pale yellow, gives an early-morning peaceful impression, as of a day happily and well begun. The Studio, in the Czernin collection, which Mr. Hale regards as technically the finest Vermeer, shows a great variety of rectangles densely set about the map on the wall, with the figures arranged in piquant dissonantal relations to the general pattern.

Mr. Hale suggests that Vermeer may have drawn his rectangular-arabesque scheme from the study of Japanese paintings and

prints. The coincidence is indeed interesting, but the Japanese did not systematically employ this system of space division until a half-century or more after Vermeer's death. The scheme, after all, had become almost an academic requirement in Holland by 1660. Terborch, Metsu, and De Hooch employ it, often felicitously; Vermeer simply adds to it variety and refinement.

With fewest exceptions, the cool light ripples through Vermeer's pictures from left to right. Generally the brush stroke follows the direction of the light, across and not with the forms. Such ability to secure the modelling by painting fearlessly down the light is, Mr. Hale justly observes, the surest mark of an accomplished luminist.

It would be easy and not unprofitable to carry the analysis of Vermeer's style much further, but it may all be read in Mr. Hale's elaborate and convincing chapters. I wish merely to remind the reader once more that this marvellous technique is not a thing in itself, the casual product of an uncommonly accurate eye and hand, but the means of expression of a rare sort of man who was much more than a painter—his homage to the daily beauty that his womenkind brought into his home.

If I am right in seeing, with M. Van Zype, a painter of feminist type in Vermeer, the reader already knows a good deal what sort of person the artist was. But the reader must divest from the idea of feminism certain morbid features which it has acquired in recent time, and think instead of a cult of woman inspired only by a normal sensuousness and by a fine chivalry. It is the gentleman's attitude to-day, and it was a pretty rare one in seventeenth-century Holland. Vermeer's refinement and idealizing tenderness must have come to him by nature, but they may well have been strengthened by gradual processes of education which may be traced in his works, and confirmed by marrying young a woman whom he loved. We may fitly end where logically we might have begun, by seeking for Vermeer's artistic origins and inquiring what light they cast upon his personality.

To be sure, the contemporary poetaster, Arnold Bon, deploring the death of Karel Fabritius in a powder explosion, represents Vermeer as a phœnix, an *alter ego* of Karel, rising superbly from the powder reek, but this does not say that Vermeer was Fabritius's pupil. Still, modern criticism has grasped at the possibility of such a link between the mysterious and exquisite Fabritius and his younger friend, and by including the two in his great "Catalogue Raisonné," Hofstede de Groot has given great currency to what is rather an unlikely hypothesis. Many critics, following Thoré, assume that Vermeer developed under the influence of Rembrandt. Against this is the blondness of the work, its straightforwardness, and lack of fantastic quality. A more plausible theory is that he was the pupil of the accomplished chiaroscurist, Leonard Bramer, who had studied at Rome with the idyllic Elsheimer. In 1654, and later, during Vermeer's early membership in the Guild of St. Luke, Bramer was head man, and presumably a leading spirit, in the small artist circle at Delft. An Italianate taste is betrayed in the pictures represented in Vermeer's interiors. A Crucifixion, a Last Judgment, a Doubting Thomas, a Finding of Moses, and a Cupid attest the master's admiration for the grand style. The occasional poor Vermeers—they are so disconcerting that John Van Dyke needlessly evokes a pseudo-Vermeer in explanation—I mean the two pictures in the National Gallery and the Love Letter at Amsterdam as types—these poorer Vermeers suggest that in his later years he, too, was yielding to the general Gallic sleekness of which the Mierises were the most offensive exponents. Throughout, he seems something of an eclectic. In what may well be his earliest pictures, Christ with Mary and Martha, and Diana and her Nymphs, Vermeer is evidently composing his groups after the consecrated pyramidal formula invented in Italy.

The gravity of the New Testament scene is remarkable, the relief salient, but without giving much sense of air and space; the Martha pleading for the active life as she offers bread is a noble, amiable, and even pathetic figure; the pyramid made by the three forms is carefully established in three dimensions. At long range the picture might easily be taken for an exceptionally fine work of the Caracci school, and there we must seek its inspiration.

Still quite Italianate is the Toilette of Diana. The five figures are disposed as an oblique pyramid. Primarily the picture is a study in delicate light and shade, the landscape being merely perfunctory. Five buxom Dutch girls are nearly dressed after their swim. One shows part of an exquisitely modelled back. One kneels and is drying the modestly exposed feet of the lass who is designated as the Sylvan Goddess only by the crescent in her filleted hair. What is impressive about this little pastoral is the ritual gravity of these wholesome young creatures in their trivial actions—the delightful unconsciousness of it all. Among the Dutch painters, only Rembrandt, in the Finding of Moses, of the Johnson collection, has conceived anything at once so arcadian and so homely. There is an odd Correggian suggestion about Vermeer's group. Unquestionably he had studied classic Italian art both in engravings and in such derivative pictures as those of Rubens and Van Dyck. The travelled and cultured Leonard Bramer may well have inspired such studies. In fact, there may have been a moment when young Vermeer, too, might easily have slipped into a hazardous cosmopolitanism. But his lucidity and intellectual independence were no less notable than his flexibility. For him experimentation a-field was only the road to a finer native idiom.

In the big canvas, The Procuress, dated 1656, he is plainly finding the way. It is a bordel picture, of the sort which Frans Hals had made staple at neighboring Haarlem. Four quite unconvincing revellers are seen at half-length behind a table, over which falls a fur wrap and an Eastern rug. At the right an eager scarlet-coated gallant fondles a pretty wench from behind, thrusting a gold piece into her hand, which lies open on the table. Her face is untroubled, her air innocent, and while she receives the money, she carefully steadies a massive wine-glass with her other hand. At the right another long-haired celebrant grasps a glass, while clutching the neck of a viol, and grins rather aimlessly out of the picture. Between the two wastrels the shrewd face of a middle-aged procuress peers greedily at her ward. The color is a handsome if startling blare of scarlet, crimson, and yellow. The composition, the table occupying all the lower half of the picture, making an odd formal arrangement, and the frame crowding the heads above, is unexpected, piquant, restless—everything that Vermeer in his maturity is not. The sense of space and quiet is absent. Throughout, the picture suffers from over-emphasis. Vermeer brings to his uncongenial theme neither the moralistic unction of a Jan Steen nor the magnificent imperturbability of a Terborch. What is remarkable about the picture is the beautiful painting of the accessories and the endeavor to embody a thoroughly hackneyed matter in a novel and interesting composition.

At least it is the renunciation of the grand style. Mr. Hale thinks that the magisterial Milkmaid at Amsterdam may have followed this picture closely. Here the finished Vermeer is found. The serenity of his home, the charm of the serviceable women who kept it bright—here was the new and permanent vision. To the end of his short life Vermeer was to paint more like a dreamer and a lover than like a father and citizen. To lend truth and dignity to his dream he will spare no pains of acute observation and cunning craftsmanship. Is not this the very simple secret of Vermeer, most engaging of Dutch artists, consummate practitioner among artists of every time?

His home was full of music. Musical themes constitute the largest class of his works. Musical instruments are introduced into several others. His best pictures have something of the quality of a seventeenth-century motet. There is the same broad and generous harmony, those exquisitely balanced blues and yellows, in the details; something of the accurate, almost pedantic, construction of the whole in its calculated geometry. The glamour lies largely in this combination of breadth and spaciousness and lyrical sweep within a scrupulously formalistic framework. Such measured lyrism, with a tinge of preciosity, was a most characteristic artistic product of Vermeer's times—it is the specific note of contemporary French and English verse, and he himself is its most distinguished exponent in the art of painting.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Finance

THE NEWS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

At the end of business hours on Thursday of this week, the New York Stock Exchange will have been closed three weeks. This is much the longest consecutive suspension of business in its history. During the panic of 1873, the Exchange shut down in the middle of the day's business, Saturday, September 20; it opened at the usual hour on Tuesday, September 30, and that was the "record" until 1914. During this present three weeks' silence of the stock market, since July 30, there have been momentous happenings, and by no means all of them were in the category of war news. It is a problem of more than mere hypothetical interest, how stock market prices would have moved in response to each of them; for some day, the Stock Exchange must reopen.

If the Exchange had not closed on the last day of July, it is certain that an extremely violent break in prices would have occurred. Selling orders from Europe, with discretionary power for agents to sell 5 points, and somctimes very much more, below the previous day's close, were known to be overhanging. The closing of London's Stock Exchange would have turned the flood of panicky European liquidation on New York, and, though "bargain hunters" would undoubtedly have been most active, their buying could hardly have averted the break. There would quite possibly have been some Stock Exchange failures.

But it has been the rule in all of our greater financial crises that this extreme demoralization spends itself on the one day of helpless panic. On October 24, 1907, with money at 100 per cent. and stocks falling 5 to 10 points, there was talk of closing the Exchange. But on the following day, in the face of 75 per cent. money and numerous bank failures, a violent reeovery ensued.

The reasons for that recovery (as on all previous occasions of the sort) were knowledge that important relief expedients were preparing, and buying for account of foreign markets. The first of these influenees would have been at work on Saturday, August 1; Congress rushed through the emergency-currency plan that day, and the London news foreshadowed the remarkable series of relief measures which followed. But the other traditional influence for quick recovery could hardly have prevailed as it did in 1907 and 1893. This time, the whole world was simultaneously in a state of outright panic; something 'perhaps unprecedented.

Yet recovery from the worst must pres ently have come, even with Europe selling, for the relief measures took effect at once, quite altering the immediate outlook. Our sudden and large bank deficit of Saturday, August 2, would not necessarily have stopped that recovery; a similar bank statement, forty-eight hours after the panic day of 1907, did not check the upward reaction. But it is not so easy to say how the market would have acted, after England had actually declared war on Germany, on Tuesday, August 4.

It would seem certain that the unexpected check by Belgium to the advance of the German troops towards Paris must have sent prices up. It is true that, in 1870, the succession of easy Prussian victories over France caused a rise on the London Stock Exchange; that was because they foreshadowed early ending of the war. But similar German victories, last week, would have foreshadowed a critical military situation for Great Britain, which could hardly have failed of ominous reflection here. How prices would alternately have been affected by the railway rate decision, on the second day of the Stock Exchange suspension—news which we lately thought was to determine the whole movement of our finance—by the loss of $57,000,000 cash in the bank statement of August 8, by the monthly crop report of the day before, with its cutting down of 234 million bushels in the estimate on corn yield and of 29 millions on spring wheat; by the increase of 125,000 tons in the Steel Trust's unfilled orders for July, and by the District Court decision against he Harvester Company under the Anti-Trust law: all this is not so readily imagined.

The Stock Exchange's day-by-day reflection of the news from the Belgian battlefields might have given us something which the censor could not suppress. Imagining the stock markets of London, Paris, and Berlin now to be freely operating, and prices in each of them accessible, the cabled quotations would possess very rare interest. In the possible line of battle now impending stands the town of Waterloo; and it so happens that, when the famous conflict there was fought, ninety-nine years ago, the channels of information and the Stock Exchanges were open.

That battle was fought on June 18. British consols had fallen from 59½ at the opening of June to 56 that day. Communication, in those days, was slow; there was no telegraph, and London usually got its news from the Continent two days later. On the 16th the Prussians met their severe reverse at Ligny, and that was all the news that the City had, on the day of Waterloo itself. There will come a day or two when London, even with cable and telegraph, will have another such period of suspense.

Consols were at their lowest when Napoleon began the fight at Waterloo. On July 20, the London *Times*, in a double-leaded editorial, told that "a Mr. Sutton, who we understand owns the packets plying between Ostend and Colchester, had heard at Ostend the news of a great victory, and had ordered one of his vessels at once to sail for England, though without passengers; he himself crossing in her." Mr. Sutton thus seems to have brought the first news; but on the same day—again quoting the editorial statement of the London *Times*—"those who watched the operations of the Stock Exchange were persuaded that the news would be followed up by something still more brilliant and decisive; some houses, generally supposed to possess the best information, being among the purchasers."

What ensued was particularly interesting. Official news of the battle of June 18 reached London on the 21st, in Wellington's terse announeement of "the complete overthrow of the enemy's army." Consols advanced, yet they rose only 4 points in the next four days. Of French Government bonds, one Paris newspaper remarked, when the news of Waterloo came in, that "the rapid rise of the public funds, amidst our disasters, presents a vast field of meditation." They stood at 56 on June 14, when Napoleon left Paris for the front. They closed on June 30 at 65¼.

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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Leeson, Cecil. The Probation System. London: P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net.
Militarism. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 4d. net.
Ward, John. The Soldier and the Citizen. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cross, A. L. History of England and Great Britain. Macmillan.
Diary of William Brently. Volume IV. Salem, Mass.: The Essex Institute. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Gould, Gerald. My Lady's Book. Mitchell Kennerley.
Oxford Edition of Standard Authors: Poems of William Cullen Bryant. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Barrett, W. F. Physical Research. Holt. 50 cents net.
Silberstein, L. The Theory of Relativity. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Wendell, O. C. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXIX —Part II. Cambridge: The Observatory.
Wiley, H. W. 1001 Tests of Foods, Beverages and Toilet Accessories, Good and Otherwise. Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Carter, Huntly. The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. Mitchell Kennerley.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1914.

Summary of the News

The outstanding events in the European war during the past week have been the advance of the German armies in Belgium and the crossing of the eastern frontier of Germany by Russian troops. A more detailed account of these movements will be found on page 243.

On Sunday, failing to receive a reply to her ultimatum to Germany demanding the surrender of Kiao-chau, Japan declared war on Germany, and on Monday it was reported that the fleet had commenced shelling Tsing-tau, the fortified seaport of Kiao-chau. A message from the Kaiser to the garrison of Tsing-tau called on them to defend the place to the uttermost. It is reported that British, French, and Russian war vessels have joined with the Japanese in the blockade, and that British regiments have been ordered to co-operate with the Japanese on land.

Until war was actually declared, it was thought that Germany might seek to compromise the situation by ceding Kiao-chau directly to China, the United States acting as mediator in the matter and accepting the concession from Germany on behalf of China. China is said to have made tentative inquiries of the United States as to what its attitude towards such a proposal would be, but it is understood that the Administration refused to be a party to any arrangement of the kind except with the consent of both England and Japan. On Friday of last week a formal declaration of the policy of the United States was given to Japan. The Government asserted its intention of maintaining absolute neutrality, and at the same time put on record its understanding of the matter as being: that Japan's purpose was not to seek territorial aggrandizement in China; that the territory of Kiao-chau would be restored to China, and that Japan would act only in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; that in case of serious disturbances in the interior of China Japan would consult the United States before taking any steps beyond the boundaries of the territory of Kiao-chau.

Japan has been the only country, not already engaged, to enter the general war during the past week. Turkey and Bulgaria both made reassertion of their neutrality on August 19. Sweden has mobilized for the purpose of defending her neutrality, if necessary, and all parties are said to be united in favor of the extension of compulsory military service to two years. There has been much speculation as to the course that Italy would pursue, and reports have been current of mobilization. These reports, however, were denied in a dispatch to the London *Times* on Tuesday, which stated that Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, had assured a committee of Deputies that no mobilization was imminent, and that if it did occur later it would not mean the abandonment of Italian neutrality.

The following nominations to Federal appointments were officially announced last week: James C. McReynolds, Attorney-General of the United States, to fill the vacancy in the United States Supreme Court caused by the death of Justice Lurton; Thomas Watt Gregory, of Texas, to be Attorney-General in succession to Mr. McReynolds; Frederic C. Howe, Director of the People's Institute, to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York.

The Administration bill introduced last week to insure American vessels and cargoes against risks of war was passed by the Senate on Friday and referred to the House. The bill provides for the creation of a Bureau of War Risks in the Treasury Department, and carries an appropriation of $5,000,000. The act may be suspended by the President whenever in his judgment the necessity for it shall have ceased to exist.

The Jones bill for Philippine independence was favorably reported to the House by the Insular Affairs Committee on August 20. Representative Jones, of Virginia, its author, announced his intention of pressing it during the present session of Congress.

The Administration bill proposing the creation of a $10,000,000 corporation, in which the Government shall be the majority stockholder, to purchase and operate ships in the foreign service, was introduced in the House on Monday by Representative Alexander, of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. A considerable amount of opposition to the bill has been expressed, and we state elsewhere our objections to the proposal. The measure, however, enjoys the support of the Administration, and the President on Monday reiterated his intention of pressing the bill to a final passage without modification of its essential features.

Efforts of Republicans and Democrats to come to an agreement concerning an adjournment of Congress in the near future have been abandoned as a result of the war. Chairman Simmons, of the Finance Committee, stated on Friday of last week that, inasmuch as Congress would have to be ready to meet any shortage in the revenue caused by the war, there could be no thought of adjourning at the present time.

According to a preliminary report published on Monday by the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue, receipts from that source were larger for the fiscal year 1914 than in any previous year. From all sources other than income and corporation tax, the amount was $308,627,619, less by $790,535 than the amount for the previous year. From the corporation and income tax, however, the amount collected was $71,381,275, or more than $36,000,000 in excess of the revenue collected from that souree in 1913. The total internal revenue up to June 30 this year amounted to $380,008,894, or about $35,500,000 more than in the previous fiscal year.

As a result of investigations by the Federal grand juries throughout the country into the artificial raising of prices of foodstuffs it is thought that prosecutions may be ordered by the Department of Justice in certain cases. It is stated, however, that the moral effect of the investigations alone has already been beneficial in holding prices down.

News from Mexico continues to be of a reassuring character. Gen. Carranza made his formal entry into the capital on August 20, and appears to have been enthusiastically welcomed. In a short speech he justified the revolution, and declared that the Constitutionalist army must henceforth be regarded as the army of Mexico, the Federal army having "forfeited its mission." It is understood that the Administration is well satisfied with the aspect of affairs in Mexico and with the success of the policy of "watchful waiting." Recognition of the new Government, it is thought, will not be long delayed. At the time of writing, no statement has been made as to the withdrawal of United States forces from Vera Cruz. There have been the customary rumors of differences between Villa and Carranza, which President Wilson on Monday characterized as the work of "interested parties who would profit by intervention." Identification of certain of the "interested parties" should not be a matter of great difficulty. On Monday, also, Gen. Villa issued a statement affirming his desire for "the strictest morality in government," and for the elimination in the future of military dictators. Among the administrative acts of Gen. Carranza have been the annulment of an issue of $60,000,000 of 6 per cent. gold bonds, authorized during the Huerta régime, of which $10,000,000 was in circulation; the reduction of the stamp tax by 50 per cent., and the ousting of the diplomatic representatives of Huerta.

The Bank of England's statement for the week ending August 20 showed that the bank had gained $24,700,000 gold during the week. On the other hand, its rediscounts for other banks had increased in the week by $119,600,000, and the ratio of its banking reserve to its liabilities was 15¾ per cent., as against 17⅛ and 14⅝ for the two preceding weeks, 40 per cent. at the end of July, and 58⅝ per cent. a year ago. In ordinary times the ratio of banking reserve to liabilities must be not less than 40 per cent.

His Holiness Pope Pius X died at 1:15 on the morning of August 20. The Pope had been ill for a week with bronchial catarrh, and his powers of resistance are said to have been impaired by anxiety concerning the European situation. His condition became critical on Sunday, August 16, and on the following Wednesday it was admitted that he was not expected to recover. Premature reports of the Pontiff's death were published in some of the evening papers on August 19. The Conclave for the election of the next Pope will begin on August 31.

The deaths of the week include: His Holiness Pope Pius X, Father Francis Xavier Wernz, S. J., August 20; the Right Rev. Mgr. Matthew A. Taylor, August 21; Edgar Thaddeus Welles, Judge David D. Shelby, August 22; John E. Lamb, August 23; ex-Gov. C. B. Jordan, August 24.

The Week

By chance there reach us at nearly the same moment three publications that seem almost sardonically timed. One of them is a pamphlet, "General Peace Treaties of 1914." Another is the latest report on the status of the movement for settlement of international disputes before a judicial tribunal. The third is entitled "The Churches of Christ in America and International Peace." It is a compilation that was to have been presented at the Church Peace Conference in Constance, Germany, August 2, 1914! What Germany was conferring about on that date, we do not need to say. The question is, however, whether what has occurred to make all these agencies working for peace seem so futile should be thought of as the deliberate and permanent attitude of civilization, or only a passing madness. On this point there can be little doubt. The organic thing, the enduring thing, is the upbuilding of the world by peaceful methods. War is cataclysmic, cutting athwart, for the time being, the whole normal course of the evolution of society, but bound to be pushed aside by the main movement of humanity.

What were the actual steps in the formation of public opinion in this country concerning the war? In the beginning there was no anti-German prejudice whatever. On the contrary, there was every hope that the Kaiser, on his return from the North Sea, would do all within his power to modify the ferocious attitude of Austria towards Servia. Above all, was there something like a strong American confidence, when it was known that England had appealed to the Emperor William to join in a general European Congress to prevent a war, that he would rise to the great opportunity. It was his refusal of Sir Edward Grey's appeal that first shook American faith in him and began to arouse suspicion. Little by little we became aware that he was all along privy to Austria's move so recklessly endangering the peace of Europe; that he blithely took the terrible chance of provoking Russia; and we noted the signs that the war party in Berlin, with the cry of "Now or never," was getting the upper hand. After that came the abrupt ultimatum to Russia and to France; and then it was no longer possible to prevent American sentiment from swinging very sharply against the course of the German Government. People here did not say, because they could not be sure, that the Kaiser really sought and caused the war; but they did affirm that he had it easily in his power to avert the war, and that he failed to do it. The proof of this was fully before them, and it is irrefragable.

Many of the reproaches addressed to Americans by their neighbors of German birth, natural as they are, even while unjustifiably bitter, are really an affront to our intelligence. It is assumed that we know nothing, and that they know everything. They should remember that the same evidence which was under their eyes was under ours. Americans can read. They know the just inference to be drawn from a given state of facts. They know how to discriminate in their admirations. No praise is too high for them of the Germany of science, of wonderful industrial organization, of commercial triumphs, of well-ordered municipal government; but between all this and the Germany of militarist infatuation, Americans are able to make a clear distinction. And it is a violation neither of neutrality nor of fair play nor of sound reasoning, if we in this country believe and maintain that it has been the prostration of the German intellect and conscience, all these years, before the foul idol of militarism that has at last opened the way for the rulers of Germany to put all her splendid civilization to the desperate hazard of war.

The spectacle of the Kaiser's fleet, held captive under the guns of Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven, while German commerce has been clean swept from the seas, recalls the happy phrases in which militarism is accustomed to clothe its designs. Swollen armaments on land were never intended for aggression, but for self-defence against unjust attack. So Germany's ambitious plans of naval expansion were only intended for the defence of Germany's vast sea-borne commerce. Pointing to the marvellous expansion of German trade, it seemed reasonable for the Kaiser's Ministers to argue that for every score of merchant ships launched from German dockyards there must be so many cruisers launched for the protection of the trading ships. It was an argument based on warfare conditions before the age of wireless and cable, even before the age of steam. When nations were at war at the beginning of the nineteenth century, merchant ships were out of touch with land for months, and voyaged under convoy. A protecting cruiser was then of real use. Great Britain might prey upon German ships in the South Atlantic, and German cruisers might have their way in the China seas or, for that matter, in adjoining stretches within the same sea. Control of the seas was then, as far as commerce was concerned, only partial control of the seas. The beaten nation could always save a bit from the wreck.

But how is it to-day when naval powers at war do not fling their battle-line across the hemispheres, but concentrate their biggest fighting ships for a single decisive test? Germany to-day is as powerless to protect her commerce as China is to protect hers, because she can spare nothing from her main concentration for operations elsewhere. A few random cruisers may be afloat in distant waters, but that is because there was no time to call them home. And these isolated units are of virtually no use, because wireless and high speed can always bring together against them the roving ships of an enemy who is superior in strength. As a defender of commerce, Germany's navy could not hope to be effective unless it was strong enough to beat the assembled fleets of Great Britain in a set battle. War on land or sea to-day is not affected by scattered victories or defeats. The account is balanced at the end when the decisive test has been made. The hundreds of millions' worth of German shipping taken by the British will be of little avail to them if the Kaiser's North Sea fleet should destroy the British fleet. Germany's navy, like all navies was built, not for the protection of commerce, but in the hope that it might be brought to an equality with England's fighting navy. And just as land armaments for defence brought about the present catastrophe on land, so her navy for the protection of commerce only brought Germany into collision with England.

The American people is not terrified by the Slavonic bogey. We do not concede that Germany, Austria, or any other Western Power is charged with the responsibility of defeating Slavonic aspiration to national form and expression. Not peril, but safety, comes of achieved nationality. Italy, distraught and divided, Germany, a thing of shreds and patches, Ireland, thwarted and discordant, Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Finland, and Bosnia, wrenched from their congenial associations—these, by reason of their inner instability, threaten the peace and happiness of Europe. It has proved difficult enough for powerful nations to Romanize, Anglicize, Germanize, or exterminate scattered and uncultivated populations; small areas detached from organized civilizations have proved entirely indigestible. Germany

has not digested either Poland or Alsace; England is confessing its inability to assimilate Ireland. The Russianization of the non-Slavonic Europe is an utter impossibility, even if there were the least danger of its being attempted.

If national aspiration is something to be heeded as legitimate and wholesome, the race that aspires to unity must by the same token respect the unity of other states and nations. If the Teuton accepts and welcomes the integrity of a Slavonic state, precisely the same principle protects him from arbitrary aggression. The conduct of Germany is resented because, having gloriously vindicated her own nationality, she has in these latter days been content to play the part that Austria played in Italy and in Germany itself. America refuses to believe that if the achievement of Teutonic nationality is a blessing, the recognition of Slavonic self-consciousness is a crime. German diplomacy attached itself to an obsolete and impossible object when it undertook blindly to sustain Austria in its historic obstructive rôle. It discredited its own spirit when it permitted the annexation of an unwilling Bosnia and sanctioned the attempted humiliation of Servia. Would not an enlightened and modern diplomacy seek rather to discern and to work with the significant and permanent currents of feeling that have expressed themselves in modern Italy and modern Germany? Assuredly this were a nobler and more fruitful task than that of vainly endeavoring to snatch unnatural and perishable advantages such as go with the annexation of a sullen and alien people. The most enduring fame of Lord John Russell resulted from the steps he took to make a united Italy possible. Not until the diplomats of the Continent conceive their function along similar lines will the nations of Europe lay aside their fatal jealousies.

The map of Europe will show changes at the conclusion of the present struggle, but those experts are precipitate who are already drawing maps of a new Poland and snipping off the Austro-Hungarian map on the one hand, or drawing a Germanic Empire from the English Channel to the Adriatic on the other. Territorial changes in Europe cannot quantitatively measure the triumph of the Triple Entente or of the Kaiser. Where vast changes, measured in square miles, will take place is outside of Europe, and particularly in Africa. In this connection it is well to recall that in the diplomatic interchanges between Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor the latter was willing to grant as the price of British neutrality a promise that the territorial integrity of France would be respected, but that he would make no pledges with regard to the French colonies. France has a colonial empire of four and three-quarter million square miles, with a native population of more than forty millions, more than nine-tenths of it in Africa. Germany's colonies are more than a million square miles, with a population of 14,000,000, nine-tenths of it in Africa. Little Belgium has the Congo, a solid empire of 900,000 square miles, rich in natural resources, with a population of 15,000,000. Should the Netherlands be drawn into the vortex, she has her rich East Indian colonies at stake, 736,000 square miles, with a population of 38,000,000. And even Portugal, whose announcement of fidelity to the British alliance must have been read by many with a smile, has thereby thrown into the ring nearly 800,000 square miles of African territory with a population of nearly ten millions.

While the vigorous efforts of Senator Hoke Smith to further the Ship Registry bill and to obtain financial measures for carrying the cotton surplus may have contributed to his renomination over ex-Gov. Brown of Georgia, the result is rightly hailed as a general Administration victory. If there is any point at which ex-Gov. Brown and his ally, Tom Watson, have not attacked President Wilson's character and policies, it would be hard to find. They have taken advantage of the popularity of Underwood's stand to assail Senator Smith's vote for the repeal of the Panama tolls exemption. Watson has asserted that the Administration's Tariff bill is worse than the Payne-Aldrich measure, while the ex-Governor is a notorious protectionist. Both were until recently very bitter opponents of the country's Mexican policy. The most virulent allegations, however, have been that the Federal patronage has been distributed only among friends of Wilson. Appeals to race prejudice have also been made on the ground that a negro or two have been appointed to Federal office in the District of Columbia. Ex-Gov. Brown has heretofore had a reputation for invincibility in the State; his decisive defeat—125 out of 148 counties are reported against him—should be very gratifying at Washington.

In the approaching elections, State and Congressional, are the forces of evil destined to score a victory over the forces of progress—and particularly the forces of Progressivism—under the cover of European military operations? With the American people intensely absorbed in the news from European battlefields, can they be roused to the necessary vigilance against the political bosses which is the price of liberty? It is hard to imagine a Progressive campaign without an enormous publicity. But with Roosevelt relegated to the inside pages the task of rousing the public conscience becomes a formidable one, whereas the forces of reaction working in their favorite medium of silence and darkness can intrench themselves for the struggle. Shut off from access to the public ear, the Colonel is also deprived of his great issue as against the Administration—namely, that he is the man who does things, while Mr. Wilson is the schoolmaster who theorizes about things. Mexico was a hard enough blow for Mr. Roosevelt in this respect, but harder still is it to have Mr. Wilson engaged on the vast practical issues arising from the war—the upbuilding of an American mercantile marine, the conquest of new markets, the safeguarding of our financial system. As between Mr. Wilson and his most prominent critic it is not difficult to decide now who the man is that is doing things.

Last year's fiscal figures, now complete, are a poor basis for the reading of protectionist sermons. There have been new attacks on the Underwood bill apropos of the restoration of the old wall by war, but common-sense consideration of the facts will frighten no one. Almost seven-eighths of the increase in importations, or $69,000,000, was in foodstuffs. The total increase was $80,000,000, or 4 per cent., which does not seem abnormal when it is considered that the round increase in the year ending June 30, 1913, had been $160,000,000, and in 1912 had been $96,000,000. Exports fell off $101,000,000, or to about $2,365,000,000; but even then they were almost $160,000,000 more than in 1912, the last full Republican year. The whole set of figures is much what was to be expected of a period in which business conditions were disturbed from China to Peru, and in which high-tariff Canada suffered even more than low-tariff United States. Protectionists will probably try to make the most of the new influx of manufactured goods. Yet the importation of partly manufactured goods declined $30,000,000, and that of goods ready for consumption increased but $40,000,000.

The Republican Convention that adjourned at Saratoga on Wednesday of last week presented an odd mixture of new and old politics. In its endorsement of the short ballot, as in its reaffirmation of the principle that the Southern representation at national Republican conventions should be reduced, it exemplified the present-day willingness to make radical changes in traditional methods of political procedure. On the other hand, in its wholesale denunciation of Democratic policies in State and nation, it was as old-time as any of its predecessors. Unique features it did not lack. One of these was its "unofficial" character, despite which the struggle over the platform was as determined as the most official convention could boast. Another was the fact that it confined its energies to platform-making, as if there were no such thing as a candidate outside the realm of the imagination. And, finally, it made official provision for similar "unofficial" conventions in Gubernatorial years. Could political paradox go further?

By the successful revolt of the Progressives against Mr. Roosevelt's dictation of the nomination of Hinman for Governor of New York, a severe blow has been dealt the Colonel's reputation. We do not mean merely his prestige as a political leader. This is obviously pretty badly damaged when his own followers refuse to follow him. But it is Col. Roosevelt's luck which now seems to have failed him, and that is more serious. He no longer seems to have the fortunate touch. His selection of Hinman seemed at the time a brilliant stroke. It appeared to dish Whitman at the same time that it enabled the Progressives to get in out of the wet. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt put it all on high moral grounds. He certified to Hinman's fine and high character, and declared that he himself would vote for so noble a man and so stout an enemy of the bosses, even if another Progressive stood for the Governorship in the party primary. But now he angrily throws Hinman over. Why? Plainly, because the "deal" which was attempted has failed. Progressives complain bitterly of Hinman's wooing of the Republicans at Saratoga. But, poor man, that was part of his bargain with Roosevelt. If he couldn't get the Republican nomination, he was of no use to the Colonel. And so that little game is played out. Now we have it from Oyster Bay that fusion is anathema, and that there must be a straightout Progressive ticket. But the Colonel will not head it. Not he! He is still of the mind that the "numerical" argument against his party is too strong for the moral argument in its behalf. Somebody else must be put up for sacrifice, and then a tremendous fight made in every district of the State "against the bosses." The leaders well know, however, that the more terrifically the Progressives fight for their own party, the better chance they give to the bosses.

New York's first hunger-striker has surrendered. She has permitted her friends to give a bond that she will keep the peace —a course which was open to her from the beginning of her trial, but which she defiantly affirmed that she would never agree to. Miss Edelson was to go to jail only to starve her way out again, and bring the authorities into contempt. But the will of this woman encountered that of another, Commissioner Davis. Moreover, it was a contest of brains, as well as of will-power, and Miss Davis showed that she knew exactly how to bring the obstreperous I. W. W. sensation-seeker to terms. By shutting off absolutely all press reports concerning Miss Edelson while in confinement she deprived that lady of what she hungered for much more than for food—that is, notoriety, exploiting in the newspapers. It is one thing to go on a hunger strike in jail with the reporters hanging on your every act and word, but a very different affair to be left to be your own heroine in secret and in silence.

That a business administration for the city of Dayton does not mean a dehumanized régime is attested by City Manager H. M. Waite's report for the first six months. Adequate health service, free clinics, and pure milk stations have cut the death-rate of babies exactly in two. Two large parks have been opened to the public, with bathing, boating, and other facilities. Loan sharks have been sharply followed up, and a legal aid bureau established for giving free advice to the poor. A high-class symphony programme has been arranged for the coming winter, and half the season tickets sold. A civic plan board has been appointed, and sewer and water systems have been outlined on the calculation that Dayton's 125,000 will be 200,000 by 1934. There is also a list of savings, from $20,000 in the purchase of supplies and $12,000 on a single bridge to $1,700 in the collection of dead animals. It will be a short-sighted citizen who, if all the claims advanced by the city manager and certified to by the Bureau of Research are true, does not see in many payments from the city treasury a genuine public saving. The Bureau reports that the year will see the old deficit of $125,000 "reduced rather than added to."

Gen. Carranza's entrance into Mexico City last Thursday was the occasion of a popular demonstration, with cheering crowds, saluting cannon, and school-children singing a hymn entitled "Union and Liberty." For the moment, any rumors of Zapatist disaffection southwards, or on the part of Villa in the north, were stilled, and the First Chief's address dealt almost exclusively with policies of reconstruction. Among the many anti-Constitutionalist theories that are now stultified, it is clear that one of the silliest concerned the character of Carranza. The omniscient asserted that he was a mere benignant figurehead, who would be thrown aside whenever Villa chose to emerge; that he might himself think he was directing the revolution, but that the ruthless field-leader would become the fit successor of Huerta. Yet Carranza now has his hand firmly on the helm, and can boast that he gained his position with every regard to "the national dignity and honor." He is favorably placed to use the great opportunities before him, and there is a rising Mexican confidence in his ability. In reviewing his choice of Mexican leaders as on so many other points, President Wilson may smile to think that it was once a merry jest to ask what his Mexican policy was!

The third American city is no longer Philadelphia, but Buenos Ayres. According to its corrected census, the South American metropolis now has a population of 1,700,000. Forty-five years ago, when the first census was taken, the population numbered 177,000. This record of growth may do more to interest us, not only in Argentina, but also in the South American republics in general, than anything in the way of commercial opportunities has yet been able to do. In some respects Buenos Ayres is better than third among cities of the Western Hemisphere, as in tonnage and value of foreign commerce, in which she is second only to New York. That she possesses the finest theatre on either Continent, as well as the best-appointed newspaper plant and the most artistic street, is a fact that we shall still be slow to recognize. But when we read the statement, "Buenos Ayres is to have another subway," we are compelled to admit that there is an American spirit of enterprise in the South American capital.

THE HEART OF THE "WHITE PAPERS."

There have now been placed before the American public the White Paper containing the entire correspondence between Sir Edward Grey and the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain relating to the situation which culminated in the war, and also the official statement of the German Foreign Office upon that situation. To say that from these two documents it is possible to determine, in the largest and deepest sense, where lies the responsibility for the plunging of Europe into the fearful struggle now raging would be going too far. But it is not going too far to say that these papers suffice to settle that question beyond a doubt in the narrower and more obvious sense in which it is generally understood in current controversy. And they suffice because, without questioning either the trustworthiness or the completeness of either showing, one is led by both to the same conclusion.

The crux of the whole matter lies in the question whether Germany was or was not responsible for the extraordinary harshness and inflexibility of Austria's demand upon Servia, and for her refusal to budge from that feature of it which reduced almost to zero the possibility of all peace-making efforts on the part of other Powers—the rigorous time-limit of two days. To this question there can be but one answer. It is not necessary to challenge, for this purpose, the truthfulness of the assertion made by the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that he knew nothing about the terms of the Austrian ultimatum until it was issued, for Austria had been assured in advance that whatever those terms might be, Germany would back her up in their enforcement. "We were able to assure our ally most heartily," says the German official statement, "of our agreement with her view of the situation, and to assure her that *any action* that she might consider it necessary to take in order to put an end to the movement in Servia directed against the existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy would receive our approval." That the words we have put in italics were intended to give Austria warrant for action as provocative as that which she actually took—that there was not in the German anticipatory endorsement of such action the slightest reservation or warning in the interest of the peace of Europe—is evident not only from the absence of any hint of such reservation in the German paper, but also from the sentence immediately following the one just quoted: "We were fully aware in this connection that warlike moves on the part of Austria-Hungary against Servia would bring Russia into the question, and might draw us into a war in accordance with our duties as an ally." Not a word to suggest the hope or desire that such a collision might be avoided if possible; on the contrary, everything to indicate that the contingency was one to be expected as a natural consequence of Austria's move.

So far, then, from the German statement furnishing any modification of the judgment compelled by a perusal of the British diplomatic correspondence, it supplies the one thing needful for the absolute confirmation of that judgment. In the dispatches that passed between Sir Edward Grey and the representatives of England at the Continental capitals, there appears, from first to last, one unvaried and insistent note. Every effort is bent upon the endeavor to bring about some relaxation—any relaxation that might be managed, any relaxation that the German Government might be willing to second, or might choose to propose—of the ominous tension that had been produced instantly, and produced inevitably, by Austria's imperious demand. That this effort was not seconded by Germany is the conclusion that every one must draw from the correspondence; a conclusion all the more authorized because it is not impressed by any argument, or even any statement to that effect, but emerges in the reader's mind spontaneously and pervasively throughout the whole course of the communications. Yet, in the nature of things, there remained the possibility that a German presentation of the case might put a different face on the matter. This possibility is now removed; and the world knows, beyond peradventure, that the endeavor to find some composition of the trouble which might have averted the most gigantic of human wars was frustrated through the refusal of Germany to take part in that endeavor.

There is, indeed, one standpoint from which it is possible to place upon Russia the responsibility for having brought on the war; and this is, in point of fact, Germany's standpoint. There was one condition upon which Germany was willing to act with the peacemakers—namely, that Russia should permit Austria to deal with Servia as she pleased, subject only to the extremely tenuous and ambiguous assurance that the Slavic kingdom was to suffer no loss of territory. In the light of what had happened to Bosnia and Herzegovina, and especially in the light of what Germany had done to prevent any interference by Russia with the consummation of that happening, it was manifestly impossible for Russia to accept this condition without abdicating her place as a Power to be reckoned with in those international relations which most nearly concern her. "We gave Austria an entirely free hand in her action against Servia," says the German statement; and Germany's attempts to preserve the peace of Europe, if she may be said to have made any at all, must be dismissed as a nullity, since they were rigidly circumscribed by the impossible requirement that Russia, too, should give Austria "an entirely free hand in her action against Servia." Not the concession of all that Servia could concede without unheard-of humiliation; not her offer to submit what remained to international arbitration; not Sir Edward Grey's anxious and persistent pleading for the interposition of some kind of stay of sentence—none of these things moved Germany to change by a hair's breadth her attitude of giving Austria "an entirely free hand," whatever might befall the world in consequence.

If Germany is to be absolved from the charge of having brought this war upon the world, it must be upon wholly different grounds from any that relate to the transactions of the fateful days of the last week of July. And in their hearts, the Germans themselves can hardly think otherwise. In almost every serious defence of their country's course, there follows close upon the heels of any contention that Germany sought to avoid war the assertion that the war was unavoidable—and unavoidable because the conditions with which Germany was surrounded were incompatible with the national development to which she justly aspired. Into the merits of that contention we cannot undertake to enter; but the more profoundly this conviction is held by the exponents of the German cause, the hollower is the ring of their argument on the immediate question of responsibility for the awful ordeal of blood and fire and misery into which Europe has been plunged. The more completely they believe that their national future required that this agony should be laid upon themselves and upon all the peoples of the world, the more probable it appears that the one question which controlled the course of the Kaiser and his Ministers was the question of military opportunity; and what is thus rendered probable *a priori* is made certain *a posteriori* from the published documents—the German statement as well as the British correspondence.

STRETCHING THE POWERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

We are all familiar with the extension of governmental powers in war time. Our own Civil War saw this on a great scale. The war-powers of the President are, as Rutherford B. Hayes once remarked after he had left the Presidency, a vague but vast deposit, of which no one can see the extent. To save the Union, Lincoln did many things which found their justification, not in law or Constitution, but in military necessity. At such a time, political theories and legal doctrines go by the board. The sole question is whether, after the exigencies of war have passed, the Government machine may be got back to its old working. This is admittedly difficult—almost impossible. The Civil War permanently changed, for good or ill, the American conception of the scope of our Government.

What we are seeing at Washington today, however, is an enlargement of the functions of Government in consequence of war, but not our own war! In this lies the novelty. The Administration is acting, and is proposing legislation, very much as if the clash of arms on our own territory compelled it to resort to exceptional measures. The historically minded might find a precedent for Mr. Wilson in the course of Jefferson, who took advantage of the war in Europe to make the momentous purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon. This was, of course, dead against Jefferson's theory of the Constitution. President Wilson may not be going counter to any of his own views about the limits of Federal power. He has given many signs of being a thorough believer in a strong Government. A few days ago, he quietly said to a delegation of anxious business men that they would find that the Government had ample powers to meet the emergency thrust upon us by the European war. And it is apparently on this assumption that he has urged one step after another—the voting of money for the rescue and relief of American tourists, aid of the banks, amendment of the shipping laws, Government insurance of war risks, and, finally, the buying of ships by the Government to end the congestion of our export trade. The whole makes an impressive exhibit of energy and resource, but also, it must be confessed, it is applying the powers of the Government in ways scarcely dreamed of before.

But what of the underlying doctrines? What of consistency with our past? We suppose that the President is not troubling himself with such questions. He would doubtless say that it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts him; that a great crisis is forced upon the country; and that his duty is simply to study the facts, work out a course of conduct in accordance with them, and let Constitutional theory go hang. This is usually the excuse of a man of action, as well as the defence set up for him by his friends. A good illustration is seen in the article on the late Joseph Chamberlain in the August *Fortnightly*. His public life brought him into paths going in opposite directions, apparently; and it is the effort of this apologist for him to explain his seeming inconsistencies by showing that he was intensely practical, that he took up each situation as it arose, grappled with all the facts, and then determined upon the thing to be done without caring whether it squared with his own past or was in harmony with the political principles to which he had given assent. This is a good working theory of a man who despised theories, but it has its weakness. The passionate devotee of "facts" must be mighty sure that he has got them right. Chamberlain believed in 1903 that the facts warranted him in going in for abandonment of English free trade. A contemporary comment, however, by the canny Campbell-Bannerman exposed the danger: "Don't be afraid of Chamberlain," he said to a group of alarmed Liberals; "he is certain to be all wrong about his facts."

If Washington appeals to the facts, to the facts let us go. It may be conceded that the question of the Government becoming ship-owner, for the time being, turns on matters of fact, but we must not omit to bring all the facts into the survey. What is the significance of the fact that private capital has thus far failed to come forward to buy the ships for sale? The inference is unavoidable that shrewd and careful men do not see their way through the business. Is the Government light-heartedly to incur losses from which they shrink? Can it do better than they in the working out of trade routes? Can it see the end of the experiment from the beginning more clearly than they? Then we need to know precisely the state of the case regarding the blockade of our grain and cotton exports. Is it being slowly broken? Can we now count upon disposing, after a little delay, of all we have to sell to England and the Continental nations—except Germany? And if it is a question of getting wheat and cotton into Germany, how can Government ships do it any better than private?

No one is more apt to fall into mistakes than your governmental Gradgrind who just dotes on facts. He has nothing but contempt for the "ideologue," yet he is himself one of the most arrant ideologues going. He has the idea that he knows it all. Yet the chief facts of all have a way of escaping his vision. He cannot see that a sound theory is itself a fact—the accumulated judgment of experience in regard to a whole set of facts—and that he will overlook it at his peril.

General principles may be thrown out of the window, but they infallibly come back by the door. And the very common feeling that the purchase of ships by the Government, at this juncture, would be a dangerous stretching of its functions, is only another way of expressing the fear that the advocates of the scheme have not taken all the facts into account.

THE DEAD POPE.

The common saying that the death of Pope Pius was hastened by the grief and profound dejection with which he was filled by the terrible war in Europe has at least the plausibility that it goes well with the known qualities of the man. Simplicity and unaffected goodness were his characteristic notes. A prelate after the mould of Victor Hugo's Bishop, raised to the headship of the Catholic Church, how could he fail to see in this loosing of infernal passions, not merely a denial of Christianity, but almost a negation of God? His last message to the Church was an exhortation to prayer that the warring nations might be brought to a better mind. It is said that he shut himself up to long hours of grieving meditation and prayer, so bowed and broken was his heart by the calamities wickedly spread over the whole of Europe. If all this, with his failing health, brought the end more quickly, who can wonder? It was a troubled world upon which a troubled Pope closed his eyes.

It was the engaging personal traits of Pius X which most impressed the imagination. In the extravagance of the first rush of mourning for him, some Catholics are speaking of him as one of the greatest of the Popes. Great in heart, certainly; but his reign will not be marked by the historian as one in which the statesmanship of the Vatican was at a high level. The kindly and benevolent old man, clinging with peasant-like affection to the society of his simple-hearted sisters, always displaying a child-like Christian faith, was a most at-

tractive figure, and drew to himself the warm personal admiration of many non-Catholics; but his talents were not of the sort that make a commanding Pope. Indeed, his very goodness, the simple wholeheartedness with which he accepted the teachings of the Church, were a handicap to him in the large questions which he was compelled to face. Believing implicitly that all religious truth had been for all time defined, how could he help setting himself against the inquiring spirit which underlay the so-called Modernist movement within the Church? Holding without a single wavering doubt that the Catholic Church was a divinely established institution, it was not possible for him to look upon the Separatist agitation in France and Portugal, and even in Spain, with anything except horror. Hence it was that Pius X so often appeared as one deploring the degeneracy and the evils of his time. He was more of a weeping prophet than a lion-hearted leader.

Guglielmo Ferrero had in the *Atlantic* a couple of years ago an article surveying the function of the Papacy. He showed how rare a combination of qualities is necessary in a Pope able to rise to the discharge of his varied duties. The Pope must be not merely the Holy Father, director of the Church. He has to be a statesman as well. From his position, he is thrown into very critical relations with the Italian Government and the life and political movement of the Italian people. In addition, he is inevitably brought into touch with public affairs in many nations. Questions of the utmost complexity and delicacy—questions which in their nature have more to do with statecraft than religion—are all the time referred to the Vatican. Bound to be in touch with all these high matters, *urbe et orbe*, the really masterful Pope requires to be scholar, saint, and diplomatist in one. Leo XIII unquestionably came nearer filling the arduous rôle than any of his predecessors for a hundred years. This, we believe, was Ferrero's judgment. He made no reference to Pope Pius by name; but at the end of his article there was a passage which undoubtedly looked towards the late Pope. If it should ever be, wrote Ferrero, that the Church should have a Pope who remained in his impulses and in his outlook upon the world simply a parish priest, the majestic power of the Papacy could not fail to be impaired for the time being, and its grandeur temporarily eclipsed. And it cannot be denied that Pius X always had upon him the marks of the excellent parish priest. He sincerely shrank from being made Pope. His heart was always with his beloved Venetians. He did his utmost to uphold the dignity and to meet the exacting requirements of his sacred office; but, while no one ever questioned his sincerity, or the soul of goodness that was mirrored in his countenance, it has been obvious that the princes of the Church have not felt in him a leadership commensurate with the needs of the day in which he lived.

Speculation will be rife about his successor. Already we have the lists of possibilities. If a strong Pope can be found, he was never more needed than now. The vote may easily fall upon a Pope of more shining abilities than Pius X, but it would be impossible to elect one of sweeter nature or sincerer piety than his.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

Among predictions bred by the present war, none has been more recurrent than that of a coming renascence of republicanism in Europe. The explanation is partly American patriotism, which unthinkingly concludes that the shock of ruin will teach eastern Europe the political truths we have long known. Partly it is a confounding of democracy with republicanism—for there will inevitably be democratic reactions; partly it is the persistence of an opinion prevalent in Europe itself during the French Revolution, that she would some day be a confederation of republics. But its main looseness is in confusing the crisis of 1914 with those of 1789 and 1848, and in failing to contrast the last three decades with the decades preceding those undeniably republican years.

It is the plainest of world-facts that European republicanism since 1880 has been at a standstill; losing ground in many lands, it has definitely gained it only in Portugal. The main causes are clear. One is the utter failure of the republic in Spain and its chequered course in France. With this has been contrasted the success of Bismarck's statesmanship in Germany. He found her poor, weak, and divided; with the Prussian kingship his chief lever, and affronting every liberal ideal of France and England, he lifted her to dominant wealth and power. The German mind of 1888 was completely altered from that of 1848, the idealistic days of Schurz and Kinkel; nor has it since changed. A second reason is the improved personal character of royalty in Europe. The era when our tradition of republicanism was fixed was the era of the four Georges, whom no reader of Thackeray can believe England ever loved. Carlyle's comparison of the national veneration for a royal prince in 1640 and 1840 is familiar. Yet Professor Fisher, of Oxford, remarking in his recent Lowell lectures at Harvard that "the joint influence of Queen Victoria and King Edward" had made "the monarchy stronger and more respected, its place in a democratic polity more settled," spoke for many Continental sovereigns as well. Republicanism, again, is felt out of place in world politics. Wide colonies respect a sovereign whom they can visualize; "if this was a republic," Mr. Balfour said of England, in 1910, "in my opinion the Empire would sink into chaos." Agencies of modern communication, the newspapers and cinema, have done increasingly much to make one man beloved by the divergent peoples of Austria and Russia. Finally, it was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a King, while Björnson pleaded for a republic.

But still more important considerations should be weighed against republicanism in even the worst upheavals that may befall the defeated half of Europe. Even the ignorant classes recognize to a significant extent that the exact form of the executive is no index of political or civil liberty. In England and perhaps in Scandinavia the popular will reacts more swiftly than in America. No Socialists count monarchy incompatible with political progress; and, while those of France have declared Socialism and republicanism synonymous, those of Germany, Austria, and Italy would sternly deny such a sentiment. Their object has been to make head against wealth and privilege, not against hereditary rulers. Democracy, which Macaulay once said would see Britain the nest of fishermen and owls, has thus partially captured the Reichstag; it obtained universal suffrage in Spain in 1890 and in Austria in 1907. It is too busy with Parliaments to look at Kings. And turning from the political aspect, the new urgency of social problems has tended in the same direction. Once the ruler was the symbol of inequality, extortion, and waste, and the seat of all social soreness. Now the expense of a court is a trifle in a budget; and Cobbett and Morris, Marx and Jaurès, would pronounce many problems—that of labor and capital but one of them—a hundred times more important than the form of the executive.

The result is that European republicanism on August 1 was not vital; and many of the reasons we have reviewed will be valid or exist as prejudices, when the war is over.

Some are marked for destruction. Royal ties are shown not half so effective for peace as popular government like France's or England's. The popular love for even a monarch like Wilhelm may turn to contempt and hatred. There is an excellent prospect that Germany, Austria, and Russia may be temporarily sick of their rulers' part in *Welt-Politik*. Tottering thrones which depend on the widely instilled sentiment that real democracy is possible without casting off old dynasties, may face a reaction of revolutionary fierceness. But the field is one for speculation, not prediction, and speculation, too, of a cautious kind.

THE AMERICAN HOLIDAY.

"To pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is one of the oldest and happiest subterfuges of the holiday-maker." In writing these words for *Harper's Magazine*, Harrison Rhodes does not mean to limit their application to this country, and so we are not forced to the usual course of explaining that the inheritance of the Pilgrim Fathers is still strong upon us. Long before there were such developments as American holidays, it appears, this subterfuge was in brisk employment at Bath, and it has survived, as one of the especially fit and useful inventions of the race, down to our day. It does more than supply the initial justification for running away from one kind of routine to another. This, indeed, is its least valuable quality. Its real importance is quantitative, and lies in the recognized fact that the health-hunter needs not only distraction, but plenty of it. The less able he is to stand anything else the more he demands of diversion. The contrary is equally true. The more diversion the harassed health-hunter has, the less able he becomes to endure anything else. The only cure for too much diversion is more of it.

If we are like the rest of the world in disguising our motive for "resorting," are we like it also in the way in which we perform the act? The answer to this question must be both yes and no. At the beginning, with that respect for Old World customs which even the attainment of independence did not destroy, we, too, "took the waters" in good eighteenth-century style. White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga—are not these names part of our history, made such by a full half-century of romantic chapters that are among our proudest claims to the possession of our share of the picturesque? By them, at all events, the alien observer would not have been impelled to write upon the monotony of American life, being estopped, indeed, by our similarity to Europe. Naturally, it was the Southern Cavalier that first felt the urgent need. And so, whether the dignified Washington set the fashion, or some one less notable, it became the habit of gentlemen in Virginia and Maryland to suffer from a twinge in the toe that sent the whole family "to the Springs." Ambitious New Yorkers imitated them, even when the journey from the city to one of the most popular of these resorts took twenty days. Not until 1839 was there the prospect of cutting the time to three days.

To what heights of culture these places might attain is shown by the advice of the pseudonymous "M. Pencil," who suggested that visitors take along a volume of Charles Lamb for light summer reading. What would publishers of 1914 think of that? But it would be quite erroneous to leave an impression of plain living and high thinking in accordance with that type of advice. Good Bourbon whiskey has been known to be drunk in these health-centres, and, incredible as it seems, not in addition to the waters so ostentatiously sought, but instead of them! Poker was not unheard of, and, while engagements were arranged in numbers out of all proportion to the number of marriages that followed, the latter were sufficiently numerous to make some of the Springs, as the Old White, noted for this feature alone. It is even said that within a few decades purses were made up in little Southern towns for the purpose of sending likely maidens and youths, too, to the love-laden air of the Old White. Any one who threaded the mazes of its walks, bearing such significant labels as Lover's Rest, Courtship's Maze, and Acceptance Way to Paradise, and emerged unsnared, could have deserved no better fate.

This is one side, and the more agreeable, of the picture. Some of it is American enough, but on the whole it suggests the Older World. The more undeniably American scene is less attractive, and, *miserabile dictu*, has our own Saratoga as a horrible example. Mr. Rhodes is uncompromising about it. Saratoga, he says, never was exclusive; "it was always democratically good-natured, vulgarly tawdry, and extravagant. It was the classic reproach of visiting foreigners that its ladies wore diamond earrings in the daytime, and promenaded its sidewalks without hats, and in *décolleté* gowns." How much better are we to-day? "There is a deal of talk about how we nowadays live in the country like the English country gentleman. We don't." And we are reminded of the account of a great jewel robbery near a famous resort, in which was made the "astonishing disclosure" that a lady of the very highest fashion had been that evening entertaining at a "marshmallow roast." This shocks Mr. Rhodes, who mercilessly demands to know whether it is not better to be honest and admit that the real American vacation is largely devoted to candy. His figures allow of but one reply. We may take refuge, nevertheless, in his admission that, even at the older Saratoga, visiting foreigners as well as natives had a very good time, "in fact just that pleasant kind of welter of all the classes" at which we have always done so well. It is something that even in our holiday-making we do not forget our democracy.

OVERDOING LUCIDITY.

Hilaire Belloc has touched on the need of clearness in writing:

> Lucidity is the chief character of prose. Men write when they cannot speak. Men speak to be understood. . . .
>
> A German once said very wisely—though a little picturesquely—that by a sort of gravity our thoughts fell easily on to the paper and, against that gravity, rose with difficulty from the paper to the minds of our readers. All prose is made up of a sort of tiny translations from mind to mind, and only when the translations are very good have you lucidity.

No one can with justice contradict this. Yet the danger to the writer lies in making too much of it. Clearness, necessary as it is, should not be the single aim of prose.

That it is nowadays too frequently the chief ambition of the writer, is a fact to be faced. The absorbing passion for clearness is so rampant that it influences all forms of writing. Other qualities are sacrificed to it. But lucidity is a means to an end, not the end itself. It is something to be learned and then forgotten. The pianist, in the making, practices his scales and arpeggios; but when he gets to real music he should have some higher aim than merely to prevent his execution from being vague and smudgy. So the literary craftsman should make it part of his apprenticeship to say precisely what he means. But technical ways and means should be distinct from emotional effect.

One can hardly imagine Macaulay or Newman or Mill dipping his pen and saying to himself: "Now, above all else, I must be clear." Yet that is the effect given by much contemporary prose. It has become almost axiomatic that the average magazine reader is either unable or unwilling to think. Accordingly, too many authors assume that it

is necessary to do his thinking for him. Amenities of style are abandoned in the task of clarification. Far more thought is expended on how to be clear than on what is to be clear. Facts are not merely set before the reader to be pondered; they are assembled and hurled at him in phalanxes. The same statement is repeated, re-repeated, turned inside out, served up as paradox, harped upon like a theme with variations. This passion for lucidity is partly responsible for the decline of the essay. The true essay, from Bacon to Stevenson, aimed at something besides making an impression like die-cutting. It sought rather to stimulate the reader, to guide him into pleasant pastures of thought, and lure him down inviting by-paths of individual reflection. But the modern essay, like all else, must take some subtle thought or quiet conceit, and, with a roar, flog it about the marketplace. Nor have the short story and the novel fared better. The short story frequently adopts the searchlight method of making things clear, focussing every ray of style and manner in the attempt to make the situations or characters stir the reader solely by their distinctness. Frequently, this is successful; but, as in the case of the searchlight, high lights, and low lights, delicacies of color and form are nullified. And the novel, too, strives to be crystalline in a more leisured fashion. Sometimes, to be sure, it attempts the same assault-and-battery method as the short story. But just at present the determination seems to be to "play it safe," leaving nothing to him who reads. It is like an interminable moving picture which contains explanatory labels in addition to the pictures themselves. Indeed, many a modern novelist is like the dramatist who devotes so much matter to skilful exposition that he has nothing left for his play. "Tell them you're going to do it, tell them you're doing it, tell them you've done it!" may be a helpful rule for the playwright, but it should hardly be foisted on all literature. The great masters of fiction have refrained from doing everything for their readers, preferring to leave them a chance for their own reactions.

A mad hue-and-cry after clearness—and nothing else—is destructive. Mere sense is not a be-all and end-all. If it were, an electric motto flaming against a dark sky would be the masterpiece of art. Richness, flexibility, and variety of style are much; imagination, thought, and truth still more. Without these, the literature of clearness becomes nothing more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Chronicle of the War

When we wrote last week we were careful to point out the danger of over-estimating the value of the reported successes of the Allies in Belgium. Events have shown that the warning was not uncalled for, and to-day there appears to be a danger of going to the other extreme and assuming that the success achieved by the German forces in the great battle that has been in progress since Saturday indicates that they are invincible. One English paper, indeed, has already stated that "we may yet see before long the Germans march in earnest upon Paris." That the net result of the fighting during the past week has been to secure a heavy advantage for the German troops is not to be denied, nor is the importance of their victories to be underrated; but it is well to bear in mind that the German armies have only now, after severe fighting and heavy losses, arrived at the point where, according to what we may assume to have been the plan of campaign, they expected to be two weeks ago. They have still to pierce the formidable double line of French fortifications before they can commence the march to Paris. Meanwhile, time has been gained and the Russian army has penetrated a considerable distance into eastern Prussia.

For the sake of convenience we may divide the fighting which has taken place in Belgium into two stages: that which occurred previous to the occupation of Brussels, on August 20, which may be termed the preliminary stage, and that which has occurred since. It has not, perhaps, been sufficiently understood—indeed, it has only recently been definitely established—that almost the entire brunt of the fighting in the preliminary stage was borne by the Belgian troops alone, and that the French and British did not come into touch with the enemy until the latter part of last week. The Belgian retreat really began on the evening of August 18 from the neighborhood of Diest. On the following day there was severe fighting near Aerschot, twenty-three miles east of Brussels, in which the Belgians were defeated. Louvain was abandoned late that night, the Belgians falling back on Antwerp. The Germans entered Brussels without opposition on Thursday, and by Friday of last week the entire Belgian army, with the exception of the forces still holding out at Liège and the garrison of Namur, was safe within the defences of Antwerp, one of the most strongly fortified places in Europe. All that happened thus far was stated officially to be part of a preconceived plan of campaign of the Allies, the idea having been that the Belgian forces should hold the Germans in check as long as possible, while the French and British were concentrating, and that when the allied forces had chosen their battleground there would be an effective Belgian force in Antwerp menacing the right wing of the enemy in case he were defeated.

At the beginning of the battle which may be said to have started on Saturday, the right wing of the German army was in the neighborhood of Ghent and its front followed the line Brussels, Wavre, Eghezee, Huy, Luxemburg. The Allies, with their left resting on Lille, extended in an almost straight line west and east to Namur, then followed the Meuse to Dinant, Givet, and Mezières, and southeast to Longwy. It is evident that the French plan was to assume the offensive, for the fighting on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday took place almost entirely within Belgian territory. It commenced apparently with a battle along the line Charleroi-Namur, and it is obvious that the latter place was the principal German objective. On Monday came the news of a French defeat at Neufchâteau by the army under the Grand Duke Albrecht of Württemberg, of a battle at Mons in which the British troops were able to hold their own, and of the presence of German forces on the west of the river Meuse. This was followed on Tuesday by the startling intelligence that Namur had fallen or been evacuated. The fall of Namur, which, though not as strong as Liège, is more favorably situated for defence, after a resistance of only three days, is puzzling, and would seem to indicate an extraordinary brilliance in the German attack. The explanation, however, may be that the Allies, in danger of having their lines pierced, feared a juncture of the German forces on the Meuse and Sambre and the consequent isolation of the fortress, and that it seemed preferable that the garrison should evacuate Namur rather than be cut off, as was Metz in 1870.

In Lorraine, also, where an offensive movement was undertaken last week, the French have suffered reverses. After having advanced along a front extending from the Donon Mountains to Château Salins and penetrated as far as Morhange and Saarburg, which was taken on August 18, the French were unable to retain their position and retreated again across the frontier, their right resting on the Donon hills and their left on Nancy. In the same battle in which the forces of the Allies in Belgium were forced to retreat the left wing of the German armies defeated the French in Lorraine, capturing Lunéville, which is sixteen miles within the French border. That this was a serious defeat may be judged from the fact that the French were driven back a distance of thirty miles, from Saarburg to Lunéville, in three days. Mülhausen, in Alsace, which was retaken by the French on August 20, has been evacuated. A statement issued by the French War Office on Wednesday declared that operations in Alsace had been entirely abandoned.

The German and the French accounts of the fighting naturally differ considerably in detail, but the essential facts stand out, that the Allies have suffered reverses in the first important battle of the war, on the right and centre at Namur, Neufchâteau, and Diedenhofen, where the army under the Crown Prince is reported to have won a victory and pursued the French as far south as Longwy, and on the left in Lorraine. The fighting along this line will now be transferred principally to French soil, as is indicated by the official statement in Paris that "the French army will remain for a time on the defensive." Unfortunately another inference is also to be drawn from the events of the past few days; that is, that this is not likely to be the short war that was prophesied in many quarters. Lord Kitchener's speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday bore testimony to the fact that he sees the probability of a long struggle.

With the reverses to the Allies on the French-Belgian frontier, the situation on Germany's eastern frontier becomes of increasing importance. For the Allies the problem is to hold the German armies in check until the full weight of the Russian invasion on the east is felt and it shall become necessary for Germany to detach some of her forces to meet it. For Germany, the problem is more difficult, for success against the Allies, to be complete, must be immediate. Russia has now apparently completed her mobilization, and the army which commenced the invasion of eastern Prussia on August 16 is said to consist of about half a million men. Gumbinnen, twenty miles within the Prussian border, and Lyck were occupied on Wednesday or Thursday of last week, and later in the week the Russians were stated to have occupied Johannisburg, Ortelsburg, Neidenburg, and Soldau. There was a report that Insterburg, some sixteen miles west of Gumbinnen, had also been taken, but up to the time of writing this report has not been officially confirmed. Should the news prove true, it is important, as Insterburg is the strategic railway centre of East Prussia, eight railways converging on it.

The details of the fighting on the Prussian frontier are too vague to be accepted at their face value and come entirely from Russian sources, but it may be presumed that the invading army has not advanced from thirty to forty miles into Prussia without encountering some serious resistance, and therefore that the Russians have been generally successful.

It is somewhat ironical, since the attention of the world has been diverted from the original combatants in the war to the wider battlefields of Belgium, that the only battle which has so far been fought to a definite issue is that on the river Drina, which we recorded last week, and in which the Servian army gained a decisive victory over the Austrian. The reports of this victory have been amply confirmed, and the Austrian losses, as reported from Servian sources, seem to have been in no way exaggerated. The battle lasted four days and the numbers engaged were about 150,000 on either side. According to official accounts, the Austrian losses amounted to 20,000, and a number of guns were taken. If further confirmation of the Servian success were needed, it might be found in the official announcement in Vienna on Monday that Austria would now retire from the war with Servia to devote her attention to the struggle in the northeast. The announcement adds that "the attack on Servia is henceforth looked upon as a punitive expedition, and not as a definite war."

There is still little to record concerning naval operations. In the North Sea the situation remains unchanged. An official dispatch from Berlin, reported by the Reuter correspondent at Amsterdam on Saturday, declared the Baltic to be free from all hostile ships. Confirmation has been received of the report of the sinking of the Austrian battleship Zrinyi in the Adriatic ten days ago by a French warship. According to a dispatch from Antivari, Montenegro, to the *Corriere d'Italia*, the fortifications of Cattaro, the Austrian seaport in Dalmatia, on the Adriatic, have been completely destroyed by a bombardment by French and British warships.

Foreign Correspondence

CALM IN ENGLAND—EARLY PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—THE RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR RECRUITS.

LONDON, August 11.

In the whirl of successive exciting incidents, of conflicting reports, and all the phenomena attending a condition of tense public expectation, it is difficult to reflect coolly, to discriminate between fact and fiction, and to report accurately the existing situation—a situation, moreover, that may be altered at any moment. But, up to the time at which I am now writing, the most obvious and most impressive feature of surrounding circumstances is the external popular calm.

For ten days the country has been alive with military preparations, for days and nights the railways have been transporting troops to the coasts; long lines of reservists and Territorials have been marching through the streets to their various destinations; horses, vans, trucks, and automobiles have been impressed into the public service; wholesale and retail trade have been demoralized by the abrupt withdrawal of ordinary means of transportation; shops and business firms have been deprived of a large proportion of their clerks; motor-'buses and trains have lost half their drivers and conductors; postmen and telegraph operators have been summoned to the field; large numbers of police have been assigned to military duty; all the machinery of every-day life has been subjected to sudden and exasperating interference. And yet, on the surface, there is nothing to denote that the nation is confronting the greatest crisis in its existence. Men and women go quietly about their affairs as usual, there are no crowds about the bulletin boards, the streams of busy pedestrians in the metropolis flow on as steadily as ever, and there is nothing to indicate that the whole air is charged with deadly foreboding.

It need not be supposed that this apparent indifference is but an exaggerated manifestation of the proverbial British phlegm. There is no general failure to comprehend the possibilities of the impending peril. The plain fact rather is that the realization of danger and responsibility is too deep and insistent among the solid classes of the community to permit distraction from the work in hand. There is no time now for anything but action. The nation has been solidified as by a stroke of magic, and the finer qualities of the Anglo-Saxon nature, qualities which have long been quiescent and which not a few observers thought to have disappeared, are beginning to reassert themselves. There is no boasting anywhere, no insane bragging about British invincibility, but a common admission that the coming fight is for national honor and liberty, that the issue is vital, must be met unswervingly, and settled, for good or evil, once for all. The dominant spirit is one of hopefulness and dogged resolution—a spirit fortified by faith in a righteous cause, and a belief—which has been illustrated by the crowded condition of churches last Sunday—that at least some of the angels will be found on the side of Albion.

Concerning the military ardor of the people at large, there is no room for question. The alacrity with which reserves of all kinds have answered the call to the colors has been astonishing. All estimates of their probable total have already been exceeded, and the recruiting offices around London and elsewhere are overwhelmed with applicants. To-day's estimate that 400,000 men are already in the fighting ranks—this, of course, is inclusive of the regular troops—is understood to be well within the mark. That Kitchener will get his additional 100,000 men is virtually certain, but months must elapse before they can be licked into serviceable shape, and no one can tell what may happen before then. But, whether justifiably or not, there is a rapidly growing confidence that the crowning trial of a hostile invasion of these islands will be averted, and that the British fleet may be depended upon to hold the Channel safe, if it can do no more.

I have just seen a private communication from the Admiralty authorizing fishermen to ply their trade in the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay. This, certainly, betokens confidence. And they have also given permission to-day for the exportation of coal to Italy, which, at this juncture, is a fact of great political significance. Before these lines reach you, you may know whether Italy has decided to throw her naval weight into our scale. This is what London is expecting her to do.

The presence of Kitchener in the War Office has been felt in the notable diminution of wild war stories in the newspapers. The reckless enterprise of the *Daily Mail* in issuing an extra on Sunday morning announcing a great naval battle in the North Sea, in which six English and nineteen German battleships were sunk, has already been the subject of angry comment in Parliament. It is announced that the author of similar journalistic canards—as mischievous as they are wicked and contemptible—will be held hereafter to strict account. This has established a wholesome fear of consequences in the souls—if they have any—of the publishers of the lesser yellow sheets. They have been reduced to the ignoble necessity of printing "No official confirmation" at the bottom of their sensational placards. This will soon put an end to one means of iniquitous profit. The *Times*, to its credit be it said, thus far has lived up to its best traditions, and is finding its reward in another vast increase in circulation. You find people reading it everywhere.

Just now nobody knows much of what is going on, and we are beginning to wonder how much news will be given to the public daily by the official bureau which has been established. Not a word has been printed about the manner or progress of the mobilizations of navy or army. The public only knew that all the railway terminals in London were held by the military, and that for three days troop-laden trains rushed north, south, east, and west by day and by night. The promptitude, the secrecy, and the order with which the Government acted were extraordinary. It is only now leaking out that preparations for war began three months ago. I know that some Naval Reserve officers were then assigned to their respective ships, and I am assured, on what I believe to be responsible authority, that Lord Kitchener went secretly to Belgium a few weeks ago to arrange with the Belgian headquarters staff about the disposition of our expeditionary force. A large part of that force was in Dover a week or so ago. The old place was thick with soldiers one night; the next

morning they had vanished. During the night they were all entrained for Folkestone, where they were put upon transports and dispatched. At the same time a fleet of great steamers, loaded to the bulwarks with khaki-clad soldiers, sailed out of Southampton. I heard yesterday, from a good source, that 100,000 British soldiers were in Belgium last Tuesday. The universal prayer here is that they may be able to give substantial aid to the gallant defenders of Liège. Praise of the Belgian soldiery here is rapturous.

According to a story whispered here, and widely credited, it was an Italian Ambassador at one of the Continental courts who gave a hint to the British Ministry weeks ago that a storm was brewing and was on the point of breaking. The report that the mobilization of the British fleet was accomplished then, secretly, under the pretence of a review before the King, is now accepted commonly as an established fact. The story that Winston Churchill, at Kitchener's instigation, ordered the mobilization without consulting his colleagues is also believed, but is, perhaps, less worthy of credence. One thing, however, is clear, and that is that the fleet was ready for action, and disposed according to the strategical plan of the Admiralty before Mr. Asquith followed his ultimatum to Germany with a declaration of war. The rapidity and smoothness with which all subsequent naval and military preparations have been conducted have excited general surprise and admiration. Almost for the first time in history Great Britain seems to have begun a campaign without disastrous preliminary blundering, and the startling energy with which she has thrown off her habitual lethargy is hailed as a good omen. Unluckily there is abundant opportunity yet for mistakes and misfortunes.

It is useless for me sitting here, before an impenetrable veil of secrecy and ignorance, to speculate upon the events of the near future. I can deal only with what lies within the range of my vision. To-morrow, or next week, the knowledge of a big victory or a great reverse may bring a wave of exhilaration or despondency. Now the course of daily life is shaping itself to its habitual channels. Confidence has been maintained not only by the demonstrated capacity of the Government in arming for the fray, but by its sagacity in checking panic by keeping holiday, its promised regulation of the news service, its promptness in suppressing conscienceless speculation in food, and by the simple, virile dignity with which it has confronted the emergency presented to it. All the shops are open, the cost of living has not appreciably increased, families are still flocking to seaside resorts for the summer holidays, without regard to hostile navies, and only in the frequent apparition of passing troops is there any symptom of endangered peace. Possibly no stronger proof of the general calm could be offered than the fact that the movements of the military along public thoroughfares are followed with sober interest instead of the usual noisy enthusiasm.

The immediate need is one of horses. It is said that foreign experts have been buying up all available stock of that kind in this country, and, of course, the credit is laid to Germany. Certain it is that some of the yeomanry organizations as yet remain ineffective for want of mounts. The official veterinaries are impounding useful animals everywhere. Livery stables and riding schools have been stripped and innumerable private carriages have been left horseless. Teams have even been taken from carriages and shop-wagons in the streets. In all cases a fair price has been paid for the animals, and no one is grumbling, although the inconvenience caused by this summary procedure is often great. The owners of gray or white animals are lucky, for they are left in undisturbed possession of their steeds.

The crowds of anxious stranded tourists in the offices of the various steamship lines running to America continue undiminished. Some of them, of course, have resources which insure them against anything more serious than temporary inconvenience and delay, but others are in an extremely awkward plight. It is simply impossible to find accommodations in any outgoing vessel, and many of these unfortunates are without ticket, money, or credit. They can only hope that the means taken for their relief may be prompt. The steamship people are doing their best for those to whom they are responsible for a return passage, but they do not know when any of their ships may be taken for transport service, and all those which they still control are "full up." The presumption is that other vessels will be chartered soon, if they can be registered under the American flag, but the prospect of even a few weeks' delay is a very serious one for the hundreds with neither tickets nor friends and empty purses.

J. Ranken Towse.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—DECLARATION OF WAR—STARTING FOR THE FRONT.

Paris, August 10.

Ten days ago, circumstances seeming to warrant, I bought a map of central Europe. To-day I need an atlas. No one foresaw ten days ago the terrible conflagration which has swept over this Continent and leaped across oceans. For the last two weeks, I have passed all the time possible in the streets and boulevards, at the stations and in the cafés.

Each of these days and nights has had a character of its own. For instance, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, July 27 and 28, the great boulevards were packed by enormous crowds, through which carriages and taxis moved like wreckage on a sluggish stream. But the crowd of Monday night differed from that of Tuesday: it was under a strain of uncertainty. No one was heard to laugh. By Tuesday night, a reaction had come. People felt surer that Russia would stand firm. There was much gayety, despite the mild riots due to the decision in the Caillaux case. The excitement increased steadily through Wednesday and Thursday, and by leaps and bounds on Friday and Saturday. The only topic of conversation was war, so much so that I overheard a serious little girl of seven say to a younger playmate: "Tu sais, si la Russie déclare la guerre, nous marcherons!" Those last two words, literally applied, would fit the courage which the women of France are showing.

By Friday night, a sinister impression of the inevitability of war had settled over the capital. I shall not soon forget the horror of this impression: it was almost as real as the smell of blood. What rendered the situation more tragic was that no one could be found who wanted war. By the morning of Saturday, August 1, thousands of vehicles of all sorts were transporting merchandise, and especially family furniture and heirlooms, to places of safety. Cabs were not to be found in sufficient numbers. Hundreds of people had to carry their own bundles, and one saw frequently a young wife and husband of the bourgeoisie carrying a trunk between them. In the afternoon, the thousands of auto-'buses almost all disappeared, converted into army wagons, and at about 4:30 o'clock the eagerly expected order for general mobilization of the forces of land and sea was posted. In the night we learned that Germany had declared war against Russia. Thousands of men, especially officers, left Paris before morning, dashing through the principal thoroughfares in automobiles and taxis. Even as late as two or three o'clock in the morning and in a quiet side street, one heard the rapidly nearing hum of an automobile, which swept by in a burst of air and sound and whirred away into the night. Some cafés did not close until three or four o'clock, and then only for a few hours. I saw the proprietor of a modest café in a populous quarter closing his doors at half-past one. His gray-haired wife was aiding. Their handsome daughter, after perhaps eighteen hours of continuous work, had sunk into a chair near the window. Before her was a glass of milk and a piece of bread, both untouched. Her dark eyes seemed fixed on some frontier at an interminable distance, and were filled with tears. She will long remain in my memory as the soul of France on the eve of war.

Few can remember another Sunday like that of August 2 at Paris. Troops everywhere, from the firm-knit infantryman in his garance colored pantaloons to the magnificent dragoons on horseback and the beautifully uniformed officers. The soldiers marched slowly—they had started in good season. They laughed and occasionally sang as they marched. It was interesting to watch their bright faces when an officer passed; they appeared to be proud of him, as of an older brother. At the stations, there was no confusion. Everything was done with calmness and order, much as at a successful fire-drill in a factory. The Gare de l'Est was, of course, the busiest place in the city. Unnumbered thousands, come to tell their "boys" good-by, occupied the square in front of the station and the neighboring streets. Lanes were kept open for the troops, who, before entering the gates, paused a moment to say farewell. The soldiers said good-by with a jollity which veiled their emotion, and, with a smile and a wave of the hand, they were gone. And the women? No less admirable was their attitude. Set faces, yes, but no sobs or tears. This was not the moment for weeping when the supreme peril of *la patrie* called upon all to be firm, and when, from that column traversing the court and disappearing inside the station, Jean or Pierre might turn around to show a smiling face and throw a final kiss to *petite maman*. Nor were the women of the rich less stoical. They were nearly all dressed with great simplicity and frequently in white. I saw literally hundreds of these elegant ladies kiss their husbands or brothers, hold them a moment at arm's length, and look at them with tender smiles, then kiss them again. Now he had entered the gates. She stood erect in the automobile, smiling and waving her hand. Later, there would be time enough to weep. On several occasions, I saw

automobiles returning with a single occupant after such an adieu. Generally it was a fleeting vision of a white-faced, beautiful woman, sitting erect in the depths of a limousine, but several times the image was that of a convulsed figure, pressing a handkerchief to its lips. One such figure I saw crumple down and disappear, probably in a faint, while the chauffeur sped on, and, dramatically, at that moment, a marching column on the other side of the street commenced again the immortal hymn:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

And this is only the velvet of war!

What a succession of pictures that Sunday! Here a group of young priests hurrying along to change their black robes for uniforms, for they too must do the service of men in defence of the fatherland. There, an officer in a hack, behind which follows a blooded mare. Her beautiful limbs are a-quiver with emotion, her ears in constant movement. A private soldier, fully accoutred, accompanied by his parents, stands on an isle of safety in the middle of the surging boulevard. He will be late for his train. He makes frantic signals to the passing taxis and hacks. But an officer, who is accompanied by a white-haired lady, sees the predicament. At a signal, his automobile stops, and in an instant he installs his guests, and the machine starts on. In the poorer quarter of the Rue Saint-Jacques, in front of a very humble shop, a young woman is seated on a stool. She is sewing. She is mending a tear in her husband's military coat. And in the midst of it all there are merry parties at the *mairie* of the fifth arrondissement—wedding parties, if you please. The generous wines of France are still to be had, and the bridegrooms start away to-morrow! The verb *partir* is being conjugated in all its living forms from one end of France to the other.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

HOLLAND AND THE WAR—ANTI-GERMAN FEELING—THE IMPROBABILITY OF A SECRET UNDERSTANDING.

THE HAGUE, August 8.

These are days full of anxiety for this country. Within earshot from its southeastern border the cannon roar. From the hills on which a week ago hundreds of holiday makers rejoiced in the pure air and the beautiful views, one now spies in the distance the smoking ruins, the burning houses of the little Belgian villages which lined so peacefully the shores of the Meuse and the Vesdre up to Liège, the manufacturing centre, the spire and chimney stacks of which one may discern in the distance from the Dutch hills—Liège, which may be but a smoking ruin itself, within a day, or an hour.

Long lines of wounded German soldiers, of wounded Belgian soldiers, of civilians, women and children, who in many cases have barely escaped with their lives across the frontier, are now on their way to Maestricht, to the same square at which in happier circumstances on Sunday next some thousands of Belgians would have gathered to assist at the great annual musical festival.

It has come as a surprise to everybody, the wirepullers-in-chief excepted. And it is not even certain that it has not been a surprise even to them, that they may not have thought to the very last minute that their mutual bluff would have the desired result.

Germany—once bound for war—had no choice, from the moment she determined to strike a blow at France, but to pass through Belgium. Every other direct route is barred by a series of fortifications. If the Belgians had been kind enough—or weak enough—to let the German army pass through their territory, the blow was struck and—this is the only theory of the German action that seems admissible here—France could have been dealt with before Russia was ready to fall upon the Fatherland.

The regiment which the Kaiser sent to safeguard the Dutch frontier from any infringement by his own troops is "Queen Wilhelmina's Own Prussian Regiment." On the other hand, "King Albert's Own Prussian Regiment" forms part of the army which attacks King Albert's town of Liège. Why is this?

The Dutch soil is respected everywhere, because, as the soldiers and officers say quite audibly, they "may not attack the country over which an Orange rules." And everybody knows how one of the Kaiser's most cherished titles is the (spurious) one of Prince of Orange.

The Dutch Red Cross helps the wounded indiscriminately, of course. But the German authorities are so brimful of courtesy towards these Dutch ambulance men that they send enthusiastic telegrams for the kind care received.

The marked difference in treatment between Holland and Belgium cannot but make many people believe in the real existence of that secret understanding between Holland and Germany which has so often in recent years been alleged to exist.

Yet if this explanation should gain a foothold in Europe and Holland stand as the Kaiser's helpmate, a revolution would be the immediate result. For it is clear that Holland feels with Belgium, with France; abhors the German proceedings. This is what the quarter of a million Dutch soldiers now with the colors think and say, and it is what the nation at large feels. I know Dutchmen who took service as volunteers in the Belgium army as soon as the attack on Visé and Liège became known. I know Dutchmen who would almost pray for an "accident" on the frontier of Holland and Germany which would make it necessary for this country to take its stand against "the Kaiser and his vandals," as they call them. Holland has never been a warlike nation, but I am almost convinced that the whole nation would prefer to go to war immediately rather than to bear the stigma of being the abettor and silent ally of Germany.

"Real independence is a great good, but the mock independence which is the inevitable sequel of a secret Germano-Dutch understanding is too dear at any price." So I was told this morning by a member of the Second Chamber, who is a prominent man in the peace movement and who cannot be suspected of any levity in matters like these. And he added: "I am certain that no such understanding exists or can exist."

I take his word for it, but there still remain the unprincipled and Machiavellian German proceedings!

For days the leading hotels in Rotterdam have been overcrowded by Americans returning from a visit to Europe. No doubt you will be hearing their stories at first-hand by the time you read this letter.

The staff of your Legation is working day and night—they are splendid! J. H. A.

The Middle-Aged Corinthian

SAILING FOR WISDOM VS. SAILING FOR SPEED—THE YAWL ADMIRABLE—NEWPORT AND WHALING—THE FOREFATHERS OF CORINTHIANISM.

The word *Corinthian* means a votary of effeminate vices and also an adept in the manly art of sailing one's own boat. It is the only sort of Corinthianism with which I have any near acquaintance, so naturally is my present theme. By limiting the subject to its middle-aged aspects I may seem to have abated its interest, but I think only apparently so. The problem of the young Corinthian, who is usually a racing skipper, is of opaque simplicity. Youth may sail anything, and the rest is a dull computation of available cash. Your young Corinthian rejoices in the yawing bow of the runaway catboat, and in the swaying over-extended main boom that thrashes into alternate waves. If the adventure end in that ignominious tangle technically called a goosewing, he has small reputation for caution or dignity to maintain. Not so the sober Corinthian who sees the land blink of old age blurring his horizon. In a sloop, young Corinthian affects the tip of his bowsprit and the lean of his gaff as resting places, and may do so with reasonable impunity. The racing scow of the Great Lakes will even afford him the stern joy of poising on the weather side of his own centreboard. These are ineligible spots for the skipper whose pace has been slackened by the years, and whose waist has outgrown the unimpressive concavity of mere youth. His problem in finding and handling his own boat is a sufficiently complicated and difficult one, his only advantage that he may be a little better able to pay for what he wants.

With abnormal cases of physical preservation, middle-aged men who habitually sail racing craft, I decline to deal. They need no advice and shall have no approval of mine. The middle-aged Corinthian I have in mind wants only to cruise. His guerdon is the fascination of right seamanship, the surprises of strange harbors, the scraps of odd human wisdom and experience that come to him who will cast anchor and be conversable. The other day, in the unlikeliest spot, Newport Harbor, the story of the last cruise of Capt. Slocum, of the world-circling sloop Spray, was told me by an ancient skipper who rowed alongside my little yawl. He had seen bottom up off the Connecticut River bars the nine-foot skiff in which Capt. Slocum sailed out from Mystic into his last nor'easter. Somewhere in the treacherous waters where Fisher's Island and Block Island Sound meet the old captain was overwhelmed. As my visitor talked, I looked at the nine-foot skiff which is my tender, thought of the nor'easter which I had ridden out uncomfortably the night before, and marvelled at the heaven-defying rashness of the greatest of aged

Corinthians. Compared with his last undertaking, the passage of Magellan Straits in the stanch and obedient Spray was mere child's play. A clever and resourceful mariner may well demand the scope of a world; a merely desperate skipper may be accommodated in his home waters. The Corinthian who courts his end need only wait for the right weather in New York Bay. Besides the natural interest in the dauntless Capt. Slocum, my visitor and I developed unexpected bonds. Years ago he had sailed a famous racing sloop. I could tell him that the son of his old captain had hauled her up to be an honorable landmark on one of the lovely Elizabeth islands, and just where she lay. It did not interest him greatly to hear that this son was distinguished as a connoisseur of art, but he was pleased to learn that he and his brothers were yachtsmen worthy of the stock whence they sprung.

Why this ancient mariner approached the particular middle-aged Corinthian who now writes was for no better reason than that we both sailed yawls. The law of birds of a feather applies nowhere with more automatic strictness than in harbors. You will see in flocks the cats, sloops, and schooners, and sometimes I have thought that an analytical mind might distinguish even finer subdivisions, as of craft with ambitious bowsprits, or with jib prudently rigged at the stem. At any rate the law of rig holds as an instinct. A catboat was my first love and best educator; yet I have just once consciously anchored alongside one. It was in a very small unknown harbor on which I chanced at night. The morrow showed the complete absence of other yawls, and perilously yet conveniently near my taffrail a monumental and well-stocked lobster crate, which I am satisfied was the real attraction that drew me to an otherwise unmeet roadstead.

What the boat of the middle-aged Corinthian should be is a matter of opinion; yet I am sure that the sensible choice lies merely between rigs with divided sails, such as schooners and yawls. The past ten years have seen the building of hundreds of small schooners and yawls; indeed, these are the only real novelties in our American waters. Many are sailed by their owners. Naturally, my own preference is for the boat I sail, the yawl—a rig which for centuries has proved its utility in the heaving shallows off Holland, and for generations has been the favorite rig amid the reefs of the West Coast of Scotland. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a more handy three-sail rig than one which provides only one sail of any size, while permitting the two small sails to be so rigged as under all circumstances to take care of themselves. I have even known hardy catboat skippers to admit, while surveying a welter to them passable but most uncomfortable, "You can do it well enough, in a yawl." And occasionally, casting aside the prudence that befits a middle-aged Corinthian, I have done it, just to prove them right. If any one doubts the handiness of what is still an exceptional rig, or that it has come to stay, let him watch the pleasure fleet when a thunderstorm roars up the wind. Down go the sails of cats and sloops. They wait, stripped and helpless, for the blast, or face it with ignobly chugging engine. Schooners follow suit, or go through a laborious process of reefing. Those that take that chance will generally be seen when the whirlwind has passed with gaff dangling and parted halliard. The yawl quickly lowers and ties up her mainsail, an affair of seconds, and in fighting trim gallantly faces the event. You will see her driving into the smother when the rest are aimlessly drifting. There are faster boats, but she works *ohne Hast ohne Rast*.

As for Corinthianism in general, the absence of the inevitable, inarticulate, and highly expensive Norseman, who is now about the only available sailing master, has the effect of throwing upon the Corinthian the most delightful variety of work. He is about the only surviving handy man. If there be anything more engrossing than sailing, it is sitting in your own unchaperoned cockpit under the sun and making splices. Taking up turnbuckles has its joys, and so has painting. Much wisdom is to be got by working on shore alongside those seasoned men who prepare ships to go down into the sea. Then the sport adjusts itself as few others to time, tide, and temperament. You may arrange a cruise gentle enough to please your wife's relatives, or you may sail out into winds fit to suit Viking blood. I know of a particularly timorous Corinthian, who, by biding his time, has nosed his ill-found craft into every port from Charleston to Machias. I know also the captain of a most picturesque and uncertain packet who has joyously left the fragments of his booms and masts from Monomoy to Block Island. He has sailed so long and successfully that his pleasure now is solely in emergency and disaster. These are the opposite poles. One is free to name his craft the Adventure or the Susan Jane, and to sail her accordingly. Between these high latitudes of radicalism and conservatism most middle-aged Corinthians will be content to steer.

To assert his kinship with the long line of seafaring men is the Corinthian's high privilege. By the easy expedient of neglecting his engine—in these days one will hardly escape some ill-smelling mechanism misnamed an auxiliary—the amateur captain may put himself essentially in the conditions of Ulysses or Erik the Red. It is the same sea, and boats have not greatly changed. Once, by a misunderstanding with the chart-seller, I had to find my way in the, to me, unknown stretch between Sakonnet and Cuttyhunk. It was done by keen observation of the waters, timely use of the lead, and a modicum of good luck. Under these conditions Smithtown Neck may be as ominous as Læstrygonia, while, having noted Scylla and Charybdis, I hold the currents that swirl around the Hen and Chickens rocks to be a satisfactory equivalent.

One noon, while rising and falling with slack sails in the great rollers that raced towards Narragansett Bay, I heard alongside a curious *pouff!!* A white fountain of thin spray rose near by, and then a slow rounded back ploughed through the wave, leaving its own wake of foam. I am thirty-one feet on deck. It was much longer. Had he playfully caught me head on, the good cedar planking of the Altair would have yielded like a filbert under the hammer. To react the tragedy of the Essex under the windows of the 400, this would be to succumb with dignity, such was the first reflection. Then the bass *pouffs!!* sounded all about. To starboard, port, and ahead the blue rollers were broken for a cable's length by fountain plumes and diving brown backs. Recalling that the blackfish, as this small whale is called, was after all a faint-hearted cetacean, for a moment I thought that by launching my largest boat-hook from the prow of the nine-foot tender, I might, with a minimum of risk, emulate the feats that had enthralled my boyhood in the incomparable pages of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." I abstained from the proud gesture, considering that while I could ill spare the larger boat-hook, I had no kind of use for the small whale. As I left him unmolested, a sympathetic shipmate told with admirable mimicry the classic yarn of Captain Sims and his more enterprising mate and the whale that spouted and spumed and broached. For a moment we had lived over the thrill of old whaling days.

To the middle-aged Corinthian of any imagination such revivals of the standard incidents of seafaring through the centuries come not infrequently. They are the pledge of his oneness with all who have captained hollow ships since the ocean was—the assurance of a modest but indubitable apostolic succession. To-day a standing joke in old-fashioned boatyards is the apparently unshipshape plight of St. Paul when off the coast of Malta he "let out two anchors *from the stern* and waited for the dawn." That this, in a rowing galley, was all right enough merely enhances the bond of chaff and humor that is immemorial among sailing folk. Since I have experimented with a megaphone, I am satisfied that it was both terse and witty for Ulysses to describe himself as No Man to blinded Polyphemus, and sometimes, when my anchor chain has been clanking correctly enough at the bow, my anti-Calvinism has admitted a strong fellow-feeling for St. Paul. When the professionals quailed, he seems to have played a stalwart Corinthian part. May we latter-day Corinthians, if ever it fall to our lot to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus, hold ourselves as befits our lineage, and in fashion to do honor to our mighty mistress, the sea.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Poetry

RECENT VERSE.

Auguries. By Laurence Binyon. New York: John Lane Co. $1 net.

Aphrodite and Other Poems. By John Helstone. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Challenge. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

Arrows in the Gale. By Arturo Giovannitti. Riverside: Hillacre Press. $1 net.

The Return of Odysseus. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

The Ride Home. By Florence Wilkinson Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Brunelleschi. By John Galen Howard. San Francisco: John Howell.

Out of Bondage. By Fanny Hodges Newman. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $2.50 net.

Poems. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

Sprays of Shamrock. By Clinton Scollard. Portland, Maine: The Mosher Press.

In the Shadow of Ætna. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Eve. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Selected Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier. New York: Oxford University Press.

A Little Book of American Verse. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Published by the Author.

Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Fourth Edition. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Robert Bridges. By T. Herbert Warren. New York: Oxford University Press.

Richard II. Edited by S. G. Gordon. New York: Oxford University Press.

The "Auguries" of Mr. Binyon, like auguries in other fields, arouses expectations which the results hardly verify. In these accomplished and modulated verses, we breathe the ether rather than the air of poetry. The verse is highly, minutely, pliantly expressive, but it lacks, in the accepted phrase, viscera. It wanders adrift with waiflike or spectral detachment, not achieving that rootage in the obvious which is indispensable to the success of the recondite. There is delicate Hawthornesque fancy in the first section of "The Mirror"; there is cosmic and cyclic imagination in the picture of the world-wide and age-long influence of the moon on the sum of human or planetary experience. Mr. Binyon deserves credit, moreover, for resisting the temptation, common in poets of his type, to seek in the coarsening of his matter an offset for the refinement of his treatment.

The combination of sexual passion and humanitarian ardor which emerged in Shelley, and reappeared in Shelley's devotee, Swinburne, has renewed its career in the writings of a follower and worshipper of both poets, John Helstone. His imitation, in an elegy on Swinburne, of Swinburne's well-known elegy on Baudelaire deserves admiration—like other forlorn hopes—for its courage. The author's imitativeness, however, is many-sided, and his chief debt to Swinburne is a facility in amplification which piles stanza upon stanza with a perseverance that sets one wondering how so much addition can mean so little increase. Mr. Helstone is not without strong phrases, good lines, and imaginative touches, particularly in landscapes of the bosky, dense, implicate type; but his rejection of clearness is absolute, and his slender evocative and rhetorical power is no compensation for his obscurity. His teaching is meagre and obvious, for all its haughty assumption of profundity and compass, and we cannot help wishing that some one more influential with young poets than the cold reviewer would suggest to Mr. Helstone that it is a waste of chivalry to undertake the championship of the injured animal passions. The animal passions can take care of themselves.

Mr. Louis Untermeyer's work divides itself into two parts. The first is a miscellany of types, narrative, descriptive, dialectical, allegorical, fanciful, erotic, producing a miscellany of impressions—impressions of study and negligence, of smoothness and harshness, of platitude and originality, of beauty and repulsion, of freak and poise. The second is a much smaller group of much abler poems, praiseworthy less for their value as poetry than as clear-cut dicta, which add to plain and pointed language the reinforcing crispness of verse. In the flux of moods which agitate Mr. Untermeyer, it is neither unnatural nor unfit that the one mood which abides with us should be that of steadfastness. His hand, largely unsure and tentative, has defined and affirmed itself in the single field of pointed thought and measured and incisive verse. We quote four stanzas of "Prayer":

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride:
And when, at last, the fight is won
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

The impression left by "Arrows in the Gale" is that an earlier and more exclusive addiction to writing might have made Arturo Giovannitti a genuine man of letters. In spite of chronic superabundance, of much vague rhapsody in formless Whitmanesque verse, of an excess of density and hardness in the grenadier-like pace of the squadroned iambics, of plentiful infractions of good English and good taste, the writings of this syndicalist show real imagination, which, when joined with compression and restraint, rises into momentary power. The following beatitude expresses the spirit of the work: "Blessed are they that mourn their martyred dead, for they shall avenge them upon their murderers and be comforted." The literature profits by the massiveness of the truculence; it is an embedded, an assimilated, and organic hatred. The following lines illustrate the mixture of repulsiveness and power in the work (the italics are ours):

And now we, too, must sit here, Joe. Don't dust
These boards on which our wretched brothers fell,
They are clean, there's no reason for disgust,
For the fat millionaire's revolting stench
Is not here, nor the preacher's saintly smell,
And the Judge never sat upon this bench.

The subject of Percy Stickney Grant's poetic play, "The Return of Odysseus," offers clear dramatic opportunities. The success of Mr. Grant in evading or nullifying every one of these occasions has an inevitableness that resembles dexterity. His style shows a combination of firmness and bareness which is not uncongenial to the Greek temper, but the advantage is lost through the plethora of romanticized modern sentiment. With good will we might coax ourselves to believe that the vessel was antique, if the liquor that filled it were less indisputably modern. The author is best in lyrics, and one of these, a chorus in the first act, which adheres to Greek motives, has an urn-like symmetry and distinction. Taken all in all, however, Mr. Grant shows the trouble in store for the man who, essentially lyrical in temper and modern in feeling, attempts to write poetry under the double handicap of the dramatic form and the Hellenic setting.

"The Ride Home," by Florence Wilkinson Evans, is a volume of 383 pages, which looks like a collection of reprints. It falls into three groups: First, the poems in "The City" on practical or sordid subjects popularly classed as unpoetical; second, the travel poems; third, "The Marriage of Guineth," a one-act tragedy in blank verse, of Celtic theme, of which Mr. W. B. Yeats is evidently the prompter. The first group exhibits some pointed motives, but fails to show that overplus, that double charge, of imagination which is needed, in such themes, to offset the predisposition to a prosaic attitude, a predisposition which counts twice because it affects both author and reader. Of the travel verses, little else can be said than that they are the ingenious and brightly colored simulacra of poems, satisfactory only to those who are content to imagine that they feel. In the drama, the suspense dies of too much nursing.

The "Brunelleschi" of John Galen How-

ard is an artistic monologue of the Browningesque type (Brunelleschi loquitur) expanded to 1,837 lines, and adapted to three successive views or outlooks upon Florence, from the artist's chamber at dawn, from the hollow of the Duomo at noon, and from San Miniato at night. There are grave faults in the style, traceable mainly to the popular delusion that the only defence against that insidious foe, the commonplace, is impropriety or affectation, or, in other words, that the first step towards a mastery of English is the repudiation of its vocabulary. But the compensations are significant. There is a speed and sonority in the lines which makes them agreeable as they stand, and which, in purer English, would be really enjoyable. The main excellence, however, is a certain heat and vigor in the conception of Brunelleschi which makes him fully half-alive (in the "Dead City" of contemporary verse half-measures of vitality are welcome) and the presence of sparkles of animation even in the artist's lightly sketched compatriots. Mr. Howard has much to learn and to unlearn, but he has put beyond question his right to try again.

"Out of Bondage" contains much better poems than might fairly be presupposed from the luxurious letter-press and the attitudinizing preface. The best of them lack neither intellectual and emotional substance nor imaginative force; somewhat austere, even grim at times, the writer shows a particular fitness for thoughtful and massive themes which finds an apt second in a command of grave and weighty measures. In contrast with the indirections and sinuosities of our epoch, the reader is pleasantly conscious of a frank, face-to-face utterance which suggests that, while the verses have been tended, as all good verses are and must be, they have not been cockered. The following lyric, called "The Long Time," though too conventional in theme to be typical, illustrates the author's capacity fairly well:

Though years pass by and fortune does not come,
Let us not question why is joy so late;
While birds are singing we may well be dumb;
While roses blossom, Dearest, we can wait.

The fields of life are wide and full of grain;
Let us turn back from peering through the gate,
And help to load the common harvest wain;
If we are helping others, we can wait.

The earth is dreary and its paths are rough;
Crooked they are; fall to and make them straight
And point out pitfalls! There is time enough;
The while we serve we can forget we wait.

Then, when the noontide comes, and afternoon,
And we look up and see it growing late,
Behind the sunset hangs the little moon;
Till the night comes, Beloved, we can wait.

Mr. Walter Conrad Arensberg is an exasperating person—exasperating in a degree impossible to any person who is not at the same time half-captivating. His faults and virtues conspire to make him unforgettable. The list of Frenchmen whose poems he has translated—Ronsard, Du Bellay, De Musset, Baudelaire, Murger, each once; Laforgue, Mallarmé, de Nerval, each twice; Verlaine five times—is a half-description and a half-critique of his original lyrics. He is a pupil of the Symbolists, freely assimilative of their merits, and, as Shakespeare would say, duteous to their vices. The strain that he puts upon human intelligence is both complimentary and oppressive, and he is fond of tying up his construction in hard knots which repeat themselves in the foreheads of his readers. But the primary defect of these poems is the want, so to speak, of a signature, of a definite human being responsible for their genuineness. Here is a fine sensibility, here is a fine accomplishment, wandering about in melancholy quest of a man or soul who will give them shelter and employment. But not all these faults, with occasional affectation and cheapness superadded, disturb the reader's conviction that Mr. Arensberg is a man who cannot be put aside either with a buffet or a caress. For pure sound what can exceed the following quatrain?

What hath He made of thee,
More to be blest?
What of the braid of thee,
What of the breast?

He can rise by moments to sheer magnificence:

Nor trust the sad security of sleep,
Nor rest the ageless watching of their eyes.

We add a little poem, "Autumn Wind," not for exceptional merit, but because the first stanza illustrates his rich expressiveness, the second his frequent ooziness or insalubrity, and the two together his uncertainty:

The birds drift over the autumnal sky
Like frail and fallen leaves across a lawn,
And the unmitigating winds have drawn
Out of their chant a shivering shaken cry.

The winds have wrecked the gleaming sails of day
And they have made a sorrow of the air—
Wild winds, that are as streaming as the hair
Of girls that wait the drowned by the bay.

In the flying and filmy verse of the lyrics of Irish setting in Mr. Scollard's latest volume, there is a touch of love, a touch of landscape, a shimmer of pathos, a vestige of primitive religion, all softened and attenuated like the images of woods and rocks in the vague under-world of the lake or river. The effect is mildly agreeable, and the poetry, being essentially light, is the better for the fact that both its materials and its spell are obvious; the tenuous is intolerable when complex. Repetition is prettily employed in the two stanzas that follow:

What is that shimmering line of white
Gliding under the stark midnight—
Gliding—gliding—gliding—gliding—
Where the river gleams when the moon is bright?

There is never a sound save the night-bird's cry,
And the languid water lapsing by—
Lapsing—lapsing—lapsing—lapsing
Under the arch of a leaden sky.

In "The Shadow of Ætna," by Louis V. Ledoux, we meet with a prettiness which is distinguishable from the omnipresent prettiness only by a shy gentleness or meek suavity of tone. Two stanzas may be cited for lyric animation:

Heart of a bird! Heart of a bird!
O, the wild, white cranes are free;
But the heart of man is the song unheard
That the sea-winds sing to the sea.

What have you more that I have had
From the winds and the sun and the sea?
Is the heart of a bird like a man's heart sad
And crying ceaselessly?

In Katharine Howard's "Eve," the most primitive of legends, that of Adam and his wife, is applied to the illustration of the most ultra-modern of causes and doctrines, woman's suffrage and eugenics. The form is dimly rhythmical and vaguely dramatic, and the meanings peer at us from a mist—sometimes deepening to a murk—of allegory. The boldness of the conception and the sincerity that points to a personality behind the book entitle the work to a respectful mention in these columns.

The anthology continues to flourish, or at least to multiply. The "Selected Poems" of Whittier is a volume of convenient form and of discriminating taste in every point except the point of quantity. The object of selection is to reduce bulk and heighten quality, and mere arithmetic would seem to show that, in a collection of 189 poems, the accomplishment of neither object could be strikingly successful. Miss Rittenhouse's "Little Book of American Verse" is a competent selection of lyrics from contemporary or recent singers in America. The wise reader will feel that it is less to the purpose to be saddened by the absence, or the paucity, of memorable work in this collection than to rejoice in the convincing evidence it offers of the existence in America of a large class of thoughtful, delicate, and accomplished persons who enrich, if they do not glorify, a nation. Most American scholars and men of letters would probably derive more pleasure from Miss Rittenhouse's little volume than from all but one or two of the very best Elizabethan miscellanies and songbooks. The afflatus, it is true, is less marked, but it is a fair question whether thoughtfulness, interest, and accomplishment, with reduced inspiration, do not constitute better literature than inspiration which works monotonously in a not very extended field of not very elevated topics. One is scarcely bound to modify this estimate materially in passing from Miss Rittenhouse's "Little Book" to Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse," which confines itself to the year 1913. The book contains forty-seven select poems, a longer list of titles of "distinctive" poems, and a brief, enthusiastic prefatory essay on the poetry of 1913 in general. Mr. Braithwaite emphasizes the merits of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's latest volume and of Mahlon Leonard Fisher's sonnet, "November." Mr. Fisher's sonnet is entitled to about half of what the rapt critic says in

its behoof—which is another way of saying that its merits are striking.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson has given to the public a fourth edition of his collected poems, to which the delicately tinted ode on Saint-Gaudens and the enheartening "Vision of Gettysburg" have been added. Dr. Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen College, Oxford, has republished in pamphlet form a lecture on Robert Bridges, of which the outstanding traits are a fine literary gourmandise and a winning mixture of respect and fondness. Mr. G. S. Gordon, of the University of Leeds, has prepared an edition of "Richard II," the purpose of which is "to gain readers for Shakespeare"; believing that the text should not be smothered in the wrappage, he compresses his introduction into six pages and his notes into eighteen.

Books and Men

ALICE IN WESTCHESTER.

He was a weary-looking little person, and might have posed before a newspaper cartoonist as that imaginary being, the Tired Business Man. He stepped slowly off the 5:34, and began a deliberate progress across the small park which makes that particular railway station different from all others in the world. There is a path bordered with pink and white altheas—three months ago it was similarly decorated with Cherokee roses. Through this he walked, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, and came out on the grassplot near the banks of the Bronx River. There is a "rustic" bridge, a waterfall, a tiny, wooded island—I said it was an unusual railway station!

The moment he reached the bridge some one stepped out from behind an althea bush and said: "Please don't get into the picture!" He peered at her under his hat-brim, and then made a vague motion in the air in front of his eyes and peered again. She was in brilliant red from head to foot, there was no doubt of that. Her skirt seemed to be made of three or four bright red automobile tires, decreasing in circumference as they rose from her ankles to her waist. She wore a red shawl, and carried a long sceptre. On her head was a veritable crown, of the same brilliant hue.

If you have been steeped in business cares all day, if you have been gorging the war news for forty minutes on the train, you are ill-prepared to confront such a woman. Ordinarily, people do not dress in that way in quiet towns less than twenty miles from the city. So the man was confused. He made an inarticulate sound of inquiry. The woman repeated, briskly, "Please do not get into the picture!" But still the man hesitated, made queer noises in his throat, pinched himself, and made gestures with his right hand as if he were trying to drive away a swarm of gnats dancing in front of his face. The situation was altogether beyond him.

It was the complete failure of the practical life. Because he insisted on living in a world of fact, prided himself on remembering that this is the year 1914, that Woodrow Wilson is President of the United States, that business is going to the dogs on account of the war, and a number of other unimportant truths of that sort—it was because of just that attitude that he was absolutely helpless, absurd, pitiable. Any seven-year-old child would have been well poised by comparison. Any grown-up who had lived with a decent regard for foolishness, who had eschewed the awful career of fact, would have been at home in an instant. For such a one would have exclaimed: "Why, it's the Red Queen! Where is Alice, I wonder?"

Alice was near at hand. The White Knight was bidding her good-by, just down the little slope! Then he rode away (towards Farrell's drug-store!) tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other, in quite the proper fashion. As for Alice—"a very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook" (the Bronx River).

"The Eighth Square at last," she cried as she bounded across and threw herself down to rest. . . . "Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all around her head.

"But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she said, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

And all the time the stage-manager, or whatever he is called, stood behind a tree, on the little island near Alice, and the man with the moving-picture machine kept the handle of his apparatus in motion.

The puzzled man was still puzzled, and staring. Presently the White Rabbit, in all his majesty, walked out from behind a tree. Now, the White Rabbit is simply one of the most delectable personages in literature. By rights, he had no business here, for this was "Through the Looking Glass," and the Rabbit belongs, of course, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." But who would find fault, when he came in full feather, or, rather, full fur—ears, tail, and whiskers, coat of loud checks, waistcoat, watch and chain, Gladstonian collar, and all? He walked over to help the Red Queen keep the business man from crossing the bridge until that film was taken. His help was not needed. The appearance of the Red Queen, and a glimpse of the White Knight as he rode away, falling off every few steps, had sufficiently perturbed the stranger. The approach of the Rabbit was the last straw, and the man retreated.

Then the Rabbit and the Red Queen came over to us. The Rabbit remarked that it was a hot day for furs, and the Red Queen said that it was a nuisance to have a costume you couldn't sit down in. (Look her up in the book, and you will understand the difficulties which Sir John Tenniel prepared for this actress). The 5:50 came into the station, and the stage manager declared that there would soon be too much of a crowd and that the light was getting bad, into the bargain. So he helped Alice off the Eighth Square, while the Rabbit hurried over to the baggage-room, to get into more matter-of-fact clothes.

It is hard to agree with the folk who see nothing but sensation and danger in the moving pictures. It is true that the March Hare told me that already, somewhere out West, they are enacting the battles in Belgium before the cinematograph. The Kaiser is there, moustache and all, and so is Gen. von Moltke and Gen. Joffre. These are painful things. But to step off the 5:34, in your own suburban town, and find the White Rabbit and the Red Queen awaiting you! Does that not add a new pleasure to life?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

JAMES ADAIR'S "HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS."

In the year 1775, two London booksellers, Edward and Charles Dilly, "in the Poultry," published a quarto volume, "The History of the American Indians," by James Adair, who had been—so reads the wordy title-page—"a Trader with the Indians, and Resident in their Country for Forty Years." The book is still in great demand and highly regarded, in spite of the author's peculiar ideas respecting the origin of the American Indians.

In his preface, Adair remarks that he had been engaged in the Indian trade since 1735; and, what is more interesting from a bibliographical point of view, that the greater part of the book was written while "among our old friendly Chikkasah," with whom he first traded in 1744. He laments that the work was written under many difficulties, being, as he was, separated from "the conversation of the learned," and from libraries. Furthermore, Adair was frequently interrupted by the exigencies of trade, and often compelled to conceal his manuscript from the jealous natives, who were suspicious of all papers. But the author does not intimate, neither is it generally known, that he endeavored to publish his book by subscription as early as 1769. In the *Georgia Gazette* (Savannah) of October 11, 1769, will be found an item about Adair, dated New York, February 27—possibly copied from a New York paper of that date—in which it is stated that "he intends going to Europe in the ensuing summer, where he proposes to print the Essays"—meaning his work on the American Indians. The same newspaper, issue of November 1, 1769, printed the following "Proposals":

Proposals for printing by Subscription, Essays on the Origin, History, Language, Religion, and religious Rites, Priests or Magi, Customs, Civil Policy, Methods of declaring and carrying on War, and of making Peace, Military Laws, Agriculture, Buildings, Exercises, Sports, Marriage and Funeral Ceremonies, Habits, Diet, Temper, Manners, &c of the Indians on the Continent of North America, particularly of the several Nations or Tribes of the Catawbas, Cherokees, Creeks, Chickesaws, and Choctaws, inhabiting the Western Parts of the Colonies of Virginia, North and

South-Carolina, and Georgia. Also some Account of the Countries, Description of uncommon Animals, &c, interspersed with useful Observations relating to the Advantages arising to Britain from her Trade with those Indians; of the best Methods of managing them, and of conciliating their Affections, and thereby extending the said Trade. Also several interesting Anecdotes Collected in a Residence of the great Part of 33 Years among the Indians themselves.

By James Adair.

Conditions. The Work will be comprised in two Octavo Volumes, and be put to Press in London as soon as a sufficient Number of Subscriptions are obtained, and will be printed on a good Paper, with Letter entirely new.

The Price to Subscribers will be two Spanish Dollars, one of which to be paid at the Time of subscribing, and the other on the Delivery of the Books.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Printer of this Gazette.

It is not unlikely that the proposed book was advertised in other newspapers of the day. But, like Capt. Jonathan Carver, who later plagiarized portions of this work, Adair appears to have been compelled to go to London to find a publisher. And, like Carver, if he went "to Europe in the ensuing summer" (1769), he was forced to defer publication for a number of years after reaching the great metropolis. Meanwhile, I wonder if Adair and Carver met in England and talked over their experiences in the wilderness, and the difficulties encountered in getting a book published by subscription, particularly in America? If Adair went to England, this is not at all improbable. Charles Dilly, still carrying on his business "in the Poultry," was one of the publishers of the third, and best, edition of Carver's "Travels" (London, 1781).

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

A MARITIME PEACE LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The first idea towards creating a naval police force in order to maintain peace among the Powers, by the eventual menace of a blockade and ensuing famine, was put forward, I believe, by M. Van Vollenhoven, professor at the Leyden University. But his plan seemed quite impossible to realize, being founded on the principle that every Power should put *a part* of its naval forces in the hands of the executive committee at The Hague. A much simpler method can be devised, and, I am firmly convinced, would meet with no difficulty. Suppose that the United States, England, France, and Russia should agree—without precluding further adhesions—that every international difficulty, of whatever kind, between white men, should be submitted to the tribunal of The Hague; further, that any Power refusing at a given time to submit to this agreement, should be declared *outlaw* and all her shipping stopped, all her ports blockaded by the united squadrons of the Maritime Peace League. What country, in this rather overpeopled world, could resist such a pressure for more than a fortnight? Before shipping would be resumed, the guilty country would have to pay all the costs resulting from the action of the Maritime Peace League. Is that not very easy to understand, and will any one say that it is utopian?

S. REINACH.
Member of the French Institute.

Paris, France, August 1.

THE MOST WICKED OF WARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I intended last week to ask you to thank some *Nation* writer for a phrase which has been ringing in my ears—"the most awful and most wicked of wars." Last night I read the *Nation's* article "The Real Crime against Germany," and now I must send my thanks this morning.

I suppose that every man who has spent as much as one semester in a German university must say "Amen and amen" as he reads the article. It is so horrible and so useless and wicked that the imagination refuses to work on it. To think of that beautiful land torn by the destruction of war; and to think of those earnest, lovable, naïve, high-minded young fellows who sat on the same benches and bent over the same seminar tables with me being slaughtered like sheep—and for nothing! The mere waste, not merely of money, and not merely of ordinary life, but of highly trained intelligence and scientific devotion, is appalling. I cannot even comfort myself with the idea so widely expressed, that it will be repaid by wiping out autocracy, and making future wars impossible. I fear that autocracy will not be wiped out; and, whatever the result of the war, it seems to me that another is inevitable. If the Entente win, Russia will have to be checked; if Germany wins, the Government will become utterly intolerable.

Is it too much to hope that this will at least end the infernal—I use the word advisedly—talk of "insurance against war"? Surely this land, so blessed by its geographical situation, will see the futility of such arguments, and will rally to the man who has held up such a lofty ideal before it. I suppose we have all thanked God many times that Roosevelt was not in the chair. I am fanciful enough to do so again now. I do not see how we can be involved, but I believe if it were possible he would do it.

A FORMER STUDENT IN GERMANY.

Athens, Ga., August 15.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apart from our citizens of German birth or German descent, the public opinion of the United States seems to be decidedly against Germany in the struggle ushered in by her own declaration of war against Russia. This attitude is dictated neither by any love of the Russian colossus nor by a dislike of the German people, who are highly respected and admired for their achievements in business, science, education, literature, and music. But as a nation we do protest against the doctrine of militarism as preached and practiced by his Majesty William II. We are well aware that the great burden of armaments is due primarily to the excessive military establishment of Germany, and we are reasonably sure that the present war is being fought because William II felt the moment opportune to attain certain long-cherished ambitions. For these and perhaps other reasons, American public opinion not only desires the defeat of the German armies, but believes that their Government has been overtaken by midsummer madness in throwing down the gauntlet to the Triple Entente and its subsidiaries. From our point of view, two considerations should have staved the Kaiser's hand. First, the mobilization of his huge army has dislocated the magnificent industrial system built up since 1870, and likely enough made difficult the harvesting of the crops, for which it has been necessary in recent years to import hundreds of thousands of Poles and Russians not now available. Secondly, by the challenge to England, Germany has placed her mercantile marine at the mercy of British cruisers, forfeited her overseas markets for perhaps a generation, endangered the fleet upon which she has lavished so many millions, and given England the chance to pick up the scattered German colonies in Africa and the Pacific, which, indeed, has already happened in the case of Togoland.

Without pretending to possess the imperial confidence, one may suggest certain reasons why the Kaiser has by his actions belied his much-vaunted love of peace. To begin with, the advance of social democracy in the Fatherland has aroused not only his animosity but his fears. Any student of German politics knows how the whole existing system has been called in question by the force which gathers strength at each new election. Personal government, militarism, protection, and an aggressive imperialism have been repudiated by a third of the German voters, who dislike the excessive burden of taxation and resent their political impotence. The fact that the property levy intended to finance the last increase of the army yielded only two-thirds of what was expected is significant; so also is the facility with which the Social Democrats mustered more than a thousand witnesses anxious to testify to the cruelties of army officers to their men. Why not dispose of these "grumblers" (the Kaiser's own word) by appealing to the military spirit of the nation, and by parading the war as one of defence, make it appear that the Empire was in jeopardy?

This old device of governments pestered by internal difficulties would be particularly suited to the German situation because the upper and middle classes have been educated into the belief that a mere rattle of the German sabre would send foreign monarchs and hostile Governments into fits of terror and abject obedience. Professors in the state-controlled universities, publicists of the *Flottenverein* and the *Alldeutscherbund*, an inspired press, and an exaggerated worship of the uniform have convinced a sober, intelligent, and industrious people that the world depends on the beck and nod of the Kaiser, and that they, his subjects, are the chosen people, to whom all things are possible. And in addition the conviction has grown—how justly cannot be discussed here—that the Fatherland has received harsh treatment at the hands of its rivals. That Russia seeks to block the *Drang nach Osten*, that France and England are constantly increasing their own vast empires, while Germany gets little or nothing, that the British fleet has been concentrated in the North Sea to carry out a surprise attack on Hamburg and the Kiel Canal, that France has been planning a war of revenge—these and a host of other grievances have been assiduously ventilated till, as was recently pointed out in the *Nation*, the temper of the German people has more than once been a danger to the peace of Europe. Dr. Paul Rohrbach's "Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt" may be recommended as a moderate statement of German ambitions;

but one will search in vain in his or other writings for any admission that German diplomacy may possibly have given offence to other nations, and thus defeated its own ends.

As a matter of fact, Germany's position is difficult enough. The country is fast becoming a replica of England. Food is imported in increasing quantity, and for their raw materials German manufacturers are more and more dependent upon the produce of other nations and their colonies. Thus the great steel plants of Westphalia receive much of their iron from the mines in eastern France, which in German eyes is the most important aspect of Franco-German relations, and silk, cotton, and wool all have to be imported, to suggest a few other items. Germans want a sure source of supply for these materials of their industrial life, and more markets for their manufactured articles. In other words, they desire colonies, and compared with the enormous possessions of England, France, and Russia, German Southeast and Southwest Africa, the Cameroons, Togoland, and a few islands in the Pacific are insignificant. Germans decline to admit the contention of Sir H. H. Johnston (in "Common Sense in Foreign Policy") that these lands have been but indifferently exploited; they point out that the population of Germany is greater than that of France or of the white-peopled dominions of the British Crown, and that the German emigrant who demands an agreeable climate cannot settle in a land ruled by the Kaiser's Government. Nor has it escaped Germany's attention that France and Russia have more or less excluded competitors from their preserves, that the British Empire may possibly form a customs union, and that German trade is no longer expanding at that rate which, a few years ago, gave such a shock to easy-going England and conservative France.

The fact that the desirable lands of the world already belong to other peoples may, according to Germany, be ignored in the face of her army and her growing navy; expansion or decay is the alternative which leaves the German nation but one choice. General von Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," put the case in a nutshell when he said that the great objective of German diplomacy must be to shuffle the cards so that France and England would declare war on Germany, who would thus be enabled, by right and might, to despoil the aggressors at the close of a victorious campaign. This doctrine is the more intelligible if we recognize that the vast sums expended on the army and navy have produced no returns of the kind desired. The very fact that her military strength prevented other nations from attacking Germany was all the more galling because, as long as peace was maintained, time was working not for Germany but for her rivals. The collapse of Turkey, the reorganization of Russia, the growing unity of the British Empire, and the increasing efficiency of the French army were slowly removing the political advantages hitherto enjoyed by Germany. Therefore the latter must strike for her altars and her fires before the odds became overwhelming.

In July, 1914, the general situation seemed unusually favorable for the success of German policy. France was still unsettled after the election of a new Chamber of Deputies and the excitement of the Caillaux trial; an official report had cast doubts upon the supposed perfection of her military machine. Russia, apart from serious strke complications, was not ready for war; so Dr. Rohrbach, in the July issue of the *Revue Politique Internationale*. Should England participate in the Continental war, the outlook would be different. But Germany had high hopes of procuring British neutrality. The long naval rivalry had been considerably appeased by Admiral von Tirpitz's acceptance of a ratio of 16 to 10 in the matter of Dreadnoughts, the negotiations about the Bagdad railway and other political disputes were practically concluded, and the animosity between the two peoples had to a large extent burnt itself out. Moreover, England was facing the probability of civil war in Ireland.

The resolution with which the British Government, in conformity with its treaty obligations and its interests, championed the neutrality of Belgium is believed to have caused intense surprise in Berlin. But the Germans have never understood the English party system, which is merely a device for affording an outlet for the combative spirits of Englishmen, and does not allow personal ambitions to override national interests. The Liberal opposition to the Boer War was dictated by peculiar circumstances quite different from the conditions of 1914, even if recent events had not shown that Great Britain would never tolerate an attack on France. It is quite clear that Germany was willing to forego a maritime attack on France as the price of British neutrality; while Sir Edward Grey's statement suggests that Britain was prepared to keep out of the struggle if the neutrality of Belgium were respected. The *Realpolitik*, so dear to German hearts, should have counselled moderation, but Prince Bülow has admitted in his "Imperial Germany" that the Germans do not understand the fine art of politics. A glance at the map of Africa will reveal how the Belgian Congo lies between the German possessions on the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans; by involving Belgium in the conflict and by taking for granted that she would make no resistance Germany would have an excuse for demanding some or all of the Belgian Congo, and perhaps annex Belgium herself, thereby procuring an outlet on the English Channel. National jaundice outran discretion, as is further illustrated by the assumption that Italy would fight with her allies.

In this connection, the decision of Portugal to support "her ancient ally," Britain, is instructive. The Germans have long desired to acquire Angola and Mozambique, and it is believed that a kind of an agreement for this was made with England in 1898. But the condition was imposed that the transfer should be with the free will of Portugal, and since then Great Britain has renewed the old treaty of alliance, by which she guarantees the integrity of the Portuguese possessions. Evidently Portugal is suspicious of German intentions.

But however fully the German case may be stated, and I have not entered into the diplomatic preliminaries of the war, the fact remains that Germany declared war. This in large measure justifies all that the French and English jingoes, so much condemned by rational people, have said in recent years. They have asserted that the Bismarckian spirit still guided German diplomacy, that the neutrality of Belgium was only a paper guarantee, that the German legions would be sent forth without warning, and that the rest of Europe would unite in self-defence against the War Lord. Well, the Germans have never denied most of the indictment, but they probably did not believe in the reality of a European coalition, apparently forgetting the fate of Louis XIV and Napoleon. Prince Bülow has told us that an attack on Russia would give France the chance "to wage her war of revenge under favorable circumstances"; that nothing should be allowed to make "an irremediable breach between [Germany] and England," and that "the moment the firm foundation constituted by Germany's position as a great European Power begins to totter, the whole fabric of [her] world-policy will collapse." Germany has rejected the advice of her fourth Chancellor, with what results time will reveal.

Bernadotte E. Schmitt.
Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., August 20.

THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your reply to Professor Geiser's letter you again make much of "the fact that Germany refused to take part in the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey." How could the German Emperor and his ministers, influenced by the motives which ordinarily guide and shape human action, well do otherwise than refuse at a time when the Czar was refusing to discontinue mobilization? Was Germany to forego the advantage of superior preparation for a conflict which seemed bound to come?

Permit me to call your attention to the following extracts from the correspondence lately published which passed between the Emperor and the Czar before the outbreak of hostilities. The Kaiser among other things wrote as follows:

"The peace of Europe can still be maintained by thee if Russia decides to cease her military measures which threaten Germany and Austria-Hungary." To this the Czar replied: "It is technically impossible to discontinue our military operations."

It seems to me that instead of the Kaiser rushing into war "in hot haste," as you charged in a former issue, you are yourself acting "in hot haste" and quite contrary to your usual calm and deliberate methods in making the charge. It is simply impossible at the present time to fix the responsibility for the war, and it may in my humble opinion prove a difficult task for the future *impartial* historian to do so.

Philip Stein.
Chicago, August 22.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When President Wilson called upon his fellow-countrymen, with single-heartedness for the common good, to keep themselves neutral in thought, word, and act, he called for what is as difficult as it is essential; indescribably difficult for the foreign-born American, essential to the continuance of American peace and America's ultimate ability to give the help she would to the now warring nations of Europe.

When, two days ago, after the President's appeal for neutrality on the part of all American citizens, "German Day," a day set apart for a hundred thousand Germans in the city of Chicago, to meet and show loyalty to their fatherland, was called off, and the large sums collected for the celebration were devoted to the general fund for aiding the wounded—

when these Chicago Germans did this thing they proved their understanding of the sacred character of citizenship, their real respect for the President of the United States, and that strong love of humanity for which, as a people, they have so long been famous.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

Bloomington, Ind., August 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The breaking out of the all-European war has been the particularly favorable occasion for a chorus of anti-monarchical sentiment on this side of the Atlantic. On all sides we hear that the ambition and greed of three men is to be held responsible for this sacrifice and slaughter of millions, and that whatever the outcome of the war may be, one result at least which may be predicted with certainty is the destruction of the monarchical system.

Now let us keep our heads in this matter, though all Europe be mad! Whatever views one may entertain of the merits of republicanism or the demerits of monarchism, or of the personal qualities of William, Francis Joseph, and Nicholas, the one essential fact that must be admitted is the fact of the militarism of the mob. Can any one seriously imagine that the aged Austrian monarch would of his own free will choose war rather than peace to crown the closing years of his earthly life? And whatever we may think of William of Germany, he is but the admired leader of a host of warriors, eager to show their prowess against their rivals to the west and east. Would the Czar's life be worth a ruble if he should refuse to go to the defence of the Slavs of the south? Could the Government of republican France stay the hands of the people itching to revenge themselves for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine? Could a Ministry at Downing Street survive for a single day a refusal to support France and Belgium against the enemy?

No more tiresome political fallacy exists than that which universally condemns monarchism, and never has its absurdity been more evident than in the comments of the press on the causes of the present war. It is the animal passions of men that drive men to war, and presidents, kings, and emperors alike are powerless against them.

J. S. MOORE.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorials in the *Nation* regarding the responsibilities in the war met with such complete approval of even German Chicagoans that I wish to let you know. I am here this summer to teach during the summer quarter, and see many professors at the Quadrangle Club. It is the general opinion that you hit the nail right on the head. The distinction between Germany as a nation and the Germany of militarism must be emphasized all the more since the Kaiser's party try so hard to make the world forget it.

There is only one thing before which the Kaiser will stop now: this is public opinion. He has shown it conclusively already. To create this public opinion in America, the *Nation* can help tremendously.

Permit me to express my warm approval of your campaign which distinguishes between the two Germanies. A. SCHINZ.

Chicago, August 21.

Literature

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Religious Confessions and Confessants. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This is a book of pivotal importance. Five years ago its author—a kinswoman of the late Henry C. Lea—published a remarkable study of "The Autobiography," in which she analyzed and classified several hundred specimens of autobiographic revelations. Now she goes deeper still—to the very bases, indeed, of individual convictions—and investigates the origin, character, and significance of religious experiences.

This she does through the testimony given by large groups of men, women, and children who have recorded those experiences. Borrowing from Bacon the word "confessant," instead of using the ambiguous form, "confessor," she studies the life-story of each person as carefully as the content of his confession. She is as patient and as dispassionate as a botanist, but she is thoroughly sympathetic, and ever conscious of the truth of her motto taken from John Webster:

> O this gloomy world!
> In what a shadow or deep pit of darkness
> Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!

After an introductory chapter, in which Mrs. Burr shows that the subject is most difficult, because it is religion, she discusses the general nature of confessions and apologias. Of auricular confession she has little to say, beyond noticing the fact that the priesthood early discovered its efficacy as a means for riveting their authority on the faithful. Her concern is to trace the steps by which confessants came to feel more and more strongly the impulse to make a written record of their experiences; and she is quick to discern how often the instinct of literary expression is interwoven with the religious.

Having sufficiently treated confessions as a *genre*, Mrs. Burr gives in a masterly summary of seventy pages a survey of introspection and the introspective type. Here, too, she follows the evolutionary process, beginning with the earlier human beings who never looked within because they were not conscious that there was anything there to interest them, and going on to animism and to the gradual budding of self-consciousness, until in recent times she reaches full-blown subjectivity and the Ego running riot. For each of these stages, after literary expression was reached, she cites typical examples. How she observes and how nicely she discriminates appears at every turn. One has only to read her brief dissection of "Shelley's hasty and tumultuous mind"; or of Dante as "an outward-looking, rather than an inward-looking, mind," or of Newman, whose "real springs of thought and action are studiously concealed, and thus his candor is seen to be as slight as his introspective power"; or of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," in order to test her critical insight.

The main body of her work contains a description or epitome of many score confessions: the "documents" on which any study of the manifestation of the religious instinct through confessions must rest. It is impossible here to touch upon the topics which Mrs. Burr examines. She devotes large space to the phenomenon of conversion; she discusses the previous and subsequent state of converts; she investigates the unpardonable sin, delusions concerning witchcraft, possession by devils, and all the other perversions or concomitants of this experience.

The importance of the results of her investigation is due to the truly scientific method which she employs. Until the last half-century it was usually taken for granted that the reputed saints and famous converts saw visions, performed miracles, and led abnormal lives through the direct interposition of God. They were extra-human, if not superhuman, unamenable to natural laws, and, therefore, above the scope of criticism. Even William James, in his stimulating study of "Varieties of Religious Experience," seemed inclined to emphasize the *exceptional* character of the examples under consideration; and this is not to be wondered at, because James in his Pragmatist period tended more and more to minimize or ignore the laws which bind mankind in one common system, and to exaggerate the differences which separate one individual from another and make each person a law unto himself.

But Mrs. Burr, instead of picking out a few startling examples, and deducing from them the agency of the supernatural, takes hundreds of cases, analyzes them minutely, and shows how they all fall into two or three classes, and how the difference between the highest and the lowest is one of degree and not of kind. This is fundamental. It brings the experiences of Paul, Augustin, and Teresa, of George Fox and John Bunyan, under the same reign of law as their humblest followers. Her examination of St. Paul's conversion, for instance, is not merely plausible, but sufficient, making as little use of the explanation by miracle of the theologians as of Renan's coincidence of thunderstorm and ophthalmia.

The usual process of conversion consists of three stages—depression, conversion, and reaction; and nothing can be predicated of the creed which the converts embrace; since, after passing through similar experiences, one may come out a Mormon, another a Methodist, and a third a Roman Catholic. Mrs. Burr presents testimony that proves in how large a number of cases religious confessants are either permanently defective in health or subject to periodical pathological lapses. Among the striking features which she notes is the frequent ineffectualness of even spectacular conversions. Not only does the mental capacity often deteriorate, but there is no enduring gain in either the moral or religious nature. Nor is backsliding rare.

Not less important than the conclusions

which Mrs. Burr arrives at through her analysis of the data of conversions is her interpretation of Mysticism. Her eighth chapter may well serve as the first onslaught in the battle which shall put to rout the hordes of neo-mystics, who have been for twenty years past undermining respect for law and reason. Their assertions may be summed up in the bastard syllogism: "Science has gone bankrupt; therefore, Mysticism must be the true solution." We may regard latter-day mysticism either as a symptom of mental lassitude or as a sign of religious enfeeblement—evidence in both cases of a lack of courage to look facts squarely in the face. When we find that Paris Syndicalists, who would destroy society, and the most conservative of orthodox religionists, who would plunge it back into mediævalism, appeal equally to M. Bergson's formulation of Mysticism for their warrant, we realize how far this blight has spread.

Here, again, Mrs. Burr pursues the scientific method, discovering, first, the personal equation of each mystic; next, examining the things which he is reported to have seen, done, or said; and, finally, drawing what conclusions the data support. She traces Christian Mysticism to a well-known passage in the ninth book of Augustin's "Confessions."

"Upon these great 'ifs' of Augustin," she says, "*if* the tumult of the flesh were hushed, and *if* we could hear God's voice—and *if* his word continued on and blotted out all else—and *if* all life might be like that one 'moment of understanding'—the imagination of the Middle Ages built a new heaven and a new hell" (p. 352).

She follows, historically, through its significant variations, the mystical process, always bearing in mind what was considered *normal* in any given age. She demonstrates that, contrary "to the general impression, fostered by so many of the theories now in vogue," "mysticism and mystical phenomena" do *not* "in themselves argue a high degree of religious or of moral development." In a word, mysticism is reversion to a lower type. Her scrupulous veracity, joined with a very delicate ability to distinguish differences, keeps her from confusing the ideally normal of one epoch with that of another.

In her study of introspection, confessions, and mysticism, Mrs. Burr has relied chiefly, and properly, on Christian evidence, drawing her documents from Early Christian, from Roman Catholic, from Protestant, and from Mormon sources; although occasionally she refers to an Old Testament example, and she uses with effect the confession of the Oriental, Al-Ghazzāli. For the concluding portion of her work, however, in which she investigates the religious instinct, she turns to anthropology to disclose the origins of modern phenomena. Her reading in this field is wide and judicious; she has absorbed not only Tyler, Frazer, and the other authorities, but monographists of special customs and practices.

With unflinching hand, she withdraws the curtain and lets us see the barbaric, or even bestial, ancestry and kinship of many beliefs and rites held sacred by modern worshippers. She shows how "fear is the main constituent of all survivals"; and she upholds with what seem to us formidable arguments the proposition that *"the theory of animistic revival fully accounts for all the more perplexing features of the religious experience."* (The italics are the reviewer's.)

Equally impressive is her demonstration that religion is the product of *both* the emotional and the rational elements in human personality—a fact which disentangles many perplexities, including the anomaly so often observed that intensely emotional religion has little or no effect in promoting righteous conduct. How far psychological suggestion accounts for the states described by the ecstatics is made clear; and Mrs. Burr is assuredly sound when she concludes that "in most natures a religious conversion no more changes the original elements of good and evil in the subject than a wave changes the constituency of the water through which it moves" (p. 484).

Though Mrs. Burr avails herself of all the aid psychology can give her, she is very far from accepting the medical-materialist solution of religious phenomena, and she constantly distinguishes between proved facts and theory in the field of psychology. Among other matters deserving special mention is her treatment of personality itself as a "nebula." It is impossible to escape the conclusion that, with the advance of science, such phenomena as are described by most of the religious confessants will be regarded as psychopathic.

Mrs. Burr closes with a note of genuine, if sober, optimism.

"When men came to understand," she says, "that visions and voices, terrors and trances, belong to their 'ancient kindred,' their lower, not their higher selves, then men were plagued by them no longer; those symbols passed, and were rejected. For the work of the courageous rationalist—who to-day is the only idealist—is but begun. . . . Whatever the religious symbols of the future, at least they will not be founded on savage survivals. . . . No one who reads these records of suffering but feels his soul purged by pity and terror—pity to see his fellow-man clinging to these rejected symbols, terror to see him struggling with the slime of the pit, and knowing not with what he strives!"

No notice of this book can give an idea of the gentleness with which Mrs. Burr probes the most sensitive prejudices and convictions known to men: hers is the gentleness of the surgeon, which does not suggest irresolution. She states rather than argues. From her own study of confessions and of the cumulative data of anthropology and psychology, she has made a great synthesis. The implications of her study have the widest possible bearing, and they will sink, slowly, it may be, but with transforming permeation, into the religious heart of the age.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Vanished Messenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Oppenheim, in one or another of his novels, has probably imagined every possible combination of European nations leading up to the general war and the inevitable attack upon the sacred liberties of England except that which has actually come about. As a prophet, therefore, he seems to have enjoyed particularly bad luck; but as a romancer it is safe to assume that his occupation will not be gone, even though the threatened general war, on which so many of his plots hinge, has at last materialized. There is little subtlety in his method, and most of his work is of an ephemeral quality, but he tells a good exciting story in vigorous English, and at not too great length. His latest book is a capital tale of international intrigue, and as the hurricane pace at which we are carried from one adventure to another discourages any unseemly prying into the probabilities of the situation, we are content to accept Mr. Oppenheim's word for them. The messenger who vanishes is an American gentleman who is carrying word from a group of his country's financiers that they will not permit the contemplated war against England on which the other nations of Europe, including England's allies, are about to decide. The irony of the central situation, in view of what has happened, needs no comment. The villain of the piece who causes the disappearance of the messenger is a sweet-faced and white-haired, but black-hearted old gentleman, and Mr. Oppenheim makes him additionally picturesque by depriving him of both legs. The hero, a somewhat commonplace young Englishman, naturally rescues the messenger, whose inconveniences have been great, and thereby saves his country. Incidentally, he woos and wins the niece of the villain, who meets an appropriate fate.

Nothing Else Matters. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

You have asked me, you Five Dear Ones, to record against the forgetful years (still far ahead) certain Little Adventures, violent, vivid, yet whimsie-strange, that befell us in Paris (ah! the lost Bohème!), colouring the same, at my own proper peril, with certain Little Emotions that ached delicately in mute (but inter-gravitating) hearts.

These opening words of the author's Prelude give a taste of his style, which is consciously a style. We hardly need the frequent allusions to R. L. S. in the course of these pages to feel the Stevensonian influence, the influence, that is, of the theory that style is a dress to be invented rather than a medium to be found. Stevenson himself was real, but his fame suffers already from the artifice with which he deliberately overlaid his art. Quaintness, preciosity, pay a heavy price for their momentary successes, and, a Hewlett or a Farnol to the contrary, they are now little likely

to please, even for the moment. The world is in one of its plain, blunt phases and demands that its story-tellers, at least, shall speak straight on. Yet, if there is anything Mr. Johnson and his Bohemians seem determined not to be guilty of, it is a simple phrase, or a straightforward thought. It is true that the supposed story-teller, Hugh Lyddon, conforms to a robust popular model in being an ex-Yale athlete. But we believe there are few Yale athletes with his fondness for odd words and tortuous fancies. "A quaint and exquisite vocabulary suddenly swam into my being like a shoal of little fish, darting, playing, leaping through waves of limpid thought. . . . Words?—it was as if a casket of jewels emptied there had quickened into the petulant, sinuous motions of piscine life." So Hugh listens to the call of verbiage while his lady "Pruina" is by his side waiting to be made love to. But they are all alike, these "Little Ones" with their elaborate system of diminutives, and their common consciousness of Genius and Art. A thread of story involving several young pairs, a handful of adventures with Apaches and others, and the destruction of a will, may be traced by the patient reader. He may be grateful, at least, that his initial sense of being once again exposed to the business of the studio, the grisette, the bock, and other dilapidated properties of Parisian Bohemia is unjustified. We believe the Quartier is not even named in these carefully ingenuous pages.

A Lad of Kent. By Herbert Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The romancer has taken up his task with a light heart, and his tale has gusto if not consistency. The lad of Kent is a young Lord whose worldly mother has disowned him and become a Duchess, and whose wicked uncle has usurped his inheritance and title. All of this we do not make sure of till the end of the book; the villany of the uncle is particularly well concealed. He is caught at last red-handed, in the act of trying for the second time to compass his nephew's death. There is no reason why he should not have brought it off at the first try except that the hero was under the author's official protection. However, he deserves it, being a very likable lad. His chief failing, shared by his chum "Monty" and several other persons in the story, is a tendency to elaborate facetiousness. One element of romance is lacking—that of "heart interest" in the sense of calf-love; no white hand is extended to our brave young gentleman from bower or lattice. The heroine, if the reader must have one, is a delightfully impossible "Captain Meg," mistress of a free-trading craft which smuggles brandy across-Channel in face of the revenue officers and the King's navy. When she is not wearing sea-boots and risking her life, she knits and drinks tea and chats mildly with the youth of Folkestone. Indeed, there is a good deal of mild chat in the book. It is clear that the author has been moved quite as much to give the flavor of English life a century ago as to tell a tale with a thrilling plot. When he does get to the point of a thrill, he inclines to hurry matters. The supreme moment, technically speaking, is that at which the hero is about to be thrown overboard, one dark night, in the middle of the Channel: "I was lifted and swung inboard. I called wildly for help; I saw to the height of the lugger; it went out of sight and the lugger rolled to my outboard swing. My end was on me, and I had turned my face seawards to meet it, when through fog a bellying sail loomed above me; a shout rang out; a large boat ranged alongside; and armed men sprang down upon us to our rescue." All in a moment! Captain Meg and her crew have arrived, of course, and all is well thereafter for the young lord.

THE ILLUSIONS OF WAR.

Arms and Industry. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Even a prophet of Norman Angell's intensity would not look for such immediate verification as has followed the publication of the work before us. Six months ago the assertion that the real basis of international intercourse was economic would not have created a stir. To-day the whole of civilization has an excruciating realization of its profound truthfulness. Up to the date of Austria's ultimatum to Servia, Angell was regarded, if the world cared enough about him to regard him at all, as an unsentimental theorist; in ten days the demoralization of the world's finance and trade stamped him as a prophet.

"Arms and Industry" is a study of the foundations of international polity. The main contention is that the political ideas which at present shape the conduct and determine the attitude of one state to another in Europe, and give to international relationship its present character, are erroneous, despite their general acceptance as self-evident and axiomatic; that they are the outcome of certain abstract theories at variance with the facts. What are the tenets of the diplomatic orthodoxy here challenged? Briefly, that each unit in the society of nations is an independent entity of increasing needs and population in a world of limited space and opportunity, and that the survival of any given unit depends in the last resort upon the relative degree of physical force which it is able to exercise against competitors, whereby to impose its own or resist another's exploitation of the earth.

Nothing could be more dogmatic than Mr. Angell's assertion that, save only in a narrow judicial sense, which does not affect the vital functions of society, the nations which form the European community are not sovereign, or independent, or entities, or rival, or advantageously predatory; that the exercise or possession of the means of physical coercion does not determine the relative advantage of each; that physical coercion within their borders is not the ultimate sanction of social organization, of law and justice; that military power is irrelevant to the promotion of the aims, moral and material, postulated by diplomatic orthodoxy.

In the brute creation success of one individual may mean deprivation of another. Man has increased his means of subsistence and his chances of survival by conscious adjustment of the forces of Nature, by directing forces that would otherwise destroy him to his own ends. He turns Nature against herself. But he can only do this by reason of one fact—that he is able, by his intelligence, to create a union of forces by co-operating with his fellows. As soon as this union takes place, the coöperation of other members of his species becomes of more value to him than their disappearance or destruction. Indeed, the process of co-operation rapidly creates a condition in which, if one of two parties is to survive, both must survive; if one perishes, both perish. Thus a small but feebly coöperating population (like the Indian tribes of North America) had less of subsistence than a population many hundred times as great occupying the same space, and having only the same natural sources available, but having a much more highly developed capacity for coöperation.

The governing method of coöperation is the division of labor. That method necessarily implies interdependence. The mechanical forces created by a condition of interdependence progressively nullify the effectiveness of physical coercion. Now these two factors—the need for widespread coöperation and the decline in effectiveness of physical force as a means of obtaining services in a coöperative process of any complexity—have done two things: they have destroyed not merely the economic but the moral and intellectual unity and homogeneity of states, and they have rendered the exercise of force by one State against another, for economic, moral, or intellectual purposes, futile, because ineffective and irrelevant to the end in view. Co-operation between nations becomes essential to the very life of their peoples. But this coöperation does not take place as between states at all. A trading corporation, "Britain," does not buy cotton from another corporation, "America." A manufacturer in Manchester strikes a bargain with a merchant in Louisiana in order to keep a bargain with a dyer in Germany, and three or a much larger number of parties enter into a virtual, or perhaps actual, contract, and form a mutually dependent economic community (numbering, it may be, with the workpeople in the group of industries involved, some millions of individuals)—an economic entity, so far as one can exist which does not include all organized society. The special interests of such a community may become hostile to those of another community, but it will almost certainly not be a "national" one, but one of a like nature, say a shipping ring or a group of international bankers or Stock Exchange speculators. The frontiers of such a community do not coincide with the

areas in which operate the functions of the state. If Britain injures America and Germany, as a whole, she injures necessarily the economic entity which it was her object to protect.

The assumption that states are economically rival, and that economic advantage accrues to the possession of political power based on military force, postulates communities capable of political and geographical limitation that are self-contained, and postulates also the effective control of the social and economic activities of similar other communities by the military force of our own. The great nations of Europe have passed out of that stage of development in which such a conception bears even a distant relation to the facts. This condition carries with it the intangibility of wealth, so far as foreign state action is concerned, because any state destroying wealth in another must destroy wealth in its own, since the unit intersects the two areas. Six months ago this might, and very likely would, have been received by the generality as negligible theory; to-day there is hardly a member of any civilized community that is not acutely aware that it is the most vital of all truths.

The perpetual tendency to abandon the social arrangement and resort to physical coercion is, Mr. Angell thinks, easily susceptible of biological explanation. To realize at each turn and permutation of the division of labor that the social arrangement was, after all, the best, demanded not merely control of instinctive actions, but a relatively large ratiocinative effort, for which the biological history of early man had not fitted him. The physical act of compulsion only required a stone axe and a quickness of purely physical movement for which his biological history had afforded infinitely long training. The more mentally motived action, that of social conduct, demanding reflection as to its effect on others and the effect of that reaction upon our own position and a conscious control of physical acts, is of modern growth; it is but skin deep; its biological momentum is feeble. Yet on that feeble structure has been built all civilization. When we remember this—how frail are the ultimate foundations of our fortress, how much those spiritual elements which alone can give us human society are outnumbered by the prehuman elements—is it surprising that those presocial promptings of which civilization represents the conquest occasionally overwhelm man, break up the solidarity of his army, and push him back a stage or two nearer to the brute creation from which he came?

The militarists concede this. Indeed, they appeal to it as the first and last justification of their policy. "All your talk will not," they say, "get over human nature; passion is bound to get the upper hand." Both parties to this controversy are, therefore, agreed as to the fundamental fact that civilization is based upon moral and intellectual elements in constant danger of being overwhelmed by more deeply rooted anti-social elements. The plain facts of history, past and present, show that where those moral elements are absent the mere possession of arms only adds to the destructiveness of the resulting welter. The difference between the civilist and the militarist is that the former believes that the moral and intellectual faculties have the best chance of surviving if we can eliminate so far as possible the chances of physical collision; while the latter holds that as men are savage, bloodthirsty creatures who, when their blood is up, will fight for nothing, for a word or a sign, we should disparage the development of all counteracting intellectual and moral forces and take every precaution to see that their capacity for damage when in that blind excitement is as great as possible—all else is chimera and useless theorizing.

In controverting the militarist, Mr. Angell employs a merciless dialectic. He has an easy way of making his opponent ridiculous. For example, Major Stewart-Murray says that "peace depends upon the armed force of the nations"; to which our author replies, "To say that 'peace depends upon the armed force of the nations' is exactly equivalent to saying that if the nations had no armies how murderously they would go to war with one another!" That, of course, is not what Stewart-Murray means; but what he does mean is just as absurd. What he wants us to understand is that peace depends upon the armed forces not being used; but if neither party resorted to armed force, the peace would not—could not—be broken.

We have Admiral Mahan's word for it that it is vain to expect nations to act consistently from any motive other than that of interest, and that the predatory instinct that he should take who has the power survives. That is the assumption of orthodox statecraft, with which is associated necessarily the further assumption that spoliation of rivals is to the interest of nations. The civilist, however, contends that an examination of the facts, of the results yielded by this general method in the case of the nations, as compared with the results yielded by a certain other method, shows this assumption to be false, mistaken, not that it is immoral — that is another story — but false when judged in the light of those motives of interest which we are told by the defenders of the system are its foundation. Sanctified common-sense, to say nothing of scientific criticism, fully sustains this view. By division of labor you have created a condition of dependence upon others, and that dependence upon others necessarily implies a limitation of the force which you can use against these others. Even in slavery, if the master is dependent upon the labor of the slaves, the force he can use against them is limited—he cannot kill them. As the division of labor increases in complexity, a progressive stultification of force takes place. The events of the last few weeks have given these words, which were uttered merely as a characterization of science, the ring of astonishing prophecy.

A HIGHLAND FEUD.

Macdonald of the Isles. By A. M. W. Stirling. New York: The John Lane Co. $4 net.

In the romantic story of the Lords of the Isles, the chronicler of Coke of Norfolk has found a congenial theme. The Hebrides have always been a haunt of romance, and of romance interwoven with the fortunes of the great Clan Donald. Here the clan spirit has prevailed in its extreme form, and, turned against itself by a division of allegiance, has given rise to a feud of unexampled bitterness, which has survived almost to our own time. In tracing the origins of the clan, the author goes back confessedly to legend and a region of dispute which there is no attempt to explore rigorously. The intention is merely to make "a plain, unvarnished tale" out of the generally accepted version of those dim and ancient events. But such a tale, in whatever sense plain and unvarnished, cannot be reduced to terms of matter-of-fact. "To eliminate the element of fantasy from such records would be not merely to reduce poetry to prose, but to rob them of their most faithful characteristics, the haunting echo of the dead centuries, the heritage of a strong people who, intrenched in their sea-girt isles, still preserve, in its pristine freshness, something of the simplicity, as well as the mystery, of their age-old past."

The Macdonalds of Sleat trace their blood to an Irish King of the second century. From his descendants emerge a MacFergus, of the ninth century, who was known as Ruler of the Isles, and, in the twelfth, one Somerled, a prodigious champion, Lord of the Isles and terror of all Scotland. From his sons sprang the great lines of Argyle, Macdonald, and Bute. To the Macdonalds fell the lordship of the Isles. The clan's bravery at Bannockburn was rewarded by the privilege, unchallenged for centuries, of taking the place of honor above all other clans, at the right of the battle-line. Our author believes it was because they were denied this right at Colloden, and therefore refused to fight, that the day was lost for Prince Charlie. Long before Colloden the Clan Donald had been divided against itself. The feud had origin, indeed, in the time of the Bruce. A Macdonald, by marrying his cousin, brought together almost all the lands which had belonged to Somerled, and which by the Scottish method of division had been gradually parcelled out. They had had three sons, when the enterprising Angus divorced his wife to marry a great-granddaughter of the Bruce. By this woman he had several sons, the eldest of whom, Donald, became Lord of the Isles. He was so recognized by his elder half-brothers at the time, but their descendants later laid claim to the lordship. They argued from the law of feudal succession, while the descendants of Donald, with greater reason, as it seems, argued from Celtic usage, which made little or nothing of primogeniture. In short, the real question is, "not who was the feudal heir

of John of Isla, whether the eldest son of his first or of his second marriage, but to whom on his death was the Lordship of the Isles and the supreme chiefship of the Clan Donald actually transmitted in the order of Celtic succession."

The Bruce had bequeathed urgent counsel that to no one man should be permitted the entire lordship of the Hebridean Isles. It appears that Robert II did what he could to foment trouble among the members of the Clan: and it was not many years before the feud was on. How stubbornly the spirit of it has persisted is shown by a document of recent date quoted entire in this book, a document of well-nigh incredibly quaint import. It is entitled, "Letters of Certification and Agreement by and between the Chief and Captain of Clan Ranald, McDonell of Glengarry, and Macdonald of Sleat." Addressed to "the whole kin and name of Clan Donald," it solemnly agrees: that there has been long disagreement among the different branches of Clan Donald as to the supreme chiefship; that those branches have been really separate for nearly four centuries; that, while none of the chiefs of the different branches abandons his claim to the supreme chiefship of the whole race of Clan Donald, they will cease from active assertion of claims; that if more than one of them is present on any occasion, precedence shall be determined by lot; and that Macdonald of Sleat is hereafter, as a matter of compliment, to be permitted the use of the words "Of the Isles" after his name. Peace in the Hebrides, at least!

Notes

Longmans, Green & Company announce that in succession to the Fairy Book series, edited by the late Andrew Lang, they have arranged with Henry Newbolt to write for them "The Blue Book of the Sea."

Two new Juvenile series are announced by the John C. Winston Company for publication on September 1: The Alamo series, by Edward S. Ellis, and The National Pastime series, by Hugh S. Fullerton.

The Century Company will publish on September 15 "Songs for the New Age," by James Oppenheim, and "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin," by Samuel Merwin.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Frémont and '49," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; "The Dread of Possibility," by Emile Faguet, translated by Emily James Putnam; "Between the Old World and the New," by Guglielmo Ferrero; "The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," by Arthur E. P. Weigall. The same company announces the following publications of the Cambridge University Press: "The Philosophy of Biology," by James Johnstone; "The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia," by Edward G. Browne; "The British Isles," by Frederick Mort; "The English Borough in the Twelfth Century," by Adolphus Ballard; "Bannockburn," by John E. Morris; "The Revolt and Fall of Capua" (Selections from Livy), edited by T. C. Weatherhead; "Précis-Writing," by W. Murison; "A Handbook of English," by D. B. Nicholson; "The Production and Utilization of Pine Timber in Great Britain," by E. Russell Burden and A. P. Long.

In "At the Sign of the Van," by Michael Monahan (Kennerley; $2 net), the author reprints a number of essays from his magazine, the *Papyrus*, and adds "other escapades in life and letters." The writer, it seems, deserted New York city and moved—about nine miles—to Mt. Vernon, in the same State. This removal is the subject of both verse and prose. Manhattan is disrespectfully addressed as a

> . . . City of fuss and fake,
> Where men the dollar their idol make.

There is more to the same effect, with frequent references to "the Lesbians of the pave" and all the other excrescences of the "modern Babylon." Comfortably situated in Mt. Vernon (reached easily by the New York, New Haven & Hartford or the Harlem Division of the New York Central), Mr. Monahan considers many things and records his thoughts in about sixty essays of carefully planned explosiveness.

Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff, the author of "A Book about Authors" (Macmillan; $3 net), declares that his worst enemy could not accuse him of having led an idle life. "What with story-books, school-books, historical and topographical books, and miscellaneous writings, under half a dozen different names, [my writings] cannot come far short of two hundred volumes, perhaps above that number, at all prices from pennies to pounds. For more than fifty years I have been an author of all work, what the contemptuous call a hack. . . . From first to last I must have shed as much ink with my own hand as there was blood in Duncan's body, or in Falstaff's." In his present work Mr. Moncrieff (one of whose favorite pen-names is "Ascott R. Hope") has written a fat and entertaining volume. The Anatomy of Authors, An Apology for Authors, The Trade of Author—these are some of his chapters. Others are devoted to publishers, editors, critics, and readers. As it is evident, from what has been quoted, that he does not take himself too seriously, it is not unkind to say that the book, though often amusing, is somehow unimportant. Frequently, in its compilation of facts about the habits of authors and similar subjects, it sounds like an amplified paragraph from *Tit-Bits*. Every one is familiar with those staccato sentences which tell us that: Pope could only write at night; Balzac preferred the early morning; Racine, when composing, wore a velvet coat; Whitman put on overalls, etc., etc. Mr. Moncrieff's book differs from this in degree, but not greatly in kind.

Those who enjoy reading Cervantes in the original have long felt the lack of a complete set of that author's works at once critical, well printed, and moderate in price. This want is now to be supplied through the generosity of Mrs. Phœbe Apperson Hearst. The edition has been entrusted to the joint editorship of Professors Schevill, of Berkeley, Cal., and Bonilla, of Madrid. The first two volumes, which have just appeared (Rodríguez, Madrid), are devoted to the pastoral romance "La Galatea." The text, based on the original edition of 1585, is by far the most critical ever offered of this little-read novel. The notes are adequate, but not burdensome. A brief introduction gives much information regarding the vogue of the pastoral genre in Spain, and "The Galatea" in particular. The beautiful typography and extremely moderate cost of this edition should give it the popularity it deserves. The only complete set of Cervantes's works in the Spanish has hitherto been the luxurious, but costly and uncritical, edition edited by Rosell, and published by Rivadeneyra a half century ago. This set, limited to 310 copies, has long been difficult to obtain. The present edition is within the reach of every purse.

The latest addition to the swelling tide of Nietzsche literature in English is a translation of four essays by Georg Brandes under the collective title of "Friedrich Nietzsche" (Macmillan; 75 cents net). Two of these essays possess considerable importance. The first, dated 1889, beginning with the words, "Friedrich Nietzsche appears to me the most interesting writer in German literature at the present time," constitutes a sort of landmark in European recognition of the German philosopher. It was the first study of any length in the whole of Europe to be devoted to him. The expression "aristocratic radicalism," which Brandes there used, called forth from Nietzsche the remark that it was the most apposite thing that had been said about him. The substance of this essay still seems remarkably fresh. The more recent study of Nietzsche has brought out some new things about his theory of knowledge, but it has been able to add very little to Brandes's lucid exposition of his ethical system or of its bearing on life and on the problems of the present age. The second essay gives in full the interesting correspondence between the two men from its inception in the autumn of 1887 to Nietzsche's mental collapse in January, 1889. The publication of the present volume in English appears fully justified on account of the peculiar interest which attaches to these two essays. There are also comparatively unimportant addenda written in 1900, the year of Nietzsche's death, and in 1909, on the occasion of the publication of the autobiographical "Ecce Homo." The translation by A. G. Chater is satisfactorily done.

An admirable guide-book to a delightful section is the Ven. W. H. Hutton's "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country" (Macmillan; $2.00). True to its designation, the section is rather restricted, hardly covering more than what Shakespeare as a boy might conceivably have wandered into. Aside from a short chapter on the vicinity of Maxstoke Castle, the limits are from Four Shires Stone to Coventry and from Pershore to Daventry. There is for this area an unindexed map, on which the routes described in the text are indicated in red. In keeping with the leisurely atmosphere of the region traversed, not all these rambles are laid out with an eye to economizing the traveller's time and energy. The only other maps are small ones of Stratford-on-Avon and the Evesham battlefield, and in the whole book there are only two or three plots or plans. The volume is provided with an inadequate index to names of places and persons. Regrettable are some negligent errors: "The government of the town [Warwick] . . . continued to be as ordered by the charter of William and Mary

till James II annulled the charter" (p. 84). Obviously Philip and Mary's charter was in mind. Of Shakespeare, the author remarks: "He probably returned to Stratford in 1596, the year when his father had a grant of arms" (p. 164). It is true that a draft granting the request for a coat-of-arms was drawn up in 1596—in fact, two drafts—but it was not executed. The exemplification of the shield was not furnished till 1599 in response to a renewed application. Of the Birthplace, he says: "You enter into the eastern part of the house" (p. 194). In other places the room is correctly designated as the western of the two houses known as the Birthplace. Most of these errors might have been eliminated by more heedful proofreading.

Such blemishes are the more unexpected from the competence in archæological, historical, literary, and architectural features displayed in every chapter. The Ven. W. H. Hutton, in his forty years' acquaintance with the heart of England, has gained a singularly intimate knowledge of the subject. His statements on disputed points are on the side of caution. He cannot agree with Freeman that "at Warwick the mound of the Lady of the Mercians still remains; for the castle of the Conqueror we seek in vain." He accepts the proof that the mound is Norman work, not Ethelfleda's. He warns us that "Amy Robsart . . . probably never saw Kenilworth in her life." He is properly unable to assert that Anne Hathaway's Cottage was actually inhabited by Anne's family at all. He pours gentle ridicule on the deer-stealing episode at Charlecote, and frankly gives the facts about the Birthplace, so that the reader can draw but one conclusion. His years of reading have enabled him to do more than state facts with reserve. He has culled many a quaint passage from Dugdale and other antiquarians; he has reset many a classic or local legend; he has even copied out humorous records from contemporary documents. These are woven into the texture of a style full of glints of humor. But the distinction of this guide-book is not due so much to the richness of fact which it conveys as to the deep personal interest that informs nearly every part of the description. He tells of what he has seen and enjoyed with his own eyes. Mr. Edmund H. New, a native of Evesham, accompanies the author with a delicate pencil to give an artist's impression of more than a hundred features of Shakespeare's country. For the leisurely traveller it would be difficult to prepare a more attractive or informing companion.

"The Story of Dorothy Jordan," by Clare Jerrold (Brentano's; $4 net), is the account of a popular actress whose real name was Dorothy Bland. She was born in London in 1761, and died at St. Cloud in 1816, virtually an exile from England because of the debts which misplaced confidence and business folly had created for her in England. Though she began life in poverty, she was so liberally endowed by nature that she later could earn seven hundred dollars an evening on the stage. Illegitimate herself, she gave birth to fourteen illegitimate children. For twenty years also she was the recognized mistress of the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, and ten of her children are accredited to him as Fitzclarences. Students of the drama will find some facts of interest in her life, but on the whole, the story is a sad one and unedifying. Mrs. Jerrold has told it with far greater detail and with much more accuracy than it is related by Dorothy's earlier biographers, who were more interested in currying favor with royalty than in telling the truth about a woman who, though sinning, was much sinned against. But Mrs. Jerrold would have done better if she had blue-pencilled her repetitious expressions of praise for her heroine, and of indignation against those who ungratefully enjoyed the charms and the hard-earned revenues of Mrs. Siddons's rival.

Seldom does a book succeed in enveloping a reader so deeply in an atmosphere of reality as does Thomas Mott Osborne's narrative of his experiences during his week of voluntary confinement in the Auburn prison. He calls his story "Within Prison Walls" (Appleton; $1.50 net), and he takes his reader with him as he enters the grim enclosure. Part of this effect may be due to the severely simple form of the narrative, which, with an exception or two, consists of his diary, written in his cell mornings and evenings, and couched in the present tense; but whatever the cause, the result is just that which Mr. Osborne must have hoped it might be. His "great adventure" turned out to be greater than he had anticipated, and the volume in which he has recorded it is at once a thrilling tale and a plea for radical prison reform, all the stronger for not forcing the reform note. The impressive element in the episode is the promptness and the completeness with which "Thomas Brown, No. 33,333X," won the prisoners to belief in his sincerity in living their life for a week. He did the things from which, as they had realized in advance, a man of his type would most shrink, and, without encouraging a spirit of insubordination, made them feel that he was one of them. Not all the pages of his story are sombre. The sunlight falls through the bars now and then, and occasionally there is an incident at which one must smile. But for the most part one breathes as in a narrow room.

The climax of the week, in one direction, came with a premeditated breach of the rules and sentence to the "jail." This portion of his adventure Mr. Osborne calls "A Night in Hell," and the chapter-heading does not belie the story that it introduces. Nothing in the entire book is more illuminating as to the official attitude that is bred by certain situations than Mr. Osborne's argument with the Principal Keeper for the release from the awful "jail" of a youth who is positively ill and who, having accidentally overturned his cup of water, may not have any more until the end of the twenty-four hours, for which three gills, and three gills only, are provided. The Principal Keeper is somewhat impressed by Mr. Osborne's impassioned plea, but "You see, this is Sunday; and you know we never let 'em out of jail on Sunday." Whether the recently released "Thomas Brown" would have succeeded in moving the P. K. from this apparently impregnable position by ordinary reasoning is doubtful, but something that he says in an outburst of indignation finally touches the logical spring in the P. K.'s mentality: "Why, that's true. I think you're right. We put 'em in on Sunday: why shouldn't we take 'em out?" There is no space here for more than reference to the sequel of this remarkable series of experiences, but there was a sequel in the way of finding a better method of spending Sundays and holidays than that of being locked in cells all day, and in devising means of developing the prisoners' better possibilities instead of choking them. The book makes no plea for sentimentality, but it is a powerful appeal for such a union of common-sense and sympathy in the treatment of offenders as we have not yet generally exercised.

The story of Princeton is told by Prof. Varnum Lansing Collins in the second volume of the American College and University series (Oxford University Press; $1.50 net). Although the book runs to four hundred pages, there are few that even a non-Princetonian will care to skip. The tale is told with a wealth of particulars that saves the narrative from any effect as of mere annals. From the origin of the project to the present day we are made to see the institution in its various activities, formal and informal. For the most part, the plan of the book is chronological, thus differing, and to advantage, from the first volume of this series, the one on Columbia. This plan is interrupted at the beginning of the Civil War period for a timely survey of A Century of College Life, and there are concluding chapters on the History of the Curriculum and Entrance Requirements, Buildings and Equipment, and the College Seasons. This last chapter, corresponding to the one entitled An Academic Year in the volume on Columbia, is evidently to be a feature of the series, upon which, and no less upon the way in which it has been handled in these first volumes, editor and publishers are to be congratulated. The chapter pictures the round of campus activities in order from the beginning of the summer vacation until commencement, and does much more than any other kind of record could do to impart the atmosphere of the college. There is rather more of detail regarding the history of the curriculum at Princeton than most readers will care for, but it is easy to skip when one tires of it, and in a volume of this sort a liberal policy of inclusiveness is wise.

The monograph by Agnes Arber on "Herbals" (Cambridge University Press; $3.25 net) will interest others besides professed students of botany. The herbals, which may be defined as lists and descriptions of plants and herbs, together with their properties and virtues, represent something more than a mere chapter in the history of the scientific dark ages from Aristotle to the seventeenth century, when botany was the humble handmaid of medicine. Their illustrations of plant forms, which are reproduced in profusion in the present volume, open an interesting by-path in the history of engraving on wood; and the student of literature will meet with friends of his acquaintance in the mandrake and the goose tree. Of the latter Gerard, in his "Herball" (1597), presents a picture with the birds falling into the sea, and though he admits he has not seen it, he modestly confesses to having beheld with his own eyes the generation of geese from barnacles adhering to driftwood. Literature, from the Anglo-Saxon "Riddles" to Drayton's "Poly-olbion," was loath to give up so entertaining a fiction, but among the best of the herbalists, especially the Continental scholars who shared in the quickened botanical interests of the sixteenth century, there is a vigorous skepticism concerning such marvels. For all that, William Turner, who bandied Latin with Queen Elizabeth and was one

of the most independent of the herbalists, though he vigorously discredits the mandrake, accepts the barnacle goose. Not many of the hundred or more printed herbals in half a dozen languages here considered are likely to be found even in large libraries. Mrs. Arber not only tells their story fully and engagingly; her concluding chapters on the evolution of plant description, classification, and botanical illustration and on the doctrine of signatures are broadly grounded and ably presented.

Madame Jeanne Antelme's investigations in the Isle de France throw some light on an instance of negro slavery under French rule as well as on the truth of the story of Paul and Virginia. Without deciding the interminable dispute, she gives reasons why the story may be taken as true. As to slavery, traditions show that it was kindly in practice, although the legal code was extreme in its punishments. Death might be inflicted for horse- or cattle-stealing, as indeed was still the case in England among whites:

> When the stealer of sheep and the slayer of men
> Were strung up together again and again.

Chicken-thieving was satisfied by a whipping or, with old offenders, by branding a fleur-de-lys on the shoulder. The inhabitants of the island refused to allow a landing to the agents of the Directory who came to publish the emancipation of the slaves.

Science

Samuel Butler's "Evolution Old and New," which is now reissued by Dutton, was published in 1879. The intention was to attack the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection, and to show that a better theory of mutation and evolution existed before Darwin—in germ in Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, fully developed by Lamarck. This position is supported by numerous quotations from Charles Darwin's predecessors. What Butler objected to in Darwinian evolution was its calling itself a theory. It was, he held, merely an assertion of two rather opaque facts—nature's tireless production of variations, and the survival of organisms in which the lucky variation happens to produce itself. He reprehended more severely still Darwin's tendency to write as if Natural Selection (Survival of the Fittest) were the cause of Variation, a procedure rather worse than circular. These attacks Butler conducted with much wit and dialectical ingenuity, but in a spirit not quite worthy of him. Though his language was pretty carefully measured, his attitude towards Darwin was plainly ungenerous and a bit contemptuous. It was this that made the reviewers, among them Grant Allen and Romanes, whose abuse Butler carefully preserved in his second edition, treat him as a vulgar upstart. Darwin himself, though the critique hit at the heart of his system, quickly dropped the controversy. His position had become pontifical, and he could afford to let his cardinals do his dirty work, but we feel that he was rather influenced by a sense that his antagonist, whom he knew personally, was in a hopelessly intractable attitude. In fact, the tone of the attack is wrong. It was easy to show that Charles Darwin had neither sufficiently read nor appreciated the books of his grandfather Erasmus, but such derelictions are common in literary families. That Darwin had not done justice to Lamarck's evolutionism was patent, but insular scholarship generally has been more mindful of its own researches than of the theories of Continental predecessors. Again, it was easy to make Darwin seem disingenuous when he was merely cautious or caught in the inevitable ambiguities of written speech. Thus the anti-Darwinian polemic seems to us of slight value to-day. In fact, there is no work of Butler's that we could more readily spare from a new edition.

On the constructive side, its plea for the teleological evolution of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, the book is still interesting, though most of its arguments are also contained in Butler's "Life and Habit," and "Unconscious Memory." Against the postulate of blind variation, Butler, following Lamarck, held that these variations are very largely the creation of the organism itself to meet its own needs. We have an immemorial course of intelligent experimentation. Moreover, each individual, being organically part of all its ancestors, unconsciously remembers much of their experience. The instincts, thus interpreted, are merely lapsed and funded intelligence. In Butler's view the evolutionary hypothesis was already fairly complete with Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, and what he occasionally scornfully termed Neo-Darwinism was philosophically and scientifically a retrogression. Though teleological views still find rather little favor among biologists, the most candid will admit that the question is entirely an open one. Evidently the teleological vitalism of Butler is more satisfactory to both the philosophical and the common-sense mind than is any form of mechanism. It is possible that biology may yet swing back Butler's way. If so, he will add to his multiform repute a certain position as a pioneer in scientific theory. Doubtless the orthodox scientist will be aghast at his wit and his constant appeal to common-sense. But, in the long run, after all, science must square itself with the general interests of the human mind and even accept the hazards of a common-sense tribunal.

M. Pierre Villey, who has published a book entitled "Le Monde des Aveugles" (Paris: Flammarion), has all his senses but that of sight, and hence has aroused less interest in himself than persons, like Helen Keller, suffering under heavier handicaps. His book, however, is especially valuable because he is a trained observer, if we may use that word of him, and a man of genuine scientific spirit. What he has to tell us of the world as it presents itself to those who cannot see is a real contribution to our knowledge of the subject. M. Villey begs us in the beginning to put aside the absurd notion that four senses are somehow better than five. All the wonderful tales of the superiority that blindness confers upon its victims, such as ability to distinguish colors independently of texture, to ascertain the cards that their opponents hold by the mere feel as they shuffle them, to tell from the way a horse trots that he, too, is blind—all this mass of legend only renders the path of the blind person more difficult by making his world more misunderstood. Even though he be a genius, he is, and remains, a sense short. On the other hand, M. Villey urges us, with equal fervor, not to argue from mutilated senses to a mutilated personality. The whole mind is there, waiting only for the opening of avenues between it and the world outside. What becomes, then, of the common notion that touch and hearing make haste to supply the deficiency of sight? M. Villey's answer is that any special refinement of these senses is due solely to narrowing of attention. Upon this point he offers scientific evidence. Actual measurement of Laura Bridgman's tactile sensibility showed it to be two or three times the normal; that of Helen Keller, on the contrary, which was examined, he thinks, in a more coldly scientific spirit, showed no notable superiority. In his opinion, blindness induces neither a general stupor nor a general exaltation of the remaining senses. This does not mean that blind persons, like those with sight, may not sometimes have a special acuteness in one sense or other which is instinctively utilized to its full advantage. In some instances, as with Helen Keller, everybody with whom the blind person is acquainted has a special odor as recognizable as the perfume of a flower. There is a certain Frenchman, for example, who is deaf, as well as blind, but who knows that the postman has arrived by the smell of his letter-bag on the floor next below him. The keenness with which such persons will detect changes in temperature or movements of air is familiar. Our blind and deaf Frenchman recognizes his friends by the vibrations produced by the impact of their feet on the ground.

So perfectly does the sense of touch respond to the need that we may speak of "tactile vision." In M. Villey's words: "The word *sight* alone seems adequate to those apparitions which surge through the mind, free from any admixture of purely muscular sensations." At the same time, the limitation that rests upon this substitute for seeing is indicated by his distrust of Helen Keller's assertion that she grasps the meaning of sculpture through the medium of touch. Just here, too, lies a practical danger for the blind person in search of a living. The very readiness with which his other senses endeavor to fill the gap caused by sightlessness makes people less sharply aware of how great that handicap still remains. Every blind person, in the common opinion, is a potential musical genius. How different from this view is M. Villey's summary of his investigations into the way in which the blind get along as bread-winners! Often, he finds, there is a "conspiracy of benevolence" without which the supposedly successful blind mechanic could not exist. Sometimes there is marked talent for particular work, which is not the lot of the ordinary person, blind or seeing. More striking still, he found virtually no case in which a blind mechanic, famous for his skill, could work fast enough to earn his living. The prospect is more hopeful in less skilled employment, in which special training may offset the advantage of those with sight. But the problem, in great part, is unsolved. It is not enough, as T. M. Kettle points out in the *British Review*, to spend benevolently. We must spend intelligently. In this respect, it is not too much to say that our own country is making a worthy record. Men and women of the stamp of Miss Winifred Holt are showing that the spirit of Howard and Shaftesbury, of Elizabeth Fry and Octavia Hill, is flourishing in undiminished brightness in our own day. But we shall not be doing enough until we have enlarged the world of the blind far beyond its present narrow boundaries.

Drama and Music

A TWIN AND NO TWIN.

Beaumont, the Dramatist: A Portrait, with some account of his circle, Elizabethan and Jacobean, and of his association with John Fletcher. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

A good deal has been done in recent decades, especially from the point of view of versification and diction, to distinguish the respective shares of Beaumont and Fletcher in the plays which former generations were contented to accept as the productions (to employ Professor Gayley's phrase) of "an indivisible pair of Siamese twins, constructing with all four hands at once." In the present work, however, we have the most complete and searching investigation of this subject that has been made—with full utilization, of course, of the results of previous scholars. The solution of this problem is the indispensable preliminary to a study of Beaumont, and accordingly, after first determining the plays in which this dramatist had a hand, Professor Gayley tries to establish in each case, as far as is possible, the scenes or parts of scenes that come from Beaumont's pen. From this definite basis he proceeds to an analyis of the dramatic genius of his author. Following is a list of the plays which, according to Professor Gayley, are wholly or partly by Beaumont: "The Woman-Hater" (wholly his, except that a few scenes were revised by Fletcher), "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (wholly his), "Cupid's Revenge," "The Scornful Lady," "The Maid's Tragedy," "A King and No King," "Philaster," and "The Coxcomb." This does not include the "Masque of the Inner Temple," which is by Beaumont alone. It will be observed that Professor Gayley's list is shorter than that of G. C. Macaulay by five plays, viz., "Four Plays in One" (in which, perhaps, there is a mere trace of our dramatist), "The Captain," "Thierry and Theodoret," "Wit at Several Weapons," and "The Knight of Malta."

In the separation of the work of the collaborators, the style and dramatic methods of Fletcher have to be deemed as well as those of Beaumont. The book is, consequently, almost as important for the study of the former as of the latter, although the later period of Fletcher's activity, of course, does not come within the scope of the inquiry. With the exception of Swinburne, the critics have been inclined to regard Fletcher as the more significant genius of the two. Profcssor Gayley's fine analysis of Beaumont's genius, however, based upon a rigorous separation of the respective shares of the two poets in their joint-dramas, will go far, we believe, towards redressing the balance in the latter's favor. He brings out with particular clearness the greater purity and elevation of Beaumont, and shifts to Fletcher's shoulders the main responsibility for the moral obtuseness and cynicism that constitute a reproach to so much of their joint work. This moral superiority appears especially in the girl-figures that Beaumont contributed to these plays—the Bellarios, Violas, and others, whose loves are crossed by circumstances or thwarted by differences of rank. "In the delineation of lust he is frankly Elizabethan rather than insidiously Jacobean." Moreover, as Professor Gayley says justly, in the main, "he is melodramatic at times in sudden shifts of crisis; but he is uniformly sensitive to innocence, beauty, and pathos—contemptuous of cowardice, braggadocio, and insincerity—appreciative of fidelity, friendship, noble affection, womanly devotion, self-sacrifice, and mercy, of romantic enterprise and of the virile defiance of calumny, evil soliciting, and tyranny." The writer's discussion of the moral aspects of Beaumont's genius takes in part the form of an answer to the criticisms of Mr. Paul E. More in this journal (November 14, 1912; April 24, May 1, 1913). He is successful in showing that Fletcher is in largest measure responsible for those features of the plays which are the especial object of Mr. More's strictures, and, furthermore, that the decadence of the Elizabethan drama had already begun in Heywood, Chapman, Marston, and Middleton before the famous partners appeared. On the other hand, even after reading Professor Gayley's pages of rebuttal, the "Maid's Tragedy" (which is, of course, Beaumont's alone, with the exception of a few scenes) still seems to us, in Mr. More's phrase, an "incomprehensible tangle of the passions," and leaves us with the impression that Beaumont, though exempt from the grosser defects of his fellow-dramatist, was infected with the moral contagion of the age more deeply than our author will allow. Indeed, he would hardly have associated himself in a constant partnership with Fletcher, if this had not been the case, for their joint-plays were, of course, produced with his approval, even where the workmanship was largely Fletcher's.

On the side of technique in these joint-plays, it is interesting to note that in addition to their clear and comprehensive expositions Professor Gayley attributes to Beaumont "the sensational reversals of fortune, as well as the cumulative suspenses and reliefs of the closing scenes" in the tragedies and tragi-comedies, and "the shifting of interest from the strictly tragic and universal to the more individual—pathetic, romantic, and comic—emotions" in the tragi-comedies. Furthermore, he makes it plain that "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" owes nothing to "Don Quixote." On the other hand, some of the most valuable pages in this volume are devoted to the refutation of the view which has been championed by Prof. A. H. Thorndike, that "Philaster" determined the character of Shakespeare's production in his last period. Professor Gayley, rightly in our judgment, argues that the distinctive features of "Cymbeline" and the rest are a natural development from Shakespeare's earlier plays. "There is closer resemblance between 'Cymbeline' and half a dozen of Shakespeare's earlier comedies than between 'Cymbeline' and 'Philaster,' and it might more readily be shown that the author of 'Philaster' was indebted to those half-dozen plays than Shakespeare to 'Philaster.'"

We have been dealing so far only with Part II of this book. Part I is concerned with Beaumont's life, his acquaintances, and his career as poet and dramatist. There are no new facts here brought to light, but by a minute study of the poet's family and its connections and of the local and other conditions under which he grew up and practiced his art, Professor Gayley has been able to make him a living figure as he has never been before. In fine, apart from its learning, this work displays literary abilities of no mean order. It escapes altogether the reproach of the "whitey-brown" style which, according to Mr. Oliver Elton, is characteristic of American academic productions. The author is not only thoroughly informed at every point in regard to his subject, but he has imagination, and his criticism is marked by the warmth and color of a fine humanity. He has added substantially to our knowledge of a body of work which, next to that of Shakespeare, constitutes the most important contribution to the English drama in the period of its greatest glory, and if any one should persist hereafter in confounding these memorable dramatists, it will be due to neglect of this admirable "portrait."

"ON TRIAL."

The end of detective plays, it appears, is not yet. One might have fancied that the popular relish for this type had been exhausted by the busy parade of revolvers, secret service men, district attorneys, and all the mechanical appurtenances of detectiveness which was offered by last season's bills. But in "On Trial," which is running at the Candler Theatre, the author, Mr. Elmer L. Reizenstein, has produced a novelty. The story itself is nothing new. The defendant has murdered a man who in some way has wrecked his home. So much is clear at the outset of the trial, which is represented on the stage with much attention to realistic details. But the matter is complicated by a theft of ten thousand dollars perpetrated at the house of the victim almost simultaneously with the murder. Hence the problem to determine the defendant's motive. If it was burglary, the jury will grant him no mercy; they will show pity if it was to revenge himself for brutal wrongs done to his wife.

The novelty of the representation consists in the manner in which the story is unfolded to the audience. When the trial has reached a certain stage, the lights go out, the scene is suddenly shifted, and we see the dead man come to life and behold the murder reëacted. Later, by a similar transformation, we are carried back thirteen years to a time when the defendant's wife, then a young thing of seventeen years, is ruined by the villainous victim. And so on. There is a continual seesawing back and forth between courtroom and the events preliminary to the murder.

At least, the author cannot be charged with

having left his audience uninformed; indeed, in this respect he has probably shown the greatest scrupulousness on record. What though the reader of this review is shocked by the manipulation of the time-element in the play! The audience was evidently not displeased with this, as who should be whose dramatic conceptions have been formed by cinema sketches wherein, as every one knows, the present easily melts into past dreams and past experiences! In this respect "On Trial" is significant. It may indicate a growing influence of the cinema upon other drama, and a very unwholesome influence. The chief hope is that by so wholesale a throwing over of the usual dramatic standards there may in time result a *reductio ad absurdum*, together with a return to the limitations of true art. F.

Writing from Paris a few days before the outbreak of the war, C. Phillips Vierke says, in *Musical America*, that "the music going on in Paris just now consists of 'La Marseillaise,' the 'Sambre-et-Meuse March,' 'Le Chant du Départ,' and 'En Avant les Petits Gars!' In a word, nobody is interested in anything but the war, and the ultra-patriotic people in the crowd have been combating the agitations of the anti-militarists—who are stronger than is generally supposed—by the singing at street riots of the above-mentioned tunes."

An amazing suggestion regarding the unfortunate Paris Opéra has been made by the editor of *Le Monde Musical*. "The Opéra can live," he says, "and live very well, without any kind of subvention. All that is necessary is that it should be equipped like the Monte Carlo Opéra, and all the operatic theatres of resorts, such as Enghien, Vichy, Dieppe, Aix-les-Bains, etc., with a gambling casino. And why not? Moral objections? Why should not what is moral on a race course and in authorized private clubs be regarded as moral at the Opéra? Gambling is much less immoral—in any case, much less dangerous—than alcoholism, from which the state realizes a huge income."

Berliners will not be afflicted with as many concerts next season as they were during the musical year which closed just before the outbreak of the war, when 1,262 had been given. Vienna came next, with 603 concerts, followed by Munich, with 418; Hamburg, with 351; Dresden, with 309; Leipzig, with 295; Frankfurt, with 212; Breslau, with 183; Prague, with 160; Stuttgart, with 122. In Hamburg no fewer than 57 of 68 song recitals were given by women. Evidently, other forces besides war are at work in gradually eliminating men from musical fields—excepting, for a time at any rate, teaching, orchestral playing, and composition. The growing scarcity of men may make it necessary once more, as in the days of Bellini, to have female Romeos.

Frederick Niecks, best known outside of Great Britain as the biographer of Chopin, has resigned the professorship of music at the University of Edinburgh to which he was appointed in 1891. He is sixty-five years old. The Reid chair of music which he occupied so long is an unusually complete professorship. There are separate endowments for the professor's salary, the [illegible] his assistants, and his class expenses. There is also a fund for an annual series of high-class concerts.

Art

A "SACRAMENTAL AGENCY."

The Ministry of Art. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

In this book are gathered together seven addresses delivered upon various occasions by the author, who is widely known as a talented and successful architect, but who from this time forward must be looked upon also as a talented and successful lecturer. He has a remarkable command of exuberant language, and an enthusiasm of exposition that compels the eager attention of his hearers, even when he attacks without mercy their cherished ideals. Yale asks him to speak on The Place of the Fine Arts in Public Education, and listens to a fierce attack upon the principles she proudly claims to embody; yet she is so fascinated by him that she does not hesitate to cry for more, and he generously again speaks to her students of The Artist and the World, repeating his violent denunciations of what Yale stands for. The Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church calls for an address, and in his Ministry of Art he heaps obloquy upon all that Protestantism involves. The American Institute of Architects, which is dominated by those in sympathy with the traditions of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, listens with joy to his denunciations of everything that pertains to the Renaissance; and then proceeds to elect him president of its Boston Chapter, and to make him the mouthpiece for its Committee on Education. Even the conservative Royal Institute of British Architects calls for him, eager to be stimulated by his words, after having listened to what he himself describes as the "penetrating and comprehensive paper" from Mr. Edward Warren, of London.

Had Mr. Cram been well advised he would have left the matter there. One may accept without cavil, from a rapid and interesting speaker, words that seem extravagant and unconvincing to one who reads with deliberation; and the friends of our author who have urged him to publish these addresses cannot but regret that he was induced to succumb to their solicitations. For when we read the book with care we find it a congeries of mystical rhapsodies, of violent attacks upon all with which he is not in sympathy, and of exaggerated praise of all that fires his own highly inflammable imagination.

The unsophisticated reader might indeed be led to believe that there had been little true art anterior to the Middle Ages, and none then but the Gothic of France. He certainly would be entertained, if not convinced, by the violent attack upon the "strange madness we call the Renaissance" (p. 67 f.); but the worst of it is that he might, by chance, be convinced. For our author speaks with such an air of historical authority that one might easily fail to note that he is picking his examples to support his contentions, apparently quite unconscious that he is indulging in the most vicious of special pleading. His statements that our present situations are without counterparts in the past (pp. 24 to 27, 81), and his firm conviction (p. 48) that there is a "great rhythm of human life that is the underlying force of history . . . which seems to divide itself into epochs of about five centuries," will certainly amuse the real student of history.

With equal confidence our author speaks of matters philosophical; although it is clear that his studies in this field have been limited, and largely influenced by his interest in the Middle Ages, and in modern days by men whom he has heard in Boston, "James, Eucken, Bergson—the last the greatest figure, perhaps, since St. Thomas Aquinas" (p. 52). Nevertheless he does not hesitate to give us bits of supposed philosophical insight: speaking (p. 76) of "the basic principle of the Renaissance, 'there is no mystery' "; and closing his essay on Art the Revealer with these high-sounding words: "'Man is the measure of all things,' said Protagoras, and with equal truth we can say, art is the measure of man." That he is not competent to speak authoritatively in the realm of theoretical æsthetics is clear; yet, after quoting a definition from one of the less significant students of this difficult subject, he dares to characterize it as "surely the most grotesque example of serene incapacity anywhere recorded in that congeries of incapacities, the literature of æsthetics" (p. 109).

But we must not allow the reader of this review to suppose that Mr. Cram's book is without its interesting presentations of truth; even his criticism, although exaggerated and often ill-founded, must be salutary in awakening from their "dogmatic slumber" those whom he attacks. Nor must we forget the spirit that urges him on. For our author evidently feels himself a prophet of a great movement. He believes that the supporters of the Gothic restoration are missionaries (p. 62); and, somewhat after the manner of Tolstoy, that art, as he conceives it, is a "sacramental agency" (*e. g.*, pp. xi, 97). So, after all, we must not allow ourselves to take too seriously the self-confidence of partial knowledge he displays; for the true prophet is allowed to use any tool that may come to hand. The question only remains, Is he a true prophet?

In "Small Country Houses, Their Repair and Enlargement" (Scribner; $5 net), the author, Lawrence Weaver, gives so large a portion of the text to descriptions of mere alterations, and of the trials and tribulations of the remodelling architect, that the book might be tedious and uninteresting but for the frequent reference to historical associations. In any event, the attractive illustrations, particularly of interiors, are delightful and well repay the perusal of one who "reads between the lines," *i. e.*, skips the text and reads the pictures, as so many of the author's profession say they do. His high commendation of the British Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings for its well-directed activity is interesting and suggestive to us on this side of the water; and he gives some sound advice, as, for instance (p. 32), "It is rarely worth while to play with an old building, and face all the restrictions of planning

which that involves, unless the additions to be made are relatively small."

In "Architecture and the Allied Arts: Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic" (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; $3.50), a handsomely printed and weighty volume, Prof. Alfred M. Brooks, of the University of Indiana, has written a book which proves on examination to be an elementary history of mediæval architecture, with a few very brief excursions upon the allied arts, which mean, in this case, chiefly sculpture. There is in the text nothing that might not have been prepared as lectures to freshmen or sophomores in college; one looks in vain for originality or novelty in either the views of the author or his presentation of them; he nowhere ventures aside from the well-beaten paths of criticism of the old and standard writers, and there is little suggestion of individual judgment, or of any personal acquaintance with or impressions from the great buildings he describes. Mention of the allied arts might well have been omitted from the cover and title page, as the references to them are singularly meagre. The splendid mosaics of early Christian and Byzantine art, the marble inlays of mediæval Italy, the Gothic choir stalls and tabernacle-work, the development of stained glass and mural painting—all these subjects are either wholly ignored or receive only passing allusion. The illustrations are generally excellent, but scattered in a confusing way, with neither textual nor numerical sequence. Fig. 62 is followed by Fig. 50, and that by Fig. 66, and so on through the book. A plan of the octostyle pseudo-dipteral temple of Selinus is given in Fig. 9 (following Fig. 35!) as a plan of the Parthenon.

Finance

"FOREIGN RAW MATERIALS."

When war broke out in Europe, four weeks ago, the first feeling that prevailed in all our markets was one of intense satisfaction at the advantage possessed by the United States over all the world. Sudden consternation over the war embargo on the shipping industry made up the next chapter in the mood of our own community. When the breaking of that deadlock was beginning to come in sight, one home trade after another was all at once heard from, with the surprisingly general testimony to the fact that some one essential raw material of its manufacture, produced in Continental Europe and now cut off by war, would presently be unobtainable, thereby bringing the home manufacture itself to a standstill.

The extraordinary thing about this simultaneous discovery by many separate trades was that the menace of forced suspension of production came at the very moment when the war seemed to have opened up new and profitable outlets for American finished goods. At first, it was only the steel trade and the textile industry; the one had been buying ferro-manganese from Germany, the other had relied almost entirely on the German chemists for the dyes which gave the requisite colors to its fabrics. But the startled outcry from these two trades was only the beginning. The electrical industry was presently heard from, with the word that the platinum supply from the Ural Mountains was cut off, and that certain carbons and metal filaments, made by German manufacturers and essential for the arc-light, could not be obtained after existing supplies on hand in the United States were used up.

The drug and chemical trades were as quick in coming into view; an astonishing number of indispensable materials for these industries appeared to have their single source of production in Germany. Emphasizing the situation, one large retail firm in New York received notice from a German wholesale drug distributer doubling the price on 1,000 articles supplied by it. Drug dealers here trebled their price of such products as citric acid, tartaric acid, carbolic acid, gum camphor, and dandelion root, and warned consumers of an impending failure of supplies. In quick succession, the same word came from manufacturers of glass, soap, matches, artificial fertilizer, gunpowder. In all these industries, potash is an essential raw material. Natural potash is a German monopoly, and with war begun, the supply was necessarily absolutely blockaded.

Misgiving spread after this to the manufacturers of photographic materials, because of the prospective embargo on German-made oxalic acid. Then the glove, shoe, and hat trades had their turn; nobody outside these trades had suspected to what extent they depended on Continental Europe for their particular kinds of material. Even certain kinds of felt roofing were drawn into the dilemma, for the curious reason that the rags from which it has been made are imported from Belgium. As a highly interesting climax, London raised the alarm over the Transvaal gold mines—the last of all places to be suspected in this case. These, like our own Rocky Mountain gold mines, extract the precious metal by the cyanide process, and cyanide of potassium, again a by-product of German potash, was about to be cut off.

What is to be said of this new and extraordinary turn in the situation? Are these trades, each with a fair chance of expanding its business into neutral markets relinquished by the fighting European states, to sit down despondently and give up production? The chemists and working experts smiled quietly at the suggestion, and presently it began to be pointed out that of all these various raw materials entering into the trades enumerated above, there is not one that is an absolute monopoly with Europe. Dyestuffs and acids can be extracted from American coal-tar as well as from the coal-tar of Europe; what is required is the effort and the enterprise. Manganese ores are in sufficient supply in this country, in India, and South America to keep the steel trade going—already the per-ton price of this commodity has fallen from $150 to $100 a ton, after rising in a week from $38 to $150. Potash is manufactured in this country, though it costs more than the natural product, cyanide may be extracted from it here, and, as for hats, shoes, gloves, and rags, substitution of domestic for European material is easy if not convenient. Platinum may be a problem; yet we are not cut off from the Ural Mountains, and the Siberian Railway is not this year being used for mobilizing armies. Carbons we are perfectly able to make at home.

Why, then, all of this stir and commotion over the "embargo on raw material"? There are two main explanations. One is, that in the first alarm, the purely temporary obstruction of all shipping communications, due to the presence of German cruisers on the ocean and to the deadlock in foreign exchange, was confused with the much more serious obstruction of access to Central Europe. The other is, that American manufacturers had grown lazy, and allowed their chemists to be distanced by the patient experts to whom the German Government—which now is so recklessly diverting its energies from construction to destruction—had for years given every possible encouragement.

Perhaps the justifiable conclusion will be, that the extraordinary commercial incidents of the war will teach our business community more lessons than one. If men learn, as a result of this year's experience, how to provide their own shipping facilities, they may also learn how to utilize their own home products and the ingenuity of their own home experts, to provide the small materials of manufacture whose production they have been surrendering to Europe.

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Elliot, Frances. Old Court Life in Spain. Vols. I and II. Putnam. $5 net.
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Lawson, John D. American State Trials. Vol. I. St. Louis: F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.

Papers and Proceedings of the Washington Conference. Washington: American Library Association.

The Lumber Industry. Part IV. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Scott, J. B. Status of the International Court of Justice. Nos. 15 and 16. Baltimore: American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes.

Vinogradoff, P., and Morgan, E. Social and Economic History of England and Wales. Volume I. Oxford University Press. 16s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Correspondence respecting the European Crisis. London: T. F. Unwin. 9d.

Kohl, C. C. Claims as a Cause of the Mexican War. New York University.

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SCIENCE.

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ART.

The Art of the Book. John Lane Company. $3 net.

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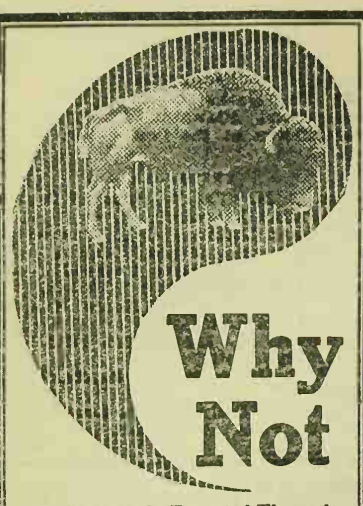

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1914.

Summary of the News

We eomment eisewhere on the naval and military developments in the European war. Politically the most important development is the threatened intervention of Turkey. Ottoman intentions have been under suspicion ever since the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau were afforded the proteetion of the Dardanelles and were immediately purchased by Turkey. The persistent wooing of Turkey by the Kaiser during the past deeade has also been remembered. Dispatches reeeived on Sunday and Monday pointed to the probability of Turkish intervention and reported the movement of a number of German officers and men to Constantinople. On Tuesday a telegram from Berlin by way of Rome announeed the mobilization of a Turkish army of 200,000 men, ali Mohammedans, and stated that seventy-two superior German officers, forming the German military eommission at Constantinople, had been incorporated in the Turkish army.

Up to the time of writing, no declaration of war has been made, but it seems eertain that one is expected in England. The hope of the Kaiser in aliying himself with Turkey is frankly that it may eause disaffeetion of the Mohammedan subjeets of England. Whether this will be the result or not, it is extremely probable that Turkey's partieipation in the war on the German side will have the effeet of restoring the original Balkan League and ranging those states on the side of the Entente. It seems also to be probable that Italy's attitude of neutrality may be modified, as she has everything to lose and nothing to gain by the suceess of Turkey, Austria, and Germany in the war. Greece, beyond any doubt, will enter the eonflict on the side of the Allies, should Turkey ally herself with Germany.

It is understood that, although no formal protest has been lodged at Washington, Great Britain has joined with Franee in presenting views regarding the proposal to purchase German liners in eonneetion with the plan to build up an Ameriean mereantile marine. The view taken by Franee is that the purehase of German liners now tied up in the ports of this country would be tantamount to giving finaneial assistance to Germany, while England's position is that there is no preeedent in international law for the purchase of a large number of ships belonging to a belligerent nation during war.

It is not unlikely that a full settlement of the difficulties coneerning wireless messages in eode sent from this country to any of the belligerents in Europe will soon be reaehed. Dispatches from Washington, published on Monday, stated that both England and Germany have aeeepted the proposal of the United States that the wireless stations at Tuekerton, N. J., and Sayville, L. I., be permitted to send eode messages to belligerent countries, subject to eensorship by Ameriean naval officers.

The Administration bill to create a Federal bureau of marine insuranee against war risk was passed by the House on August 29, by a vote of 230 to 58.

For fear lest additional restrietions on shipping during the present erisis should handieap the efforts that are being made to encourage the building up of a merchant marine, the Seaman's bill, revising regulations of service on Ameriean ships, has been sidetraeked in the Senate.

Senator Reed's amendment to the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, to prohibit absolutely one interstate eorporation owning stock in another interstate corporation engaged in the same line of business, was defeated in the Senate on Monday. The bill as it stands only prohibits such ownership "where the effeet of such aequisition is to eliminate or substantally lessen competition."

A Demoeratie eonferenee will be held to determine a definite programme for Congress in meeting the emergeney eaused by the war. The seope of the revenue measure to offset the deerease in eustoms reeeipts will be deeided, and it is understood that some phases of the situation in the Far East, growing out of Japan's partieipation in the war, may be diseussed.

Viseount Chinda, Japanese Ambassador, on Thursday of last week issued an explieit denial of reports that had obtained eurrency as a result of the declaration of war by Austria, that Japan eontemplated sending a squadron to the Adriatie. There was no indueement, the Ambassador said, for Japan to embroil herself in the European war in Europe itself.

Rumor continues to be busy in Mexieo, and, as heretofore, is oeeupied prineipally with the differenees between Villa and Carranza. There were even reports on Monday from Vera Cruz, of old a suspieious souree, that several ex-Federal generals were ready to throw in their lot with Villa in raising a new revolution against Carranza. Sueh reports, however, need not be taken very seriously. Villa's attitude apparently is simply that Carranza is Provisional President, and aeeording to the Constitution is not eligible for eleetion as President. Meanwhile, Gen. Villa and Gen. Obregon have been devoting their efforts towards obtaining a settlement among the loeal faetions in Sonora and their adherenee to the eentral Government. An agreement has also been reaehed between Zapata and Provisional President Carranza, the eessation of guerrilla warfare in southern Mexieo being thus seeured.

More serious, perhaps, than the possibility of disputes arising between Villa and Carranza is the attitude of the latter towards the eontinued occupation of Vera Cruz by forees of the United States. The Administration, however, is understood to view the situation without anxiety, and on Monday a denial was issued of reports that Gen. Funston had asked for more troops. On the same day it was announced that Carranza had ordered the port of Vera Cruz closed, but State Department officials do not attach undue importanee to the order. Two weeks ago traffie was diseontinued between Vera Cruz and Mexieo City, the explanation being given that the interruption was due to the transportation of troops south of Mexieo City. Traffie was restored on Gen. Funston's informing the Provisional President that if the suspension was to be permanent he proposed to seize all the rolling stoek in Vera Cruz and hold it until traffie was resumed.

Relief work for Amerieans stranded in Europe has reaehed its eoncluding stages. The gold taken to Europe on the Tennessee has been distributed, and reports from Ameriean diplomatic offieials in European eapitals and large towns indieate that most Amerieans have already left, or are about to leave.

Santo Domingo, whose troubles have been somewhat obseured by other events, appears to be on the way to a peaceful settlement of its affairs. President Bordas, it was announeed last week, has undertaken to resign, and leaders of all elements have agreed to disarm their followers and to release politieal prisoners. Bordas will be sueeeeded by Ramon Baez as Provisional President, who will eonduct eleetions.

The Freneh Cabinet, admittedly one of medioerities and intended only as a stop-gap Government, resigned on August 26, M. Viviani, the Premier, informing M. Poinearé that he and his eolleagues had eome to the eonclusion that in the present crisis the Ministry should have a wider seope, and eomprise all the best men in all the Republican groups. The President requested M. Viviani to assume the task of organizing the new Cabinet, whieh was eompleted within an hour of the aeceptanee of the resignations. In the Cabinet, as at present eonstituted, M. Deleassé is Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Millerand, Minister of War. It also includes MM. Briand, Ribot, and Doumergue, ali ex-Premiers, and two Soeialist Deputies, M. Sembat and M. Guesde.

An interesting forecast of what may be expeeted to happen in the final settlement after the war, should the Allies prove vietorious, has been seen during the past week in sundry skirmishes that have taken place on the outskirts of empires. Early last week it was offieially announced in London that German Togoland had surrendered unconditionally to the British West African forees, and on Sunday a dispateh was received by the British Colonial Secretary from the Governor of New Zealand stating that Apia, in German Samoa, had surrendered on the previous day to an expeditionary force sent by the Government of New Zealand. On the other hand, news was reeeived by way of Paris on Friday of last week that an attaek on the Belgian Congo had been made by German troops.

The deaths of the week inelude: Gen. Powell Clayton, August 25; Baron Merthyr, Brig.-Gen. Philip H. Briggs, August 27; Charles Truman Hotehkiss, August 28; Bishop Robert MeIntyre, William De H. Washington, August 30.

The Week

How thin is the veneer of our civilization now appears with every newspaper issue containing dispatches from the front. They are full of charges and counter-charges of atrocities. Thus, besides the familiar accusations that the Germans are killing priests, women, and children, we are asked to believe that Belgians have dragged German women naked through the streets by the hair of their heads; that a Belgian boy killed in cold blood the commander of the Germans in Louvain; that the Austrians killed twenty young girls in a single house, besides executing sixty Servian prisoners in one place and mutilating dead bodies elsewhere. From Germany come stories of Russian atrocities in East Prussia, and shortly we shall have, without doubt, word from Austria of the horrible Servian barbarities and the excesses of the Cossacks in Galicia. But the Germans, it is urged, are carrying on an inhuman war. Undoubtedly; but so are all the others. There is no such thing as humane war. No war ever was that did not drag down women and children, in Europe usually by the thousands. Never was there a war in which an enemy was not accused of atrocities. All this is, of course, quite apart from such acts as the razing of Louvain, upon which we comment elsewhere.

The news that both France and Great Britain have protested against American purchase and use of German ships is another reason why the Administration should go slowly with its programme of a Government-owned merchant marine. Moreover, it is announced that the President will so modify the present laws under the recent authorization of Congress that no less than 200 ships will at once be transferred to the American flag. If this large number should become neutral, or anything like it, a long step would have been taken towards meeting the existing crisis. Meanwhile, the regularity of the ocean traffic to France and England is rapidly being restored. After all, what the President must take into consideration is that merely supplying ships will not create the traffic; that we cannot even do a large business with South America until the machinery of exchange is restored. And then there is the consideration that if the Government embarks in the business of ocean transportation every advocate of Government ownership of railways will have placed in his hands powerful arguments for what seems to us a most dangerous policy.

Whatever the objective importance may be of the loss inflicted upon the German navy off Heligoland last Friday, the moral effect at home of the British fleet's successful achievement must, in this hour of deepest trial, be of inestimable value to England. News from the Franco-Belgian border has been little more than that of a continuous series of disappointments and setbacks. The character of that news, too, has had its effect greatly intensified by the extreme scantiness of the information given out. It has been urged very strongly in the English press that such failure to keep the public in touch with events at the front must exercise a highly discouraging influence on the voluntary enlistments upon which the British War Office depends for its campaign. The victory of Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty is now on every Briton's tongue, and, little or big, is worth many a battalion of fighting men.

On a battle line where four million men may soon be engaged, England's contribution of 100,000 men could hardly affect the general course of events. But England's expeditionary force was a pledge of honor, a notification to the world that she would see the fight out to the last. The British Government might have contented itself with war on the sea. But in the minds of Frenchmen it would have raised the fear that England was indifferent to what happened on the Continent. To-day the legend of perfidious Albion is dead. By taking up the gage of battle on land, England has bound herself to meet the enemy on his chosen ground. Her task has been made immensely more difficult. England on the sea alone could have waged that prolonged war which Germany cannot afford to face, could have waited with the utmost patience for the advance of the Russian armies. But she has chosen to assume the heavy handicap of a land campaign against the Kaiser's armies to be carried on even on the desperate supposition that the French resistance utterly collapses. The Entente with France has been observed with magnificent loyalty.

Sir Edward Grey has a convincing reply to the charge made in an official German publication that Great Britain might have averted the present conflict if she had exerted her influence to keep France neutral. The British Foreign Minister points out the misapprehension into which the German Ambassador at London had fallen. In case of a war between Austria and Russia, Sir Edward had expressed the hope that it would be possible to keep France neutral. And from the published English correspondence we know that Great Britain had pledged herself to exercise the very strongest pressure at Paris, in case the war was so localized. But the German Ambassador's proposal was that France should remain neutral if Germany, as well as Austria, went to war with Russia. This the English Foreign Secretary had rejected. The German Foreign Office must have been aware that the proposition was impossible. The Russian alliance has been the keystone of French policy for twenty years. For France to abandon her ally would be to condemn herself to isolation and to submit once for all to German leadership. It would have been France's abdication as a great Power. That the statesmen at Berlin seriously expected such a surrender by France is incredible.

Despite Bourassa in Quebec and Hertzog in South Africa, no one doubted the zealous patriotism of the Anglo-Saxon Dominions in the present crisis; the spirit of India may have surprised a few who exaggerated the unmistakable elements both of "loyal unrest" and "disloyal unrest." But the reported passage of Imperial Service contingents across Canada is that of a branch which had its origin in native loyalty during the Russian scare of 1885. Recruited from thirty native states, the full force numbers 25,000 men, under regular inspection and drill by British officers. English papers also report "the offer by every important chief of his entire military and financial resources," and "great meetings in the large centres to raise funds"; there is no doubt that India is a very real asset. Yet the employment of Indian native troops may be regarded as another evidence of the seriousness with which the home government regards the conflict. They were kept out of the South African war for special reasons, and it is not impossible that their presence in Europe may raise questions of international usage. But not without cause would the English give their enemies in India a chance to whisper to the ignorant masses an exaggerated account of the dependence of the Empire upon Sepoy prowess. The assistance of Indian troops, it should be pointed out, may be indirect as well as direct, for their transportation to Egypt, Cyprus, and Malta would release British regiments. In 1878 Disraeli actually brought a small force to the latter island.

A French Ministry of all talents and all factions has been organized in this hour of great emergency. The emphasis must be laid rather on the union of talents than of factions. That the country is united in face of the enemy was made manifest in the Chamber of Deputies from the moment when war became a certainty. The inclusion in the new Cabinet of so extreme a representative of Socialist opposition as Jules Guesde is, to be sure, a reaffirmation of national unity. The make-up of the new Cabinet indicates that France has called into her councils her best-tried and her most energetic public men; men of the type of Ribot, Briand, and Millerand. The last takes over the war portfolio, which he has held before and with conspicuous ability. He replaces Messimy, whose removal must be taken as a judgment of inefficiency and in line with the reported disgrace of a commanding general in the field for unsoldierly behavior in face of the enemy. Three members of the Cabinet have been themselves at the head of the Government. Out of the circle of new French Ministers will a second Gambetta arise if the need for one should confront France? The men who dominate great crises have a way of appearing out of comparative obscurity. Yet in France to-day men's minds must turn to the hope that the man will appear who will atone for the nation's numerical inferiority to her enemy. It is a hope which we see reflected in the new regulations issued at the Paris War Office, suspending promotion by seniority. Somewhere in the lower ranks of the army command may be hidden a youth with the spark of genius. The country is now seeing to it that his way shall not be blocked.

News from Mexico City continues to be of a cheering nature. The reopening of the National Bank of Mexico, and of other important banks, is both a fresh sign of returning tranquillity and security and a powerful direct influence in the toning up both of business and of public sentiment. In these days of gloom and apprehension, with the skies black over all Europe, and hopes of anything like a speedy termination of the great war completely abandoned, it is peculiarly grateful to dwell on the bettered conditions in the troubled land upon our own borders. Were we not so preoccupied with the giant struggle across the Atlantic, our thoughts would be centred in these days upon the wonderfully propitious outcome of President Wilson's firm and patient policy towards Mexico, the success of which was so long scouted as an impossibility by so large a part of the American public and regarded as highly doubtful by many of Mr. Wilson's most hearty supporters and admirers. It is quite in keeping with the quiet immovability of the President in his pursuance of the "watchful waiting" policy, that not a word has been heard from him in the way of comment on its triumphant vindication. Mr. Wilson appears to have a fixed habit of letting things of this kind speak for themselves.

The Federal investigation has not thus far brought out anything sensational in the matter of the high prices of provisions. It is very probable that the institution of investigations of this kind has had a salutary effect in preventing various schemes of extortion; but, however this may be, it does not seem likely that they will result in the unearthing of any large or formidable conspiracies actually operative in the raising of food prices. The existence of great corporations or combinations practically controlling the chief sources of supply doubtless does add something to the burdens of the consumer, and it will be of great public interest to learn the nature and extent of such evils, as they may be exhibited in the ultimate findings of Federal and local investigators. But the impression gained from such fragmentary evidences as appear in the press in the course of the hearings is that the enhancement of prices is in the main such as would naturally come from the conditions of supply and demand if no such combinations or corporations existed. In this connection it is especially interesting to note in the present extraordinary situation—as it was in the less abnormal, but still unusual, situation that existed before the war began—that men in a position to know state without hesitation that, high as are the prices of articles which have been put on the free list by the present tariff, these prices would have been still higher had the tariff tax not been removed. Thus Mr. Benjamin, representing the San Salina Company, importers of Argentine beef, nearly all of whose imports go to independent dealers, "said that it was true that the importations from Argentina have not reduced the prices of meat, but he said they had kept the prices down." To keep the price down, as compared with what it would be if the imports were kept out, is all that can be expected of the breaking down of tariff bars, and there is no reason to doubt that this result has been effected.

It is little more than a month ago that the trouble in Santo Domingo became so serious that a considerable body of marines was dispatched to Guantánamo. Now it is reassuring to learn that, thanks in part to peace commissioners sent by President Wilson, active interference is unnecessary. Dispatches state that *pourparlers* are in progress between President Bordas and his Southern supporters and the northern adherents of Gen. Velasquez, and that both factions realize the great havoc entailed by the war. One reason for its subsidence is the pressure of economic need, the crops having been laid waste. Another is the European conflict, the reiterated protests of Germany, France, and England having heretofore maintained hopes on each side for American intervention. As in Mexico, a provisional Presidency is expected to pave the way to a general election, and the fact that there are representative Dominicans in each party assures a responsible abiding of the issue. If the President's work succeeds, it will afford an interesting comparison with the Rooseveltian stroke which a decade ago made us collector of Dominican customs. It is to be hoped that Santo Domingo may become a standing illustration of the wisdom of the policy of letting each republic settle its own affairs, or at least merely helping it to help itself.

The President's veto of a bill to reverse the action of an army examining board, while not of tremendous importance in itself, is significant as showing the attitude of the White House towards Congressional interference in matters of discipline. The case was that of a former captain in the medical corps who had been honorably discharged, but desired to be reinstated and to be allowed to take an examination for promotion to the rank of major. The traditional course in such cases, as in those in which students have been dismissed from West Point, is to appeal from the military authorities who have jurisdiction over such matters to the politicians. Army examining boards and superintendents of military academies are apt to be influenced by a sense of the value of impartial enforcement of rules and regulations, from which many members of Congress are free. But the President, following the example of some of his predecessors, stands with the disciplinarians. Here again one sees the hand of the schoolmaster. Incidentally, the way in which he has disciplined Congress is indicated by the reference in the newspapers to this veto as his first.

While those who have thought last winter's movement in Congress for national prohibition by Constitutional amendment a spasmodic one, locally engineered, may have heen in part right, the events of the past week should warn them against over-confidence. Both the Republican and Democratic State Conventions in Kansas endorsed it, and instructed their Congressional candidates to pledge themselves in support of it, while in Missouri the same step was taken by the Progressives, and the Democratic Convention was kept non-committal only by the vigorous efforts of Senator Stone. Even in Ohio, it is now perfectly evident, the topic is sure to have serious discussion. Party exigencies may account for some of the State endorsements given or looked upon as probable, and the general confusion of the merits of national, State, and local prohibition may disappear with a closer facing of the question. But, while the matter may not yet be politically alarming, or seem likely to be, it is one that should concern those interested in a sound public opinion on the subject.

The latest roll-call of the House showed how great was the justification of revoking all leaves of absence, and cutting off the salaries of those who fail to return; and every one interested in the dispatch of national business must hope that the measure will be effective. Twenty-seven of the 43 New York members were absent; 8 of Massachusetts, that State having been conspicuous for its absentees; and the entire delegation of Maine. In the case of Pacific Coast members irritation at their desertion has heen expressed at home, and one Oregon Congressman — Representative Lafferty — faces a strong opposition on that single account. If such a sentiment could be widely cultivated, it would be the most effective means of combating the evil. In the present close union hetween party systems and representative government, something may he said even for the abstract right of Congressmen to return to the primary firing line. The Republicans are inclined to blame Southern members for the resolution, and their sudden zeal may be impugned by the fact that their primaries are now over. But the difficulty in procuring a quorum was growing intolerable; no one doubted that many absentees had not a shred of excuse; and the time had come to exert a power which had grown lax only because the honor of members was trusted.

In a time of such world-wide tragedy, we should all he grateful to any one who gives us cause for a hearty laugh. Hence the thanks of the public should go to the Republican minority of the House Committee on Insular Affairs, who, without batting an eyelid, solemnly assure us that it is necessary to sidetrack the whole question of Philippine independence because of the war in Europe! The reason for this is plain to see: if we should now grant to the Filipinos the mild advances towards autonomy provided for in the bill—advances by no means satisfactory to the Filipinos or their delegate, Mr. Quezon—the Japanese would at once he encouraged to seize the islands, now that they are hesieging Kiao-chau. If such utter nonsense could be taken seriously, it would but be proof of how unsettled men's minds have become by reason of the unprecedented state of affairs abroad. As a matter of fact, it only shows how hard-pressed the Republicans are for some sort of argument with which to combat this perfectly reasonable proposal to grant a wider measure of self-government to the Philippines, in accordance with Republican pledges that "some day" the islands shall be set free entirely. If the war had not come, this humorous Republican minority would have found some other reason. If not a Japanese bogey, a German one; if not a German one, some other solemn nonsense. People who like to govern others without their consent can always produce reason for their tyranny.

The "unofficial" Democratic State Convention at Saratoga merely said ditto to the Republicans, in the matter of procedure. That is to say, it adopted a platform, listened to speeches, nominated delegates-at-large for the Constitutional Convention, but expressed not even a preference as to candidates for Governor and United States Senator. Judge Herrick had vowed that he should demand some expression of opinion, at least on the Governorship, from the gathering, but found the sentimennt against such a course so overwhelming that he desisted. All hands, even the bosses and sub-bosses present, were for sacredly respecting the right of the voters to make their own nominations in the direct primary at the end of this month. The Democratic leaders talked as gravely as the Colonel himself now does about confiding in the wisdom of the people. But they, as well as he, we fancy, will be doing something to aid the people to come to a wise decision—meaning a decision agreeable to them—before September 28 arrives.

Publication in Philadelphia of the catalogue of the library of Lieut.-Col. John Nicholson, recorder-in-chief of the Loyal Legion of the United States, has roused civic pride in a unique collection of 15,000 volumes. "There is a feeling," according to the *Dial*, "that it should not, like the famous Lambert collection, be suffered to pass eventually under the auctioneer's hammer, but should be acquired by the city and preserved in a suitable manner." Such preservation must be hoped for by every one interested in Civil War literature. Nearly every important work is extended by the insertion of autograph letters, rare plates, maps, and illustrative material. Notes and communications by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, McClellan, Pope, and McDowell, and by the Confederate commanders, are endless; while there are such original MSS. as of one of the Comte de Paris's volumes and Buell's notes on Shiloh. Various documents enlarge Sheridan's memoirs, in a presentation copy, to four volumes, and Sherman's to eight. The library is justly called priceless to students of the war, and it should be an event to more than the general public of Philadelphia to find that it exists. A collection thus made by a private individual and a military order is a public service.

Mr. R. Norris Williams's victory over Maurice McLoughlin in straight sets on Tuesday was one of the greatest surprises in a year full of athletic sensations. For two years Mr. McLoughlin's supremacy has been easily maintained, and with him that of the California school of tennis players. Each year the Western invasion of the East has brought forth one or more stars until we have almost come to believe that anybody from the Pacific Coast was a new conqueror of the courts. But Mr. Williams has shown consistently fine form throughout the season, even though defeated by Brookes and Wilding. His headwork on Tuesday was unsurpassed; even his critics admit that he is the best stroke player in America, now that Mr. Larned's career is practically ended. He readily found McLoughlin's weak spot—his low backhand—and passed him there with his winning stroke, as with many others. McLoughlin's wonderful serve retained its power to the end, but in this case did not avail him sufficiently to overcome the deadly placing of his young opponent. Indeed, Mr. Williams is one of the youngest men ever to hold the championship; he is still an undergraduate at Harvard, as was Robert D. Wrenn when he earned the title.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LOUVAIN.

Last Friday, there was received at the German Embassy at Washington a wireless dispatch from Berlin containing the following statement:

> Civilians of the Belgian town of Louvain made a perfidious attack on German troops while fighting. Louvain was punished by the destruction of the city.

The news of this act of awful devastation has aroused throughout the world a feeling of indignation and abhorrence such as has been caused by no other event of the war. Whether the facts fully justify the meaning that was attached to the statement is at this moment doubtful; several reports, from impartial or even hostile sources, indicate the possibility that one, or perhaps both, of the two most precious architectural monuments of the beautiful mediæval city—the Hôtel de Ville and the Cathedral—were spared by the German conquerors. If this shall prove to be true, it will mitigate in no small measure the wrathful judgment which the whole civilized world has been passing on the act, though the deed will still remain a deep stain on the German name.

On the day after the news of Louvain's destruction came, the New York *Evening Post* spoke of it as "on its face an appalling act of vandalism and ferocious cruelty," and expressed the earnest hope that the German Government might find it possible "to throw off, either by explanation of the deed or by punishment for those who committed it, the fearful burden of guilt which otherwise will attach to that Government and to the German nation." It is now nearly a week since the event, and nothing of the kind has been forthcoming. So far from disavowing the act, or punishing its perpetrators, all that is said by representatives of, or spokesmen for, the German Government, is in justification of the deed as a necessity of war. Not a word has been heard that modifies the original statement on the subject in the Berlin dispatch to the German Embassy. The world is therefore compelled to believe that the beautiful little mediæval town, the site of some of the most wonderful monuments of architecture and art that have been preserved through the centuries, and the seat of one of the most venerable of the historic universities of Europe, was deliberately given over to destruction as a punishment for the acts of individuals who had violated the laws of war. How terrible and instant was the punishment of those individuals themselves, we say nothing about; however far the Germans may have gone in that direction, they were but carrying out—with perhaps more, perhaps less, ruthlessness than is common—the dire prescriptions imposed by the necessities of war. But the burning of the city, the destruction of the homes, and the treasures, private and public, of all the people as a punishment for the acts of some of them—this is not an act of lawful war, unless lawful war includes terrorism, pure and simple—terrorism unrestrained by any consideration—as one of its legitimate resources.

The burning of Louvain, as a punitive measure expressly ordered by the military authorities, stands out in an entirely different category from the sporadic acts of cruelty and savagery which occur in all wars and are committed by the soldiers of all nations. In this matter of Louvain, one excuse put forward on behalf of the German commander is that Belgians had been guilty of such inhuman atrocities that nothing less than the wiping out of such a city would suffice to teach them the lesson they needed. But all this melancholy business of pitting tale against tale is utterly futile as well as mischievous. Neither Belgians nor Germans are fiends that love to kill women and children; and the unquestioned cruelties of war are quite enough to engage our minds without raking up here and there some abnormal horror which if true is not typical, which it is ten to one is not true, and which at best can only serve to inflame murderous thoughts of revenge. If we dwell as we do on the crime of Louvain, it is because its significance lies in the revelation not of any horrible savagery of nature, but of the character of that militarism which dominates the councils of the Kaiser and of the German imperialist bureaucracy.

To say that in those circles imperialist militarism has become a religion is to put the case too mildly; no religion of the Western world in our time has laid upon its followers a hold like that. Of the German militarist cult, the very essence is the absolute supremacy of its claims over all other human considerations whatsoever. It is this which accounts for the unhesitating and unqualified support given by the Kaiser's Government to the Austrian ultimatum to Servia; that this could mean nothing less than the monstrous war into which the world has been plunged was as clear as noonday, but the appalling responsibility did not stay the Kaiser's hand, nor swerve him from his position by a hair's breadth. And the rest is all of a piece. He who wills the end wills the means, is an old maxim; but rarely has it been applied with the machine-like consistency exemplified by the German military autocracy. Louvain is only Zabern writ large; the finger-print of the militarist, with his ruthless motto of Thorough, is on the one as plainly as on the other. It is the profound realization of this fact which, above all other things, accounts for the almost utter absence of sympathy with Germany in this conflict; and it can but be with deep sorrow that the humane and liberal elements in the German nation view the aggravation of this state of things by such an act as that at Louvain. We can only pray for a hastening of the day when all that is best in the German people will reassert itself as of old, and when the long reign of an arrogant and ruthless military caste will be looked back to by the countrymen of Schiller and Goethe as a nightmare that never can return.

WAR AND RELIGION.

Several correspondents have written to ask that the *Nation* protest against what they deem the offensively "pious" tone of the German Emperor in announcing victories. But this is only the traditional German way; and it is not for us to say that it is insincere. The Germans, both in war and peace, make much more free with "Gott" than our conventions allow us to do with "God." In 1870 King William, in his telegrams to Queen Augusta, was eminently devout. Some of the phrases which he used grated on American ears and led to various parodies in the press, one of the best known of them ending:

> Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
> Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

It is idle to quarrel with national customs or with Hohenzollern habits, even if their effect does sometimes seem almost sacrilegious to the simple-minded who, with Hosea Biglow, "kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage." How easy it is to fall into a repellent excess of piety about war is shown by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck. He has a poem in *The Fatherland* in which he does not hesitate to speak of "the shining mail of him [the Kaiser] who leads God's hosts," and to assure his readers:

> The Red Czar's blight shall never fall
> Upon the earth, nor freedom pale,
> While the white blade of Parzival
> Still guards the Teuton's Holy Grail.

On this we make no comment.

From of old satirists have found a theme, and poets and prophets a text, in the powerlessness of religion to prevent the barbarism of war. It is a melancholy subject.

Nominally Christian nations must often pray and take the name of God upon their lips at the time when they are trampling upon Christian principles in waging war. Either side is ready with its *Te Deum* in the moment of triumph, which means slaughter and misery. Both sides, on their own admission, cannot have the Lord with them, yet both insist that they have. It is a spectacle of mortal inconsistency and weakness at which, one might well believe in the bold Hebrew imagery, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." On this whole mystery, or, as some would say, mockery of the co-existence of war and religion, of men created in the image of God killing one another in the name of God, no one has written with a greater wrestling of spirit, yet withal in the most long-suffering charity, than Abraham Lincoln. It is well to cite again to-day the often-cited words of his immortal Second Inaugural:

> Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered.

We cannot all be as great-souled as Lincoln, but we can at least strive after something of his philosophic and considerate attitude on this question of war and religion. One point can be made with confidence. Churches and Christians have no direct power to prevent a war. Some grieving people appear to think that the Pope or the bishops or the authorities of the great Christian denominations should have somehow laid an interdict upon the monarchs and diplomats and Parliaments, and forbidden them to go to war. But, saying nothing of practical difficulties, this is to overlook one teaching of the Church, which is obedience to the powers that be. The duty of allegiance, and of submission to the constituted civil authorities, may be terribly abused by unscrupulous rulers, but it is a duty, and a religious duty, nevertheless. Religion is, after all, within the state. If the state were destroyed, the first thing that religion would have to do, when it emerged from the caves where it had taken refuge, would be to reconstitute it, and make some sort of civil society possible again, so that the practices of religion could be restored. All this must be borne in mind, and should operate as a stay of condemnation upon soldiers who go about the devil's work, as we cannot help thinking it, calling upon God for help. They may be conscious only of doing their civic and patriotic duty. The real place for reprobation to strike is higher than the armies—upon the rulers who needlessly and therefore wickedly launch the armies upon their work of destruction and inhumanity.

Thus it is that it seems to us hasty to pronounce this awful and desolating war the collapse of Christianity. Clergymen have, in their first feeling of profound dejection and discouragement, so spoken of it. With their general position that such a war appears to make Christian civilization look farcical, few can fail to sympathize; but we must discriminate. Christianity has not utterly broken down. Religion has not ceased to be a powerful motive in the hearts of men. But a horrible situation has brought millions of men and women into a state of confusion and perplexity, as regards their relation to their country and their God; and out of this has arisen the seeming willingness to drag Providence into the carnage, which has shocked many a tender conscience. It is for religious men to bide God's good time, assured that, in the end, we shall see that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

TRUSTS AND PUBLIC WELFARE.

The impending passage of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill gives a timely interest to the concluding instalment of the discussion of "The Trust Problem," by E. Dana Durand, late Director of the Census, which appears in the August issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. Whatever the Clayton bill may be in detail, it is in essential purpose a reaffirmation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act. Whether it was wise or unwise thus to supplement the broad provisions of that act, whether expedient or inexpedient to inject this new element into our political and economic situation at the present time, are questions on which there is much room for controversy; but it may be said with a very near approach to entire accuracy that, whether well conceived or not, the idea behind the bill is precisely the same as that behind the act of 1890—namely, the idea that monopoly must be prevented or suppressed, as against the idea that it should be permitted, either with or without Government regulation. There was a long series of years during which this idea appeared to be sadly discredited. Within the past five or six years, however, there has been a most remarkable change in the temper of general opinion on the whole subject, and it is the voice of the critic of monopoly, not of its champion, which is dominant in public discussion.

Mr. Durand's position is perfectly clear-cut. It is adverse not only to unregulated combination, of a monopolistic tendency, as "dangerous to the public welfare," but also to regulation of such combinations in a manner analogous to the regulation of railways by the Interstate Commission. This he regards as bound up with such stupendous difficulties and open to such cardinal objections as suffice for its unqualified rejection. On the other hand, he holds that the prevention and suppression of monopolistic combinations—in other words, the actual policy of our country—is both feasible and desirable. And the assertion that it is desirable he supports chiefly by arguments designed to show that the claims that have been set up for the advantages of combination are untenable. It would, of course, be absurd to deny the advantages of large-scale production, and even in many instances the advantages of combination or consolidation; but the idea that defenders of competition *do* make these denials is a pure figment of the imagination. What they assert is not that large-scale production, or combination or consolidation, is incapable of affecting economies, but that there are two essential points which the apostles of monopoly habitually ignore. In the first place, there is a limit to the extent to which the process of economizing through enlargement and combination can be carried; after a certain point in the process has been reached, the gain ceases. And, secondly, the question of magnitude, pure and simple, is one thing and the question of monopolistic control is another.

Both these aspects of the question Mr. Durand discusses with great force and clearness. "No one would think of denying," he says, "that large-scale operation has advantages over small-scale operation. It does not follow that an industrial combination controlling the major part of a business will, by reason of size alone, be more efficient than a less extensive combination or even than a single plant." The economies claimed for the Trusts could, in Mr. Durand's judgment, in many if not in most industries, be effected in approximately equal measure without permitting combinations "sufficiently comprehensive to possess any approach to monopoly power." As regards unnecessary duplication of plant, under a régime of competition, Mr. Durand shows that this plea has been worked for far more than it is worth. The case of parallel competing railways—and likewise, of course, of other

"natural monopolies"—is wholly different in this regard from anything that ordinarily obtains in manufactures or trade:

> In the case of the ordinary manufacturing industries it seldom happens that a single plant, however large, can supply the entire demand of the territory to which it has natural access. The construction of a second plant usually does not mean needless duplication of investment. The aggregate capacity of all plants is not likely to exceed materially the demand in times of prosperity. The desire of each competitor to be ready to get as large a share of the trade as possible may lead to some excess in plant capacity, but not to a great excess. Moreover, in manufacturing industries, even if there be some excess of plant capacity, operating expenses are not likely to be materially augmented. The plant working at less than full capacity can lessen its force more or less proportionately. Operating expenses vary fairly closely with output.

And, all along the line, Mr. Durand feels justified in the conclusion that the various alleged advantages of monopolistic combination—that is, advantages from the standpoint of the community, not of the promoters—fall too short of such importance to afford any reason for permitting it.

Moreover, a monopolistic régime presents, as an offset to any advantages in the way of economy of production which it may actually possess, the disadvantage of the absence of that constant stimulus to efficiency and progress which the spur of competition supplies. Under this head, Mr. Durand makes one remark which seems specially worth quoting, as to the actual efficiency and progress which have been exhibited by the great Trusts. "The Trusts," he says, "have thus far been on the defensive, both against potential competition and against public criticism. . . . Should the policy of permitting monopolistic combinations be adopted, there would be danger that the absence of competitive pressure would more than counterbalance any possible advantages from the elimination of competition." And it is not out of place to point out that a remark analogous to this is eminently applicable to quite another phase of the question of our anti-Trust legislation. In the past three or four years, the Sherman law has operated with a vigor and effectiveness theretofore unknown; but it is a great mistake to suppose, as is so generally done, that its existence on the statute books during the first twenty years after its passage was of little or no effect. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that, had it not been for the law, the march of monopoly would have been so much more rapid and so much more comprehensive that the restoration of competitive conditions would have required nothing less than an economic revolution.

SHIPPING GAINS VIA PANAMA.

Few Americans have been so war-engrossed as not to notice that last week freight first began to pass in large quantities through the Panama Canal. Calculation of the commercial advantages of the Canal, especially to shipping from New York, is now a subject of practical curiosity. Avoiding complexities and looking at only the salient facts Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson has recently made such a study in the *American Economic Review*, based on the "tramp-ship" trade alone. The cost of carrying cargoes from New York and Liverpool to twenty representative Pacific ports is computed according to fuel and other operating expenses, distance, and toll charges. The author thus arrives at a very broad, but fairly trustworthy, estimate of the shift caused by the Canal in international commercial advantages.

The advantages which Mr. Hutchinson shows that New York shipping should reap over Liverpool's are surprising in degree and in the extent to which they apply to the Pacific littoral. On the east they range from 42 per cent. in the case of Seattle to 81 per cent. in the case of Guayaquil. On the west the city's former disadvantage of 18 per cent. to Yokohama will be converted into an advantage of 11.5 per cent.; to Melbourne, a disadvantage of 6.5 per cent. to an advantage of 6 per cent.; to Sydney, the present slight disadvantage into an advantage of 13 per cent.; and to Wellington, 27 per cent. Freights to Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, and Batavia will still be cheaper from Liverpool, for it will be useless for New York ships to give up the Suez route to these ports. A curious fact is that it remains a toss-up whether our Philippine exports should choose the eastern or western route. To translate these percentile advantages into dollars and cents per ton is illuminating as to the direct advantages of the Canal to American manufactures. Thus it formerly cost us $5.82 to send a ton of freight to Callao—only 60 cents less than it cost Liverpool. Henceforth it should cost just $2.40, or $1.63 less than Liverpool. To Melbourne we have been paying freights of $7.27, or 44 cents more than carriage has cost Liverpool; hereafter it will be $6.45, or 38 cents less. The net result of the opening of the Canal is that, whereas we were once only slightly better situated than Liverpool for trade with the West Coast of South America, now our advantage is decisive; that whereas we have been somewhat handicapped in commerce with Japan, the Philippines, and Australasia, we should henceforth be on better than even terms; while with China and Malaysia the chances of our trade are greatly brightened.

The tables on which these conclusions are based contain valuable implications as to the extent to which world-trade will forsake the Suez, Magellan, and Cape routes for the Panama. The Magellan almost passes from commercial history; by Europe and North America, if not by Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, it may be forgotten. To China, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Java, Liverpool will continue to use the Suez, and to Australia the Cape route; but to New Zealand she will find it cheaper to employ the Panama Canal. The same may be said of German lines. New York vessels will find it advantageous to go to Hongkong (though not to Shanghai, the greatest of Chinese ports), to Singapore, and to Batavia via Suez, but to no others. All West Coast trade will, of course, flow through the Panama Canal. It is true that certain of the factors which Mr. Hutchinson leaves out of account, such as way-freight, passengers, and the frequency of coaling-places, with the price of coal, may unite in several instances to counterbalance the apparent advantages of the Panama route, especially as against the Suez passage. But there is no reason to fear anything but the crowding of the Panama locks, especially if shippers and manufacturers of the eastern United States seize their unusual opportunity. As a competitor for the trade of all Pacific Ocean countries except the East Indies, we find ourselves placed at a great advantage at the very moment when German commerce is utterly eliminated, and England alone remains a serious rival.

IDEALISTS HARD BESET.

A few short weeks ago, an article such as that of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, on "The Critics of the College," must naturally have seemed to the editor of the *Atlantic* most timely for his early autumn number, appearing when the thoughts of so many would be turned to the subject by the approaching renewal of college activities; to-day, such questions as that of the functions of the college president, of the proper place of athletics as against scholarship, of the growth or decline of snobbery and class distinctions, and the rest of the familiar series, important enough in themselves, can hold the interest of a mere handful of persons, alongside

the awful unfolding of the great European struggle.

But Dr. Pritchett's article closes with a reflection which is quite detached from all the special questions, and which is not altogether without relation to issues that the world-wracking contest may well suggest to a thoughtful mind. While admitting the many weaknesses and defects of our colleges, Dr. Pritchett says that there is one thing about the college, take it all in all, which always brings to him comfort and confidence:

> The fact still remains that it is the best agency society has yet devised for the training of leaders; and I apprehend that this remains true largely for the reason that, notwithstanding all these weaknesses, the youth during his college life is under the sway of ideals which make him for all the rest of his life—in part, at least—an idealist. These ideals are not always the highest. In too many cases the boy gets them from the training coach rather than from the teacher, from an obscure instructor rather than from an experienced professor, from the college treasurer rather than from the college president; but nevertheless they express devotion, service, unselfishness, patriotism. It is because the college is still a place in which ideals grow that the college remains the most fruitful training place for the world's leaders.

"Still a place in which ideals grow"—that is the feeling which thousands have cherished about the American or the English college; and have justified it in their minds with or without reference to any connection between the influences bred in the college atmosphere and the training of leaders for the nation. In the mind of a Kipling, the dominant thought about Eton or Rugby, about Cambridge or Oxford, was as of the nursery of an imperial breed—rulers and educators of dark-skinned millions in India and Africa. To the chivalric soul of a Colonel Newcome, it was making brave men gracious and generous and gentle through the reverent study of arts and letters that constituted the crown of the English colleges' work. Either way, the peculiar gift they gave was to be found, not so much in any specific achievement either of knowledge or of power as in an intangible something which made a man some way better than—at least some way different from—what he would have been without it.

To all such notions of the worth of a liberal education, the cult of efficiency—specific, concrete, hard-and-fast efficiency—has been profoundly hostile. The forces which that cult has arrayed against the upholders of the "gentleman and scholar" idea have been steadily gathering in volume and pressure, lo, these many years; and now comes to these forces, as it would seem, a reinforcement so tremendous as to throw all former elements into the shade. Industrial efficiency, scientific efficiency, financial efficiency—what is all that to the efficiency upon which a nation must rely for its very survival? What but the grim determination to carry efficiency to its uttermost limit accounts for the German preparedness—for the ability of the Kaiser to hurl his hosts without hesitation against a world in arms?

But the war will not last forever; and to forecast what the temper of the world will be when it is over would be the rashest of undertakings. The most one may do is to put the question, not to answer it: Will the mighty conflict end in making Europe, or the world, more than ever an armed camp, or will it end in a realization of the insane and wicked folly of tolerating such a state of things? But, whichever shall prove to be the truth, it will remain essential to cleave to that conception of a liberal education which finds its most precious function in the stimulation of ideal interests and the cherishing of ideal aims. For, if the world shall recoil from the horror and destruction of the awful conflict and turn itself towards the better aspirations of peace, surely there will be room in the new order for the pursuit of the graces of culture, and not only of its utilitarian fruits; and if, on the other hand—which Heaven forbid—the energies of the nations shall be bent more than ever upon the fostering of those elements of strength that can best serve the purposes of mutual slaughter and devastation, then surely there will be bitter need of whatever refuge can be supplied for at least a remnant of men and women of intellect and training, whose interests and tastes and aspirations and endeavors lie elsewhere. And, unless we are to give up altogether our faith in the power of ideas to prevail ultimately over brute force, out of that very remnant of unpractical idealists will come, in the end, the rescue of mankind.

IS AMERICAN HUMOR DECLINING?

Prof. Stephen Leacock's explanation in the *Nineteenth Century* of the decline of American humor is that of a funmaker facing a situation that is no joke. Our humor is one of the few products on which the label "American" is supposed to be as good as "sterling." Much of our literature may be thin, but the humorous element has been thought, with the short story, to stand out of the ruck. For its recent weakening, if it has occurred, Mr. Leacock accounts by the disappearance of supporting factors in national life; it is no accident, according to him, but inevitable; and until American life undergoes a second change there can be no recovery. Our humor, he reasons, has depended upon primitive incongruities, which the rough detachment of the pioneer period enabled us to see objectively—the incongruity of a Westerner against a cultured civilization in "Innocents Abroad," of the society girl and the desperado in Bret Harte. There were also the related qualities of wilful simplicity and of exaggeration. This "original impulse which created American humor has largely spent its force," and we can look forward to little "except the factory-made fun of the Sunday journalist."

The best reason for clinging to hope, despite this prophecy, is in the doubtfulness of Mr. Leacock's classification. For all its suggestiveness, it has an appearance of artificiality. Incongruity and exaggeration may explain Nasby, Nye, Artemus Ward, and much of Mark Twain; but the humor of Irving and Lowell, Bunner, Holmes, and Eugene Field, which Mr. Leacock glosses over, is founded on less analyzable elements. Among secondary writers it reaches a broader basis still—a basis extending in theme from William Allen White's stories of rural Kansas to a Chicago versifier's sonnets of an office-boy. Any attempt to condemn our humorous future by a classification of its subject-matter not only overlooks the obvious truth that humor is mainly in the seeing eye, but involves itself in contradictions.

An illustration is the conflict of Mr. Leacock's argument, as based on the disappearance of social chaos and contrast, with one which certain dramatic critics have founded on the very opposite assumption. We can have no comedy of wit or depth, according to Clayton Hamilton's introduction to a recent English play, until social lines have crystallized. The humor of a Sheridan or Goldsmith is impossible here because "high comedy requires for its inspiration a social tradition that has been handed down for centuries. . . . To all intents and purposes, the United States is still a country without an upper class, and the chaos of our social system precludes the possibility of social satire in our native drama." This clash might be explained on the ground that one critic has in mind general literary humor, the other high dramatic comedy; but the writer's more dogmatic statements are so contradictory as to point to the underlying

fallacy. In a country that is such a "vast of various things" as America there can be but one conclusive reason why the fruits of humorous observation are not committed to literature.

Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," dramatically presented, would come near shaking the theory that we have no codes of manners fixed enough for satire; as would unconventional treatment of the Southern aristocracy of blood, the New England aristocracy of culture, and certain would-be aristocracies of wealth, or the codes of our professional classes. Professor Leacock would be rash to assert that humorists of the tenements like O'Higgins, of the school like Josephine Dodge Daskam, of the negro child like Miss Pratt, or the ranchman like Lewis, failed because of subject-matter. "Why cannot we fly?" asked Mr. Chadband. "No wings!" observed the knowing Mr. Snagsby. We are more certain of the fallacy because of its antiquity. The allied complaint that character-comedy is at an end because types of men are worn smooth, the surface of life become a plane, is as old as Hazlitt. Literature and life, according to him, were dissipating character "by giving men the same artificial education and the same common stock of ideas; so that we see all objects from the same point of view and through the same reflected medium; . . . all men become alike." Part of this particular error was the idea that humor lies in manners rather than the individual; for, as Augustine Birrell once remarked, it is "not in his hat nor in his hose, even though the latter be cross-gartered, but in the deep heart of him, his high-flying vanities, his low-lying oddities." The rest it required only a genius like Dickens, with a better eye for humors than Johnson's, to disprove.

The low state of American humor may well have no more radical causes than the low state of the novel, or of poetry. Mr. Leacock justly points out as contributory "the prevailing neglect of letters, the prevailing attempt to reduce education to a mechanical, provable process." We might add to this some of the tendencies of the American magazines, and in especial their mad unanimity in exploiting the same field, once it proves popular under a single hand. The national temper, however, remains not unfavorable to humor. So far as Americans have always had the balance, the sanity, the detachment, to see the amusing side of life, even in adverse times, their character has not altered.

Chronicle of the War

Since we wrote last week, the gradual retirement of the Allies in face of the determined German advance has continued. It is impossible to give any but approximate dates for the various stages of the fighting, since the majority of the news received is at least two days old. Mézières, we now know, was occupied by the Germans on August 24, after a severe battle along the line Mézières-Verdun, and on August 27 news was received of the capture of Longwy by the army under the Crown Prince. All along the line the Allies have retired, but in a singularly clear and frank summary of the situation issued by the French War Office on Monday we read of an offensive movement undertaken by the Allies on their right, of alternate successes and checks in the centre, and of another retirement on the left.

The present situation, then, may be summed up thus: The German forces are gradually approaching nearer to Paris, but their advance is stubbornly contested, and the Allies occupy strong positions on the line Amiens-La Fère-Verdun-Nancy-Epinal. Paris has been prepared for a siege, and if the force of the German attack has not already spent itself (and there seems no reason to suppose that it has) the investment of the capital within the next few weeks appears not improbable. Nevertheless, the German plans have so far failed to accomplish the one thing which could give decisive victory, that is, an enveloping movement which would involve the surrender of an army. So long as the Allies can retreat fighting, keeping their communications intact and the morale of their armies good, their situation, though serious, does not call for alarm, while, on the other hand, the further the German forces advance into France the longer will be the line of communications that they must guard. In the meanwhile, the Russian advance in East Prussia has assumed serious proportions, and on Saturday we learned of the withdrawal of at least one army corps from the western frontier for the defence of Prussia. It seems probable, too, that the end has been reached of the apparently exhaustless supply of men upon whom Germany can draw, since we read of boys of sixteen being called to the colors. England, on the other hand, can count confidently on raising another half-million men. All reservists in France were called to the colors on Monday. Russia, according to dispatches published on Monday, has been able to dismiss for the time being half a million reserves who had been mobilized.

With the more definite reports of previous battles on the western frontier of France which have come to hand during the past week, we are in a position to reconstruct the broad outlines of the fighting that has taken place since the great German drive through Belgium began. It becomes increasingly apparent that the French have been from the first outnumbered and, what is worse, outgeneralled. We know now that the forces against which the Belgians made their gallant resistance were only the advance guard of the great army which was massing behind this screen. We know also that the French venture into Alsace-Lorraine was an exceedingly costly mistake. To assert roundly that it was dictated by sentimental reasons would perhaps be doing an injustice to the intelligence of the French General Staff, but it is probable that sentimental reasons had not a little to do with it. Had it succeeded, it would have been hailed as a masterly stroke of strategy; but it failed, and it is perhaps not unfair to connect with its failure the recent change of Ministry and the appointment of M. Millerand to the War Office. Whether there was a good initial chance of accomplishing the flanking movement which was intended, is a question that cannot yet be decided; but whatever chances there were seem to have been frustrated by the misconduct of one army corps. At all events, when the main German attack developed on the west, on the line Lille-Namur-Neufchâteau, the French defence there was found to be weak, while fully half of their forces were engaged in the excursion into Alsace-Lorraine.

In the light of this knowledge, the German plan of campaign is obvious. The main weight of the German attack has been directed against the left wing of the Allies, where the British forces have offered a stubborn resistance, retreating gradually from the Mons-Charleroi line to Valenciennes-Maubeuge, to Cambrai-Le Cateau, and to Amiens-St. Quentin. German efforts, therefore, have persistently been directed towards outflanking the Allies on their left and getting between them and Paris. Could this object have been carried out, even success in the Alsace-Lorraine adventure would have been of small value. The anxiety of the German General Staff for the success of this turning movement is evidenced by the pertinacity with which they have put forth reports that it had been successful. As we write, while the Allies' left is hard pressed, the way to Havre is still open, and appears in no immediate danger of being cut off.

It may be said in effect that the news of the eastern frontier from different sources has been absolutely contradictory. At the beginning of the war there were complaints of the silence of Berlin. Recently, by means of the wireless station at Sayville, L. I., Berlin has been as communicative as London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, and certainly not more trustworthy. We heard on Saturday of a great German victory south of Allenstein, in East Prussia, against five Russian army corps, and this news was repeated with amplifications on Tuesday. Without further confirmation, it is difficult to accept the report at its face value, since in the whole of East Prussia there were at the time probably not more than five German army corps, certainly not more than seven, and of these, three, according to previous Russian accounts, which in this case correspond with the probabilities f the situation, were around Königsberg, some eighty miles to the north, and another had been reported in retreat on Osterode, some forty-five miles to the southwest. Similarly conflicting reports have been received of the fighting in Galicia and in Poland.

The main point of the Russian strategy is, of course, simple. It is a dash to Berlin in the quickest possible time, in order to deflect German troops from the western frontier and relieve the pressure on the Allies. For the sake of convenience, it is best to consider the Russian army threatening Prussia as a whole, but operating in four divisions. The north-

ermmost of these divisions entered Prussia by way of Gumbinnen, the capture of which place we recorded last week, has taken Insterburg, the occupation of which has been confirmed, and is around Königsberg. There have been reports that this last fortress has been occupied, but these may safely be discredited. The Russian plan will doubtless be to leave Königsberg invested. The capture of Tilsit, to the northeast of Königsberg, has also been confirmed. The second division of this army entered Prussia at Lyck, some fifty miles south of Gumbinnen, and the third at Neidenburg, on the southern boundary of Prussia. This last division is that which has been engaged in the neighborhod of Allenstein, defeated, according to German accounts, victorious and in occupation of Allenstein, according to St. Petersburg dispatches. The second division may either have joined this army or it may have struck north towards Königsberg. Finally, we may assume that a fourth division, in reality the main army, is attempting the short route to Berlin by way of Posen, which is only 160 miles from the capital. This route has the additional advantage of not being intersected by the River Vistula, which, at a few miles beyond Thorn (where also there have been reports of fighting), turns aside into Poland. This army, however, is still presumably detained in Poland by the Austrian army of invasion, which, operating from its base at Krakau, has Lublin for its objective. There has apparently been severe fighting around Lublin, and both sides have reported victories. It may be assumed, therefore, that no decisive battle has yet been fought.

We see, then, that the Austrian invasion of Poland is in the nature of a flanking movement to arrest the progress of the Russian forces invading Prussia. The Austrian army itself, however, would appear to be in danger from another Russian army which has invaded Galicia, is striking at Lemberg, and threatens to cut the Austrian army in Poland from its base at Krakau. There were unconfirmed reports of an Austrian defeat in Galicia on Tuesday, and a dispatch from St. Petersburg to the London *Times* of the same date mentions the seizure of the railway centre forty miles south of Lemberg as involving the rupture of railway communications with the Austrian fortresses on the Dniester and the Bukovina. On the eastern frontier, as on the western, the same principle applies, that, to secure a decisive victory, it is not sufficient to drive an army back, but the army, or a great part of it, must be surrounded and captured. To isolate the Austrian armies in Galicia and Poland, and so open the way through Krakau to Vienna and through Posen to Berlin, is doubtless the aim of the Russian offensive.

The long silence of the British fleet in the North Sea was broken on August 28 by the news of a naval engagement off the Bight of Heligoland. Two German destroyers and two cruisers were sunk, while a third was reported to be in flames and in a sinking condition. The British losses were relatively small and none of the vessels engaged were damaged past repair. Earlier in the week news was received of the sinking off the west coast of Africa of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse by the British cruiser Highflyer. Confirmation has also been received of the destruction by Russian ships of the light German cruiser Magdeburg in the Gulf of Finland.

Foreign Correspondence

"THE MAN FORSWORN"—A VANISHED ARMY—ADMIRAL "JACK" FISHER—THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR.

By SIR HENRY LUCY (TOBY, M.P.).

WESTMINSTER, August 19.

On the night before the roar of cannon signalled the opening of the biggest battle that ever burdened the earth with dead and wounded, I was standing on the lawn of a country house fronting the English Channel. It was a beautiful summer night. The moon looking down on the quiet sea made a broad pathway of light leading to the coast of France. The stars sparkled in a sky almost blue, although it was close on the stroke of midnight. The only sound to break the silence was the ripple of the sea on the shingly beach. Looking out from this scene of idyllic peace across the shining waterway, it was hard to think that within less than a hundred miles two million men were facing each other, the whole business of their day or night being to kill each other, business accelerated by the latest resources of civilization in the way of cannon and rifle, whose stupendous aggregate cost has for years been a tax upon the wage of bread-winners in high or low estate.

At a moderate estimate it is certain that in quiet homes in various lands two million women and children are thinking fondly of some one in this horde of humanity, fearing news that may come on the day after the battle. These men mustered on the fertile lands of Belgium have no quarrel with each other. They have simply been torn from their homes, withdrawn from their peaceful vocations, and ranged in parallel lines with orders to do their best to kill each other. And this carnage on the battlefield with the breaking of hearts in countless homes, not to speak of the paralysis of the commerce of the world and the consequent privations to be endured for an indefinite period, is the deliberate work of a single individual, by chance born to a family which holds the heritage of a throne. Truly, since such a state of things can be, it must be admitted with fresh conviction that "God moves in a mysterious way." Journeying through Kashmir, I heard a striking variant on Cowper's familiar lines. Talking with a native of a tribe that in one of its frequent wars had recently met with dire disaster, he said: "Khud (God) is all-knowing; but His ways are dark."

> Who draws to-day the unrighteous sword?
> Behold him stand, the Man Forsworn,
> The warrior of the faithless word,
> The pledge disowned, the covenant torn,
> Who prates of honour, truth, and trust,
> Ere he profanes them in the dust.
> . . . . . .
> But he that took our proffered hand,
> Thinking to take our birthright too,
> He, in this hospitable land,
> Bore him as only dastards do.
> Here, where the Earth still nurtures men,
> His hand shall soil not ours again.

Since, fifty years ago next November, at a crisis in your great war, Sherman, after raiding Atlanta, vanished from human ken at the head of 60,000 men marching southward to the sea, there has been no incident in warfare so striking as the disappearance of the Expeditionary Force promised by this country for the assistance of Belgium and France resisting Germany's new march on Paris. Immediately on war being declared, the Force was authorized and public announcement made that it would be under the command of Sir John French. Thereafter, the newspapers, teeming with details and movements connected with the war, absolutely ignored its movements, even its existence. This conspiracy of silence is a remarkable, as far as I know, an unparalleled, proof of the patriotism of the British press. There probably is not a newspaper office in the kingdom wherein the editor did not know where the Expeditionary Force was (where, indeed, it has been encamped for nearly a fortnight), and how it got there. Military policy required that its movements should be hidden by an impenetrable cloud, and Lord Kitchener has been loyally supported by the press of all classes. As soon as the great fight by the banks of the Meuse actually opened, the secret, of which I for one in ten thousand had full knowledge, was disclosed. The episode testifies afresh to the splendid administration of the War Office of to-day, contrasted with the muddle that accompanied the opening of the Boer War.

Since his resignation of the office of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Fisher has, during the last four years, had no directly official connection with Whitehall. But he has not abrogated supervision of the navy, whose prëminence in time of emergency is largely due to him. As a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence he has been in constant attendance on its meetings, his strong personality having marked influence upon its conclusions. He is just now in London, where he has been in residence since the shadow of war closed over Europe.

Mr. Winston Churchill is very properly credited with the conception and carrying out of the plan by which declaration of war by Germany found the British fleet in commanding position in the North Sea. While "the Man Forsworn" was still protesting his love of peace and his determination to insure it at any price, it would have been contrary to diplomatic usage for England to prepare for war by mobilizing her fleet. What was done was the simplest, most innocent-looking thing possible. The King expressed a sudden, imperative desire to review the fleet at Spithead. In order to do honor to the occasion it was, of course, necessary that the ships should be placed in full state of readiness for service. In short, the fleet was mobilized, and as soon as his Majesty had inspected its long lines it, by way of diversion, steamed out to the North Sea, accidentally, as it were, taking up a position that enabled it to hem in the German fleet. Doubtless the First Lord of the Admiralty contributed his counsel and authority to the perfecting and carrying out of the plan. I fancy I see in its inception traces of the genius of the wily naval strategist affectionately known as "Jack" Fisher.

The Austrian Minister at this court, who, after brief interval, has followed the German Ambassador in his compulsory exile from London, was the best known and the most popular of foreign diplomats. He made his acquaintance with London and its multiform society in 1889, when he joined the ambassadorial staff as an attaché. Ten years ago he became Minister Plenipotentiary. He enjoyed in special degree the personal favor of King Edward, with whom he was related by distant family ties. A dinner party in London, or a week-end gathering in the country at which his Majesty was a guest, was rarely completed without the presence of Count

Mensdorff. Royal favor was in equally marked degree bestowed when King George succeeded his father on the throne. Separation from the many friends he had made in England must have been accompanied by a pang more poignant, since necessity for leave-taking arose from the fact that his country was at war with them.

NEUTRAL ITALY—THE DISORGANIZATION OF BUSINESS—A POLICY OF WATCHFUL WAITING.

ROME, August 13.

Perhaps by the time this article reaches America its title will no longer be applicable to the state of Italy. With nearly all the rest of Europe ablaze, we, too, may from one moment to another find ourselves involved in the mighty struggle, but for the present we are outside it, anxiously watching the terrible play of world forces as spectators, though anything but disinterested ones.

If we are not participating directly in the war—as yet—it by no means follows that it does not affect us. Independently of the vast political aspects of the situation, its fearful possibilities, and the changes which its outcome will probably bring about in the map of Europe and certainly in international values, the fact that five great nations and several smaller ones are at war has brought about most peculiar economic conditions, even in neutral countries like Italy. The trade of the world in normal times is based primarily on international exchanges, for practically no country to-day is self-supporting, the entire economic system of each state being closely bound up with that of every other. The war has suddenly changed all this, and has temporarily put an end to foreign trade. Every belligerent state has begun by closing its doors and prohibiting the export of all articles of first necessity—foodstuffs, raw materials, and everything which may be of use for military purposes; at the same time, by suspending the train service, except for the transport of troops and war stores, it has stopped imports from abroad and almost all trade within the country. War risks and the requisitioning of many steamers as auxiliary cruisers or transports has reduced seaborne trade to the most trifling proportions. Neutral states have had in self-defence to follow suit to a great extent. Europe is thus brought back several centuries to a state of almost purely national economy, each country trying to live exclusively on its own resources.

Italy has had to prohibit the export of a number of articles, and although our ships can sail without fear of capture, they are far from sufficient for our own maritime trade, and certain necessary raw materials are beginning to be scarce. The supply of coal is sufficient for the time being, and arrangements have been made to import fresh supplies, but prudence is indispensable, and the railway administration has begun by reducing the train service. This necessity has produced less inconvenience than might have been expected, because few people are travelling; no one thinks of going abroad, and no foreigners arrive, save a few from Switzerland and a number of Americans from various countries who are trying to sail for the States. In Italy itself most people prefer to remain near their own homes, and even the ubiquitous drummer is less conspicuous now that almost all business is suspended. We are also to a large extent cut off from the foreign mails, for with the suspension of international trains, letters and newspapers no longer arrive from any of the belligerent states.

Another consequence of the war is the hurried return of tens of thousands of Italian emigrants who were peacefully working in France, Switzerland, and Germany when the outbreak of hostilities and the consequent shutting down of many industries made it necessary for them to leave. Those who were employed in the mines and iron and steel works of French and German Lorraine had to quit so hurriedly that they had not even time to draw their last week's wages. The calling to the colors of a number of reservists will to some extent relieve the pressure caused by this sudden influx of laborers, and both the Government and private employers are doing what they can to provide them with work; but the situation is serious, as the interruption of foreign trade and the consequent scarcity of many raw materials is hampering all industries, and a number of mills have had to shut down or at least reduce their hours of work.

Foodstuffs, fortunately, are abundant. The wheat crop has just been gathered in, and although inferior to that of last year, it has proved equal to the average; the supply is therefore expected to last for about ten months without any need for foreign imports, and next month there will be the Indian corn crop, which is expected to be fairly good. Other articles of diet which Italy usually exports should be more abundant than in normal times, owing to the impossibility of sending them abroad. Nevertheless, some of the wholesale and retail dealers have tried to raise the prices of all commodities, even of those which are wholly produced at home. This has caused much indignation, and might lead to serious results, but the municipalities are waging war against such attempts, and are enforcing the official price lists, which are issued from day to day; this policy seems to be successful, as the rise in prices has been kept within moderate limits. An attempt was made by the dealers in petrol to treble the price of that product by spreading the rumor that the Government had seized practically all the available supply for military purposes. For a day or two the number of motors in the streets diminished considerably, but the story proved wholly without foundation, and the price of petrol dropped again to its former level.

The most alarming incident was the run on the banks in Rome and other cities which occurred during the first days after the outbreak of the war. Large numbers of depositors were seized with a sudden panic lest their savings should be endangered, and hurried at once to withdraw them. The scenes outside the chief banks defy description, and for two days the cashiers were kept busy ceaselessly paying out deposits. But the Government stepped in and authorized the banks to refuse to pay more than 5 per cent. on each deposit except for those below 50 lire, a minimum which the banks themselves raised voluntarily to 200, until August 20. The run thus ceased, but when the ordinance was first published many depositors refused to believe it, and some bank managers were insulted and threatened because they would not pay out more than the prescribed amount. There was absolutely no reason for this panic, as the Italian banks are exceptionally sound and almost overcautious in their operations, especially since the money tightness which has been felt during the last two years; but there is no accounting for these sudden popular outbursts, and the Italian public is less accustomed to dealing with banks than that of other countries. But although the measure taken by the Government has been generally approved, many manufacturers and other employers of labor who habitually deposit their funds in the banks find it difficult to pay their employees; arrangements will probably be made to enable them to withdraw what is necessary for this purpose.

Those who have money invested abroad find themselves in a peculiarly unpleasant position, as the local banks will not cash foreign checks save on those banks which have current accounts with Italian institutions; so that many wealthy foreigners, including a member of the Vanderbilt family, have found themselves temporarily without resources. With the reëstablishment of the mail service, which is expected within a week or so (when the mobilization in the belligerent countries will be complete), conditions will improve in this connection, but in the meanwhile there are loud complaints. Considerable annoyance has been caused to the public by the difficulty of changing paper money. A number of people have got it into their heads that silver and small notes are less likely to depreciate than large notes; consequently, there is dearth of the former, and large shops often refuse to change the latter. The result is much bad language between shopmen and indignant customers, and the intervention of the police and the imposition of fines on those who refuse to accept legal tender The Government is having more silver and five- and ten-lire notes issued, and will probably also issue one- and two-lire notes, and then temporarily withdraw silver from circulation. At Milan the municipality has issued local notes which can be cashed at the municipal offices.

Otherwise the life of the country goes on outwardly more or less as usual. One's chief occupation is reading the newspapers, which are issued with increasing frequency, although filled with news which for the most part is confused, uncertain, and often fantastic. Although the press, with some exceptions, maintains a strictly neutral attitude, the sympathies of the public are on the whole in favor of the Entente, especially since the German invasion of Belgium, which has converted many former *triplicisti*. Every one approves the action of the Government in deciding to remain neutral, but it is also realized that at any moment neutrality may become impossible. Three extra *classi, i. e.*, the yearly contingents of men who serve in the army, have been called back to the colors (those born in 1889, 1890, and 1891), and further calls are expected. The whole country realizes that as long as the terrible struggle lasts it must keep ready for anything that may happen. Internal dissensions, so bitter a few weeks ago, have disappeared, and even the Socialists and syndicalists, following the example of their foreign comrades, are becoming patriots. Day by day we ask ourselves what is going to happen, for we all feel the strain of the incubus weighing on us like a Dantesque *cappa di piombo*. In the meanwhile we are anxiously waiting and watching.

L. V.

THE CAILLAUX TRIAL—POLITICAL AND PERSONAL ASPECTS—A CONTRAST WITH THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.

PARIS, July 31.

In a letter which attempts to make certain notations on the French temper, it is hardly necessary to discuss the points at issue in the Caillaux trial itself. They were settled before a jury, and even those who may agree with its conclusions know, alas, only too well, that twelve men picked at random even in a unanimous verdict—and here the verdict need not be unanimous—may be very far from representing the national feeling. It is doubtful, however, if there ever was a trial in which the intellectual ability of all the disputants (and every witness seemed to be trying to make out a case) was of so uniformly high a level. Two ex-Premiers of France, parliamentary leaders, editors of the leading French dailies, Paul Bourget, Henri Bernstein, the present and the former wife of a Minister of Finance, and two of the ablest French lawyers, Me. Labori and Me. Chenu, conducted the trial. I say that they all conducted the trial, for, from an American point of view, every one seemed to do very much as he pleased.

An American lawyer, confused by the difference in procedure, and dazzled by the brilliancy of the pleading, could not have helped saying to himself: "It is magnificent, but it is not law." That difference in procedure has, none the less, its advantages. In a French trial like the present there is, of course, none of the objecting and striking from the record, none of the badgering or cross-examination of your plain, blunt man hy a professional, none of the tiresome summing-up, rebuttal, and sur-rebuttal. There is merely the reading of the act of accusation, the statement of the accused, the uninterrupted testimony of witnesses, the confrontation of these by other witnesses, the pleas of the lawyers for the *partie civile*, the presentation of the case by the *proeureur général*, and the plea of the lawyer for the defence, in this case, as in the Dreyfus affair, Me. Lahori.

Such a trial, with its greater directness of attack, inevitably takes over the processes and the character of a great tragedy, in which the lawyers are much more nearly stage managers than *dramatis personæ*. In this case, for those of us who did not have to consider the political bearings of much of its testimony, it was an intensely interesting Grand Guignol drama between two women of whom one loved and the other hated, Mme. Caillaux and Mme. Gueydan, one the present, the other the divorced wife of a Minister of state. In trying to point out the difference between national temperaments, perhaps nothing could serve as a hetter illustration than the thunderous applause which greeted Mme. Gucydan, the former wife of M. Caillaux, when, at what was undouhtedly a long calculated moment, and with a carefully premeditated gesture, she forced upon Me. Labori, who was too prudent not to he on his guard, the famous letters which provided the pivot of the affair and the climax of the drama. It had already become evident that justice was not the uppermost consideration in the mind of this unhappy woman testifying against her rival. It had also become evident from her own testimony that of this notorious *dossier* of eight letters, at least five had nothing to do with the trial and that the woman who was offering them had abstracted them—the man in the street would use a stronger term—from a locked secretary. The *coup* was strikingly theatrical; it was hardly dramatic, but non-partisan journals spoke of the incident as a "vraie scène Cornélienne." If it was a scene such as might be found in the great Corneille, it would have to he sought in "Rodogune," and not in "Cinna" or the "Cid." It was easier to understand Mme. Gueydan's motives than to approve them. With her imperturbable self-mastery, and an unerring *souei de l'effet*, it seemed to some that she was merely supplying with consummate skill a further proof of Byron's lines:

> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.

I doubt, however, whether the incident would have received in America the same reception, either by an audience or by the general press, which it received on the day of its occurrence; for it must be added that already not a few of the former enthusiasts have found it necessary to make very serious reserves about this *beau geste*, which to many will seem to have been made with the wrong hand.

It would be idle to pretend that, in its political significance, the trial which has just closed with the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux is in any way to be ranked with the famous "affaire." A comparison of the two cases, however, cannot fail to indicate the direction in which the Third Republic has been tending. The most striking and, possibly, most significant differences will lie in the conduct of the trials themselves. The hand that ruled during the Dreyfus affair, especially in its earlier phases, was only too evidently an iron hand, a locked, mailed fist. The hand which guided here was lax and open. The ease with which important state affairs, supposedly secret, were discussed is a case in point. But the most striking comparison would perhaps be the treatment accorded to two prominent French men of letters, who took it upon themselves to deal with the issues involved in the debates. By a curious coincidence, at the time of the Dreyfus *affaire*, it was Zola, the head of the naturalistic school, while now it was Henri Bernstein, the leader of the movement for *la littérature brutale*. It will be remembered how swiftly Zola was condemned and that for his article in *L'Aurore* he spent an exile in England. Zola's charges were, to be sure, grave; but his language in that case was noble and dignified, if not measured, and his aim was justice. The statements of Bernstein were made in the course of his deposition. He was ostensibly there as a witness of character for the victim, Calmette. I am not sure that his aim was not self-exploitation and I am certain that his manner was impertinent. It is true that when he said, "Caillaux (a former Premier of France) is a man who climbs upon the coffin of his wife's victim in order to speak to you from a greater eminence," he was told that this was "literature" and was asked to proceed. But after other remarks, most evidently involving the honor of members of the existing Government and officers of the court themselves, he was not seriously rebuked, and was allowed to leave the court unmolested. To those who remember a previous trial, it will be interesting to note how far a man may go to-day in a French court without being forced to withdraw his remarks or being held for contempt. Bernstein was testifying to the story of Mme. Gucydan's misfortunes as she had given it to him. He had made several insinuations and passed some ugly slurs upon the conduct of French magistrates—which had aroused considerable laughter—and had used the words "hesitation and partiality." The *proeureur général* here interrupted:

"These are singular appreciations, altogether unexpected on the part of M. Bernstein, and which are out of place here."

M. Bernstein—"Far from me the thought that magistrates make the slightest difference between a Minister or an ex-Minister and the humblest citizen. [Laughter.] On that point I have a very pronounced opinion. I am sure that in a hall of justice, to use the language which I have been hearing for the last few days, a Minister or an ex-Minister is treated as I would be myself, and if I had conceived the slightest doubt in this connection, the present debate would have enlightened me."

To this, *M. le proeureur général* made the astounding reply: "That is entirely exact. You are not mistaken," and Bernstein was allowed to proceed.

It will be recalled that M. Caillaux had read into the record a copy of the will of Calmette, and also that Gaston Calmette, when assassinated, had in his portfolio a copy in his own hand, the famous *doeument vert*, purporting to be a transcript of an important state paper. After the tragedy it was delivered into the hands of M. Poincaré, President of the Republic, by Calmette"s brother, who received the thanks of the head of the Government. The document was discussed at the trial, and on the demand that it be produced two of the present Ministers of the Republic, consulted in the matter, sent an official communication to the court to declare that the document was spurious, and pretended to be a copy of a document which had never existed.

Bernstein, recalled to testify under somewhat exasperating circumstances, to be sure, had this to say:

> We have watched this happen; we have seen the Bureau of Registration, the *fisc*, commit the boundless felony of delivering up a will. There are possibly among you, gentlemen of the jury, men who have made a will. Well, don't allow yourself to be assassinated by a Minister, or the next day that will will be read at the hearing. That is what I had to say. [Uproar.]
>
> Then we saw two Ministers declare, in order to shield a former comrade, that the documents which M. Poincaré had received and which he thanked Dr. Calmette for bringing to him, were false, had no importance. Then one of two things is true: either M. Poincaré is weak-minded, or the Miinsters have lied.

The rôle of the President of the Court was indeed a difficult one. He was called upon to preside at a trial in which, for good reasons, the wife of a Minister was accused of assassinating a political enemy, and in which, for reasons far less evident, a Minister was forced to defend himself against the charges of venality and treason. That there should have been insinuations and reflections passed upon the character of the President, in a case where feelings were so tense, is only natural. That he should have been so seemingly helpless in the face of criticism was hardly to be expected. But when we compare the treatment meted out to Zola after his famous letter, "J'Accuse," with the complete immunity enjoyed by a contemporary dramatist whose criticism of both the President and the Republic and of his Ministers had certainly gone beyond the bounds, we must realize that something has been happening in France.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Poetry

A FRENCH POET OF TRUE LOVE.

PARIS, August 1.

André Rivoire, middle-aged, spare, dark, with the mien of a patient college professor and the eyes of one accustomed to kindly speech, has tried to explain to me his idea in translating into French verse Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Like Richepin, another poet, with "Macbeth," he would give the true Shakespeare; but—"I wish to versify the feelings of Romeo and Juliet in the language of lovers of to-day."

A new book of André Rivoire's verses, "Le Plaisir des Jours," shows what he is able to do. It is made up of sixty-eight short poems, with no other order than the natural "pleasure of the days" where true love, happier than in Verona, runs smoothly through the years. Two volumes of such love songs have already won for him the official recognition of the French Academy; but he is best known popularly by his plays, which are also in verse. They are romantic, sometimes pathetic, and always amusing in their transplantation of modern feeling into ancient characters; and their verses are jolly as well as *jolis*. "Le Bon Roi Dagobert" was also crowned by the French Academy after a successful career at the Comédie Française.

In these selections from the last poems of André Rivoire, I try simply to follow the sequence of thought and the division in lines and the rhythm, as far as may be; but the delicious rhyming of the thoughts must be left to masters of the poetic art in English speech. He begins with the looking and the waiting for "the Beloved":

Learn to choose her slowly—
One of soul quick-closing—
For thy desire's companion,
To make her thy beloved:
. . . . . .
Near her to live, nought knowing
Save that life's less sombre;
And your happiness some evening
You'll find old in the shadow.

All through his singing the French poet is haunted by this dream of their happiness growing old with the lovers themselves. It was the heart's desire of a forgotten English poet that life and love should thus go on—

The same, the same, and every day the same.

It is also the soul's education from the "Presentiment" of the waiting years:

When thou shalt come, my one and only love,
We each perhaps a long turn shall have made
And followed many a disappointing way . . .

Then comes the predestined "Meeting":

I know nought of her, only
That, bending o'er her naked hand
While her name to me they told,
—Suddenly—I knew her.

And, since I have touched her hand,
My heart is beating quicker:
And so I feel henceforth I must
Love her—or quite leave her.

The "Departure" of the wedding trip, which is a French conventionality also, is transfigured:

Far, far away to-night I bear thee—
We go forth in the night—
Thy eyes are clear, my soul is strong:
Past evil takes its flight.

We are alone—the train leaps on—
The rain beats cold on the window:
And we—we smile in the silence—
Black night shall be blue sky to-morrow.

The new life—two lives in one—grows through varying verse, calm and refined and unemphatic, to "Wisdom":

Springtime may flower—far away—
White orchards on the hillside:
I only need, upon my desk,
One branch inclining toward me.

The morning blue may bathe the air—
And all the azure's in me:
Enough that one bit of light sky
Should cut across my window.

And one full-throated bird that sings
From the chestnut tree, green-leaving,
Is enough to give me ecstasy—
Fragrance and azure and joy.

'Tis then thine eyes I think of,
And, to myself a-smiling,
I find the whole spring in my heart
And all love—since I love thee.

With the shadows, luminous still but lengthening, the poet's mind looks forward, unafraid, to "When we are Old":

We shall be seated
At the threshold of the door;
And the wind shall bring no murmurs
Of words undefined:

And the far blue spaces
Shall dazzle our eyes—
For we shall be old,
And the long day passes.

Still he looks for the Beloved "From my Window":

I've pushed my table near
To the window:
With dew the garden's shining,
Fresh is the wind.

I look through the branches
Where drops of water glisten—
Where thou comest with thy hands
Full of white roses.

All his life's philosophy centres in "The True Face":

Happy is he who hath known thee, Face of Love,
Face where you'd say the soul comes, turn by turn,
Into the depth of changing eyes, to flower or fade.

All is foreseen, and autumn has come; and this dainty, limpid versifying of true love ends with a "Wish" for whoso may read:

Here are only happy verses—
And I wish that they who read them
Would come and bend above them,
Only with smiles upon their faces.
. . . . . .
May I be for them the friend
Their heart demands, without their knowing,
To pass the love of happiness
Out from these verses into their souls.

S. D.

Books and Men

DEEP-DYED MYSTERY.

Not many months ago a man was reading an essay, before a men's club, on the international position of Germany. In the course of it he referred casually to the German spy system as "the most elaborate and efficient ever maintained by any nation."

"Where do you get your authority for that?" asked one of his listeners.

"From the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim," he replied, with complete gravity.

Doubtless he felt justified during the first days of the war. Had he been able to read "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves" (McBride, Nast & Co.), he would not have had to turn to a (professed) novelist for his authority.

The preface of "The Secrets of the German War Office" is dated August 7, 1914. The publishers say that its complete manuscript has been in their hands since June 1. The book, they say, is a striking commentary on the author's sources of information.

The author, according to his own statement, is a man of mystery. "There are three persons alive who know who I am. One of the three is the greatest ruler in the world." Accepting his other statements at their face value, it becomes apparent that he has been enjoying a career that makes that of Monte Cristo seem a life of tea-parties and church "sociables" by comparison, that puts Rudolf Rassendyll in the shade and retires Sherlock Holmes into mild obscurity. He has been a secret agent of Germany. He passed an apprenticeship like that of Kim with Durgan Sahib; he inspected and found the weaknesses of Port Arthur before the outbreak of the Japanese war; he faced a "firing-squad" in a gloomy fortress in Belgrade (for no apparent reason), and was reprieved at the last moment, like the man in "Under Two Flags," Bulbo in "The Rose and the Ring," and countless heroes of romance. He engaged in serpentine intrigues at Monte Carlo; he has been involved, like the true Oppenheim hero, in flirtations with lovely Russian ladies and Turkish damsels (merely in the interest of his employers), and he was present at a secret conference in the Black Forest between famous English and German statesmen, whose names he gives!

You are dismissing the book as fiction. Wait a bit. Long years ago, fifteen maybe, as Patience sang—but it would be nearer the truth to say twenty-five—they used to take us to see what was called the "Panorama"—or was it "Cyclorama"?—of Gettysburg. A vast painting of the battle, housed somewhere in a great building—only one thing about it returns clearly to me. It was a cunning combination of pictured canvas and real objects. Near you, as you looked at it, were genuine wheat stacks, real rocks, and shrubs, and grass. There were real trees

and cannon, and then, somewhere, the real objects ended and the painted canvas began. Where was the boundary? That was the puzzle and the charm—it was so hard to determine.

Dr. "Graves's" book has its real trees and cannon. For instance, if you care to look it up in the London *Times*, for one place, you will certainly find the record of his trial and conviction for espionage at Edinburgh in the summer of 1912, substantially as he relates it. Perhaps it is all real. But if so, he has undoubtedly painted the lily of truth until it looks astonishingly like fiction. It is the penalty, perhaps, of an age that demands even sober facts dished up with a spicy sauce. Not that the facts in this book are sober! In the future, novelists may find a method of presenting the famous problem of 2 plus 2 equals 4 in such a way that nobody will believe it for an instant.

"The Secrets of the German War Office" is an amazingly interesting book. You are inclined to smile at some of the author's gay-dog adventures; you will frequently have terrible difficulty in swallowing. You do not see exactly what he discovered of value on several of his missions. His wisdom sounds like that which comes after the event. ("Indiscreet Letters from Pekin," by "B. L. Putnam Weale," was a similar book—a mixture of fiction and fact.) The chapter called The Grand Duke's Letter is a well of Oppenheim undefiled. The Secret Treaty of the Black Forest sounds preposterous—especially in view of the events of the past few weeks. And the interview with the Kaiser—"that lonely figure seated at his desk, the greenish light playing over him . . . in an underground chamber of the Foreign Office"—well, it is magnificent, but it cannot fail to remind you of Professor Moriarty and *his* underground chamber, with *his* green light, in the second act of "Sherlock Holmes." But the book is interesting, for all that.

As for the accuracy of its predictions, here are some of them: "All the war-scare talk between Germany and England has been and is only a means to an end. The end is to throw dust in the eyes of the rest of the world. Germany and England will never willingly war. . . . Holland is not averse to coming into the German federation. Belgium is averse, but could be snuffed out as easily as a candle."

Some luckier ones, in the chapter called Arming for Peace or War, are these: "The map of Europe is certain to undergo some very decided changes within the next decade, very possibly in less time. . . . Two things must happen in the near future. Germany must expand peacefully in Europe, to the northeast and west, or there will be war. . . . It may be to-morrow; it certainly will not be more than a decade hence. The death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will precipitate it at once—and he is old and feeble. . . . Wilhelm holds the thunderbolt that will shake the world."

At least one chapter—that about the Kaiser and his green light—has appeared in a Sunday magazine. Some of the others have been in *Collier's Weekly*—that called The German War Machine within a few weeks. Now that they are together, they can be judged better, and guessed at. There are some impressive illustrations.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

CHARLESTON THEATRES, 1735-1766.

Unusual interest has been shown of late years in the history of the early American theatre, recognized both as a social and a literary institution of importance. Rival claims to priority in the erection of a theatre have been set up by partisans of Williamsburg, New York, and Philadelphia, in particular, with intimations in other quarters that the first theatrical performance in what is now the United States actually took place in Boston or in Charleston. Patient sifting of the evidence, however, points to Williamsburg, Virginia, as possessor of the first regular playhouse, which seems to have been established in the second decade of the eighteenth century; but unfortunately we have the names of less than a half-dozen plays acted in Williamsburg before 1750. In New York as early as 1732 theatrical performances were regularly given by a company of actors from London (cf. Brown, T. A., "A History of the New York Stage from the First Performance in 1732 to 1901"); another company was playing there from October to December, 1734, and there is evidence of still other "seasons." Philadelphia and Boston, on the other hand, saw their first performances about 1749, and even then the plays met with rigorous opposition from the Quaker and Puritan authorities.

The third regular theatre to be established in the colonies, I believe, was in Charleston. There the players contended against no legal obstacles, and their financial rewards were apparently ample. Moreover, contemporary records preserve for us many details of three dramatic seasons before 1749, and of others in the years 1754-5, 1763-4, and 1766. Yet not only Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," but almost every encyclopædia which attempts to tell the story of the drama in colonial America, states positively that the first Charleston theatre was erected in 1773. In view of this fact, it may be well to summarize briefly what is recorded of dramatic performances in Charleston before 1773. Although facilities for making a chronological summary are at hand in the wonderfully complete newspaper files of the Charleston Library Society, so far as I know such an account is not in existence.

The prologue spoken at the first Charleston performance was reprinted in this column several months ago (April 23, 1914), but I have never seen reference made to the advertisement of that performance. This appears in the *South Carolina Gazette* of January 18, 1734-5. One of the earliest theatrical notices in any American newspaper, it is a model of modest statement:

> On Friday the 24th Inst. in the Court-room will be attempted a TRAGEDY, called *The Orphan, or the unhappy Mariage*. Tickets will be deliver'd out on *Tuesday* next at Mr. *Shepherd's* at 40s each.

Apparently the "attempt" was successful, for the next *Gazette* informs us that the same tragedy "will be acted the second time" on Tuesday, January 28. Again, the following week the *Gazette* advertises for Tuesday, February 4, "The Orphan" and "a new Pantomimie Entertainment in Grotesque Characters, called, the *Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch*, with the Burgo-master trick'd." This makes three renditions of Otway's tragedy, and if we may trust the heading to the second prologue, printed in the *Gazette* for February 8, there was a fourth performance of that play on February 7. But I suspect that this is very probably a misprint for February 4.

The *Gazette* of February 15 advertises for Tuesday, February 18, "the Opera of *Flora*, or *Hob in the Well*, with the Dance of the two Pierrots," and the Harlequin pantomime. Then, a little over a month later, is a notice of "The Spanish Friar," to be given Tuesday, March 25, "and on Thursday the 27th the same Play for the Benefit of MONIMIA." To receive a "benefit" this actress must have been a professional, but beyond the fact of her playing the title rôle in "The Orphan," we know only that she was in Charleston next season to play the heroine's part in "The Recruiting Officer" at the opening of the new theatre. This we learn from Dr. Dale's prologue written for this latter performance and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of London, wherein it is stated that "*she had acted* Monimia *with great applause.*" Probably her acting caused the repeated performances of Otway's play.

In the court-room, which then occupied the second floor of a building on the waterfront, all these plays took place. A movement to obtain a permanent theatre for Charleston seems to have been inaugurated at the end of the season. For the *Gazettes* of May 3, May 10, and May 17, 1735, state that "all Gentlemen that are dispos'd to encourage the exhibiting of Plays next Winter" may see the subscription list at Mr. Shepheard's. The second sentence is more interesting: "And any persons that are desirous of having a share in the Performance thereof, upon Application to Mr. Shepheard, shall receive a satisfactory Answer." Evidently, then, the whole company was not to be professional.

The permanent theatre, which was situated on Dock Street, or Queen Street, as it soon came to be called, near St. Philip's Church, just behind the later site of the Planter's Hotel, was formally opened Thursday, February 12, 1735-6, with "The Recruiting Officer," and the special prologue already mentioned. "The Orphan" is again advertised for February 23; "The Recruiting Officer" and "several Entertainments as will be express'd in the great Bills," for March 2; "George Barnwell" for March 9; the same play "with a Farce called *the Devil to Pay*," for March 16, and "The Orphan" with the same farce for March 23; all these were in the Queen Street theatre.

In the *Gazette* of May 29, 1736, appears a poem, "On the Sale of the Theatre," containing certain cryptic personal allusions. In some quarters the lines have been taken to mean the end of the building's use for stage purposes, but that this interpretation is false quickly appears on a perusal of the *Gazette's* advertising columns for the following winter. Notices begin on November 6, when we are informed that Addison's "Cato," with "a Prologue by Mr. Pope," will be given on Thurs-

day, November 11. This suggestive statement follows: "N. B. If any Persons are possessed of last Year's Tickets, they are desired to send them in to be chang'd for new ones." Again "Cato" is advertised, for November 18; "The Recruiting Officer," with "Flora, or Hob in the Well," for December 1; and "Cato with Entertainments of Dancing" for December 17. Then occurs a long interval without notices of the kind until the *Gazette* of May 21, 1737. There we are told that "at the request of the antient and honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, at the Theatre in Queen street, on Thursday next the 26th Instant, will be performed a Comedy called the *Recruiting Officer* with a Prologue, Epilogue, and Song suitable to the Occasion, to which will be added a new Dance, called *Harlequin* and the *Clown*, and the song of *Mad Tom* in proper Habilliments, by a Person that never yet appear'd upon the Stage." To this last performance the *Gazette* of May 28 devotes a paragraph in its news columns. The Masons are said to have "made a very decent and solemn appearance; there was a fuller House on this Occasion than ever had been known in this Place before." We read too that Apprentices' and Masters' songs "were sung upon the Stage, which were joined in *Chorus* by the Masons in the Pit."

So far as I can ascertain, the Queen Street theatre was never again used as a playhouse. *Gazettes* show frequent balls and concerts given there during the winters following, but no plays. One notice in the *Gazette* of November 1, 1742, announces that "on the 9th of December next, at the (formerly) THEATRE in Charles-Town will be A BALL." Evidently the actors were no longer welcomed.

The second theatre in Charleston was opened in the autumn of 1754. A news item in the *Gazette* for Friday, October 10, of that year reads:

> Last Monday Evening the *new* Theatre in this Town was opened, when the Company of *Comedians* perform'd the Tragedy called, *the Fair Penitent* much to the satisfaction of the Audience.

Thereafter regularly each week until well into November, the *Gazette* runs advertisements that begin: "At the NEW THEATRE On THURSDAY *Evening* next, *Will be Presented* (By a Company of *Comedians* from *London*) A Comedy [or Tragedy] called," etc. The form of this advertisement, I think, leaves no doubt as to the identity of the "Comedians." It is the same stereotyped wording that was used by Hallam's company in Williamsburg, New York, and Philadelphia. That company opened a short season in Philadelphia April 15, 1754, with "The Fair Penitent," and on June 27, 1754, according to Seilhamer (*Op. cit.*, I., 71-72), "took its farewell of that city and the continent." Its farewell to the continent must have been *au revoir*.

The répertoire for that season includes: October 6, "The Fair Penitent"; October 16, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife" and "The Mock Doctor"; October 23, "The Orphan"; November 6, "Cato"; November 13, "The Recruiting Officer" and "The King and the Miller"; November 25, "George Barnwell"; December 27, "The Distressed Mother."

The acting of "George Barnwell" passed unnoted by the *Gazette*, but was seen by Mrs. Ann Manigault, whose unpublished diary has been mentioned in a previous article in this column (February 27, 1913). The Grand Lodge of Masons in South Carolina, formed that very day, attended "The Distressed Mother" in a body. The *Gazette* tells how the Masons first went to church to hear "an excellent sermon" by their Brother Baron, then "to their Bother Gordon's Tavern, where they dined and spent the Afternoon to the number of upwards an Hundred," and finally to the theatre. One month later, on January 27, 1755, Mrs. Manigault again saw a play, but did not record its name.

Of the coming in 1763 to Charleston of Hallam's company, then under the leadership of David Douglass, and the name of the American Company, I have already made mention in the article referred to above. Fresh examination of newspaper files and of Mrs. Manigault's diary adds considerably to the list of plays previously given. This list now includes: December 14, "The Suspicious Husband" and "Lethe"; December 16, "The Gamester" and "Wives Metamorphosed"; December 19, "The Provoked Husband" and "Damon and Phillida"; December 22, "The Mourning Bride"; January 13, "Douglas"; February 3, "George Barnwell"; February 13, "The Conscious Lovers"; February 24, "Jane Shore"; February 27, "Love for Love"; March 19, "The Jealous Wife"; March 26, "The Orphan of China" and "The Anatomist" (benefit of Mrs. Morris); March 29, "Theodosius"; April 9, "The Mourning Bride"; April 12, "Romeo and Juliet"; April 25, "A Wonder! A Woman Keeps a Secret," and a farce (benefit of Mrs. Crane and Mr. Barry); and May 10, "King Lear." All these plays and doubtless numerous others unnamed (for the company was to act each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), were given in a new theatre, seventy-five feet by thirty-five in dimension, situated on Queen Street, "near where that of Messrs. Holliday and comp. formerly stood."

The American Company returned two years later. At that time the *Gazette* had suspended publication on account of the provisions of the Stamp Act, but another periodical, the *South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal*, arose, joyfully proclaiming that no stamped paper was to be had. From the files of this paper, with the help again of Mrs. Manigault's diary, it is possible to make out this list of performances: January 17, "The Distressed Mother"; January 31, "Douglas"; February 10, "Love in a Village"; February 27, "The Constant Couple" and "The Mock Doctor" (benefit of Mrs. Osborne); March 6, "The Gamester" and "The Oracle" (benefit of Mrs. Douglass); March 13, "The Provoked Husband" and "The Lying Valet" (benefit of Mr. Emmet); March 20, "The Way to Keep Him" and "The Brave Irishman" (benefit of Mr. Verling); April 3, "The School for Lovers," "The Oracle," and "An Ode set to Musick, called *Gratitude and Love* written by a Gentleman in this Province" (benefit of Miss Hallam); April 16, "Cato" and "Miss in Her Teens" (benefit of the poor). Of these, "The Oracle," "The Way to Keep Him," and "The School for Lovers" had never before been acted in America. After the last performance Douglass remained in Charleston about a month, delivering several times a lecture on "Heads," corresponding perhaps to the modern "phrenology." This venture likewise seems to have brought considerable monetary profit to the actor.

Of the brilliant Charleston season of 1773-4, a full account is given by Seilhamer. The success which it enjoyed was based on that of previous seasons.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Correspondence

"THE NATION" ON THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your journal thirty years without missing a number, so that the fine treats of reason you afford your readers are not new things to me. But I must register my satisfaction and gratification on account of this week's discussion of the tremendous events which are happening. Your journal is, in my estimation, a missioner of right reason.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

St. Mark's Rectory, Baltimore, August 27.

JUSTICE TO GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Doubtless, many readers of the *Nation* will vigorously dissent from your editorial, "England and War," of August 13, in which you assert that Germany is responsible for this war; for it seems too plain for argument that England, and not Germany, is the proximate cause of the present war, as she has been many times in the past.

Your further contention that Germany has violated the Neutrality act has no merit, because England forced Germany into the breach by obstructing German attack on the northern coast of France. Germany was perfectly fair in the matter with Belgium, for she notified her of the intention, and promised her compensation for all damage done.

It seems to the writer that it is only fair that the *Nation* print an unbiassed and unprejudiced article upon the cause of the present war, showing the exact stand taken by each contending country.

J. A. BAER.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 17.

PEACE AND WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The present deplorable state of affairs in Europe surely has not come as a surprise even to the most ardent and optimistic advocate of peace. Since the exhaustion following the last great struggle the nations of Europe, particularly Germany and France, have taken advantage of the quiet of a generation to store huge sums in their war-chests and to expend the gains of Peace on preparations for war. The vicious cycle, which ever is being repeated, is quaintly and admirably described by the old French poet, Jean de Mehune (quoted in English by Puttenham [1589] as an example of the figure *Clymax*):

> Peace makes plentie, plentie makes pride,
> Pride breeds quarrell, and quarrell brings warre;
> Warre brings spoile, and spoile povertie,
> Povertie pacience, and pacience peace:
> So peace brings warre, and warre brings peace.

LA RUE VAN HOOK.

New London, N. H., August 28.

THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have observed your articles on the responsibility for the present European war, including those in your issue of the 13th inst. As I gather from one of these, you have received some protests on the article which appeared on the 6th. I write to express my commendation of this article.

In your issue just to hand you make abundantly clear what I think nearly every one feels, namely, that whatever condemnation is expressed of the action of Germany applies entirely to the Emperor and his immediate advisers. We have good reason in this country to appreciate the German element in our citizenship, and it is undoubtedly the fact that if it had been necessary to obtain popular support in Germany for the war, this would not have been forthcoming.

It would be idle to blind ourselves to the existence of an ambition and jealousy, in at least two of the countries involved, which has brought about the present situation, and this makes it all the more discouraging to attempt anything in the nature of mediation. Without an entire change in the governing control of these nations, no permanent peace can be expected, and this change, it would appear, can only be achieved by a positive defeat of the policy and the corresponding discrediting of the parties responsible for it. On the other hand, if that policy were to prove victorious, the result would be still worse for civilization.

Again let me express my appreciation of the completeness and breadth of your weekly survey. E. Shorrock.

Seattle, Wash., August 17.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your statement that you have received protests against your fixing of the responsibility for the European war leads me to write and thank you for doing that very thing. I can't help believing that public opinion can have some influence upon the right side in such matters, and public opinion needs often to be instructed. The wrong side in such an awful war as the present one ought to be pilloried, and the *Nation*, while doing that, is distinctly fair to the German people, who are so unfortunate as to be under the domination of a set of people who seem to worship brute force rather than right.

A. M. Wilcox.

Frankfort, Mich., August 20.

CENSORSHIP AND FALSE NEWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some years ago, when engaged in the composition of a military study, I was perplexed and discouraged at the apparent impossibility of getting trustworthy numerical and narrative information, and at last concluded that except for official statistics, prepared usually before the incidents to which they relate and without intentional bearing upon them, military estimates may rarely be accepted, while most other statements are to be regarded askance. Since then I have had to feel the same scepticism in regard to similar matters to which I have given less detailed study, of the kind which have been dealt with by Sir James Ramsay so forcefully, and often with so much success.

The present war in Europe affords admirable illustration of how difficult it is for the ordinary witness to furnish trustworthy information, and how many reasons exist for giving false news.

In the first place, the stress and excitement are terrible, and more than men's minds can bear, so that they will believe and report anything. This is partly true even of England, least disturbed of the belligerents as yet. But in Germany and in Belgium, where they are in the thick of it, rumor runs as she did in the days of Virgil.

As to military engagements, it need not be said, the operations are now so immense, and the movements, to the witness, so fragmentary and confused, that even the best-trained correspondents neither understand nor know the truth. All the field of Waterloo is easily visible from one point, but the battle now beginning is on a line, Belfort-Brussels, over two hundred miles long, and is occupied by more than two millions of men.

To collect the various fragments of information which would be absolutely necessary for the truth about any great movement is temporarily impossible, for censorship was never so strict and efficient. It was not easy for correspondents to learn much in the Russo-Japanese war, and increasingly difficult in the Balkans in 1912; but the suppression of news is now so organized that little gets out but what the authorities are willing to give. As for England, the day on which war was declared, her fleet disappeared, and scarcely a word has there been about it since. The newspapers have understood the necessity of this and make it a point of honor. During an entire fortnight they preserved inviolate the secret of the expeditionary force. And so also for the Continent. At present scarcely anything is mentioned about Austria or Russia, while of the military movements in Germany, France, and Belgium there is not a great deal. Where newspapers are so well equipped that they do learn something, they consider themselves bound to publish nothing about their own countrymen or their allies; and, indeed, if they did do this, they would fall under much displeasure. Thus the *Times* of August 12 publishes an admirable map, "The Kaiser's Plan of Campaign," showing the disposition of the German troops, probably based on a great deal of accurate information; but nothing whatever is shown of the French plans.

It is, then, obvious that little can yet be obtained, and that what is furnished is apt to be inaccurate. A few days ago, when the French advanced into Alsace, there were immediately circulated brief though vivid accounts of the battle of Altkirk: "45,000 Dead and Wounded" read innumerable newspaper broadsides. Of these it was asserted that the French had lost 15,000; but shortly after a more credible report said that their losses had been slight, and an official account which followed put them at 100. One is reminded of the comment made by Napier on the estimates of losses at Fuentes de Onoro; and it may be surmised what effect such redaction would have had upon the numbers reported at Arbela or the carnage which an obscure account assigns to Châlons.

Very great error also, though more temporary, arises not from censorship or exaggeration, but from deliberate falsification with official sanction. Reports from Germany indicate that a great deal of this is being done there. Apparently stories have been current that Paris was burned, that France was disorganized, that a commune was established, and that Japan had attacked Russia, while it is asserted that England's attitude was misrepresented shamefully and in skilful fashion; nor am I persuaded that English accounts are entirely guiltless of misrepresenting the acts of Austrians and Germans.

Edward Raymond Turner.

London, August 12.

GERMANY'S HOLY WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Germany's bid for America's sympathy on the ground that she is conducting a holy war to protect herself and the rest of Europe from falling under Muscovite domination will not appeal to the intelligent, clear-minded American.

It would be a calamity indeed for the whole world if Europe were to be ruled by the Slav, but it would likewise be a calamity should the Teuton become her master. The imminent danger to-day is not the rule of the Romanoffs, but that of the Hohenzollerns.

The present war is not, as the German Chancellor would have it thought, a "life-and-death struggle between Germany and the Muscovite races of Russia," but obviously a life-and-death struggle between democracy and German militarism. This is why the sympathy of the majority of the American people must necessarily be with Germany's opponents. The present coalition is not directed against the German people and German civilization—no more than the coalition that put an end to the power of Napoleon the First was directed against the French people and French civilization; it is directed against the rule of might represented by German militarism.

It is obvious that Germany's supreme desire in the present struggle is not the warding off of Slavic rule—that is only incidental—but the bringing of Europe under her own rule. Hence the present alignment of Powers against her. Her eagerness to crush France is not stimulated by her desire to save the latter country from Muscovite domination, but rather by her wish to increase her own power at the expense of her neighbors. Her evident intention to annex Belgium, should she be victorious, is not directed against the Slavs, but aims solely at her own aggrandizement.

The world also realizes that Germany has played the part of a bully among European nations—a part which is never popular—and not without danger, for the hour of reckoning generally comes, and when it does come, the bully is likely to find himself without friends. The invasion of Belgium was a brutal manifestation of Germany's belief that might makes right. And when thus breaking her pledge guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, she asked the English nation to take her word that after the war she would restore the independence of that country. The perjurer in the act of perjuring asking to be trusted! It is little wonder that the statement was received with laughter by the English Parliament.

It remains to be seen how far the German nation will be willing to go with the sacrifice of her children in order, not to save the fatherland, but the Hohenzollern dynasty. There is nothing fantastic in the thought that before the end of the war the German monarchy may tumble down.

A German victory in the present struggle would mean primarily a tremendous setback to democratic principles and the triumph of militarism; it would imply the crushing of France and of French civilization and the weakening of the power of England, if not the reduction of that country to the rank of a second-rate nation. The victory of the Allies, on the contrary, would probably be a death-blow to militarism and all the evils it implies, and might mark the dawn of the era of peace and good will among nations

for which the world has so long waited, and towards which bleeding humanity is stretching imploring arms. ALBERT SAUVEUR.

Bailey Island, Me., August 22.

IRISH AND GERMANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads accounts of occasional fraternizings between the Irish and the Germans in this country and notes the malicious satisfaction exhibited by the latter at the prospect of inducing the former to make trouble for the English Government in the present crisis, one is reminded for the thousandth time that consistency is not a characteristic of man. If there is one fact that has been prominent above all others in the acts of the British Parliament, it is the determination to redress the past wrongs of Ireland in so far as it can be done. The Irish members seem to be satisfied that the party in power is acting in good faith. Is there any evidence that the German Parliament ever intends to deal in the same spirit with the Alsatians and the Poles? That the dissatisfaction of these people is far greater than that of the Irish, nobody doubts who has had the opportunity to obtain first-hand information. Why should it be a cause of satisfaction to anybody if the Irish give the English Government trouble and a matter for condemnation if the inhabitants of the provinces annexed by Germany against their will manifest an undying spirit of hostility? The number of Alsatians, of Lorrainers, and of Prussian Poles who are friendly to Germany is so small as to be an almost negligible quantity; conversely, there are many Irishmen who are passionately attached to England. Besides, many years have passed since there was an English military force in Ireland to overawe the people. The Irish have been permitted to say and to print almost anything against the Government they pleased, but neither liberty of speech nor of the press is tolerated in the trans-Rhenan provinces.

We are here dealing with a case in which the jury is asked to give full faith and credit to the testimony for the plaintiff, but to regard with suspicion or to reject altogether the evidence for the defendant. All the justifications for the German invasion of Belgium are pitifully weak. If Germany did not want war, why was she the only Power that was completely ready? The patent fact is that the German commander-in-chief thought it would be easier to invade France through the neutral territory than directly, but to avow the truth would not have looked well in the eyes of the world. Therefore, other pretexts had to be discovered or invented. What would it profit a man to be a reasonable being if it did not enable him to find a reason for doing what he wants to do or for believing what he wants to believe? It is strange that so many Germans talk and write as if the strenuous Prussian military régime of the twentieth century were the legitimate successor of the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Hegel. Germany never counted for so little politically and for so much intellectually as at the close of the eighteenth century. Goethe and Lessing confessed to a total lack of patriotism because, like Dr. Johnson, they recognized that it is a sentiment usually devoid of sense.

CHAS. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., August 24.

AN HISTORICAL PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most great historical writers have refrained from prophecy, and the few who have ventured to forecast the future have generally been belied by the issue of events. But the subjoined paragraph from the "Roman Journals" of Ferdinand Gregorovius, written in 1858, would seem to be endowed with an unapprehended inspiration.

Their [the Russians'] aspirations extend to Constantinople, Prague, and Lemberg; in short, to the restoration of the Eastern Empire through Pan-Slavism. Russia, however, is a half-Mongolian entity, devoid of genius and energy. Her hatred of Germany is due to the consciousness of her intellectual dependence on Teutonism, perhaps, also, to the instinctive presentiment of a conflict with Germany in the future, should Germany become a united nation.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

University of Chicago, August 22.

Liliputian Language

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS REFLECTED IN THE SPEECH OF HOLLAND—THE USE OF DIMINUTIVES MISINTERPRETED BY FOREIGNERS.

THE HAGUE, July 31.

The eminent Danish philologist, Prof. O. Jespersen, has praised the English language for its businesslike, virile qualities. Among other characteristic traits of its manliness, he noted the lack of diminutives. English, in this respect, forms a strong contrast to Dutch. "In Dutch," according to Professor Jespersen,* "every child is a 'kindje,' and every girl a 'meisje'; every tree may be called a 'boompje,' every cup of coffee or tea a 'kopje,' every rabbit a 'konyntje,' every foot a 'voetje,' every key a 'sleuteltje,' etc., etc." The learned author must have got his information from that English lady resident at The Hague, whom the present writer once heard boast that she was never worried by the genders in Dutch, for she simply turned all nouns into diminutives, which, as in all Germanic languages, are without an exception neuter words. The lady was too much satisfied with her clever contrivance to notice the modest smiles of her Dutch friends at her string of Liliputian speech, and the Danish professor, if he were to try the experiment, would not be saved by his academic dignity from the same gentle form of criticism.

To hear the Dutch converse among themselves would easily lead a casual observer into this misconception. But from a philologist a more accurate statement might have been expected than this sweeping and incorrect assertion that the continual recurrence of these endings happens "without any apparent necessity." Every Dutch mother could tell him on what trying occasions her little "kindje" no longer deserves that fondling name and is called simply "stoute kind" (naughty child). Every Dutch girl, it is true, is a "meisje," and for a very good reason; without its ending the word would mean maid-servant, or else would be a term of abuse. Every little tree may be called a "boompje," and a big tree cannot be called otherwise than a "boom." In Holland the professor would be offered a "kopje" of tea, and would actually have to be satisfied with a Liliputian cup, of less than a quarter the size of a good English breakfast cup. Tom Thumb trips on "voetjes" in the Dutch version of the fairy tale, but his parents, not to mention the giant and his wife, walk on "voet," as every Anglo-Saxon parent does. And the key that by its bloodstain betrayed poor Mrs. Bluebeard to her cruel husband has never been a "sleuteltje" since the first days when little Dutchmen trembled at the story. The sandhills near The Hague swarm with "konijntjes," but big, fat "konijnen" are just as numerous. I dare say that a Dutchman knows quite well when there is a necessity for the use of a diminutive, and that he has sufficient self-control to abstain from employing them when this necessity is not apparent.

A Dutch novelist once told me an anecdote about a plain-spoken servant-girl of his, fresh from the country, who one day said to her master: "I cannot understand why you are always writing, but a silly fool you are." In like manner Professor Jespersen remarks: "I cannot understand why these Dutch people are always using diminutives," but they "are innocent, childish, genial beings with no great business capacities or seriousness in life."

Mirabile dictu! No business capacities in the Dutch? By what miraculous way, then, did they, in the early seventeenth century, become the greatest traders of the world? What other capacity, if business was not their line, made them the rulers over colonies forty times larger than their own little fatherland? And if no seriousness in life is found in them, by what tenacious flippancy did they hold out during that cruel war of eighty years against Spain, of which Motley has told the stirring tale? The perusal of that history will convince Professor Jespersen that, in this case, his theory has led him to a wrong conclusion. The Dutchman's fondness for diminutives is more proverbial than real. True it is, that the language has an unlimited capacity for forming them. But their employment depends on definite conditions such as the size of the thing or person in question, or the mood of the speaker himself. Who does not admire in Dutch paintings the artist's loving attention for details, for the minutest trifles of daily life? That nice distinction of detail is a characteristic of the race and accounts for the Dutchman's accuracy in drawing attention, in his speech, to the difference between the little and the big, between the "boompje" and the "boom." Far from its being a trait of a childish mind—children, as a rule, are very little observant—this close scrutiny of the world they live in is the very capacity which makes them particularly fit for business. The Dutchman knows the difference between a penny and

*"Growth and Structure of the English Language."

a pound, between the proverbial "little he gives" and the "much he asks."

I do not mean to imply that to this habit of observing details the diminutive in Dutch owes its development, just as little as the absence of diminutives in English need prove that the Anglo-Saxon has no eye for gradations of size. The productiveness of a suffix depends on various, mostly inscrutable, conditions, and it is quite possible that the unproductiveness of the English diminutive suffix is due to other causes than the virility of the English mind. I only want to press this point that, the diminutive suffix having proved productive in Dutch, it need not be wondered at that the Dutchman makes use of it where his nice distinction of detail invites expression. And he has this undeniable advantage over the Anglo-Saxon speaker, that with the diminutive suffix he can give utterance to various moods such as scorn, irony, love, cosiness, familiarity, to all of which the Anglo-Saxon must apply a variety of synonyms, or a choice of accompanying adjectives expressive of the particular mood. In this respect Dutch speech is a puzzle and a wonderment to every foreigner. The feelings of snugness and contentment find vent in the formation of diminutives from words that to any other than a Dutchman would seem incapable of diminution. "Lekker weertje" ("nice little weather") may be heard repeatedly on a warm summer's day. People declare themselves glad to see the "zonnetje" ("the little sun") again after that "onweertje" ("little thunderstorm") of last night. Some poets of the seventeenth century have stretched the possibilities of diminutive speech to the utmost. Vondel wrote an exquisite song in which the "tje" endings clatter down like raindrops on a window pane.

I know one English poet who would have relished the charm of this artistic word-play. Robert Herrick equals his Dutch contemporaries in his passion for diminutives. He coins forms like "quarrelet," "pipkinet," "shepherdling." And what would the following "Ternary of Littles" have sounded like, if the English language had yielded a little of its virility to some feminine pliancy?

A little saint best fits a little shrine;
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil;
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.
—Herrick.

A. J. Barnouw.

Literature

THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD.

History of Religions. By George Foote Moore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I. $2.50 net.

The need for a comprehensive work in English on the general history of religions written from the standpoint of an historical student has long been felt. We have had for some time an excellent German manual in two volumes edited by Professor Chantepie de la Saussaye, of the University of Leiden, in which the subdivisions have been parcelled out among a number of specialists, but in English, until the appearance of Professor Moore's works, we have had, apart from the translation of M. Reinach's brilliant exposition, which, however, is too subjective, merely some very general and quite insufficient surveys. In the person of Professor Moore we have a scholar of the first rank, who has made the chair of the history of religions which he holds at Harvard University among the most notable in this country. He has fitted himself for his task by numerous contributions in the field of the Old Testament, in Arabic, and in other branches of Semitic studies. Everything that issues from his pen bears the stamp of comprehensive scholarship in combination with a strictly scientific method and a remarkable critical acumen. With his election to the newly established chair at Harvard, he further enlarged the scope of his studies by including in his range such fields as India, Persia, and Greece.

Naturally, the entire scope of the history of religions is too large to be covered by any single scholar, and even Professor Moore must depend upon second-hand sources for many of the subdivisions. This is inevitable, but a scholar who is accustomed to getting his material directly from the sources for certain sections of a large subject acquires the ability to use second-hand sources for other subdivisions in a manner that insures accuracy and trustworthiness in his treatment. There is an obvious advantage in having the entire field of the history of religions thus treated by one individual, even though certain portions of it are necessarily not so well done as others. The unity of the work is a compensation for this defect.

The present volume embraces China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, India, Persia, Greece, and Rome. A second volume expected shortly will embrace Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. It is to be regretted that our author intentionally excludes the so-called "primitive" religions. We cannot agree with Professor Moore that an investigation of these religions is not necessary for the purpose of his work. In the treatment of the advanced religions of antiquity we are constantly brought face to face with survivals of primitive views; and when we come to the consideration of religious rites it is impossible to understand them without constant reference to the attitude of man in early phases of culture towards his environment. Professor Moore would have added largely to the value of his work if he had given in a series of introductory chapters the general aspects presented by such subjects as magic, animism, totemism, taboos, and divination.

Our author himself recognizes that a general treatment of the subject can amount to little more than an introduction, and that for the details the student must be referred to works of a more specialized character. In view of this, the question of what should be included and what excluded in a general treatment is the most serious problem which a scholar is obliged to face. Opinions will naturally differ, and it is difficult, for obvious reasons, to maintain what may be called an equilibrium in the treatment of the many subdivisions in which the history of religions falls. We notice in the case of the history of religion in Egypt, for example, that Professor Moore is more liberal in furnishing extracts from the texts than in the case of Babylonia and India, whereas in the case of Zoroastrianism these extracts are even more limited. Necessary limitations of space formed, no doubt, the controlling factor in his mind. But we are inclined to believe that he would have done better if he had illustrated the subject in the case of all religions that have produced a noteworthy religious literature by abundant extracts, chosen naturally with care and discretion. A few of the hymns of the Rig-veda, given in full or in large parts, would have been exceedingly helpful in furnishing a general view of the conceptions of divine government, and so in the case of Babylonian religion the two long extracts on pages 224-26 might have been abbreviated to make room for some of the very fine prayers and hymns to Marduk which have been preserved for us. A certain inequality in the treatment of the Pantheon of the various religions covered in the first volume is also to be noted. Thus, while in the religions of India all the important figures of the Pantheon are briefly treated, in the case of Babylonia and Assyria we miss the same systematic treatment of the characteristic traits of the Gods, many of whom are brought to our notice in a somewhat incidental manner.

Such strictures do not, however, affect the substantial value of the work on which it is evident Professor Moore has spent years of incessant labor. The reader obtains in the case of each of the religions treated an admirable survey of its salient traits, and the author shows himself particularly skilful in tracing the connection between the unfolding of religious thought and the general course of culture. The religious history of a people is always closely entwined with political events and social development. This fact is never lost sight of by our author. He is particularly happy in applying this method to the treatment of the religions of Egypt and India. Nor does he neglect the important relationship of religion to ethics and, though he is necessarily brief in his summaries, he gives us throughout his

volume valuable glimpses of the way in which religious beliefs and rites found an expression in public and private morality.

CURRENT FICTION.

The King of Alsander. By James Elroy Flecker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Here is a tale all romance—a tale such as only a Poet can write for you, O appreciative and generous Public." These are the opening words of Mr. Flecker's preface, and they are also blazoned conspicuously on the front and on the inside of the book's paper cover. Nevertheless those members of the capitalized Public who are able to overcome a natural distaste for this hubristic appeal to their support will find "The King of Alsander" a reasonably entertaining story. There is a mystical chapter at the beginning and another at the end, which we do not pretend to understand and can only accept with resignation, in the light of the author's preface, as an ebullition of poetic temperament. These are the caviare and the ice-cream. The meat of the story is contained in those chapters which tell how a refined young English grocer, tiring of distributing pounds of tea to an unappreciative world and yearning for the higher things of life, journeys to Alsander and becomes the enlightened King of that ancient and somewhat retrogressive country. There are plots and counter-plots; a mad king and an unscrupulous regent; a romantic mediæval castle, and a very pretty hand-to-hand fight, which is so much more interesting than these modern, long-distance affairs. Finally there are two charming ladies, one of whom, we regret to record, the hero treats in an exceedingly shabby fashion. Mr. Flecker's book inevitably invites comparison with Mr. Anthony Hope's exciting tales of Balkan pretenders, and the pseudo-mysticism in which he envelops his main idea does not save it from suffering by the comparison.

Canadian Nights. By Albert Hickman. New York: The Century Co.

The seven short stories of this volume are marked by a studious attempt to find uniqueness of theme; to follow the laconic, omniscient, parenthetical style of Kipling's earlier tales; and to suggest the attitude towards life of a young London observer struck by the vigor, the extravagance, and the social self-confidence of the more leisurely Canadian classes. In pursuit of the first object, the narrative centres on Montreal. In the focus are the clubs, the rich hotels, the adventurous capitalists, fur dealers, and merchants who make money easily; at the periphery are the woods, rivers, snows, and hardships that furnish a natural and striking contrast. If Mr. Hickman's plots were less invertebrate, the freshness of the scenes and the vigor of his style might sometimes strike out a short story of rare quality. But the best of the lot is the mere tale of how an imperious young lady commandeers a suitor to carry her home, and how he wins her by taking a river trail with his motor that leaves her exhausted with terror. From this the framework degenerates to two stories whose heroes are rich and drunken giants, afflicted with such amusing manias as for threading derby hats on their arms and throwing hotel furniture out through the windows. One of Mr. Hickman's best endowments, it must be confessed, is his ability to make physical encounters really humorous—humorous in an Elizabethan way.

The Twenty-fourth of June. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The ethical purpose in this latest book by "the author who portrays the home" is as transparent as the love-story—both being plainer than a pikestaff by the end of the third chapter. When the unstable and purposeless hero has met the girl who embodies every domestic ideal, and by her is suddenly awakened to the fact that life has a number of goals, after all, the narrative waits an inevitable end. An obvious suspense is contrived by Mrs. Richmond, who has the heroine send him packing until June 24, with instructions that if he cannot lay a real achievement at her feet he need not come at all. The world he conquers is that of the dry-goods trade, in which his grandfather can assure him unique advantages; nor are the obstacles he encounters serious. The natural criticism which the austere-minded will level against Mrs. Richmond is that, with all her emphasis upon "wholesomeness," a sweet sentimentality weakens the needed effect of vigor; and this holds true of style as well as general construction.

Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. New York: John Lane Co.

Mrs. Vanderstein was the still comely widow of a Jewish money-lender, and had the habit of wearing a king's ransom in jewels. It therefore befell her to be lured into a strange house and murdered. The manner of her taking-off was, we regret to say, rather tame and commonplace, since she was merely chloroformed like a cat. In disposing of the body, however, the murderers really achieved the sort of novelty called for in this order of fiction. They hit upon a new place for an inconvenient corpse, namely, a large, a very large flower-box on a balcony. The pot of basil, with its dolorous skull, is quite outdone. How Gimblet, the detective, discovers the house, the crime, the box, the body, and the murderers, is the substance of the story. Gimblet, with his languor, his connoisseurship, and his inductive method—or is it deductive?—bears a somewhat striking resemblance to Dr. Watson's Sherlock. He carries a microscope, and a set of pill-boxes in which he solemnly deposits bits of dust, hairs, and the like. Nothing escapes him, not even the murderer. This is all as it should be, for the purpose. Detective stories are commonly reducible to formula, and the Sherlock recipe is better than most. But in Conan Doyle's own hands it has proved better adapted to short stories than to a mystery novel. Much of the great Holmes's glamour is due to the celerity of his method. This Gimblet is a dawdling gentleman and a garrulous, more, as it seems, by the author's fault than his own. If anything is fatal to a tale of mystery, it is dawdling and prolixity. The material in this book might have been condensed into a fairly effective short story.

A VICTIM OF ROVING.

A Wanderer's Trail. Being a Faithful Record of Travel in Many Lands. By A. Loton Ridger. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

When you turn an apparent tramp from your door in these days, you cannot feel absolutely sure that it is not some college graduate gathering material for a work on sociology whom you are declining to aid. A few years ago, when a freight conductor between Kalama and Tacoma found four men stowed away in the refrigerating box of an empty fruit car, he cursed them all alike as "hoboes," though one of them happened to be a prospective fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, accumulating data for the volume of travel now before us. This can hardly be admitted as a strictly commendable method. It calls the attention much more to the traveller himself than to what he sees, and the traveller who goes in this way is not likely to have a very strong personal claim upon the interest of the reading world.

Mr. Ridger, however, travelled with an open eye and has written a readable book. Starting from England on a tramp freighter, in 1907, at a cost of only three shillings per day for mess money, he made his way to San Francisco, and gradually worked northwards until he reached the Klondyke, laboring at odd jobs only long enough to tire of them, to get sufficient money to reach some other desired point, or to convince his employer that he was too unskilled to earn his wages. By December of the same year he had drifted back to San Francisco, but times were hard there, and before the end of the month he had arranged to work his passage to Japan, by way of Puget Sound and Vladivostock, on a tramp freighter flying the German flag and carrying a Chinese crew. After getting safely through a very hazardous voyage on an unseaworthy vessel, rated A1 at Lloyds' through some legerdemain which he could not explain, the wheel of fortune placed him for a short time in the responsible position of foreign reviser on the *Seoul Press*, the official organ of the Japanese residency in Korea. His criticism of Japanese methods in Korea is intelligent and severe. We quote a few sentences:

To put it bluntly, the Japanese régime in 1908 stood for wholesale pilfering of Korean soil, ostensibly for military purposes; for the gradual absorption of the industries of the

country, and for the vigorous suppression of the insurgents. . . . Over fourteen thousands of Koreans have been shot down since the protectorate was proclaimed, and not fourteen hundred Japanese have fallen in this butcher's work. . . . Never once has a prolonged appeal been made to the good in the Korean character. Bayonets and bullets have been preferred and have brought in their train only the undying hatred of a race once friendly to the Japanese.

Late in August, 1908, he left Korea, and after passing through Manchuria, sailed down the Chinese coast to Hongkong. Here he arranged for passage on a tramp steamer to Boston, paying his way by service as purser, plus twenty pounds in money.

In January, 1909, he reached England again, his *wanderlust* apparently dead. But the dead soon came to life. April found him on his way to the Transvaal, and a few months later an empty purse forced him to the severe test of underground work as a miner. In the spring of 1910, with one companion and native servants, he set out on a long "trek" northward for the purpose of recruiting native laborers in Ovamboland. This proved wholly futile, so far as procuring laborers was concerned, but it gave material for some very interesting chapters descriptive of the vicissitudes of mismanaged trekking over the wild wastes of South Africa. Incidentally it brought him into contact with many natives who had fled into British territory from the German colony of Damaraland, and he contrasts German harshness towards the African with British mildness, greatly to the advantage of the latter. While peace reigns in Bechuanaland, with a British police force of less than 200, three-fourths of whom are natives, Damaraland is overrun with German troopers and in a constant state of agitation. "Thousands of the natives have been shot down, and such a steady exodus of Hereros has been going on during the last few years that the country is becoming almost denuded of its labor."

We cannot follow Mr. Ridger from South Africa to Zanzibar, Bombay, Ceylon, Burma, Calcutta, and from there, via Singapore and Hongkong, to Japan again, where he found Korean affairs in no more comfortable situation than he had left them, three years before. And Japanese life itself seemed to him to be growing sadder and harder. "The deadly material aspect of twentieth-century Japan struck me most forcibly. Poverty and crime stalked the streets. Ironclads and similar tokens of 'civilization' were drawing heavily on the savings of the overtaxed inhabitants. Speculation, embezzlement, and corruption appeared to be the order of the day."

In Tokio, and later in Hongkong, his book was finished and the manuscript sent home, to be followed almost immediately by the author himself, by third-class on a German mail steamer to Singapore, and from there by a Japanese timber tramp to Antwerp. They had been six hard years, and Mr. Ridger frankly confesses that the burning of the candle at both ends had had its natural effect. If his story leads other young men to follow his example, the motive will at least be something other than bodily ease or material reward.

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE.

A History of Dartmouth College, 1815-1909. By John King Lord. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press. $3 net.

Dartmouth is fortunate in possessing so adequate an account of its development as is contained in this volume. It is a continuation of the history of the College and town of Hanover which was published more than twenty years ago by Judge Frederick Chase; it is also based in part on material collected by Judge Chase. In addition, Professor Lord himself has had unusual opportunities for obtaining the fullest information; he has taught at Dartmouth for forty years, and he is the grandson of Nathan Lord, who was president of the College for a generation before the Civil War. After surveying in chronological order the presidential administrations, from John Wheelock to the beginning of that of Dr. Nichols, he wisely adds a number of interesting short chapters on topics like the College Library, Societies, Commencements, Laws, Term-Bills, Bell, and the Connecticut River, Railroads, and Mails. There are good portraits and other illustrations.

To many persons outside the immediate circle of Dartmouth's own alumni and supporters, Professor Lord's volume will be interesting in several respects. It is not generally known, for instance, that the germ from which the Dartmouth College case grew is to be found, more than a quarter of a century before Webster argued the case before Chief Justice Marshall, in a religious dispute in regard to the pastorate and use of the venerable church which still stands to-day at the corner of the campus. This dispute was embittered by the self-will and self-importance of President John Wheelock, a very different kind of man from his father, the founder and first president of the College. The son seemed to regard the College as a family affair, to be managed as he alone saw fit; he wanted, in the words of an unsympathetic trustee, "to be the *omnis homo* of the College." So he increased his enemies and supporters until the dispute spread through the State, and finally the Wheelock party in the Legislature attempted to alter the charter of the old College and establish in its place "Dartmouth University."

A quarter of a century later high feeling arose over quite another matter. President Nathan Lord had become convinced that slavery was an institution of divine origin designed by God, like war and pestilence, as a penalty for sin. He did not hesitate to express his pro-slavery views vigorously in print, and in so doing brought down a storm of Northern indignation not only upon his own head, but upon the college over which he presided. The trustees, who were responsible for the welfare of the College, met; President Lord offered his resignation, and it was accepted. Fortunately, no bitter controversy resulted. Three years later, when the news of the fall of Richmond reached Hanover and the students paraded the streets calling for speeches, the ex-president responded in words of sympathy with the losing side. The students listened quietly, but at the close one of the leaders called for three cheers for the Union cause. They were given with a will, when another sprang forward and called for cheers for a man who had the courage of his convictions. They were given with equal vigor, showing a spirit honorable alike to the students and to their ex-president.

An excellent, though brief, closing chapter chronicles the main features of the notable growth of the College under President Tucker's administration. He at once began to take the alumni into his confidence, going to their annual and special gatherings, and telling them of what had been done and of what he planned to do. Partly as a result of this policy and of his remarkable insight into human nature and educational questions, the number of undergraduates increased during his presidency from 315 in 1893 to 1,107 in 1909, and the number of the teaching faculty from twenty-seven to eighty-four.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSIMILATION IN FRANCE.

French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Léon Guérard. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

A course of lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1913 finds in this book the larger audience and the permanent form which its general interest warrants. Questions generally debated by Frenchmen with heat and special pleading are here discussed coolly and with philosophic candor; and the pedagogic origin of the book has led to a system of clear division, of synopsis, and of bibliography that goes far to simplify a subject of essential complexity.

One simplification made at the outset avoids the many mares'-nests built about the word *race*, of which a popular recent example is Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." It is not Chamberlain's Teutonism, but his loose science, to which M. Guérard objects. He will have nothing to do with language or blood or the cephalic index as criteria of a Frenchman. "The bond of unity provided by tradition" is what constitutes a people; "he whose soul is French needs no other credentials." The vagueness of this standard M. Guérard candidly points out, but in this connection to be vague is to be exact. The population of France is a racial medley, and her marked success in the psychological assimilation of her alien children is the best answer to the ever-recurring cry of the decreasing birth-rate. M. Faguet, himself an alarmist, admits that the sons of Germans, of Italians, and of Jews make excellent Frenchmen. The author of an excited ar-

ticle in a recent number of *La Revue*, calling upon his fellow Frenchmen to help him repopulate France, is named Lowenthal!

It is, then, the French tradition of which M. Guérard traces the history and present manifestations. He finds it persisting through apparent dislocations. The Revolution itself was not so revolutionary as the ordinary textbook supposes. It preserved the French concept of absolute sovereignty, while transferring its seat from throne to people. "The Constituent Assembly was simply crowning, in a few weeks, the patient work of the Capetian line." The Civil Code of Napoleon, an instrument of eclectic and moderate character, embodying Roman law, common law, royal decrees, and the jurisprudence of the courts of the old régime, as well as the intentions of the Revolution, has continued with but few changes to govern France through all the political vicissitudes of the nineteenth century.

Starting from this principle of a strong tenacity of tradition among the French, and using a method of careful historical analysis, M. Guérard discusses the social, political, educational, and religious questions raised in France during the last century, and in a final chapter he brings the discussion up to date.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "The Scarlet Wagon," by Claude M. Girardeau, and "Behavior," by John B. Watson. The same company will publish this month five new volumes in the Home University Library: "The Exploration of the Alps," by Arnold Lunn; "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel; "Between the Old Testament and the New," by R. H. Charles; "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson; "Chemistry," by Raphael Mendola.

"The Honorable Percival," by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, will be published by the Century Company in October.

The Devin-Adair Company announces the forthcoming publication of: "Beauty and Nick," by Philip Gibbs; "Yourself and the Neighbours," by Seumas McManus; "Your Pay Envelope," by John R. Meader.

"Le Livre en Italie à travers les Siècles," by Leo S. Olschki (Florence: Imprimerie Juntine; $3), is an illustrated catalogue of a collection shown at the Leipzig International Exposition of the arts of book-making and printing. This collection is designed to show the part played by Italy in the development of printing and book-illustration from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. Examples of all the early Italian printers, and many of the early binders, are given. Over eighty plates, in color, half-tone, and wood cut, embellish the volume.

To aid the Italian immigrant, and to help American librarians in serving their Italian readers, is the purpose of a pamphlet called "Immigrant and Library: Italian Helps," by John Foster Carr (Immigrant Education Society; 35 cents). Following the articles on The Library and the Immigrant, and The Librarian and the Italian, are annotated lists of books for Italian readers. It is not only a useful but a necessary book for any library in a community which has Italian residents.

"Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906)," by Sir Thomas Barclay (Houghton Mifflin; $3.50), is one of the books of which the interest is tantalizing in the sense that it keeps on promising more than it really gives. Perhaps the original sin of journalism—superficiality—is the explanation of it, for Sir Thomas Barclay first went to Paris as correspondent of the London *Times*. He knows his France well, and was on friendly terms with many leading Frenchmen; yet somehow neither they nor their country quite *live* in his pages. He glances at them, always amiably and intelligently, but with an air of haste and of not seeing very deep, and then passes on. Renan, Boulanger, Blowitz, Gambetta, and the rest—they are but flitting figures here. The volume has, however, one central theme which gives it unity: one should add, timeliness, for it is the theme of the Anglo-French *entente*. As regards the growth of this, Sir Thomas was something more than a looker-on in Vienna. As *Times* correspondent, and later as President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, he had much to do with shaping schemes to bring about a better understanding between the two countries. The final diplomatic steps he details with first-hand knowledge; though his book was completed before he could know that the *entente*, which he thought of as a great instrument of peace, would prove to be part of the material of a terrible European conflagration. Sir Thomas Barclay has included the United States in his travels and observations, though he refrains in this volume from writing about his visits to our country. When he comes to do so, or when he brings out a new edition of these reminiscences, he will be glad to be warned against the slip of speaking of "Mr. Nelson Page, the new United States Minister to *China*" (p. 240).

While written with the English reader primarily in mind, Lord Monkswell's "The Railways of Great Britain" (Dutton; $2 net) has much that will attract students of transportation everywhere, particularly those who are actually engaged in the operation of railways. Although the book from its chapter headings appears only to take up in order the railways of the different sections of Great Britain, and to treat them from the standpoint of traffic and operation, it contains much of generalization on the fundamental economic problems involved. A few illustrations selected more or less at random will suffice to show its character. The policy of division of territory, which has been carried so far by English railways, is held to be more conducive to public advantage than competition, in spite of its undoubted benefits, would be. Government ownership and operation, a very present topic of discussion in England, is looked upon with disfavor, and it is insisted that Continental conditions are not sufficiently analogous to make experience with them of much value. The author recognizes that under Government ownership some reduction in general officers' salaries would probably result, and offers the interesting suggestion that high salaries are paid to induce in subordinates a feeling of self-respect, that they are not a reward for ability, as "the railway service does not offer any particular facilities for a specially good brain to make itself felt." The apparently excessive figure of capitalization per mile, so often contrasted unfavorably with that of our American roads, is explained by the large amount of additional main-track mileage, the generous provision of rolling stock, stations, and signals, and the elimination of curves, grades, and grade crossings. "There is hardly any doubt," says the author, "that they give their customers more for their money than do those of any other country." Methods of accounting, which are usually supposed to have had much to do with the increase in capital securities in England, are not referred to. American readers who have been taught to think that many of our worst accidents have been due to excessive speed of trains, will be startled by the author's apparent obsession by questions of speed. His severest criticisms of English railway operation are reserved for this subject. He refers to the "disastrous effect" of the slowing down of passenger schedules, says that since 1896 the London-Scotland service has "never risen above mediocrity," and apparently feels himself disgraced that British express speeds were for a time "completely put into the shade by those of the best French trains." In concluding this discussion he says: "In course of time, perhaps, some one in authority will realize that it is advantageous for all concerned to get people over the ground as rapidly as possible, and not as at present, at speeds which the railway companies affectionately regard as 'quite fast enough.'"

"The Railways of the World," by Ernest Protheroe (Dutton; $2.50 net), is a trifle top-heavy with British information. Of its 734 closely printed pages, Great Britain occupies 528, Europe receives 61, and the United States 28. It consists purely of description, and that of the most detailed sort. One is curious as to whether the author will succeed in his purpose, expressed in the preface, of stimulating the interest of boys in the subject. Possibly he has in mind only the illustrations, which are profuse, and many of them excellent.

In "Where No Fear Was" (Putnam; $1.50 net), Mr. A. C. Benson furnishes another of his sensitive if not robust commentaries on human life. We have now nearly a score of these little books of familiar discourse. This one, like its predecessors, reflects the mind and temper of a don who is also a man of feeling. Its theme is of precisely the sort to appeal to his eager and almost tremulous sensibility. What he is concerned with is, of course, not physical fear, but the different fears of mind and spirit; timidity, moral cowardice, worry; the fears of youth and age; fear of life and fear of death. Such fear, says Mr. Benson, is not a discipline, like other forms of suffering: "I can never trace the smallest good in having given way to it. It has been from my earliest days the Shadow; and I think it is the shadow in the lives of many men and women. I want in this book to track it, if I can, to its lair, to see what it is, where its awful power lies, and what, if anything, one can do to resist it." The worst fear of all, he finds, springs from the "ghastly doubt" as to whether we are bound for any goal at all, whether there is any meaning in things. But there are many lesser or more primitive fears: the night fears of childhood

which spring from inheritance; the distressing shyness of youth, which is a fear of the unknown; the anxiety of the adult who has his bread-winning fight to make; and so on. Mr. Benson shows how each of these fears, if indulged, becomes a debilitating or even paralyzing force, and how it may be faced and kept in check, at least, by labor, faith, and common sense. This is a book to be placed beside such earlier volumes as "The Altar Fire" and "The Gate of Death."

"Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin (Century; $1.25 net), is for judges, probation officers, and interested laymen rather than the general reader. At the same time, since it is the first comprehensive presentation of the problems and methods of the juvenile court, it has value as a reference volume. Beginning with a discussion of the legal principles underlying the juvenile court, the authors take up in order the organization and procedure of the court, probation, reports, and statistics, and the blank forms employed in the work of the officials connected with this institution. Pictures and plans add to the interest of the text, which is marked by common-sense and a recognition of the supreme importance of the human factor in the activity of one of the most promising developments of our judicial system.

May a volume on peace venture out into the open in these mobilizing times? One does so, regardless of the risk, as the bearer of ex-President Taft's four addresses before the New York Peace Society. The little book is entitled "The United States and Peace" (Scribner; $1 net), and takes up the Monroe Doctrine, the protection of aliens, arbitration treaties "that mean something," and the history of attempts at federation for the sake of the judicial settlement of international disputes. It is interesting to note that Mr. Taft's apprehensions of the effect of the joining of the "A B C Powers" with us in action regarding another American republic have proved needless. While all of the addresses in this volume are marked by both knowledge and poise, their author is at his best when he is setting forth the desirability of arbitration treaties that shall really bind their signatories to a peaceful settlement of disputes.

In "Men and Women of the Italian Reformation" (Scribner; $3 net) the indefatigable Mr. Christopher Hare has produced another volume of considerable interest. The general reader scarcely knows that there was an incipient Reformation in Italy, and he will therefore be surprised to learn of Calvin's budding disciples in Ferrara and of Valdés and his circle in Naples. Sadoleto and Ochino, Cardinal Pole and Vergerio, Paleario and Carnesecchi are among the chief men described by Mr. Hare, while Renée, of France, Olympia Morata, Vittoria Colonna, and Giulia Gonzaga are the famous ladies to whom he devotes special attention. In most cases, it will be seen, these Italian reformers aimed merely at a purifying of the Roman Church, and not at a schism or secession to Protestantism. But there were actual martyrs among them—none more valiant than the venerable Paleario—and it was worth while thus to introduce them to American readers. Mr. Hare lays no claim to historical depth; but he is an excellent compiler. Seven portraits illustrate the volume, in which we have noticed various misprints.

In a recent volume entitled "The Historical Christ" (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.), Dr. F. C. Conybeare investigates the views of J. M. Robertson, A. Drews, and W. B. Smith, who, for various reasons, agree in asserting that the man Jesus never lived. Mr. Robertson, who appears to be prejudiced against Christianity, tries to prove his negative by the aid mainly of the once favored, but now discarded, hypothesis of comparative mythology, the solar myth. Dr. Drews, after stating candidly that "the belief in the historical reality of Jesus is the chief obstacle to religious progress," seeks evidence of all sorts to prove that Jesus never lived, leaning heavily on Robertson in matters mythological and philological. Professor Smith seems to have been led to the same conclusion because of difficulties in connection with Paulinism. Discarding, of course, the miraculous, and rejecting as illogical the ecclesiastical doctrine of the God-manhood of Jesus, and yet unable to account for Christianity on the assumption that Jesus was a man, he jumps to the logical conclusion that Jesus was a god or God. This hypothesis, once formed, controls the treatment of the sources. The God Jesus never came into the world, never lived on earth, never said, for example, "Unto you hath been given the mystery of the kingdom of God" or "What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye on the housetops." For the Gospels contain not an historical narrative of the things said and done by Jesus, but symbolical annals of the God Jesus. In order to account for these annals, it would be necessary to assume, even if there were not evidence to prove, the existence of a pre-Christian secret Jewish cult of the God Jesus.

Dr. Conybeare investigates these views. Personally, he dislikes the bishops and other clergy, abhors miracles, and despises Nicene theology; but he is a competent philologist, and that means that he has the historical faculty. Pleading for fair play, he asks only that the writings of early Christianity be treated precisely like other documents; that the argument from silence be cautiously employed, for fear of innocently assuming that "the whole of the ancient literature, Christian and profane, of the epoch lies before us, instead of a scanty débris of it," and that before rejecting passages as interpolations care be taken lest one be fitting facts to theory, not theory to facts. Such is the spirit of the book as expressed in preface and epilogue. In the body of the work, however, where the detailed investigation is carried on, there is page after page of the most relentless criticism. A single passage may be quoted to illustrate the controversial style of the Oxford free-lance:

> Sensible that their hypothesis conflicts with all we know about the Jews of these three centuries [*i. e.*, B. C. 200—A. D. 100], these three authors insist on the esoterism and secrecy of the cryptic society which in Jerusalem harboured the cult. This commonest of literary tricks enables them to evade any awkward questions, and whenever they are challenged to produce some evidence of the existence of such a cult they can answer that, being secret and esoteric, it could leave little or no evidence of itself, and that we must take their *ipse dixit* and renounce all hope of direct and documentary evidence. They ask of us a greater credulity than any Pope of Rome ever demanded.

The few travellers in Paris who visit the "Arènes de Lutèce," just back of the Jardin des Plantes, are surprised to find an almost perfect example of the arena and lower amphitheatre of Roman gladiatorial games. Only one-half of the ellipse is visible, and the rows of stone benches have been restored, following scrupulously the descending lines of steps. The remainder is still covered by the débris of the ages and by buildings which, till lately, were used as stables for Paris omnibus horses. The coming of automobiles has given lovers of Old Paris the opportunity to secure the complete excavation of ruins which served Gallo-Roman amusement when Julian, named Emperor here and Apostate afterwards, held command in his beloved Lutetia. The City of Paris offers 63,620 francs for the work—only a little over $12,700—but the covering débris can be removed easily. The convent of English nuns which existed here till the Revolution was entirely demolished at that time; it dated from the days of Penal Laws in England. The later stables were only temporary constructions. The half already restored is enlivened by other games, played by children of this populous quarter.

"The Summer Paradise in History," by Warwick Stevens Carpenter, is an interesting example of modern railway advertising. The book is issued by the Passenger Department of the Delaware & Hudson Co., as a successor to Phelps's "Literary and Historic Note Book," published by the same company in 1907, and now out of print. Following a brief physiographical and historical sketch of the "Gate of the Country," the book takes up the various places of historical interest along the railway line, including Lake George and Lake Champlain, and gives careful accounts of each. The alphabetical arrangement of topics makes the volume easy to consult, while the absence of time-tables, hotel lists, and all the other customary paraphernalia of advertising literature shows commendable restraint. The presswork is attractive, and the volume is not too large for the pocket.

Under the engaging title "The Age of Erasmus" (Oxford University Press; 6s. net), Mr. P. S. Allen, favorably known for his very careful edition of the Letters of Erasmus now in progress, presents a group of eleven lectures delivered at the Universities of Oxford and London. The plan of these lectures is fairly uniform throughout. In each case it is evident that the author has selected some person or some work of the period as the basis of his discourse, and upon this has strung a series of comments and anecdotes more or less connected with the subject which stands at the head of the lecture. When he has filled the necessary number of pages he stops; but there seems to be no good reason why he might not have gone on indefinitely. The individual lectures have generally a beginning, but no ending, and the same may be said of the book as a whole. It is a collection of scraps often interesting, but often also commonplace. Mr. Allen has a fondness for moralizing and generalizing which leads him into occasional stretches of downright dulness. His anecdotes are often trivial without enlightenment on the main subject in hand. The chapter on Force and Fraud is introduced by an eloquent comparison of the Middle Ages with the sixteenth century,

in which the former are represented as a time of "bestial cruelty and reckless ignorance," while the latter is described as an age when men escaped from the "thraldom of terror . . . into light, air, freedom, activity, etc." Then follow illustrations of the brutality of the sixteenth century calculated to chill the blood of the most indifferent. The sequence is not clear. In brief, we feel that Mr. Allen's undoubted knowledge in the field of sixteenth-century culture has been misapplied in this effort to popularize it. What we should greatly like to see would be a serious attempt on his part to present the same subject in good literary form and on a scale commensurate with its interest and importance. When he does this we trust that he will not allow his proofreaders to display such stolid indifference to German orthography as to pass "Lubeck," "Osnabruck," "Munster," and "Maine" (for the river Main).

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

In England, as presumably in the other countries involved, the war has killed the publishing business. Even atlases, war books, and histories have only a small circulation compared with the amount of general reading that has been dropped. The study of the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars has been commended to English readers as suitable to the occasion, but a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* pronounces this the worst possible prescription. "I happened accidentally to be reading about them," he says, "when this war came upon us and spoilt that reading promptly. The sympathies are all wrong; you have the wrong allies, wrong enemy, wrong everything."

As for the literary men whose occupation has been broken in upon by the war, the more facile of them are finding immediate opportunities in journalism. Only a few months ago H. G. Wells issued a book which poured scorn upon the inefficiency of his compatriots. Their army, their navy, their civil service—the administration of it all was hopelessly incompetent. Unchecked by the practical refutation of his criticisms, Mr. Wells has now applied himself with equal confidence to the task of redrawing the map of Europe as it will have to be after the war. As two or three newspaper articles have sufficed for the exposition of his scheme, one wonders what problems will engage his attention next.

The war has revolutionized the programmes of Sir Henry Wood's promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall, London, this autumn. Each concert is to open with the National Anthem and close with the Marseillaise. The usual practice of making every Monday a Wagner night has been discontinued, and compositions of Russian, French, and English origin have been substituted. It is announced that, in consideration of "the patriotic feelings of the enormous audience," all works by living German, Austrian, or Hungarian composers are to be banned during the present season.

Two leading Flemish prose writers, Frank Lateur, better known by his nom de plume Stijn Streuvels, and Herman Teirlinck, have been active during the first fortnight of the German invasion as war correspondents for Dutch and Flemish papers. But for reasons of secrecy, which every one will appreciate, strict orders from the military headquarters in Brussels have now practically excluded the war correspondent from the field of action. This was a serious disappointment, especially to Stijn Streuvels, who had already planned a great novel on the war. But he was not to be thwarted. He has simply enlisted and gone to the front as a volunteer, if we may trust reports concerning him that have reached the Dutch papers. Stijn Streuvels is a nephew of that great lyrical poet, Guido Gezelle, Flanders's most musical singer of nature. The novelist, Herman Teirlinck, is also said to have joined the army, now that his work as a war correspondent has practically come to an end, and Maurice Maeterlinck may have taken a similar step by the time this note reaches the *Nation*. The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* was allowed to publish a letter which he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gerard Harry, a Brussels journalist:

> My dear friend: I wonder whether this note will ever reach you. I should like to have gone to Belgium to offer my services to the War Office. In spite of my fifty-two years I could make myself useful as a civic guard. But the sudden mobilization of the French army has surprised me and prevented me from travelling. I am not yet sure when I shall see my way to depart. If I cannot get away, I shall have my name put on the lists of the Belgian volunteer corps, as fight one must at all costs against the enemy of the human race, the terror of the world. Do you think they will take me? In the meantime I am helping here in bringing the harvest home. Only women and children are left in this place. The heroic march of France to the front is the most splendid sight ever seen. Yours, etc.

Science

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

Problems of Science. By Federigo Enriques. Translated by Katharine Royce. With an Introductory Note by Josiah Royce. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2.50.

In his Introductory Note Professor Royce assigns the work before us to the field of "scientific methodology." "Methodology," however, though conventionally correct, is hardly enough to remind us that the subject involves the deepest issues of logic and metaphysics. There is no question of profounder significance for philosophy to-day than the question, What is science? Remembering that professional science and the scientific movement are distinctively modern, one might suppose that science is simply the latest, and by no means the last, term in a continuous evolution of human thought and culture. But the average man of science would tell us that science stands for the first direct contact, which is also, as far as it goes, a final contact, with an independent and non-human reality in the form of "facts." Yet at the same time science makes use of theories and hypotheses, and the process of constructing an hypothesis bears a suspicious resemblance to what in the field of literature we call "a work of the imagination." What, then, is the relation of hypothesis and fact? Do the facts of science shape the hypotheses, or do the hypotheses shape the facts? Or may both be true—and how?

Discussion of the question has brought out in recent years (since Mill's "Logic" and Jevons and Clifford) a fairly sizable literature of "methodology," to which the chief contributors have been men of science, like Mach, Karl Pearson, Ostwald, and the late Henri Poincaré. The philosophical critic is apt to feel that these contributions from science show an imperfect grasp of the question at issue, in particular a failure to realize how profoundly, and how long ago, the question was stated for philosophy by Kant in his "Critique of Pure Reason," which is really from first to last a critique of science. On the other hand, the student of philosophy who attempts a criticism of science is hampered by a lack of intimate and first-hand knowledge, especially in the difficult fields of mathematics and mechanics.

The work before us is perhaps the most considerable contribution to the discussion since Mill. It shows some of the critical limitations of the scientific view, chiefly in the assumption that nature, or "experience," passes out to us a set of ready-made facts—as if the genesis and logical status of a "fact" were not the whole matter at issue. Besides this traditional empiricism there is also a strain of unconscious pragmatism, shown in the tendency to treat scientific theories merely as instruments of discovery, which is interesting, as Royce remarks, because the first Italian edition of the book (1906) antedates most of the recent discussion of that subject. On the other hand, the interdependence of knowledge and will, which lies at the base of pragmatism, is flatly rejected. Thus the total outcome of the theory is rather uncertain. Nor does the treatment properly cover the whole of science. Most of the book is occupied with mathematics and mechanics. Biology and the social sciences (so called) receive less than twenty pages at the end, where the mechanical theory is reconciled with a (pseudo) teleology and with a (pseudo) free will, while at the same time it is shown that in these fields the mechanical postulates have no "scientific value"—that is, they lead to no discoveries. Apart from the difficulties inherent in the subject, the author's style, his disconnected paragraphs (reminding one somewhat of a syllabus), his abrupt transitions, his too confident assumption of detailed knowledge on the part of his reader, not to speak of a certain trace of the mathematician's lingo, to be expected doubtless from a descriptive geometer, all combine to make the work difficult reading. Mrs. Royce appears to have performed her rather severe task with patient accuracy—for no art of translation could impart fluency. There are a few typographical errors, increasing towards the end, and at least one passage that is unintelligible (p. 385), but there is no evidence anywhere of seeking refuge in obscurity.

Yet the reader who persists will be rewarded with the gradual attainment of a synthesis of conceptions which is impressive both for comprehensiveness and for fineness

of elaboration, a synthesis not less impressive because at many points defective. Perhaps, indeed, the author is not committed to completeness. What he seeks to demonstrate is an ascending development of scientific conceptions from the elementary postulates of geometry, through mechanics, dynamics, physics, and chemistry, pointing, at least, in the direction of the sciences of life—a development which is at the same time a process of addition. Looking at the series of conceptions from the lower end, we might say that all science is but the logical elaboration of the postulates of mathematics, and in particular of geometry, yet not of "pure" mathematics. For, strictly speaking, there is no pure mathematics. The postulates of mathematics are simply the most elementary summations of sense-experience, made unconsciously in the pre-critical stages of thought, and thus invested with the appearance of self-evidence. Mathematics is thus the beginning of science and the oldest of sciences, just as the sciences of life are the newest. As we pass from science to science—for example, from geometry to Newtonian mechanics—new postulates are added, which are similarly derived from experience. This process of addition is called "association." But at the same time, in a process of "abstraction," the new and the old postulates become organically related in a more comprehensive conception. And—what is remarkable—it seems that the new postulates, or assumptions, do not merely modify and correct the old, but furnish a kind of welcome extension and clarification of a meaning which now appears to have been foreshadowed in the older postulates themselves, yet not discoverable except through new experience. Thus the modern geometry has shown, and must have shown to Euclid, that the Euclidean geometry is not, as we had supposed, once for all complete and independent of correction by experience; and the postulates developed in the modern theories of electricity and thermo-dynamics, and in the theory of relativity, call for corrections in the Newtonian mechanics which Newton himself must now concede to be necessary, or at least permissible.

Yet perhaps the synthesis is not quite so sweetly harmonious as just painted. For from the very beginning, in the formation of our conception of space, we are confronted by a dualism between the material supplied by the sense of sight and the material drawn from sensations of touch and movement. Our conception of space is a synthesis of these apparently disparate sensations, and the postulates of geometry, which define the characters of space, are derived partly from one sense, partly from the other, as Enriques undertakes to show in distributive detail. This duality persists through all the later developments of science and forms the dividing line for a whole group of contrasts, the type of which is the contrast between the mechanics of Descartes and of Newton, the mechanics of pure space and the mechanics of "force." It will be remembered that Descartes attempted to resolve force into change of place; and according to Enriques, it is the Cartesian, or visual, motive which usually underlies an insistence upon a "mechanical" explanation. Again, the Cartesian prefers to explain by models, while the Newtonian is satisfied with equations; the Cartesian tendency represents "association," the Newtonian "abstraction"; and the Cartesian stands for the internal development, or organization, of science, the Newtonian for its external development, or extension. The final meaning of the distinction is left far from clear, but in general we may say that the Cartesian is the lover of clear ideas, while the Newtonian is eager for discovery. Or, we might add, the Cartesian is an intellectualist, or rationalist, the Newtonian a pragmatist.

It is to be regretted that this suggestive analysis of scientific conceptions into their sensuous sources is not carried further. The comparative significance of the senses is an unwritten chapter both in psychology and in logic. Enriques is doubtless justified in suggesting that "intellectualism" is connected with a partiality for vision. A comparison of our intellectual with our æsthetic vocabulary points to this; and it is probably the purely passive quality of visual images, when dissociated from muscular feelings, that furnishes the motive for pragmatic objections. Cartesianism, again, is only the most deliberate expression of the oft-noted French "lucidity." But it still remains to ask whether vision, as the most developed of human senses, has not a superior cognitive authority. On the other hand, present science is content with a synthesis of vision with touch and movement, which, as Enriques notes, does not exhaust our knowledge of the object. The vibrations of a cord we treat as the exclusive reality, the sound as an extraneous addition. For a science which purports only to give a true account of experience such considerations should be highly instructive, but what would be the consequence of a larger synthesis Enriques does not pause to ask. Evidently nothing less than a complete renovation of the principles of science.

Thus it appears that the ancient conflict between reason and experience, the Aristotelian conflict between form and matter, the Kantian conflict between *a priori* conceptions and *a posteriori* perceptions of fact, are all resolved into the difficulty of uniting our visual experience with the experience obtained from the other senses. By this resolution Enriques conceives the problem to be solved. As for Kant's problem, how theories evolved by us could be afterwards verified by facts—how, in short, we are able to make true predictions—this he attributes to the darkness preceding the era of evolution, when all distinctions were hard and fast. In point of fact, no calculations are verified exactly, but they are verified ever more approximately and comprehensively. "And thus the positive theory of knowledge reconciles strife by a more lofty view of scientific progress."

"A more lofty view," we venture to suggest, which dismisses the problem. One is tempted here to repeat James's witticism about the servant in "Midshipman Easy" who excused her illegitimate child on the ground that he was "such a very little one." Enriques seems to think that, while an exact anticipation of facts by theories would be a ground for wonder, an approximate anticipation is perfectly simple, whereas the fact of prevision, if it be more than hit or miss, is as much of a miracle in one case as in the other. Nor less of a miracle when touch experience is foretold on the basis of vision. Indeed, one of the results of Enriques's analysis is to make us wonder how this synthesis happens to be accomplished, and how far each of the parties to the synthesis is really satisfied.

Following the tradition of empiricism, Enriques assumes complacently that prevision is fully accounted for by similar experience in the past. But Hume (whom his extensive learning seems to have omitted) could have told him that no amount of previous experience, regarded simply as an accumulation of facts, would furnish the slightest *ground* for any prediction whatever; and Kant, startled and convinced by Hume, could then explain the success of scientific prevision only on the ground that the whole system of scientific theories is a reflection of the human mind, and therefore (as a pragmatist would say) in some fashion subject to our control. And this human element, as even Kant began to show, is involved, not merely in the prediction, but in the perception of the basic fact. Even so hard and commonplace a fact as a chair or a table is not merely given, but formed. The possibility that science is the reflection of a human point of view and one of the expressions of human culture, Enriques will not even pause to consider. And yet it is the seemingly unavoidable presence of the human element that sets the problem for science. Except as we have a voice in determining the conditions of verification and the constitution of a fact, how can we venture to predict? But if we have the sole voice how will a system of scientific facts differ from a work of the imagination?

Coming from the study of a Psychotherapeutic Institute, and from the pen of the author of a number of serious works on psychopathological and psychological subjects, Boris Sidis's "The Psychology of Laughter" (Appelton; $2 net) leads the reader to look for something of a contribution to the subject treated. He will, however, find himself disappointed; for the writer makes no advance beyond the well-known positions of Darwin, Spencer, and Bain; and, apart from some cogent criticism of Bergson's discussion of laughter (p. 149 ff), deals with no new conceptions. The book, in fact, proves to be little more than a source-book of jokes, witticisms, and examples of humor and of the ludicrous, not always judiciously selected, but arranged to illustrate the positions gained by the author, mainly from the writers above referred to.

Drama

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

A Discourse on Comedy, The Recruiting Officer, and The Beaux Stratagem. By George Farquhar. Edited by Louis A. Strauss. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cents.

This volume is scholarly, convenient, and compact; it appeals to that growing class of readers who like texts as they were originally worded and spelled, but not—except for mere pride of ownership—as they were originally bound and printed. The editorship of Mr. Strauss, who works in the "Dramatic Section" of this series under the general supervision of Prof. George P. Baker, is thorough, vigorous, and usually competent. The introduction reveals a thoughtful and fertile mind, and its English possesses a certain eloquence in spite of, or in virtue of, its academic rotundity.

Mr. Strauss could hardly evade, and has no wish to evade, the vexed question of the morality of the Restoration comedy. In the endeavor to steer a middle course between Lamb and Macaulay, he is embarrassed by his simultaneous acceptance of three warring opinions—that good art must be morally sound, that Restoration comedy is good art, and that Restoration comedy is morally unsound. The resourcefulness of Mr. Strauss is equal to this perplexing trilemma. The morality of Restoration comedy, he thinks, is both sound and unsound—unsound because it reflects faithfully the manners of a depraved age; sound because, in the very faithfulness of that reflection, it is morally enlightening to those who watch institutions and ideals from the far perspective of history.

In one sense—whether it is Mr. Strauss's precise sense or not we hesitate to affirm—the proposition that this famous comedy was noxious in its own time and place, and has since become harmless or helpful—is entirely defensible. The union of charm and evil which makes vice maleficent may be dissolved in the course of time by the mere passing of the charm. So the courtesan who was demoralizing at fifteen may become at fifty-five an edifying example without the slightest improvement in her essential morality. The Restoration comedy is such a courtesan.

Mr. Strauss's discussion of the period, which is too complex to epitomize, is interesting and suggestive throughout. His acumen sometimes ravels out into subtlety, and elsewhere, as in his curt dictum that "comedy of manners is necessarily immoral," his generalizing is precipitate. In the able review of Farquhar himself, he shows a fondness for discrimination that is somewhat obstructed by a fondness for Farquhar. We should say that Mr. Strauss is quite sound in his high praise of the wit and springiness of Farquhar's dialogue, that he is too respectful to his characterization and too indulgent to his scatterbrained plots. As to morals, Mr. Strauss strikes us as uneven; Rochester or Buckingham would have been content with his leniency to the fast and flashy "Recruiting Officer," while he condemns the bedroom scene in "The Beaux Stratagem" with an emphasis strong enough for Bunyan or Collier.

Of the Farquhar reprints, only the briefest mention is permissible or necessary. The "Discourse upon Comedy," which Mr. Strauss appraises very justly, is worse written than the plays, but is, like them, clever and careless in composition, with good sense enough to float its nonsense, and showing in the tone a not unattractive mixture of bumptiousness and humility, of *bon enfant* and *enfant terrible*. "The Recruiting Officer," admired by Mr. Strauss, seems to us, after homage is duly rendered to its robust and sparkling English, little better than a tray or counter for the exposure of lewd anecdotes and silly tricks. "The Beaux Stratagem," equally good in dialogue, is better plotted and better charactered, but is, after all, a loose and light affair, a whisky-and-soda with more soda than whisky. Mr. Strauss finds in these two plays an improvement on Farquhar's earlier styles, and an anticipation of the eclecticism of later comedy.

The agitator, Emma Goldman, composedly glances at some plays through red spectacles in "The Social Significance of the Modern Drama" (Boston: Richard G. Badger; $1 net). In little over three hundred pages she summarizes thirty-two plays of nineteen separate authors in six different countries. The comfort of wearing red spectacles to survey the drama from Ireland to Russia is that one sees exactly what one looks for. One can find the revolutionary spirit not only in "King Hunger" of Andréev and "Justice" of Galsworthy, but even in Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" and Rostand's "Chanticleer." The author, innocent of anywhere attempting an analysis of the social philosophy of the different dramatists, states the alleged meaning of each play in a few cursory remarks. Her time is thus left free to rehearse the plots in the facile manner of a lecturer to uncritical audiences. Of "Pillars of Society" she declares: "*Consul Bernick* . . . sells his love for *Lona Hessel* in return for the large dowry of her step-sister *Betty*, whom he does not love. To forget his treachery he enters into a clandestine relationship with an actress of the town." Now a pause would have brought to mind, besides minor matters, that first soul-searching conversation between Lona and Bernick, where the "clandestine relationship" is seen to have been a mere youthful escapade begun before Betty had returned home, even before Bernick had learned of her inheritance, and, what is more important, that Bernick was too cool in his calculations to seek forgetfulness in any such manner. A little reflection, too, would have sufficed to avoid such pell-mell passages in the style as: "Patching up or reforming one sore spot merely drives the social poison deeper into the system." To the uninformed the tales interpreting events, characters, and purposes in this headlong manner may be very interesting, but how are they going to induce even the uninformed to wear the red spectacles of the revolutionist?

Music

AMERICAN OPERA IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 30.

Natural curiosity has been excited by the Wagnerian representations given in Paris last spring by an American opera company. The German text was sung, whereas the Paris Opéra was giving at the same time "Parsifal" in French, according to its rule as a National Academy of Music. What was the real musical success of the American company? A judicial and not unsympathetic appreciation has been published by M. Gabriel Fauré, director of the French National Conservatory of Music, whose graduates have so long furnished the majority of French composers and singers and musicians of name:

The success of these representations organized by the Boston Opera Company was considerable. Yet all was not perfect, and the value of the interpretation varied, not only from "Tristan" to the "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal," but also among the different elements of each work. Sometimes it was the orchestral direction; sometimes the orchestra itself showed hasty and incomplete preparation; the chorus, which was oftenest so excellent that it made us regret we have not its like in Paris, sometimes lacked cohesion, decision, and exactness; and, while the decoration, costumes, and scene-setting of "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" showed true art in exactness, color, and movement, that of "Parsifal" put our taste to a rude test. On the other hand, interpreters of incontestable talent, but different origin, seeming to have been brought together by chance, did not suffice to give such representations the necessary character of unity.

This inevitable lack of unity, with the reproach that a somewhat mechanical exactness is not accompanied by a corresponding expression of feeling in voice and acting, may be taken as summing up the European criticism of American execution of operatic music. On the latter point, M. Fauré does not touch; but he goes on to some very instructive considerations on equally inevitable national differences in the execution of all music, particularly that of Wagner:

Between the German and the French interpretation of the Wagnerian drama, an ethnical question rises from the start, and singularly aggravates the difficulty—I would almost say the impossibility—of translating exactly into French that which has been thought and written in German, if you take account of the connection which is closer here than ever before between thought and words and music. . . . To judge this, we have first to acknowledge—and it is not altogether easy—that in this drama the music only participates; . . . that Wagner is first of all a dramatic poet, and undertakes music only as he judges it necessary to the complete expression of his thought; . . . that the artist who has brought music to such a height and so widened its domain became a musician only by way of "consequence." And we must also remember that Wagner wished to create a "German" art.

This German art Wagner built up by

dramas and the subjects and ideas which he treated in them, and by the developments which he gave them, much more than by his music, which, born as it is of the poem, and, in the poem, of the thought and words, still speaks a universal language. But it is precisely this association, this servitude of the music to the poetic text—not to speak of the special difficulties and obscurities found sometimes in the text—which defy all rigorously exact translation. Otherwise, to avoid destroying the sense of a musical phrase or the value of accent, which is always important, we must be resigned to contortions in our beautiful clear language. . . . Moreover, we cannot forget that German artists have this natural advantage, that the fabulous or historic heroes whom Wagner sets moving in his dramas have peopled their imagination from childhood. When they have to express the feelings with which Wagner animated such heroes, they express what they understand with a German soul and heart. . . .

It has often been said—particularly, in the days of Wagnerian fanaticism—that too developed vocal qualities injured the interpretation of Wagner's personages—and that even an approximate declamation in connection with the melodic line was preferable. Luckily, this opinion has been changed. To declaim such rôles is well; to declaim them and sing them at the same time, to sing with fine voices and exactness and expression, is far better. And these conditions we are sure to find at home, at least, as well as in Germany. S. D.

Edgar Stillman Kelley was to have conducted, at the recent MacDowell Festival in Peterboro, the movement from his "New England Symphony," in which he uses as motives diverse American bird songs. He was not able, however, to do so, the war having detained him in Germany. As Mr. Kelley had the manuscript of his symphony with him, it was necessary to omit the "Birds" movement from the Peterboro programme.

New Orleans will have a season of opera in French, beginning on November 12. It will comprise forty subscription performances. Among the operas to be sung are "Manon," "Carmen," "Thaïs," "Faust," "Herodiade," "Sigurd," and "Louise"—seven French operas, three of which are by Massenet; Wagner's "Lohengrin," and nine Italian operas: "Aïda," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci," "Trovatore," "Butterfly," "Tosca," and "La Bohême."

St. Paul and Minneapolis, the "Twin Cities of the West," are so close together—their centres being only ten miles apart—that it has always seemed needlessly extravagant for each of them to have its own orchestra. It is now announced that the St. Paul Orchestra has been disbanded, as the annual deficit (about $50,000) exceeds by $10,000 the largest guarantee fund it has been found possible to raise. It may be assumed that the excellent Minneapolis Orchestra will now supply the music lovers of the neighboring town with an annual series of concerts.

Germany alone, of all leading countries, was not represented officially at the recent meeting in Paris of the International Musical Society; but there were delegates from Bavaria and Baden. The proceedings and concerts were mostly concerned with French music of the last three centuries.

One of the most prominent of English suffragettes, Dr. Ethel Smyth, has private reasons for deploring the hostilities between England and Germany. Her opera, "The Wreckers," had been accepted for production at the Munich Royal Theatre next February. It was performed at Leipzig several years ago. Dr. Smyth is also engaged on a new comic opera which was to have been produced at Frankfurt in March. It is not yet orchestrated.

Art

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN.

Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain. By George Edmund Street. Edited by Georgiana Goddard King. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. In two volumes. Illustrated. $2 net.

George Edmund Street was one of the last, and one of the most scholarly, among the leaders of the Victorian Gothic movement in England. He died thirty-three years ago, and the first edition of his "Gothic Architecture in Spain" had appeared some thirty years earlier. It took its place at once as a standard work on the subject; and nothing has since appeared to challenge its long-established title to popular favor. This fact is the more remarkable when we consider the changes that English taste has undergone and the enormous volume of architectural literature that has been published since 1860. Miss King has done well to edit a reprinting of Mr. Street's work, and the publishers to produce it in two attractive volumes at a popular price.

The work is reprinted with the original woodcuts and plates, which have suffered somewhat from process-reduction and the wear of long service on the old blocks. The editor's work is confined to notes at the end of each chapter, in which she records the changes that time has brought about since Mr. Street wrote, having herself faithfully visited nearly every building he has described. For the tourist it would have been an advantage if the corrections had been brought into nearer relation to the corrected text; but the notes are for the most part excellent, revealing a particular interest in the paintings of the French and Spanish Primitives in the various churches.

It is hardly necessary to review in any detail the general substance of so old and well-known a book. Mr. Street's critical taste was generally excellent, and it is remarkable to how slight a degree the broader views of our day challenge the estimates he has recorded. It is well he confined himself to the Gothic architecture of Spain, for he shared the current "Gothic" dislike of his time for Renaissance art in general, and could see no charm in the picturesque products of the Plateresque style which architects to-day find so interesting and instructive.

We have received from Rudolph Lepke's Kunstauctions-Haus, Berlin, the handsome illustrated sale catalogue of the Baron Oppenheim Collection. For years this collection, which was generously accessible at Cologne, has been famous. The sale of the Italian potteries only enhanced the coherence of the display. We have in the second volume of this fully illustrated folio catalogue an extraordinary series of fine examples of old Rhenish stoneware, Siegen, Frechen, and Raeren. These massive and highly decorative pieces are still often called from the region where many were found *Grès flamand.* The Oppenheim examples, some hundred in all, are famous for size and quality. Many have been reproduced by Molinier, Solon, and other authorities. Besides the stoneware, the section of industrial art includes painted glass—especially a fine Rhenish series of the fourteenth century—some Renaissance statues and wood carvings, a few miniatures, and porcelain figurines. The first volume is devoted to the paintings, of which there are forty-four, nearly all of the Northern schools. The finest, possibly, is a delightful interior by De Hooch signed and dated 1658, but a Terborch presses it close, and so does a family group by Gonzales Coques, while admirable sketches by Hals (two), Rubens, and Rembrandt are noteworthy items. Tenier, Keyser, De Heem, Verspronck, Ambrosius Benson, Matsys are well represented. There is a splendid Hobbema, and a Kessel which is quite the equal of a Ruysdael, who, however, is also represented by a routine example. Of high historic interest is the signed Legend of St. Eligius by Petrus Christus. With the single exception of Velasquez, the attributions seem trustworthy. Everything considered, it is a fine lot of little Dutch masters. The auction is set for the 27th of October and following days.

Finance

THE GERMAN VICTORIES AND THE MARKETS.

The series of notable victories over the French by the invading German armies, the fall of the Namur forts, the advance of the Germans from Belgium into France, their capture of several French towns, and their concerted movement towards Paris, have had a somewhat curious effect on financial sentiment in this neutral market. When similar Prussian victories were won, in July and August, 1870, neutral markets responded with a show of cheerfulness. When the French were beaten at Gravelotte and Marshal Bazaine surrounded, prices rose on the London Stock Exchange and the English bank rate was reduced. The surrender of the French Emperor and his army at Sedan, on September 2, sent British consols up, and, in the words of a contemporary reviewer, "influenced favorably the market for foreign securities," caused a 6-cents-per-bushel break in wheat, and in the Lancashire cotton trade brought about "a large business at advancing prices."

Neither Stock Exchange nor cotton market was open, to reflect the feeling of finance and trade as to the past week's German victories. But the one great speculative market which was doing business—that for wheat—rose wildly, and the motive was clearly expectation of a long and destructive war, which would sustain the high existing

prices. In all New York financial circles, meantime, a feeling of discouragement prevailed because of the nearly unanimous inference that the German successes meant a longer conflict than had originally been expected. The presumption seemed on every hand to be that a desperate resistance, and perhaps a military stalemate, considerably prolonged, would be the outcome.

It will be perceived that the inference drawn from the German advance—this week, at any rate—was exactly opposite to the inference which the markets drew in 1870. Each sweeping Prussian victory, on that occasion, was instantly interpreted as bringing nearer than had been expected the inevitable end, as shortening the war, and therefore as giving ground for reviving financial confidence.

To explain the totally different point of view in 1914, one must turn to the contrasts between now and 1870 in the European political situation; to the far greater number of governments engaged; to the fact that three or four important land campaigns are now in progress—not all to the disadvantage of the Allies—as against only one in 1870, and to the presumably much greater staying powers of Germany's antagonists, this year, with England holding the seas and the German and Austrian ports blockaded. It is doubtless possible that the further progress of events may modify or alter this present point of view. Nevertheless, the feeling prevalent, last week and this, makes necessary some sober consideration of what a really protracted war would mean to finance and industry.

That it would mean continued derangement of international finance, goes without saying. This would be true, not only because of the consequent longer embargo on international exchange and the longer extension of the European moratoriums, but because of the prodigious drain on Europe's capital. The war, including mobilization, has lasted nearly five weeks. If the expert estimates of cost are anywhere near correct, a total expenditure of nearly one billion dollars must have been involved already; for the figures on average daily cost, with five great nations in the field, have ranged between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000. In any case—even if the war were to end next week—investment capital would command a higher price as a result of it, and continuance of fighting, through a long series of months, would greatly aggravate that part of the situation.

It would also, presumably, keep up relatively high prices for a market such as wheat—especially if next year's European planting were to be interfered with. Precisely what it would mean to this country's other industries, is less certain. A short but very violent conflict of this sort has usually meant that business of neutral states was seriously dislocated, without having a chance for readjustment to new conditions. If, as in the Franco-Prussian War, hostilities begun in midsummer were virtually to end in September or October, there would certainly be little opportunity either for establishment of new American shipping interests, or for entry in a comprehensive way into other neutral markets, hitherto supplied by Continental Europe, or for the founding of manufactories to replace all the raw materials for which we have been depending on the belligerent states.

Indication of a long war would undoubtedly, to a large extent, alter that aspect of the situation. It would also (as was our case in the Napoleonic conflict) lead our merchants, traders, and manufacturers to adapt their whole machinery of business to the altered relations of producer and consumer. Such positive advantages as the United States enjoys from its neutrality, its commercial and industrial vigor, and its enormous production of materials which the European world must have, it would to that extent enjoy on an even larger scale with the war continued.

But this, necessarily, is only one side of the matter. The machinery of trade, finance, and commerce is so wholly different an affair from that of the prolonged European fighting in the Napoleonic period, that deduction from our trade expansion in that period is not safe to draw offhand. Nothing is more perplexing, in any conjectural glance ahead at the possible situation in a protracted war, than the question, how our own financial affairs would be affected, if the United States were to be cut off for an undefined period from access to European reserves of capital. Financial results of the European war to date have abundantly fulfilled the prediction made by experienced financiers, whenever a "general war" was talked about in the quarter-century past—that modern civilization would be trying a wholly new experiment and establishing wholly new precedents.

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Billings, M. H. An Egyptian Love Spell. Central Publishing Co. 50 cents net.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Arnold, Matthew. Essays. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
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Kelley, W. V. A Pilgrim of the Infinite. Methodist Book Co. 50 cents net.
Little, A. G. Roger Bacon Essays. Oxford University Press. 16s. net.
Murray, J. A. H. English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Vol. X. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Neilson, W. A. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. Scott, Foresman.
Seton, E. T. The Trail of the Sandhill Stag. Scribners. $1 net.
Sheldon, H. C. A Fourfold Test of Mormonism. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Synon, Mary. The Fleet Goes By. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Thomson, J. A. K. Studies in the Odyssey. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Walker, Alice J. Little Plays from American History for Young Folks. Holt. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Burkitt, F. C. Jewish and Christian Apocalypses. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
Ferrero, G. Between the Old World and the New. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Garvie, A. E. The Joy of Finding. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Jevons, F. B. Philosophy: What is It? Putnam. $1 net.
Mains, G. P. Christianity and the New Age. Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.
Page, T. N. The Stranger's Pew. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Thomas, W. H. G. The Prayers of St. Paul. Scribner. 60 cents net.
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Zenos, A. C. The Son of Man. Scribner. 60 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Administration of Labor Laws and Factory Inspection in Certain European Countries. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Atkinson, C. M. Bentham's Theory of Legislation. Oxford University Press. Vol. I. 4s. net.
Atkinson, C. M. Bentham's Theory of Legislation. Oxford University Press. Vol. II. 4s. 6d. net.
Gide, Charles. Political Economy. Heath & Co. $3 net.
Graves, Dr. A. K. The Secrets of the German War Office. McBride, Nast & Co.
Joseph, S. Jewish Immigration to the United States. Vol. LIX. Longmans, Green & Co.
Kirkaldy, A. W. British Shipping. Dutton. $2 net.
Perris, G. H. The Industrial History of Modern England. Holt. $2 net.
Taussig, F. W. Abraham Lincoln on the Tariff. Harvard University Press.
Whelpley, J. D. American Public Opinion. Dutton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Andrews, C. M. Guide to the Materials for American History to 1783, in the Public Record Office of Great Britain. Vol. II. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Firth, C. H. Study of Modern History in Great Britain. Oxford University Press. 6d. net.
Jaques, E. T. Charles Dickens in Chancery. Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents net.
Joyce, T. A. Mexican Archæology. Putnam. $4 net.
Oxford Survey of the British Empire: General Survey. America. Asia. Africa. Australia. The British Isles. Oxford University Press. 14s. net each.
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POETRY.

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SCIENCE.

Harris, William J. Central Electric Light and Power Stations. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Howard, J. B. American System of Shorthand. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
James, W. Habit. Holt. 50 cents net.
Lehmer, D. N. List of Prime Numbers. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Smith, Erwin F. Bacteria in Relation to Plant Diseases. Vol. III. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Thomson, J. J. The Atomic Theory. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

Thompson, S. P. The Rose of the Winds. Oxford University Press. 4s. net.
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ART.

Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University. Vols. II and III. Harvard University Press.
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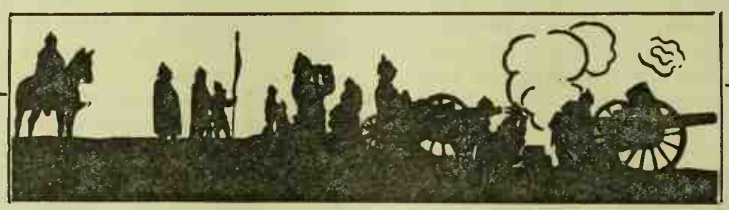

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914.

Summary of the News

The week's fighting in Europe has resulted, in the west, in the further advance of the German armies so that their right wing has been almost within range of the outer defences of Paris, and in the east in considerable progress of the Russian offensive. The French Government moved from Paris to Bordeaux on Thursday of last week. The Government was accompanied by most of the members of the *Corps Diplomatique*. Mr. Herrick, however, the Ambassador of the United States, elected to remain in the capital, his opinion being that he could be of more service there to American citizens. Gen. Galileni, the military commander in Paris, has stated that the city is in a state to withstand a siege. Elsewhere we comment in greater detail on the military situation.

A protocol was signed in London on September 5 by the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia, mutually pledging those countries not to conclude peace separately during the present war. The three Governments also agree that "when the terms of peace come to be discussed, no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies." The protocol was signed, on behalf of England, by Sir Edward Grey; of France, by M. Paul Cambon, and of Russia, by Count Benckendorff.

The position of Turkey remains for the present undefined, and the impression is not without justification that the Ottoman Empire, as was her habit in the old unhappy, far-off days of Abdul Hamid, is waiting to grasp the skirts of happy chance. There have been rumors that the Goeben and Breslau, the German cruisers that were bought by Turkey after taking refuge in the Dardanelles, still retain their German crews, and there have been further reports of German officers passing through Sofia on their way to Constantinople. It is possible, however, that momentary pause has been given to Ottoman ambitions by the attitude of Rumania, which, according to Washington dispatches published on Monday, has officially announced that if she abandons her position of neutrality it will be to follow the course taken by Italy. In the meanwhile, with a view to guarding against attempts to inflame sedition, it is stated that German and Austrian consular officers have been ordered by the British authorities to leave Egypt.

Italy has so far succeeded in guarding her neutrality, and we publish elsewhere some illuminating correspondence on this subject written in the early stages of the war and showing that a policy of neutrality, so far from being the expedient of a harassed Government, was the united will of the people. The general tone of recent dispatches, however, would seem to indicate a growth of public sentiment in favor of the Powers of the Entente, and a significant dispatch was published on Sunday stating that a petition signed by members of the Republican and Socialist parties in the Chamber of Deputies had been presented to the Premier, demanding that Parliament be convoked in order that it might give to the Government "instructions in regard to the grave effects of the international conflict." The memorandum prepared by the signatories of this letter for presentation to the Chamber is extremely anti-Austrian and anti-German in tone.

The Government Merchant Marine bill was ordered favorably reported last week by the House Merchant Marine Committee. We comment elsewhere upon this bill.

As a result of the investigations of the Federal grand jury into the artificial raising of the prices of foodstuffs, thirty-two indictments were returned last week in Washington under the Sherman law.

Representative Thomas W. Hardwick was nominated last week by the State Democratic Convention at Macon, Ga., to fill the unexpired term of the late United States Senator, A. O. Bacon.

President Wilson on Monday addressed letters to the miners and operators concerned in the Colorado mine strike virtually demanding that the long strike be ended. Up to the present no solution has been reached by the two mediators who went to Colorado months ago and have listened to proposals and counter proposals.

The President, on Friday of last week, addressed Congress, in joint session, urging legislation to raise $100,000,000 a year additional revenue through internal taxes to meet a deficit in the Treasury threatened by the European war. He urged the inexpediency of the Government borrowing money to meet the emergency, and recommended immediate legislation on the subject.

An agreement on the disputed points in the Federal Trade Commission bill was reached on Thursday of last week. It has been decided that appeals from decrees of the Commission against corporations shall go direct to the United States Court of Appeals instead of to the district courts, and findings of the Commission shall be regarded as conclusive of fact instead of prima facie. From the decision of the Court of Appeals there shall be no appeal, unless the Supreme Court, upon application, shall grant one.

In the Wisconsin primaries held last week Senator Robert M. La Follette and his followers suffered a surprising defeat—the first since 1900. The nominations were as follows: Republican—For United States Senator, Gov. Francis F. McGovern, Roosevelt candidate for temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention of 1912; for Governor, Emanuel L. Philipp, conservative Republican. Democratic—For United States Senator, P. O. Husting, pledged to the Wilson Administration; for Governor, Judge J. C. Karel, conservative Democrat.

It was announced by the Boston *Post* on Friday of last week that arrangements had virtually been concluded for the purchase by the Government of Mount Washington, including all of the great central peak and its flanks and spurs, together with six other peaks of the Presidential range of the White Mountains and 84,355 acres of land. The purchase price, according to the *Post*, is $737,670.

Premier Asquith on September 4 delivered an impressive speech at the Guildhall of London, in which he reviewed the causes of the war, and called upon the country to furnish recruits for the army. Up to the day on which he spoke, he announced that between 250,000 and 300,000 men had already responded to the call. The Premier was supported by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Bonar Law, and by the ex-leader of the Unionist party, Mr. A. J. Balfour.

Cardinal Giacomo Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna, was, on September 3, elected Supreme Pontiff by the Conclave of Cardinals which had assembled at Rome on August 31 for the purpose of choosing a successor to Pius X. The new Pope, who has elected to be known as Benedict XV, was crowned in the Sistine Chapel on Sunday. It has been stated that his attitude towards the war, which is said to be one of absolute neutrality towards all the Powers engaged, had something to do with the election of Cardinal Della Chiesa, who only became a member of the Sacred College at the last consistory held by Pope Pius in May of this year. As not infrequently happens, the ultimate choice of the Conclave fell upon one whose name had not even been mentioned among the *papabili*.

That ill-starred monarch, Prince William of Wied—whose name has recently earned distinction by suggesting to the British army a sobriquet for one more important in the destinies of Europe than himself—has at length found the throne of Albania too unstable for further occupancy, at any rate for the present. He departed from his kingdom on September 3 for the neutral shores of Venice, leaving behind him a proclamation in which he expressed his undying affection for the chivalric Albanian people and his intention of returning to rule them at a more auspicious moment.

By the death last week of the Moroccan Raisuli, the world loses the most picturesque and the astutest bandit of modern times. For years Raisuli had been the cause of chronic trouble in Morocco and a particular thorn in the side of the Sultan, Mulcy Abdul Aziz, but the pinnacle of his career was reached when he kidnapped Ian Perdicaris, an American citizen, and his son-in-law, a British citizen, and, after setting several great Powers by the ears and fetching an American fleet to Tangier, managed to obtain a large ransom and the governorship of the districts around Tangier as the conditions of their release.

The deaths of the week include: John Henry, Baron de Villiers, Chief Justice of the South African Supreme Court, September 2; Leonard E. Opdycke, September 3; Dr. William J. Milne, September 4; Sir Stephen Wilson Furness, Georgine von Januschowsky-Neuendorff, September 6; Joseph Milbank, Col. Alexander Warner, September 7.

The Week

What President Wilson put before Congress last Friday in such admirable form, Congress and the country are thoroughly prepared to act upon in the spirit of Mr. Wilson's recommenoation. As for the need of action to procure an emergency revenue for the Government, it is well that everybody should remember that this is not owing to any general upsetting either of business or of the fiscal routine of the Treasury; it is owing, as the President states, to the cutting off of the customs revenue caused by the cessation of imports from the countries engaged in a world war of unprecedented magnitude. And as for the nature of the action that should be taken, there will be substantially unanimous concurrence in the President's view that this must not take the shape either of borrowing money or of withdrawing Government deposits, at a time when either of these operations would be sure to have the effect of aggravating, instead of alleviating, the strain upon the business interests of the country; and accordingly that it becomes the duty of Congress to levy emergency taxes to make good the falling off in Government revenue caused by the war in Europe.

"The only suggestion I take the liberty to make" as to the nature of the taxation, says the President, "is that such sources of revenue be chosen as will begin to yield at once, and yield with a certain and steady flow." This condition will be completely fulfilled if Congress simply follows the precedent of the war taxation of 1898; of which the stamp taxes and an increase in the tobacco and liquor taxes were the leading features, though something was also accomplished by the imposing of an inheritance tax. These taxes have, in addition to the merit of producing an immediate and a steady flow of revenue, the considerable recommendation that they produce no disturbance of business, are hardly felt as a grievance by anybody, and can be abolished with an equal absence of disturbance or dispute whenever the occasion for their collection shall have passed away. Under the operation of these taxes, the internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, exceeded those for the preceding year by $103,000,000, and exceeded the average of the preceding five years by $122,000,000. Owing to the growth of population, the like taxes now could be counted on to yield an even larger accession to the revenue, and accordingly much more than the $100,000,000 needed; so that it seems manifestly the part of wisdom for Congress to provide for the present need by reviving such part of the war taxes of 1898 as may be necessary—selecting those features that present the least objection and are the least burdensome to anybody—and to eschew all ventures upon other and more disputable expedients.

Vice-President Marshall, in his statement concerning the Presidential possibilities for 1916, not only expresses with accuracy the existing condition of public sentiment, but puts in brief and excellent form one of the chief reasons for that sentiment. "In my judgment," says the Vice-President, "partisanship will be sunk by the American people in their desire to preserve the blessings of peace." Of course, this must not be taken literally. Even if the Presidential campaign were impending now, instead of being two years off, the American people would divide, in the main, on party lines; but there can be no question that a vast number of those citizens upon whom party ties sit lightly will find in the President's magnificent record as a strong and wise conservator of peace the consideration that will control their political choice. How momentous at the time, how profoundly influential in the nation's future, the difference can be between a policy of firmness and patience like that identified with the name of Woodrow Wilson and that other policy which so many men in his place might have pursued is borne in upon the minds of millions, as never before, by the awful spectacle of the European conflagration. But it is within the Democratic party itself that Mr. Wilson's conquest of opinion has been most complete. In face of the fact that he has grappled with a long series of questions involving the most conflicting interests and prejudices, and has in almost every one of them asserted his own views, and insisted on his own purposes, with extraordinary tenacity, he has behind him to-day a party almost unreservedly attached to his policy and loyal to his leadership. Nobody to-day questions the Vice-President's assertion that Mr. Wilson will have, in 1916, "the enthusiastic, unqualified, and united support of his party."

Kipling's picture of England and France wheeling girth to girth must now include Russia; the agreement signed by tho Allied nations Saturday to make war together and peace together has already had an impressive moral effect. Such a break-up of coalitions as occurred more than once in the Napoleonic wars is rendered impossible, and many a German must echo the chagrin expressed in the New York German-American Chamber of Commerce's extraordinary assertion that the treaty proves the perfidy of England, selfishly seeking to restrain France from making a favorable peace in a moment of discouragement. But the unity of the Allies was in reality to be taken for granted. The enthusiastic resistance of the French to the last man, the boundless determination of Russia, the declarations of England that she would beat Germany to her knees if it took the entire weight in men and money of her empire, have been ccepted at their full value. If it is necessary to fight a long war, the Allies will persist to the end, in confidence that sheer mass gives them an immense advantage. The greater significance of the treaty is its potential effect upon the disposition of affairs at the end of the struggle. Whatever the outcome, it must make for fairness and an enlightened settlement. The penalties, if paid by the Allies, will be distributed, and not rest with crushing weight on one alone; if by their opponents, England and France may be trusted to put restraining hands upon the arm of Russia.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury's declaration that "the position of an actual combatant in our army is incompatible with the position of one who has sought and received holy orders" two convictions doubtless contributed. One was that of the necessity, which all must recognize, for maintaining the spiritual character of the churchly calling. The other lay in the consciousness that, from country vicar to bishop, all would find in their regular offices at such a time as much as they could undertake. The available positions as army and navy chaplains have long since been filled. The Archbishop's letter invites comparison with the recent message issued by the English Society of Friends, whom the war found in an even greater dilemma. Reiterating their belief that the method of force was no solution of any question, the Quakers were still unflinching in their support of the national cause; they recognized the Government's efforts for peace, and that the moment was "not one for criticism, but devoted service." They went on to declare it "of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit," and that England must remember "that we are not going into it to crush and humiliate any nation." Their

opinions upon the charitable reconstruction of European affairs were also laid down. In time of war, to prepare for peace is obviously the Church's first duty.

The announcement that the 100,000 British who have just enlisted will not be ready for service on the Continent for six months may surprise the public, but it is just what was to be expected. No Government could take these men from counting-room and plough-share, put guns into their hands, and place them on the firing-line against the best trained troops the world has ever seen. The British regiments, moreover, are not capable of expansion like the French and German, and officers are not ready to hand for the new organizations. To rush raw battalions to the Continent would be merely to court disaster. That Lord Kitchener fully realizes this is perfectly apparent from what has been passed by the censor. Meanwhile, however, reinforcements are steadily being sent over to France, where they can join Sir John French. Trained troops from Malta, Gibraltar, perhaps even Cairo, must be on the way, as well as the native Indian troops from China, now supposed to be crossing Canada. But if the war is to continue for any length of time, these will be merely a drop in the bucket; British reliance must be on the volunteers who are rushing to the recruiting offices with unabated enthusiasm.

The Sacred College has sustained its record of making an unexpected choice by naming as the new Pope Cardinal Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna, who has announced that he will be known as Benedict XV. This choice is especially surprising, because the new Pontiff has been a cardinal only since May 30, being one of the last group to be created by Pius X. The last Pope to bear the name of Benedict reigned from 1740 to 1758, and is remembered especially as the author of two bulls prohibiting the practice, extensively adopted by the Jesuits in India and China, of accommodating Christian language and usage to heathen superstitions and ceremonies. Prophecies of the policy of Benedict XV are idle, but in so far as can be judged from the sentiments he has expressed in subordinate positions, he will represent a tendency towards the course of Leo XIII rather than that of the Pope whom he succeeds. He comes to the Papal throne at a stirring time, at just such a time as in former ages would have given him a great opportunity. If he can seize the occasion to restore some of the vanished prestige of the Papacy; if, without impairing his spiritual influence, he can contrive to exert pressure upon the distracted politics of Europe and assist in bringing order out of the present chaos, his name will shine among those of the occupants of his lofty chair.

Carranza's reply to the latest proposal from Zapata, while a rejection of that chieftain's demands, leaves the way open for an agreement that will give the latter the substance of what he wishes. The First Chief can hardly do other than insist upon recognition of his authority as a preliminary to discussion of reforms, but in the same note in which he makes this point he reminds Zapata that he has already signified his willingness that the particular agrarian programme which Zapata holds to shall be adopted wherever needed. He urges Zapata to send delegates to the convention called for October 1 "precisely for the purpose of discussing the programme of reforms which the country needs." If this is in any way a disingenuous invitation, let Zapata make the most of that fact; but unless he can furnish evidence calculated to throw suspicion upon Carranza's fairness in arranging for this convention, he will confirm the worst opinions entertained of him if he refuses to accept the opportunity of presenting his views at what, on its face, is a new and promising development in Mexican affairs. The convention will constitute the first important test of the ability of Mexico, under the leadership of the Constitutionalists, to work out her own salvation.

Last week the Senate passed the Clayton Anti-Trust bill; very greatly improved, indeed, over its original form, but still containing features which at a different time would have been the object of far more earnest opposition. The ambiguous, as well as dangerous, labor clause went through with the rest. A few months ago, it was being vigorously denounced as an unworthy piece of legislation, whatever be the true meaning of its vague language. It is either a "gold brick" to labor leaders of the Gompers type or an odious piece of class legislation; and, whether it be the one or the other, it is slipped through by the unfair device of being represented to the organized-labor men as giving them all they want and to opponents of class legislation as adding nothing to what organized labor already has. The time is very likely to come when this cowardly dodge will return to plague some of the men responsible for its adoption.

President Wilson has placed before the opposing sides in the Colorado mine trouble a proposal designed to end a condition of things which is recognized throughout the country to be disgraceful and intolerable. In the letter which he has addressed to the presidents of the leading mining companies and to the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, the President sets forth the nature of the situation in language wholly free from offence to either side, and yet making quite clear the urgent need of bringing it to a speedy close. The tentative proposal which accompanies the President's letter was drawn up by the Federal Conciliation Commissioners. It is manifestly inspired by the purpose of presenting a scheme to which each side can subscribe with the feeling that its interests and contentions received all the consideration possible if a basis of conciliation was to be found at all. Both sides are asked to pledge themselves to a three years' truce, based upon conditions now laid down. The guardianship of those conditions is to be placed in the hands of three Commissioners to be appointed by the President, one a representative of the workers, one of the owners, and the third representing neither party; and the decisions of this Commission shall be final. Of the conditions themselves, the salient features are: "enforcement of the mining and labor laws of the State"; restoration to work of "all striking miners who have not been found guilty of violation of the law"; prohibition of intimidation of either union or non-union laborers; no mine guards on the one hand, and no interference with the working of the mines by picketing, parading, etc., on the other; no suspension of work pending the investigation of any matter in dispute. Any grievance alleged by workmen is to be submitted, first, by the individual workmen to the proper officer of the company; if this does not bring about an adjustment, a standing local grievance committee of the workmen is to take it up with the company; finally, if this fails, the dispute is to be submitted to the Commission of Three for definitive settlement.

Intensive utilization of our natural resources has not been one of our characteristics, but our progress in that direction in some fields is shown in a timely Government Bulletin on our mineral reserves, which bears the journalistic sub-title, "How to Make America Industrially Independent." Zinc is one of the minerals most seriously threatened by the war, as the great smelting centres of Continental Europe are in regions

of active fighting. Fortunately, our own smelting capacity has been increasing faster than consumption, as is indicated by the growing size of the stock on hand. The extent to which we have made ourselves independent of foreign cement is shown by the fact that twenty years ago our domestic product was less than one-fifth of our consumption, while last year our imports of cement were less than one-tenth of our consumption, and our exports were between thirty and forty times our imports. Much has been said of the cutting off of the world's supply of potash, since no commercial source of potash salts is known outside of Germany. The Government, through the Geological Survey and the Department of Agriculture, has been endeavoring to locate deposits of these salts in this country. It has investigated places from New York to California, and from Michigan to Louisiana. How important the finding of native sources of these materials would be is indicated by the magnitude of our imports of them, which have been averaging a million tons a year, with a value of $15,000,000.

New Hampshire's first direct Senatorial primary leaves Senator Gallinger, a Republican whose record of wrongheadedness has just been capped by his anti-Japanese outbreaks, facing in Congressman Stevens one of the most determined and able of opponents. The Progressive nominee, B. F. Greer, is negligible. Senator Gallinger made his race alone; there were three Democratic candidates for the nomination, and the Republicans are already making capital of the fact that Stevens is a "minority candidate." But there is every reason to believe that the party is united behind him, and that he will attract independent voters. In the State he is regarded as a chief factor in the throwing off of the railway yoke by the Legislature some years ago. In Congress his record on the floor and as an efficient member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce is as creditable as Senator Gallinger's in the upper chamber has been objectionable. No small part of the alterations of the Trust bills for the better are due to his suggested amendments. In a State almost invetcrately Republican in prejudice, and one in which the press shows very few Democratic organs, Mr. Stevens's campaign must rest essentially on his personal record and merits; and the prospect is that the contest will be of unusual interest.

By what strange fate do Uncle Joe Cannon and Senator Tillman display a familiarity with the Bible that is apparently denied their less tempestuous colleagues? Whatever the reason, the result is an occasional picturesqueness of language that Mr. Bryan's more solemn use of the same source seldom manifests. In 1910 Tillman wired Blease, the nominee for Governor of South Carolina, in these words: "Congratulations; let the heathen rage." Then came the break between the two men, and in 1912, after the conclusion of a campaign in which Tillman apologized for ever having helped raise Blease to the Governorship, the latter retorted the Senator's language of two years before in this dispatch: "Let the heathen rage. They still rage." Now, with Blease defeated for the Senatorial nomination, it is Tillman's turn again, and so the latest of the series of telegrams conveys the Senator's compliments in this way: "The heathen still rages, but the people rejoice. See Deuteronomy 3 : 2-15. Good-bye." The passage relates the story of the capture of Og, King of Bashan: "and we smote him until none was left to him remaining." Evidently we have here some of the Old Testament spirit as well as its phraseology.

The experiment of the Bellevue Hospital, of New York, with the "twilight sleep" method of childbirth has received a publicity representing it as an innovation, a trial of something new. It signifies, on the contrary, a resumption of interest, caused by recent improvements and recent magazine articles on the work of Drs. Koenig and Gauss, of Freiburg, Germany, in a method known since 1902. The preponderance of American opinion has hitherto regarded with distrust the use of scopolamine, mainly on the score of safety. The *Outlook*, for example, lists Dr. Vaughan, president of the American Medical Association; Dr. Green, of Harvard, and Dr. Williams, of Johns Hopkins, as hostile; and states that Dr. De Lee, of Northwestern, studied the method at Freiburg disapprovingly, and found that "the famous maternities of Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Heidelberg had discarded the plan." There come, however, counterbalancing expressions of enthusiasm from European and American hospitals, one of the latter being the Jewish Maternity Hospital in New York, with 120 cases. If the perfected method accomplishes the blessing it claims, it cannot too rapidly be diffused over the country. But hasty newspapers should realize the mischief and cruelty possible through the breeding of false hopes and the stimulation of rash action concerning a matter which is as yet only experimental.

A review of Butte conditions in the last issue of the Socialist *New Review* admits that the cause of the persistent rioting is, along with internal labor-organization disputes, a growth of radical ideas "ranging from comparatively orderly parliamentary Socialism to the most extreme anarchism." The outbreak of three months ago was directed against the property and officials of the Western Federation; the new assaults have been mainly against the private property of the Amalgamated Copper Company. That anarchistic ideas and a labor-union quarrel should repeatedly endanger orderly industrial development is a condition justifying not merely martial law, but the sternest repressive measures. To take this view it is not necessary to assume that all the wrong is on one side. The mine owners' conduct may have been provocative at some points, and they and State and city politicians may have tampered with the workers' union. The point is that the menace to property and life comes from men who quarrel with those who would attempt an orderly correction of affairs, and from men who are imbued with syndicalist ideas and worse. The State National Guard should be able to cope with the situation, and State effort should be made to ferret out agitators who will otherwise wait only a new opportunity.

The forfeiture by two Canadian Senators of their seats for non-attendance parallels our difficulties with a Congressional quorum; and were the Dominion not engrossed with war, it would give new strength to a latent public indignation with the upper body. One other Senator saved his seat only by joining the recent emergency session, and four have one more chance. The Chamber contains a proportion of serious members, but the majority attend just sufficiently to hold their places, and there is always a group utterly indifferent to public affairs. Each member being allowed $2,500 for the session, with a deduction of only $15 daily for absences, a record of neglect during short sessions is an even more palpable cheat upon the public purse than our own Congressmen's habit of claiming $21 per day for services unperformed. The obvious and natural remedy for the whole unsatisfactory state in the Canadian Senate is its transformation into an elective body. The Senators, as nominated for life by the Governor-General, are almost invariably political appointees. But to such a change, or to abolition of the Senate, the great obstacle is the Canadians' perplexity as to how their Constitution can be amended.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

It is, above all, the moral and political side—the human side—of what happened at and after Sedan that forces itself upon the mind of him who in this present month travels back in memory to the days of that other September. What was the feeling then of those who, in other lands, had wished success to the German arms? What fruits for the German nation and for all mankind did they look forward to as the result of a victory unmatched for splendor and completeness in the annals of war? The new German Empire was about to be born; and it was clear that Germany was thenceforth to take the place of France as the leading Power of the Continent. The pinchbeck imperialism of the third Napoleon, and that higher, but yet pernicious, tradition embodied in the French devotion to martial glory, were alike prostrate in the dust; what was to take their place? What example was German civilization going to set, what better ideals and purposes was she going to make dominant in Europe?

Let us turn to the *Nation* of September 15, 1870. In all the world, there was no more stanch, as there was no abler, champion of the German cause than Mr. Godkin. To his mind, that cause was not only just in itself, but was the cause with which were bound up the highest hopes of civilization. The proclamation of the Republic, after the *débâcle* of the Empire at Sedan, did not change his attitude a jot; he had nothing but scorn for the "sentimentalists" who permitted it to affect their judgment. In the number of the *Nation* to which we have referred, issued two weeks after Sedan, the leading article is entitled "The Terms of Peace." There is no sparing of France as the under dog; it is unflinchingly urged that "in the interest of justice and morality there should be no tenderness" in exacting from France "the cost of the war to the uttermost farthing"; but on the great question, the crucial question as to the future, this is what Mr. Godkin says:

> The Germans owe it to the better civilization they profess, and we believe truly, to defend and spread; and to the public opinion of all other countries, which has up to the present sympathized with and applauded them, to show moderation in the hour of their triumph. We do not ask them to spare France on the ridiculous plea that the Republic is not responsible for the dying sins of the Empire, or that, the Empire being gone, there is nothing to be feared any more from French ambition or aggressiveness or restlessness—a plea which the whole course of French history belies; but in the interest of future peace, and in the interest of that orderly and intellectual progress of which the world now expects Germany to set the example. All absorption of territory, whose inhabitants are not German in feeling as well as in origin, will not only lay Prussia open to the charge of rapacity in carrying on the war, but furnish France with a far more respectable motive in preparing for a renewal of the struggle at no distant day than the bitterness which mere defeat is sure to leave behind.

It is melancholy, it is awful, to contrast the thought of the world about Germany to-day with that expressed in this representative utterance of forty-four years ago. Instead of "that orderly and intellectual progress" of which the world then expected "Germany to set the example"—an example she was so admirably fitted to set, an example which, in so many respects, she actually has set—all her intellectual and moral greatness has been thrown into the background by the relentless spread of an all-overshadowing militarism. The imposition of the German yoke upon the people of Alsace and Lorraine, accompanied as it has been with that sanctifying of "la revanche" to the French mind which Mr. Godkin forecast, was but the first manifestation of the spirit of military domination; from that time to this, it has been the dominant element in the thoughts of the ruling class of Germany. What has come of it for the world, the unspeakable horrors of to-day bear witness; and for Germany herself, what is the prospect? If she wins, a world-domination to be maintained more than ever by the divine right of the bayonet and the dynamite bomb; if she loses, that terrible downfall which the unflinching logic of von Bernhardi recognized as the unescapable penalty of failure.

What a situation is this for the people who, in their struggle in the last century, commanded so generally the sympathy of the world as truly representing "the better civilization they profess to defend and spread." To-day, millions who have never thought of Russia except with loathing and dread are actually turning to her to save the world from a nearer danger. To-day when one says Germany, one means the mailed fist of the Kaiser and the crunching heel of his military satraps. All the glories of Germany in science, in letters, in music, in the advancement of human happiness through medicine and sanitation and civic improvement, are forgotten in the absorbing resentment for what the Kaiser has brought on the world, the absorbing dread of what he threatens to bring on it. How different would have been the state of Europe if the thoughts of the wise and humane had prevailed instead of the demands and the limitless ambitions of the militarist and the imperialist! And how infinitely more secure would Germany herself have been, not only in her national greatness, and not only in the happiness and prosperity of millions, but also in the assurance of permanent existence as a leading nation of the world—an existence that will tremble in the balance for many a bloody month, whatever the fortunes of war may be at this moment in the fields of Picardy or on the banks of the Vistula.

PROTECTIONISM AND WAR.

Among the principles making for peace which Dr. Charles W. Eliot, reviewing in a letter to the New York *Times* the broad questions connected with the great war, enumerates as represented by the American people is that of "the open door—which means nothing more than that all nations should be allowed to compete on equal terms for the trade of any foreign people, whether backward or advanced in civilization." But there is a broader principle—a principle capable of far profounder influence on international feeling—which, if it had made the headway in general acceptance that its advocates at one time had reason to hope for, would have insensibly impressed upon the instinctive thoughts and habitual impulses of the nations a character immeasurably different from that which has actually obtained. We refer to the principle of free trade. The movement which made so signal a beginning in England under the leadership of Cobden and Bright, and which, for a number of years, seemed to give promise of gradually spreading over the whole Western world, came to a standstill in the early seventies; and the memory of that movement as it was in its palmy days has faded out. Accordingly, there are now few in this country, or perhaps even in England, who are aware that it was imbued with something more than the spirit of commercial and industrial gain—that it was animated also by the high and far-reaching purpose of fostering in the nations a spirit of friendship and mutual helpfulness.

For evidence of this, one need hardly go farther than the cover of the Cobden Club publications, on which was imprinted the motto "Free Trade, Peace, Good Will among Nations." In the article on Cobden in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," we find it stated that "Cobden's efforts in furtherance of free trade were always subordinated to what he deemed the highest of moral purposes—the promotion of peace on earth and good will among men." Turning to John Morley's

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biography of the free-trade leader, it is interesting to note how early in his career this identification of the cause of free trade with that of peace presented itself to Cobden's mind. "It has struck me," he wrote to Mr. Ashworth in 1842, "that it would be well to try to engraft our Free Trade agitation upon the Peace movement. They are one and the same cause. It has often been to me a matter of the greatest surprise that the Friends have not taken up the question of Free Trade as the means—and I believe the only human means—of effecting universal and permanent peace. The efforts of the Peace Societies, however laudable, can never be successful so long as the nations maintain their present system of isolation."

That this may be an extreme view we do not deny; and in so far as it rested upon the connection between protectionism and the desire for colonial expansion, it may justly be urged that Cobden did not take into account other grounds besides the desire for exclusive trade privileges which account for national strivings and ambitions in that direction. But on the other hand, we do not believe that even Cobden or Bright overestimated—we doubt whether they even estimated highly enough—the power of the free-trade idea on the one hand, and of the protectionist idea on the other, so to mould the thought of nations as to make all the difference between the spirit of peace and good will and the spirit of jealousy and enmity. Habitually to think that what is one nation's gain is another nation's loss; that to give free scope to the sale of your neighbor's products is to choke off the opportunity of your own people; that the operations of commerce, instead of being transactions in which both parties are gainers, are in the nature of a constant struggle of the one side or the other for "supremacy"—this is the insidious, but none the less powerful, daily teaching of protectionism. If instead of the reaction towards this mediæval notion of international relations which the last three decades of the nineteenth century witnessed, the world had, during the past four decades, become more and more habituated to the thought of trade between nations as an opportunity for mutual gain, the freer the more beneficent; if the idea of the "open door" had come to be regarded not merely as a political expedient, a means of avoiding quarrels in distant fields of exploitation, but as a principle based on common-sense and the common interest—who shall say how much would have been taken away of what has gone to the fomenting of international jealousy and bitterness?

Those who talk so glibly about economic causes being at the bottom of all the developments of history would do well to give their attention to the part which, even in the economic field, is played not by the economic causes themselves, but by the ideas which men entertain in regard to those causes. If the South had known that slavery was not essential to her economic prosperity, there would have been no Civil War; and it is not an overbold supposition that, if the nations of the world had been emancipated from the delusions of protectionism, the passions and prejudices which have had their part in bringing on the unspeakable horrors of the world war of to-day might never have attained the intensity that made such a calamity possible.

GOVERNMENT PURCHASE OF FOREIGN SHIPS.

Whatever may be said regarding the dangers, political and economic, of engaging the Federal Government in the purchase and operation of ships in the trans-oceanic trade—and there is much to say on that consideration—there are certain other aspects of the matter which must be investigated with the utmost care before any such experiment is undertaken. We submit that Congress has no right to authorize such procedure by the Government until it has satisfied itself and the country on three points. One is, whether this new supply of ships is peremptorily needed. The second is, whether the ships available for purchase would be suited for the very purposes of trade which are contemplated. The third is, whether our Government would or would not create a delicate and dangerous situation, if it should buy and operate—even as majority shareholder in an operating corporation—ships which are at present owned by belligerent interests.

None of these questions has yet been properly canvassed, so that the public at large may understand exactly what is now proposed. As against the argument that we have not ships enough available for our foreign trade, it is answered, in quarters at least entitled to respect, that with trade to Continental Europe largely suspended, and with great unsettlement in plans for neutral commerce, even our present ships are unable to get full cargoes. As against the argument that we ought to use the idle German Lloyd and Hamburg Line vessels, it is objected in similar quarters that these ships are built primarily for a passenger traffic which does not now exist, and which cannot be created; that they would have to be reconstructed to make them a profitable commercial undertaking in the transportation of freight, and that, by their size and length, they are adapted only to the European trade. The further and very grave political reasons against this purchase of the German ships, and especially against their operation by our Government, is familiar to every one. At least the possibility of a most dangerous diplomatic situation would be involved in such an undertaking.

The first duty of Congress, then (if it feels bound to consider the project further), is to summon to a public hearing the best authorities—shippers, merchants, and authorities on international law—who can place at the disposal of Congress their expert opinion on these several considerations. If this is not done, and if Congress and the public do not hear both sides, from the best authority obtainable, then we shall be taking a leap in the dark, engaging in an experiment which may involve the gravest consequences.

To President Wilson we feel that these considerations of prudence and foresight ought to appeal with peculiar force. Whether viewed from the standpoint of domestic policy or from that of international relations, it is clear that the graver and more far-reaching elements in the problem have an importance so vital that only the most unimpeachable demonstration of immediate need and the most convincing showing of immediate efficacy should be allowed to weigh against them. Neither of these things has thus far been forthcoming; not even, so far as we are aware, anything distantly approaching them. The President's desire that something be done at this time to promote American commerce is shared by the country generally; and his interest in the promotion of this legislation is understood by everybody as a manifestation of the earnestness of that desire. But it would be a thousand pities if he should make himself responsible for the enactment of a piece of hasty legislation that, after the hurry of the moment is over, would be found to have done grave injury to great principles to which his devotion is unquestioned, and to which he has done signal service—the principle of holding the country's interest in peace and international good will superior to its interest in special commercial and financial opportunities, and the principle of upholding, so far as possible, independent and individual enterprise as against Government paternalism.

THE DEMOCRATS AND CONGRESS.

President Wilson's determination to make no speeches in the coming Congressional campaign, as stated in his letter to Representative Doremus, will meet with general approval. It is in keeping, too, with his entiro conduct since he entered the White House. This has exhibited a degree of undeviating devotion to the duties of the office, a sense of responsibility for seeing that no harm shall come to the Republic through want of the most watchful attention on the part of its executive head, which has seldom been equalled. Something more, too, than the fear that the public business might suffer through any diversion of his time or energy to the demands of a political campaign is to be seen underlying the President's words. Impressed as he is with the critical importance to our own welfare, and not impossibly to the welfare of the nations now engaged in a titanic war-grapple, which attaches to the observance of precisely the right conduct in this extraordinary situation, Mr. Wilson doubtless feels that any unnecessary thrusting forward of his party attachments is to be avoided. In all that relates to the large questions of national policy having no partisan character, he wishes to exercise upon the whole people all the influence belonging to the head of the nation, not the head of a party; and the making of campaign speeches is not calculated to promote this end.

The President justly says that the Democrats are in a position to go to the country with an appeal "in which there need be no pretence or boast of any kind, but a plain statement of things actually accomplished." The record, he says, "shows us at peace with all the world"; and, dismissing with these eight words that phase of the situation, he goes on to speak of the legislative achievements of the prolonged sessions of Congress since the Government passed into Democratic control. But though so briefly dismissed by Mr. Wilson, and though it may not be desirable that it should form the theme of much campaign oratory, the fact that we are at peace with all the world is sure to weigh mightily with thousands of voters. They will be inclined, other things being equal, to make their vote for members of Congress a vote of approval for the Administration which, in the face of all possible discouragement, by skill and patience and firmness averted a war that seemed all but absolutely upon us; and averted it not only without loss of national prestige, but with a great gain for the position of the country in its relations with the South American republics. The unspeakable calamity that has befallen Europe, the horrors that every day brings before the eyes of us all as we read the newspapers, cannot fail to impress upon multitudes of honest and right-minded men a realizing sense of the debt our country owes to President Wilson's moral and intellectual strength in dealing with the Mexican crisis; and the influence of this sentiment can hardly fail to be felt in the fortunes of the party of which he is the unanimously acknowledged leader.

The campaign, however, must, of course, primarily rest upon the record of Congress. And it may safely be said that the Democrats will in this regard be in a position very different from that which has so often in recent years confronted either party in Congressional campaigns. On the two great subjects upon which public attention has been chiefly centred, they will not be in the position of a party on the defensive. In 1890, after the enactment of the McKinley tariff, the Republicans found themselves face to face with a wave of public resentment; and the pitifully apologetic character of their campaign of 1910, after the passing of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, is still fresh in everybody's mind. Between these came the Dingley tariff, it is true, which brought about no such state of the public mind; but that was immediately after the Democratic free-silver *débâcle* of 1896, from which the party was many years in recovering anything like its normal condition, and which gave the Republicans free swing to do as they pleased during a long period. Leaving this out as abnormal, it may be said that every tariff law, except the present one, enacted in the past quarter-century—including the Wilson-Gorman act of 1894—was followed by a tremendous reaction against the party responsible for it; but in the present instance, though there has of course been a certain amount of discontent and complaint, no such change in the country's temper is at all discernible.

The Banking and Currency bill was second only—if second at all—to the Tariff bill in the attention centred upon it by the country; and here the contrast with previous experiences is even more marked. Here the Democrats have, on the face of things, the credit of having dealt, in a manner that commands almost universal approval, with a problem which has for decades been regarded as in the highest degree urgent, and with which, nevertheless, Congress after Congress had found itself impotent to grapple. A just analysis would assign to those previous unsuccessful efforts a large share in bringing about the final result; in particular, it would recognize that the efforts of Senator Aldrich, the labors of his Monetary Commission, and the exertions of many men instrumental in the long campaign of education, were essential to the success finally achieved this year. But the fact remains that the actual attainment of that result—the enactment of a vital monetary and banking reform, and one free from a score of bad features which threatened to be incorporated in it—was the work of a Democratic Administration and a Democratic Congress. The old cry that the Republican party is the only one fit to govern the country—the great stock-in-trade of the G. O. P. spellbinders—will not be heard this year, or, if heard, will provoke only a smile. Whatever may prove to be the outcome of the elections, the Democratic spokesmen can go into the campaign with heads erect. They can, without boasting, point with solid satisfaction to the record of President Wilson and of a Democratic Congress which, though far from perfect—as witness its failure to keep its pledges of economy, and its encroachments upon the merit system in the civil service—has measured up to a very high standard of legislative duty.

THE RIGHT NOTE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

I believe that the Government here was out of sympathy with the people and that he [Governor-General Harrison] has brought it into sympathy with them. I believe that the Government here was upside down, and he has turned it right side up.

In these words Commissioner Winfred T. Denison, in a recent address in the Philippines, defined his position and upheld the policy of the President as carried on by Mr. Harrison. Addressed to the American colony in Manila, which was, and probably still is, bitterly opposed to Mr. Denison, it aroused the utmost bitterness in the mushroom American press of tbe capital. So opposed were the editors that, if we are correctly informed, it appeared at length only in the native press. Such treasonable sentiments could not find a place in American columns, and from that time forth the vials of wrath were emptied upon Mr. Denison's offending head.

It is not difficult, on reading his speech, to find out wherein lies Mr. Denison's wrongdoing. He has taken the extraordinary position that he and his associates are really in the Philippines to administer the islands for the Filipinos' benefit, and not for the Americans'. Such treason to the existing order

naturally made the welkin ring. It has been the habit to say glibly that the Filipinos' land is theirs, and then to add, "but I have never really believed in this policy of turning over the islands to them." We remember that to one official who, after some time in the islands, still believed in the rights of the Filipinos, a compatriot said: "Everybody that comes out here thinks for a while that these people ought to be treated like human beings, but they soon get over that." Well, Mr. Denison's beliefs in democracy and human brotherhood seem to have survived some months in the archipelago, for we find him asking these searching questions: "Are we to commit the absurdity of trying to teach democracy by exhibiting an autocracy? Are we to stand before the world as crusaders of a democracy backed with bayonets? Are we to stand before the world for the proposition that we are for democracy for ourselves, but not for the other fellow?"

Well, even these high-flown, Declaration of Independence sentiments might have been forgiven in this young gentleman if delivered with a wink, and if only he had stopped there. But he made to shiver the pocket nerves of the Americans of the Manila City Club who heard him, for he laid down the theory that the Filipinos' taxes ought to be spent as they, and not their rulers, thought best. He gave a knock-out blow to the idea that the Filipinos "ought to want" certain things, and whether they did or did not, they were to have them. He actually stated that, aside from the primary essentials of order and sanitation and international obligations, it is the Americans' duty to spend the Filipinos' money for what they want, whenever there is a difference of opinion between them and the American administrators of that particular hour. Of course, the American business man saw what that meant—recognizing the Filipino as a thinking animal with some rights in his government. It was as if some one had risen in meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, and said that negro Americans ought not to be taxed without representation in their government. The monopoly of the white race was jeopardized at once. Treat a dark-skinned man like a human being? The whole structure of Anglo-Saxon civilization totters at the thought.

The joke of it all is that when Mr. Denison was on the way to his post they called him "the white man's hope"—because he had been a Republican, and is a Progressive, and not a Democrat like his associates of Mr. Wilson's choosing, and it was expected he would uphold the Taft-Forbes policy. After this speech he was the white man's hope no longer. Those wretched Filipinos have actually called him their George Washington, their Lincoln; they have dwelt on the fact that no other American official in the fourteen years of our occupancy has admitted that the Americans could learn something from the Filipinos. Mr. Denison has been learning from them by going among them to ask their wishes. When he reached Manila he found that 14,000 Philippine dollars were being spent to print the results of ethnological research into the habits of the Bukidnons and other non-Christian tribes, when there was no money to provide 40,000 people in Palawan with a single doctor; when the Palawan Moros were without a school-teacher, and the Culion leper colony was desperately in need of two more nurses and $50 a month spending money. Mr. Denison cut out the 14,000 dollars for ethnological research and 500 more for photographing molluscs—and his official head is still upon his shoulders!

Being ourselves recreant to the theory that the Filipinos exist only to be guided and exploited by Americans, we confess to unbounded satisfaction that there is such an official at Manila as Mr. Denison. It is, as we have often pointed out, all in the point of view. We have been criticised because we declined to take the former Governor-General, Mr. Forbes, at his own and his friends' estimate. The trouble with him was his point of view; a sufficient indictment of his administration was that never in his years of service did he give utterance to such sentiments or assume such a pro-Filipino attitude as Mr. Denison's. As a British Governor-General Mr. Forbes would have been a thoroughgoing success; as an American, he gave no evidence that he was imbued with the true principles of democracy upon which this republic was founded, and which ring through all of Mr. Denison's speech. Somehow or other, since Mr. Taft quitted the islands, we have had no genuine *rapprochement* between natives and Americans. An austere school-masterly attitude of our officials, conscious or unconscious, has intensified the natural suspicion and the inability of the Filipinos to appreciate in fullest degree just what are the motives behind our policies. We cannot but hope that Mr. Denison's attitude will be that of the entire Manila Government.

In these days when we are beholding millions led to slaughter by rulers without much reference to their wishes or desires, is it not a breath of inspiration, a cause for rejoicing and fresh courage, that, thanks to Mr. Wilson, we seem to have at last a government in Manila which really seeks to be the servant and not the master of the governed?

Chronicle of the War

The precision and rapidity of the German advance through Belgium and across Northern France has so startled the imagination of the world that in the past few days there has been exhibited a disposition in many quarters to believe that there is nothing which that amazing fighting machine cannot achieve. Since August 23, when the Germans entered Namur, up to last Saturday, when their lines were close to the guns of Paris, they had advanced a distance of 175 miles. Namur, Lille, La Fère, Laon, and Rheims were successively taken or abandoned without resistance. We have the testimony of British accounts that so rapid was the German advance that the retreating British forces on the left wing were at times compelled to march at five miles an hour. Nothing, it seemed, could stop this impetuous rush. If Namur feli in two days and other fortresses were abandoned, why should not the same onward sweep carry the German attack over the fortifications of Paris?

It is unnecessary now to point out against the argument that fortifications are no check to German progress, that if Namur fell, or was abandoned for strategic reasons, Liège and Longwy offered a stubborn resistance, and Maubeuge is still holding out. The German armies have themselves replied to that contention by the movement away from Paris in a southeasterly direction that was begun towards the end of last week. To suppose that Paris is susceptible of being taken by assault is to believe the German army not the highly perfected fighting machine that it unquestionably is, but a force endowed with supernatural powers. Great as has been the achievement of the German troops, that of the Allies has been hardly less remarkable. It would not have been surprising if the continuous retreat that they have been making for close on three weeks had been turned into a rout. So far from that having happened, the army remains intact, and the determined attempts of the Germans to turn the left flank have been frustrated and have now been definitely abandoned. Furthermore, information from all sources, including a significant letter from the Berlin correspondent of the Associated Press published on Tuesday, agrees that the German losses have been out of all proportion to those of the Allies.

With the sweep of the German armies towards the southeast and away from Paris, we enter the third stage of the operations in the west, the first and second having been the initial operations in Belgium and the great drive through Northern France. Again it is necessary to draw attention to the fact that the news that reaches us often alludes to events that occurred two or three days previously. When we wrote last week, for instance, we assumed that the French line ran from somewhere between Amiens and Peronne, on the Somme, through La Fère and Laon, to Rheims. An isolated dispatch on September 1, speaking of an engagement between the English forces and German cavalry in the neighborhood of Compiègne, some fifty miles from Paris, and roughly the same distance from Peronne, was only explained three days later when we heard that La Fère was occupied by the Germans on August 29 and Amiens on the following day. A belated

dispatch last week also told us of German troops being reported near Beauvais, and a French official report mentioned that there had been no contact in the neighborhood of Compiègne and Senlis (some thirty miles from Paris) since September 2.

The Allies' line, then, a week ago we may assume to have been from Creil, on the Oise, to Senlis and Crépy-en-Valois, thence northeast to Soissons, southeast to Rheims, and across to Verdun. Rheims was given up apparently on Thursday or Friday of last week. The left wing of the Allies has fallen back upon the outer fortifications of Paris; the right wing continues to rest on the Meuse at Verdun, extending southwards to Nancy and Belfort, and the line, instead of forming a bow towards the north, has fallen back to a similar formation towards the south. The Allies' position, then, at the beginning of the great battle which started on Sunday or Monday, and which, as we write, is presumably still in progress, was south of the Marne, on the line Meaux, Sézanne, Vitry-le-François, Verdun, Nancy—a front of some 150 miles and a right flank of fifty. For the time, Paris is relieved from the prospect of an attempted assault by the German movement towards the southeast, which leaves the German forces opposing the Allies' line, from left to right, in five armies, those of Gen. von Kluck, Gen. von Bülow, the Grand Duke Albrecht, of Württemburg, the Crown Prince Wilhelm, and Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. It is obvious, too, that the German plan does not contemplate an investment of Paris—a dangerous operation with the enemy's army in the field—until the Allies' forces have been decisively defeated.

The battle that is now in progress is bound, therefore, to be a momentous one. As we write, no possible forecast of its result can be made. Indications are that the German endeavor will be to cut the centre of the Allied line, driving the left back on Paris and isolating the right along the Meuse. This supposition is strengthened by the reports of successes on the left wing, where the Allies are said to have advanced a considerable distance and appear to be attempting a turning movement. If this is so, it would seem to indicate that forces have been withdrawn from the German right to reinforce the centre. If the Allies have brought up sufficient reserves to enable their centre at Vitry-le-François to hold firm, the turning movement on the left may develop considerable importance and imperil the German right flank. Cautious mention should also be made of the persistent reports of the landing of troops—Russians or East Indians, or both—in Belgium. Should there be truth in these reports, and should the new army assembling in Belgium be of any considerable strength, it is obvious that not only would the German lines of communication be seriously threatened, but that the army in France would be exposed to an attack in the rear. It is barely possible that this danger may account for the German movement towards the southeast as an attempt to regain direct touch with Germany on the eastern frontier and to form new lines of communication in that direction. It should be noted, also in this connection that there has been renewed German activity in Belgium. On Saturday Termonde was taken after sharp fighting. Ghent was surrendered on Tuesday by agreement, and there are reports of a projected attack upon Antwerp.

The situation in the eastern campaign has become considerably clearer during the past week. We spoke last week of the main Russian attack being directed on Berlin by way of Posen, and pointed out that the main Russian army was delayed in striking for its objective by the Austrian invasion in the Lublin district. It has now become apparent that not only has this army been delayed by Austrian successes around Lublin, but that the battle at Allenstein, to which we referred last week, was a serious reverse, and that Germany, with her miraculous faculty for apparently making two men grow where only one grew before, was able to put many more troops in the field in Eastern Prussia to repel the Russian invasion than was generally supposed. German accounts of the capture of 70,000 prisoners in this battle may safely be discounted as on a par with the official denial of the taking of Lemberg two days after its occupation was admitted in Vienna, but there is no doubt that two Russian army corps were seriously defeated at Allenstein, and that this defeat had to be remedied before the main Russian army could make further progress.

The Russian offensive may be considered as a whole as stretching from near Königsberg, in Prussia, on the north, through Poland, to Lemberg, in Austria, on the south, its right and left flanks advanced beyond its centre. The German victory at Allenstein has been counterbalanced by a Russian victory over the first Austrian army in Galicia and the capture of Lemberg, news of which was received on Thursday of last week. The battle resulting in the occupation of Lemberg was evidently an engagement of first-rate importance. It is unsafe to accept any estimate of the number of losses inflicted on the enemy, but all accounts agree that the Austrian army was decisively defeated, and the fact that large quantities of stores were taken at Lemberg may be of appreciable advantage to the Russians in hastening their advance. In Galicia also they have seized Halicz, presumably that they may command the passes of the Carpathians, and are threatening the fortress of Przemysl, fifty miles east of Lemberg, which is the last stronghold in Galicia, and the taking of which would open the way to Krakau, the base of the Austrian army in Poland.

The Russian success at Lemberg immediately put the Austrian army operating in Lublin in the gravest peril of a flank attack, which, according to reports received on Tuesday, has already been undertaken. According to these accounts Gen. Ruzsky, commanding the Russian forces in Galicia, immediately after his victory at Lemberg, moved north and attacked the flank of the Austrian second army under Gen. Auffenberg. At the time of writing that army is said to be on the defensive and a big battle is in progress. Caught between two fires, the Austrian situation would seem to be exceedingly precarious. Should the Russians gain another decisive victory in this battle, the principal obstacles to the immediate invasion of Prussia will have been removed, and it is probable that a simultaneous advance on Berlin, by way of Posen and of Breslau, will be undertaken.

Foreign Correspondence

THE FALL OF NAMUR—LORD KITCHENER'S MAIDEN SPEECH—THE PROSPECT OF A PROLONGED STRUGGLE—THE COST OF THE WAR.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, August 28.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the disappointment that spread gloom throughout London when news came of the fall of Namur, quickly followed by announcement that, after desperate fighting lasting through a day and a night, the Allied forces were compelled to withdraw from the favorable position taken and to retire on the line of defence originally planned. It was confidently anticipated that this famed fortress would make a stand against the invaders stouter even than that maintained by Liège. Three months was, upon high authority, specifically named as the period of its successful defence. With Namur fallen almost at the first blow, the rest followed as a matter of course. But, though the public of all classes was smitten by disappointment, the more keen because it followed close upon a period of exultation, there was no sign anywhere of departure from the stern resolution to see this business through to the finish. The British soldier cheerily marching to the front sings, "Are we downhearted?" and answers his own question with a prolonged shout of "No." London under the first shock, though painfully surprised, is in no measure downhearted, an attitude reflected throughout the land.

In Tuesday morning's papers there appeared a brief dispatch from the seat of war giving the names of three or four men, including a Scottish peer, who have been wounded. There was a common disposition to accept this as the whole of the story, a misleading impulse that made greater the shock which smote the town on Tuesday afternoon when official announcement was made on the authority of Sir John French that over two thousand men of the Expeditionary Force had been knocked over, some killed, the rest wounded or missing. This brought the meaning of war home to countless hearths. The absence of names added to the anguish of the situation. Every one who had a father, son, or brother at the front was stricken with apprehension that he might be among the doomed two thousand. There was, further, the prospect that even if the cherished one escaped with life and sound limb from this first battle, there was an indefinite succession of deadly risks in store.

Lingering hope that the war may be of brief duration, a hope cherished in the rosy atmosphere of last week, has been dispelled by Lord Kitchener's maiden speech in the House of Lords. While talking cheerfully of the condition of the Expeditionary Force, extolling its gallant stand at Mons, the War Secretary did not attempt to disguise his conviction that we are in for a long job. He talked quite coolly about a duration of three years, and made it clear that his plan for maintaining the strength of the army was based upon that contingency. For how long so ever the war lasts, he intends to maintain in even increasing strength the army at present in the field. In a concluding passage he hinted that if the voluntary system of enlistment is not equal to the emergency, "ex-

ertions and sacrifices beyond any yet demanded will be required from the whole nation and Empire." That, of course, means conscription. While this memorable speech had an immediately chilling effect as pointing to indefinite prolongation of the war, it comforted the audience and the nation, breathlessly listening at the door of the House of Lords, with assurance that through the critical time coming it will always hear the full truth when Lord Kitchener speaks. He has no honeyed words, whether for soldier or civilian.

The war now opening on the Continent will be notable, among other things, as marking the final supersession of the war correspondent. It is true that a member of the staff of the *Times* had the good fortune to find himself within riding distance of Dinant when an engagement took place between detachments of the French and Germans, and made the most of it by dispatching to his paper a column of description. But that was an accident, and the order issued at the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey prohibiting English correspondents to attach themselves to any division of the Allied forces will make repetition impossible. As a matter of fact, the war correspondent's occupation, like Othello's, is gone. Time was, so recently as 1870, when correspondents representing the leading newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic were recognized by the headquarters staff of the several combatants. On the brink of the present war the most influential journalists, seeking to obtain permits for their representatives to accompany one or other of the armies, met with uncompromising refusal.

There is no doubt that, for military purposes, this attitude is justifiable. It is, nevertheless, a profound disappointment to the public and, in some degree, a lack of incentive to officers and men personally to distinguish themselves, knowing that within twenty-four hours England will be ringing with the story of their valor. "Billy" Russell, Archibald Forbes, McGaghan, and other brilliant war correspondents were born in due season. They would find themselves to-day hopelessly hampered in the performance of their accustomed work.

When, thirty-seven years ago, Disraeli asked for a vote of credit with the avowed intention of defending Turkey against incursion by Russia, he modestly fixed the amount at six millions sterling. One hundred millions to begin with was Mr. Asquith's demand, necessity being created by certain prospect of war with Germany, a request unhesitatingly, almost enthusiastically, conceded by the House of Commons. It is too early to talk of the cost of a war imposed upon this country by the unbridled ambition of the German Emperor. It may, however, be reckoned upon a scale proportionate with that of 1870. In 1899 the British Government responded to President Kruger's ultimatum by asking for a vote of credit for ten millions, a sum the House was assured was based on an estimate liberally designed to cover all contingencies. Labouchere elicited a scornful laugh when, in Committee of Ways and Means, he prophesied that the cost of the war would not be less than one hundred millions sterling. In the end it ran close up to two hundred and fifty millions.

The colossal sum already voted for the service of the present war does not mean an immediately consequent increase of taxation. It and subsequent drafts of approximate magnitude will be met by a loan. Hitherto, differing from the policy of its predecessors, the Government has in all cases involving increased war expenses, whether naval or military, paid its way out of the revenues of the year. Such Spartan probity would be impossible in dealing with the charges of this war. Nor would it be an arrangement fair to the taxpayer of to-day, who has through a succession of years patriotically borne the burden of keeping up the navy to the state of perfection that makes it capable of meeting a national crisis. We might have purchased temporary peace by accepting what Mr. Asquith in an historic phrase described as the "infamous proposal" of the German Emperor. The country has chosen the better way. It means to fight it out to a finish with the "Bully of Berlin," and so deliver the next generation from the tyranny of that spirit of militarism that has cost us so much during the past twenty years.

ITALY'S NEUTRALITY AND ITALIAN PUBLIC OPINION.

GENOA, August 17.

No policy, no ideal even, has held Italy so compact and united, not only in feeling but in purpose, as its declaration of neutrality. Government and people are absolutely one in this, and present an encouraging spectacle in the midst of an awful historic drama.

Whether the foresight of her statesmen is responsible for her present enviable position, or whether it can be traced to the solid common-sense of the Italian mind, matters little; what does count is the unanimity of the sentiment for peace, as it gives hopeful assurance of its continuance. To have resisted, even so long as it has, the promises and blandishments on the one hand, and the thinly veiled threats on the other, has been no easy matter, especially when we consider that at this trying moment Italy's alliances do not harmonize with her political interests or with the sympathies of her people.

What has helped her in keeping from the pitfalls that have been dug all about her by the belligerent states who court her support, has been a strict adherence to well-defined and incontrovertible principles of the duties and obligations of a neutral state, without fear or favor. In other words, while her more powerful neighbors are daily committing acts which are a denial of law, Italy stands like a rock on the obligations and observance of international juridic principles. Her enemies may call this an unvaliant and too technical a policy, but thinking men must read in Italy's neutrality the one reconstructive hope of European civilization. And if, after the smoke of battle clears away, the price of her "inaction" shall be, as some of her friends threaten, that she shall come out as heretofore "with clean but empty hands," yet will her prestige compensate enormously the failure of her material aggrandizement.

Whatever the secret treaty of alliance with Austria and Germany may contain, it is admitted that it calls for joint action by the contracting Powers only in case of aggression; and the facts regarding the beginning of hostilities by Austria-Hungary against Servia, and by Germany against Russia and France, cannot be distorted by international casuists into that *casus fœderis* which would compel Italy, under the treaty, to join in the struggle. But irrespective of this, the essential object of the Triple Alliance was the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans, and Austria's action against Servia was a nullification of this purpose of the treaty.

There is, however, a political consideration of immense importance, affecting Italy's treaty obligations towards her ally. The Viennese Government cannot be ignorant of the obvious fact that the one supreme desire of the Italian people is to wipe out the bitter remembrance of Lissa and to regain the Adriatic littoral of the Venetian Republic. Nothing would be more popular than a war against Austria, and never perhaps would the time be so propitious as now, when her ancient enemy is so sorely pressed.

And yet Italy stands neutral! This is the magnificent and inspiring fact—a fact made possible not by any imposition or pressure of the Italian Government, not by very doubtful treaty guarantees, but by the deliberate, soberly reasoned purpose of the people—of the whole people—of United Italy.

In the dingiest *osterie*, no less than in the "literary" cafés, not a word is spoken that might give offence, however free is the expression of sympathy and admiration for the Triple Entente. The newspapers, though uncensored, are models of restraint and good judgment, and though the country's heart throbs with one great, unspoken hope, it does not smother the country's mind in the labor of directing the ship of state.

It may well happen that Italy may be compelled to change her attitude, and Italy does well to prepare for any fate. But even in this her procedure has been admirable. She has husbanded her resources, taken stock of her assets, and distributed as much as possible the inevitable business and physical hardships of preparing for war. Her mobilization is done very gradually, she is distributing her returning immigrants who have fled from the war states by the thousands, where there is a shortage of men from the calling out of the reserves, and is taking ample measures to safeguard her finances.

To-day, except for the presence of frightened Americans and weary refugee-immigrants, Italy looks the same happy, fascinating land that we have always found her. But it seems to me that over its fair face there shines a seriousness and a purposefulness that betoken national maturity and national self-reliance. If she shall have to descend into the lists, hers will be the one army of all the military hosts of the great Powers which is fresh and unweary; hers will be the exchequer that has been the least drained and the most added to during the present conflict, and hers will have been the fortune and distinction of being the last to submit to the arbitrament of the sword the sordid desires and the racial hatreds of "civilized" Europe.

GINO C. SPERANZA.

MEMORIES LOST IN THE STORM—JEAN JAURES AND JULES LEMAITRE.

LAUSANNE, August 8.

Something should be said of Jean Jaurès before his memory is lost in the storm that has swept over our civilization. His dreams were of a new civilization, and he lived to wake from them long enough to see the German comrades of his *Internationale* face about and march after their War Lord. Among his last day's utterances in his daily organ, *L'Humanité*, there is a confession of Man's irremediable need to save his family and country even through armed Nationalism. Perhaps it was the nation's growing distress as well as uncomprehending political animosity that drove mad the poor simpleton who assassinated him. All his disciples, even

the Syndicalists who verge on anarchy, have taken up the cry of every nation of men struggling for their common life:

> Strike for your altars and your fires!
> Strike for the green graves of your sires!

The words seem commonplace—and are universal. Marcel Sembat and the other leaders have since wheeled Socialists into line with all Frenchmen; and they are but following the lead of Jaurès in his last days. In the paling and ineffectual fires of Pacifism, its *enfant terrible*—Gustave Hervé, who preached in peace the General Strike as an *ultima ratio* against war—has gone to the front to fight as a common soldier, calling back a fit epitaph till the time comes when the dead leader can be better remembered: "They have assassinated Jaurès—let not us assassinate our country!" Jaurès was a curious product, whole and entire, of that civilization which he was willing to change—and which seems to be changing actually under the clank of arms far more quickly than his mind, all for peace, could have foreseen. The future Gibbon will tell whether it was the decline and fall of European civilization as it has been and whether this shall have been replaced by another painful birth of Humanity. *Tantæ molis erat Germanam condere gentem!* Jaurès came forth from the old rhetoric and philosophy a reasoner, for himself and others, exactly fulfilling the definition given by John Stuart Mill: "A man is often called a great logician, or a man of powerful logic, not for the accuracy of his deductions, but for the extent of his command over premises; because the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty or refuting a sophism, copiously and promptly occur to him; as in the case of Chillingworth, or Samuel Johnson." Other physical and mental, and perhaps moral, parallels might be found in Jaurès and Dr. Johnson—and not too fanciful. There was the bulk of the men, though Jaurès had legs enough shorter to be characteristic. There was the thunderous voice, which Jaurès used with an art ranging from the organ-pipe tones of a cathedral canon to the hurrying strains of La Carmagnole sung from the top of a wineshop table. Then there was the strong common-sense, which enabled Jaurès to weave intelligible arguments while his brother prophets were wrapping up their Socialist counsel in unskilful words.

Jaurès began with the old metaphysics just as Johnson began—and continued—with the old High Church theology. His thesis for the doctor's degree—for he became a university professor of philosophy—was a stout volume on the "reality of the external world" or the existence of matter. In a memorable page of Boswell, Dr. Johnson solved the same question against Berkeley by kicking at a stone—*solvitur ambulando*. Except for some curious and complete biographer, it may be doubted if the philosophy or even the speeches of Jaurès—and he passed his later life speechifying and writing leading articles—will win more than vague mention in books on a man that has helped to make history. It was the sword of his word that turned the Government scale in the Dreyfus affair and made possible the Radical-Socialist *bloc*—and last spring's triumph of Socialism which a physical sword is now likely to undo. The patriarch of French Socialists, Jules Guesde, had been of another opinion: "Dreyfus is a *bourgeois*—let the *bourgeois* settle their own quarrels!"

There is one several-volumed, uncompleted book of Jean Jaurès—for it is really his in inception and plan, and largely in execution, though a coöperative product—which is insufficiently known now, but may last. It is the Socialist history of the French Revolution. Just as Dr. Johnson's wide culture gave him historical *lumina* that still enlighten, so Jaurès's "extent of command over premisses" gave him an insight which is often wanting utterly to narrower documentarians.

Poor Jules Lemaître is another Frenchman who has died just at the monent when his passionate desire to know what is coming to the world—and to France—must have been acutest. Perhaps it is better for him; the world's Becoming may prove to be something that would have been his despair. When there is again breathing space to think, his memory may be taken up and receive that obituary glory which the iniquity of the times now denies him. His career was significant of the France that is passing—and in France alone was it possible. He was the son of the school-teacher of a peasant village near Orléans; and the Church gave him the charity of a strong classical formation in one of her *petits séminaires*, where young boys study until they are old enough to decide whether they will go on to the *grand séminaire* and become priests.

Jules Lemaître chose to go up to the Government Ecole Normale, to which his brilliant attainments gained him easy admission. The famous school was still at the height of its literary and scientific renown, though Jules Lemaître took little of the scientific spirit of the day from it, save for a keenly critical intelligence and a smiling, unpronouncing view of life in accord with the reigning skepticism of Renan. Every one then was for Taine or Renan; and Lemaître has at least lived to see both those luminaries sink beneath the waves of intellectual change. His own intelligence survived with all its qualities, although he said of the young men immediately following him—Maeterlinck and the others—that they left him feeling "devoid of all mental security." They, too, have passed in France; and Jules Lemaître, their elder, leaped over into essential sympathy with the still newer generation. His critics said it was a phenomenon of heredity and a reversion to his early clerical education. It was one consequence of the Dreyfus affair in its manifold activity, wherein Dreyfus was the least part. Jules Lemaître himself said it was the revival in him to intense life of the Frenchman he had always been. Beforehand, he had done the work for which he will be remembered—that fine, clear, subtle, erudite, wonderfully expressed criticism of the "Contemporains" which comes nearest to the "Causeries" of Sainte-Beuve—and with this should be joined his "Impressions de théâtre."

After the change came a political avatar with years perhaps not wholly wasted; and then the incomplete resignation of later years, with the first manner not entirely regained, and yet sharpened by the second in profitable, if partial, views of Fénelon and Racine, Rousseau and Châteaubriand—each of whom wrote for Revolution or Counter-Revolution, as he had himself written for both. Towards the end, as in so many French writers of this evil day, there was a growing sense in his writing of the needs which the old religion supplied—"the old mother, the Church, crooning her children to rest," of a famous Parliamentary apostrophè of Jean Jaurès, when he finally cut loose from Jules Lemaître's old France.

S. D.

Poetry

WAR.

Fools, fools, fools,
Your blood is hot to-day.
It cools
When you are clay.
It joins the very clod
Wherein your foe shall be,—
Wherein you look at God,
Wherein at last you see
The living God,
The loving God,
Which was your enemy.

WITTER BYNNER.

Books and Men

THE CONSTANT TOPIC.

The newspaper cartoonists suffer not so much from lack of technical skill (if an untrained eye may judge) as from lack of ideas. The man or woman who tries to say something, whether with pencil, brush, or pen, at certain regular intervals, must not be criticised too severely. He or she deserves the consideration which was solicited for the pianist in the Western mining camp—"Do not shoot at him; he is doing the best he can." The necessity of creating something once a year hinders an artist; a monthly production bothers him; a continual state of absent-mindedness besets the man who must be ready once a week; what it means to answer the daily call for a picture, an editorial article, or a column of paragraphs, let those who have suffered declare.

Stevenson declined ten thousand dollars for weekly articles for a year, at a time when the sum meant almost fabulous wealth to him. Owen Seaman prays a lady:

So, if you would grant a favor,
In your orisons recall
One whose smile could scarce be graver
If his mouth were full of gall;
Let your lips (that shame the ruby)
Pray for mine all wan and bleak
With the strain of trying to be
Funny every week.

'Tis a task that haunts me waking,
Like a vampire on the chest,
Spoils my peace, prevents my taking
Joyance in another's jest;
Makes me move abroad distracted,
Trailing speculative feet;
Makes me wear at home a rack'd head
In a dripping sheet.

The title of this department is "Books and Men," and for five weeks it has been my ambition to confine these articles to books, and to say little or nothing about the great and terrible events which engage the men of Europe and Asia. So far, I believe that I have scored a complete failure. The war has crept into everything I have written. It is significant of these world-shaking days that even men who are so far removed from action as to spend their lives amongst books

cannot talk for five minutes or write for ten without finding themselves in the thick of the one absorbing topic.

There is no moment of the day, no situation in which we may find ourselves, that does not lead us straight to it. An hour after sunrise this morning I was walking through a country lane, a mile from the nearest house. The famous passage from Carlyle's "French Revolution" kept running in my head—the apostrophe to the evening sun of July, shining peacefully upon the fields of France, upon cottagers before the doors of their homes, upon tight-jacketed hussars dancing with the ladies of Versailles, "and also upon this hell-roaring porch of the Hôtel de Ville!"

The old, old contrast came to me, as it comes to thousands of others every day now. The sun rising through the mists, the September meadows, brown and green, with a few, fading black-eyed susans here and there, a flight of crows overhead, and nearer, three or four blue-birds—their autumn gatherings commenced—all this vanished away to give place to the swarming fields of Picardy, to men standing and falling, as they were doing at that instant, amidst the horrible din of bursting shells, and to the heaps of what three minutes before had been living soldiers.

By breakfast time the papers have come, and although you try to avoid the subject, every one has at least seen the headlines, has learned what new countries are being dragged into the conflict, what charges and counter-charges of inhumanity are made and denied. On the train that carries you to the city, or the street-car to your office, men are absorbed in their papers as never before. You are not allowed to forget the war for an hour. People talk of it in offices, everywhere. Extras are roared down the streets. Ten thousand, twenty thousand, seventy thousand men have been killed at some place you never heard of before. The great machine is grinding on. The devil of militarism has long been caged—like Mr. Hyde's, it has come out roaring. At the luncheon hour there are more papers—it is nearly evening over there now, and only an hour or two of daylight left. Many men, however, can be killed in an hour. And the coming of night does not stop the killing by any means. We have new inventions; science has taken wonderful strides..

At the restaurants men argue, grow red, almost shake their fists in others' faces. The people you pass on the street are talking about it; you catch their stray words—"Paris," "the Russians," "Turkey." From people sitting on park benches the same words come, and the talk of the war drifts to you across the lawns of suburban houses. The great, tragic game of humanity is being played by more players and on a wider field than ever before—is it any wonder the spectators talk about it?

More papers, when the crowds turn to come home from their work. Cities have fallen, armies been captured, forts battered, ships sunk. We are fed full with horrors, our minds dulled and understandings atrophied—we read of the death of a thousand men without half the emotion we should feel if a man in the next seat should pinch his finger in the window.

In a novel published a few months ago, one of the characters is represented as taking part in a great European war. He is crouching in a trench, somewhere on the plains of Belgium, listening to the German guns battering Namur. He reflects that, like himself, on that day, a million men, from Holland to the Alps, are crawling and crouching and seeking to shoot each other. The ghastly idiocy of the whole thing appalls him. (You will find it in "The World Set Free," by H. G. Wells.)

"The thing is idiotic to the pitch of impossibility," he says. "It is a dream. Presently I shall wake up."

Six weeks ago we called the book fiction.

All this week the harvest moon has shone, sometimes in a clear sky, sometimes through a mist, but always attended by that great planet which sails across the southeast every night. Drifting mists hang over the meadows, upon which the moon's rays fall. You cannot look on it without a sense of the horror of contrast. You are lucky if you do not see in your mind's eye the sleeping lines of men whose night, over there, is ended. It is time for them to rise up and kill each other. You are lucky if you do not think of that larger and more pitiful host who lie down in trouble, and awake to anxiety, of those whose sleep is prevented by thought of the death which rains down out of the sky.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Correspondence

THE UNITED STATES AS BATTLEFIELD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With all the attention that international congresses have given to defining the position of neutral states during time of war, one inevitable danger has been overlooked. That is the danger which the neutral states must suffer as the diplomatic battlefield of the warring Powers.

A neutral state, to remain neutral, must adopt sooner or later a censorship of the press. This censorship may be voluntary, as that in the United States at present, or legal, as in Switzerland. It is, nevertheless, a censorship. Moreover, the inhabitants of a neutral state must be excessively guarded in every utterance concerning the international situation. Why, then, when the neutrals themselves must exercise such care, should they be subjected to the incendiary efforts of foreign diplomats?

As neutrals, we in the United States have the power to keep out the armed forces of belligerent countries. Why should we not have the power to silence the diplomatic forces of those same countries? We certainly cannot keep out these official representatives of friendly Powers; but why cannot we confine them to their official functions, instead of allowing them to do what we ourselves are forbidden to do? Some of them (fortunately not all) take almost daily occasion to instruct us in what our attitude should be, with whom we should cast our sympathies, why we should cut short our admiration for others, in brief, why we should think and act precisely as they would have us think and act.

I do not say that these foreign representatives may not be instructing us rightly. That has nothing to do with the fact that as neutrals we have as much moral right to protect ourselves from such partisan influences as we have to protect ourselves from the passage of belligerent troops. The lesson we are learning is not one of to-day and merely for this war; it is a lesson for all time and for all international complications.

As we all know, in any war between allied forces, the main object of diplomacy is to separate the allies by creating real or imaginary jealousies. To do this, diplomacy must have that double-edged tool, the power of suggestion. Now, no diplomat would be so tactless as to make suggestions himself to his diplomatic opponents. But in as conglomerate a country as the United States, he finds no end of innocent but effective mouthpieces. The partisans of a strident democracy, in particular, are only too ready, upon skilful provocation, to make invidious comparisons between autocrats and democrats, and to proclaim the impossibility of reconciling the democratic and autocratic principles.

If we but remember that Germany and Austria have democratic Italy as an ally, and that democratic France and England are hand in hand with Russia, we can see what an admirable tool of suggestion our blatant democrats might become. We cannot help our prejudices and our beliefs; but it seems that in all justice we should be able to protect those prejudices from being exploited by belligerent countries.

This, then, is a case for the first "peace" conference held after the present slaughter is over and people recollect once more that they are in an "enlightened age." In the meantime, what are we to do? Not only is our present neutrality greatly endangered by our powerlessness against the diplomatic feuds at Washington, but our sense of justice, as well, which would keep us from adding the slightest irritation to the wounds of Europe, is outraged. Whatever mistakes we may make as a nation young in diplomatic intrigue, we have but one genuine desire, and that is to see the war terminated at once. But if these foreign diplomats have their way with us, we shall only be instrumental in starting a series of misunderstandings, jealousies, new alliances, and counter alliances which will inevitably draw out the conflict to a war of years. How can we prevent this? A future conference may rectify this anomaly of the neutral state; but now we must act for ourselves.

We can, of course, be as deaf as those who won't hear. But we are quite human enough to be curious about all that is said, and once we hear, our prejudices are apt to run away with us. Either, then, the press must undergo a further voluntary censorship and refuse to print statements of foreign diplomats, or Washington must politely request these gentlemen to refrain from quarrelling while they are our guests. What should we think of two gentlemen who would indulge in reprisals in their hostess's drawing-room? Should we continue to call them gentlemen? I think not.

Most certainly I should think the hostess justified in politely reminding the men that the place for the quarrel was elsewhere.

President Wilson has shown remarkable tact and dignity so far; is it straining a point to ask that for the safety of the country and to satisfy our sense of justice and etiquette, he should make this further effort? RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Cambridge, Mass., September 1.

PERPLEXITY OVER THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A constant reader of the *Nation*, I am in great perplexity over three points brought up in your late issues as to the horrible war now going on in Europe, and I hope that I may be helped out in some way through the *Nation*:

(1.) How can I reconcile your strong arguments for England's burning zeal to preserve the peace of Europe with the report from your London correspondent that England had secretly made ready for war weeks before the clash came? (*Nation*, August 27, p. 245).

(2.) How can the Kaiser be described as hungering for blood when his reign of twenty-six years, down to the present conflict, has been one of unbroken peace?

(3.) When Germany's record for peace is so superior to that of her four great adversaries, why is she singled out as a horrid example of a nation mad with militarism? During the forty-odd years from the Franco-German encounter to the present strife, Japan waged two considerable foreign wars, Russia two, France had at least two instances of serious fighting, and England nearly half a dozen—while Germany had none of any importance. I leave out the movement in which all engaged against the Boxers in China. Perhaps on the last two points above, one of your correspondents, Mr. B. E. Schmitt, Western Reserve University, can throw some light.

It may be that the study of the past conduct of a person or a nation as one insight into the springs of action is all wrong, but if any one knows a better means of getting at the basal principles of character, I pray that he will tell me.

At any rate, I trust that some one within your circle of influence can relieve my mental distress on the above matters.

C. MERIWETHER.

Washington, D. C., August 30.

[(1.) Preparation for war may be accounted for by the conviction that the party prepared against intends to fight; it is not incompatible with a sincere desire to avert war.

(2.) It is not necessary to accuse the Kaiser of "hungering for blood"; that he did not desire to avert this particular war is, in our judgment, incontrovertibly proved by the official record—by the British "White Paper" and the German Foreign Office memorandum alike; but his notion of his duty and his prerogative as the *Kriegsherr* of Germany, his view of what was demanded by her interests as a great Power, and his estimate of the military opportuneness of the present moment for a successful war, are sufficient to account for his course, without ascribing to him any love of bloodshed for its own sake.

(3.) It is impossible to judge of the dominance of militarism in a country by a simple count of the number of wars it has had in a given time. That the military caste, and militarist ideas, have had a tremendous sway over the life, the aspirations, and the international attitude of Germany, is a fact attested in a thousand ways. In fifty-three years, beginning with 1846, the United States had three wars, while Germany, as our correspondent points out, had none in forty-three years, beginning with 1871; but nobody in his senses would think of classing the United States as a country under the sway of militarism, while Germany is universally so classed.—ED. THE NATION.]

LOUVAIN ABOUT 1600.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Just now, when the horrified attention of the world has been turned on Louvain, it may be of interest to point out a descriptive work in which a seventeenth-century scholar and lover of the beautiful celebrated the fair city. The new vandalism has swept away, apparently, almost everything that remained from his time.

In 1605, while living in Louvain as historiographer and professor, Justus Lipsius published this little treatise in three books. It was entitled "Lovanium: id est, Oppidi et Academiæ ejus Descriptio." The loyalty he felt for the town was due partly to the fact that some of his ancestors had been residents of it, but still more to his own life there as student and teacher. Viewing Louvain on a summer's day from a hill near by, he determined to commemorate it in prose, "nam amo locum." The glory of it, to his mind, was fading, since he remembered the time, thirty-seven years before, when seven or eight thousand students were gathered there, Batavi, Frisii, Menapii, Galli, Britanni, Hispani, Itali, he particularized, and even "ulteriores Germani"—alas! After devoting two books to the political and social history of the city, and to an account of its important buildings and conventual establishments, he proceeded to a description of the university, the soul of Louvain. "Hæc mea castra sunt," he cried, "hic ager quem colo."

The verses he appended to one chapter of his tribute deserve quotation, if only to show that the imperial German opinion as to Louvain's unimportance has not always been held. Can it be that the twentieth century is less civilized than the seventeenth? Or is it only that Germany has suffered a relapse into barbarism?

Salvete Athenæ nostræ, Athenæ Belgicæ,
O fida sedes artium, et fructu bona,
Lateque spargens lumen et nomen tuum!
Te Gallus, et Germanus, et te Sarmata
Invisit, et Britannus, et te duplicis
Hesperiæ alumnus, quam frequens frequentia
Stipavit olim, et advenarum copia!
Quæ minuit aliquid civicus, fateor, furor
Et Mars cruentus: sed fuere, quis neget?
Et fructus etiam apparet, o quot millia
(Ita dico) protulistis insignes viros,
Auxilia vel consilia publicæ rei?
Quot Famæ in æde consecrastis nomina,
Perennibus victura scriptionibus?
Et porro proferetis, et sacrabitis,
Si donat aliquam mitior pacem Deus.
Donabit autem, vota vos modo et preces
Concipite, et in partem advocate Virginem,
Patrona quæ vestra audit, et Dei parens.

GORDON HALL GEROULD.

Roxbury, N. Y., September 4.

THE PROFESSOR'S COMPENSATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a popular impression that it is the college professor's personal advantage that is sought in the various returns made to him for his services, that he is the enviable recipient of special favors. As a matter of fact, whatever the college does for the professor it does first of all for its own advantage—that is, for the advantage of its students. This will become evident upon a consideration of the various elements of the professor's compensation. These are: salary, pension, fewness of lecture hours, holidays, vacations, and sabbatical years; not to speak of social standing, which, after all, depends largely upon himself. All these features together make up an amount of attraction that in the long run determines the grade of ability represented in the faculty of any given college, and, as regards the whole country, the grade of ability that can be drawn from the other professions or from business into the highest walks of teaching.

The feature that is usually first thought of is the salary. On this in most cases depends the professor's physical existence. It should obviously be large enough to house, clothe, and feed him and his family, to provide him with books and periodicals, to educate his children, and to suffice for some of the amenities of life; otherwise he will be forced to do outside work to eke out his living, and this will mean a drain on the strength that ought to be given to his classes.

It is a striking commentary on the importance of pensions that the best-known work of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching is its pension system, which finds its application only after the teaching has been done. The professor's pension advances teaching principally by making it possible for the college to get men at salaries far less than they would come for if they had to lay by for old age out of their monthly pay. Pensions are an enormous educational economy, for most professors never receive the benefit of the system, either they or their wives. If every man had to provide for himself an income of two thousand dollars at the age of sixty-five, he would have to put into the savings bank, at the current rate of 4 per cent., $678.87 a year from the age of thirty onwards; and to make this possible, that amount would have to be added to every salary. It is therefore the college that, in actual dollars and cents as well as in the greater efficiency of the professor, when his mind is freed from financial anxiety for the future, is the chief beneficiary of the pension system.

The average American professor teaches from fifteen to eighteen hours a week, say, three hours a day for six days in the week. This seems a short time compared with even the business man's hours, but as a matter of fact, this estimate takes no account of the time spent in preparation or in that frightful waster of academic energy, committee work. But compare the intelligence displayed by American college trustees in utilizing the professor's efficiency, with that shown by his students in utilizing the efficiency of a champion baseball pitcher. One game a week is all that they ask or even allow him to play—the time of a single lecture hour; and even this brief period is broken up into nine parts. They know that more in quantity means less in quality, and they thoroughly appreciate the difference between the two. So far as the pro-

fessor's bodily health is concerned, eighteen hours of teaching a week may not be excessive; it is the college that suffers. Instead of inspiration and intellectual quickening it has a right to expect from such a demand no more than drill and routine.

American professors have virtually no holidays; the periods that go under this name are merely opportunities for reading examination papers and catching up with back work. They do, however, have a summer vacation of approximately three months. This is clearly not an indulgence, but a necessity. It is a time for recovering from the strain of the year past and for storing up a stock of energy for the year to come. On this account it is not sufficient for any important intellectual work; or, if it is put to that use, the case becomes one of burning the candle at both ends. Similarly dangerous is the practice of allowing college professors to teach in summer schools. Their college cannot afford to let them do this, though it can hardly prevent such pot-boiling except by making it unnecessary.

For about a generation some of our colleges have had the commendable practice of granting their professors a year's leave of absence every seventh year. As the leave is with only half-pay, President Eliot some years ago lamented the fact that only professors with some independent means could take advantage of the sabbatical privilege. The advantage to the college of the professor's year of rest and change of scene is so great that the college cannot afford to allow him to miss it. The intermediate step has already been taken in several colleges of allowing a sabbatical half-year on full pay. This is a distinct gain; but the next and final step can be only a question of time; for the colleges most alive to their own interest will take it, and the others will have to follow.

One more question remains to be considered: Would not a sudden increase of salaries in a backward college to bring them up to the normal involve overpaying some of the present incumbents? This objection is most often put in the form of a direct statement, and it may frankly be admitted that in some cases overpayment might be involved; but to no such extent as the previous underpayment. If some professors seem to be below par in efficiency, it is only fair to ask what efforts have been made to develop their highest efficiency. Possibly they fall short only because they are forced to divide their energies for the sake of the money that is withheld from them. If, by establishing a salary that all ought to deserve, the college seems to overpay some, it is well to remember that, as Huxley said, all teachers are underpaid, and to ask whether those who seem overpaid are really so or only so by comparison. Salaries can, of course, be increased for some and kept at the present rate for others. Invidious as this practice is, and hard as it is to apply with justice, it is not unheard-of in American colleges; but to hold back increase of salaries from the great majority because to make it universal would be to overpay some, is, for the institution that practices it, slow but sure suicide. There is a movement now on foot in many of our colleges to raise the grade of salaries and to make other improvements in the status of the professor. These efforts should be supported not in the interest of charity or justice, but as undertakings absolutely necessary to the efficiency of the colleges themselves.

H. L. Koopman.

Providence, R. I., August 20.

Literature

LECTURES ON LEGISLATION.

The Mechanics of Law Making. By Courtenay Ilbert, G.C.B. New York: Columbia University Press.

If every member of the various legislative bodies in this country were compelled to master this modest treatise, the condition of our statute law would be much improved. Undoubtedly, many of the details of law-making in England, which Sir Courtenay lucidly describes, could not be observed here. Our Legislatures do not possess the unlimited powers of the British Parliament, and our people would not tolerate the restraints which English practice imposes upon "private bills" and "private members' bills." We are told (pp. 134-140) that a private bill deals mainly with the grant and regulation of franchises; that it is initiated by petition, and, being regarded as a privilege, for which a price should be paid to the State, pretty heavy fees are required at the several stages of its passage. A private members' bill is entirely different from a private bill. It may be a "public bill"; that is, one that alters the general law. But, as it is proposed by a private member and not by the Government, it stands small chance of enactment, unless the sunshine of Government favor smiles upon it. As a result, very few private members' bills succeed in getting through Parliament (pp. 84, 85).

Even though our legislators would not tolerate such restrictions, they might learn many valuable lessons from Sir Courtenay's pages. First of all, each legislative body can insist upon having official draughtsmen, to whom every bill shall be submitted, not only for corrections of language, but for such substantial changes as are necessary to enable the bill to accomplish the purpose intended, and no other. The gains to English statute law from the establishment of a parliamentary counsel's office, as set forth by our author, have been great; and he speaks with authority upon this topic, for he was at the head of that office for many years, and is now clerk of the House of Commons. He is of the opinion that an office such as that of parliamentary counsel is not suitable to the conditions of legislation in the United States, but he offers a number of wise suggestions for American legislators, who may wish to establish official agencies of a similar character. Another valuable lesson is contained in the sixth lecture, relating to "the art and craft of preparing and framing statutory enactments." Every legislator and every student of legislative draughtsmanship should read and re-read this lecture with care.

Probably no part of the book deserves more serious study, and certainly none is more interesting, than the lecture on codification. It is thoroughly intelligible, and the layman as well as the lawyer will rise from its perusal with the feeling that he has gained knowledge as well as entertainment from this masterly discussion of a well-worn theme. Sir Courtenay declares that "in England, codification on the more extensive scale has made no way, is making no way, and has practically no effective body of professional or public opinion to move it on; while in countries like France and Germany it is not only a success, but a popular success." He believes that this radical difference is due to the fact that in France and Germany a pressing need was felt for the unification of the substance of the law, throughout the various portions of each of these countries; while in England the law has been uniform for centuries. His argument on this point is illuminating. He insists that Benthamitic codification is not possible in England. All that can be hoped for is the codification of special topics, after the fashion of the Partnership act and the Sale of Goods act. These statutes content themselves with the statement of general principles, and do not attempt to supply rules applicable by an ordinary intellect to every possible case.

Although these lectures were prepared primarily for the law students of Columbia University, they were listened to by many laymen, and the book ought to have a wide circulation among those outside the legal profession. It affords an excellent example of what university schools of law are now attempting in the way of properly popularizing legal ideas and ideals.

CURRENT FICTION.

Love's Legend. By H. Fielding-Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

We have here Fielding-Hall's second Sentimental Journey. The first, "One Immortality," we remember leaving at Venice before it was well started. It was an unconscionable time getting off, and when finally the last whistle blew, somehow we missed the boat, and the Sentimentalists sailed without us. Since then we have followed the author in his interrupted philosophical excursion till, in "The World-Soul," he solved the whole moral and religious problem to his own satisfaction. We were only sorry that he seemed to have said the final word—it had all been said so well. However, we might have reflected that philosophy and religion are not everything, and we were not unduly surprised when, early in the present year, he breezily settled the problem of Indian unrest in "The Passing of Empire." In the second Sentimental Journey he figures as Mr. Gallio, sailing down his own familiar Irawady with his newly wedded Lesbia. The incidents of the journey, amusing in themselves, are but a setting for the statement and solution of the difficulties that beset the newly married. They are resolved into two awkward facts—one, the essential and fundamental difference between man and woman, unbridged betimes, and later often unbridgeable; the second, and perhaps the corollary of the first, woman's jealousy of man's past. Now the Gallio of history was a scholar and a gentleman, and incidentally the originator

of Masterly Inactivity as a fixed policy. The modern Gallio pursues his ancestral method, mitigated by fairy stories—the only stories that are really true—while the wisdom of the East, making its last stand in Burma, is administered in moderate doses to open eyes recalcitrant to the truth.

The initial difficulty crops up at the outset:

A man married, expecting to find certain things in his wife. It seemed to him part of the contract that he should find them. Apparently he didn't. They weren't there. . . . Suppose you engaged a girl for a dance, and, when you went to claim her, found that she considered that a mutual writing of names on programmes was the main thing, and that for the rest you went out for a walk on opposite sides of the street.

And Gallio teaches his Lesbia to "play the game," using the story of the Princess with the Bandaged Eyes for his purpose. So far, so good; but the very next day we have forebodings of evil:

For some reason that I do not know, I very much dislike to hear him talk of his past life. I think, perhaps, that I am jealous of that life, because he lived before—before yesterday.

Quite early in the voyage, Lesbia, sitting by her sleeping husband, solves the riddle of Beauty and the Beast. But that is only one step. For the rest, she learns many things—and it is to be hoped that Gallio does, too—especially to see life as it is, not as it ought to be.

Broken Music. By Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Torch Bearer. By Reina Melcher Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We suppose the continued interest of current novelists in heroes and heroines of genius must be justified by some sort of steady demand; but we suspect that demand comes from a limited and largely feminine audience. The temperamental hero is by now almost as conventional a figure as the muscular hero, and rather more tiresome. The disease of genius is rare; why be continually manufacturing "cases," and gloating over them?

The Jean d'Ucelles of "Broken Music" is, his alleged gift apart, a feeble and contemptible youth, and, as his genius is merely asserted, there seems to be no good reason for tolerating the rest of him. A poor but talented young Baron, he comes to Paris to seek his fortune. After a momentary impulse towards asceticism, he becomes the kept lover of that staple character in current fiction, the greatest actress on the French stage. Tiring of her merely well-preserved charms, he assumes a more equal relation with a young girl (with a marvellous voice) whom he deserts temporarily for the sake of a married siren, and permanently for the sake of his "career." "Something has made a new man of me," are his parting words, "and I have an idea that this new man will make a little music. Mon Dieu! broken music, perhaps, but one cannot have everything complete! At the bottom of all beauty I find that there is grief." But feebleness and selfishness and nastiness—are these also at the bottom of beauty and of the genius which creates it?

Nothing of this too familiar moral is implied in "The Torch Bearer." The woman who is its subject does not prove her genius by becoming anybody's mistress; but we gather that she almost profanes it by becoming a plain man's wife. The plain man does not perceive that she is essentially an artist, with a special duty to perform. He has the old-fashioned notion that a normal woman may fulfil herself as a wife and a mother. He does not suspect that his wife is abnormal, a creature with (again we must take the author's word for the fact) a crying need for self-expression in the form of literature. He does not perceive that, being simply an honest, hard-working citizen, he is the inferior of a person with a passion for arranging words. This she resents, but motherhood and a crisis connected with it lead her to sacrifice her gift on the altar of domestic virtue. When, after many years, she feels herself free to write, she finds that the power has left her. This seems to the author of the story a tragic thing. The husband, who has come to understand what his wife has given up, is full of tremulous self-reproach and yearning sympathy. For many pages we are in an atmosphere of mourning for a priceless treasure which has been lost. Our only comfort lies in the discovery that the son has inherited the mother's gift. "It would have its fruition in Eric—and perhaps in Eric's sons and his sons' sons. She was granted a vision of a torch passed on from one trustworthy hand to another throughout the years, and beholding that vision, she was aware that nothing she had suffered mattered at all." The truth is, unless the reader is of the class which is moved to a thrill and an obeisance by the mere words Art and Artist, he is not likely to feel that the inspired Shella's sufferings did matter very much, Eric or no Eric. The world as a whole is too busy to enjoy coddling the mere symptoms of genius.

Ten Minute Stories. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This volume shows a ripening of the manner which began with "The Empty House," and an advance in conciseness of expression and power to focus narrative effects. A psychological story which is brief is a novelty, and these are brief and full. Again, whereas the author once used the supernatural and the psychically abnormal for the definite production of eeriness, he has now learned to make his goal the shadowing-forth of personality and states of mind. The tale of horror has become the tale of fancy and of character. A comparison of "The Wendig" in "The Lost Valley" with "The Impulse" in the new collection is not unfair; the former the narrative of some fee-faw-fum Canadian *were-wulf*, the latter the simple account of a London gentleman on £1,000 a year, cold, selfish, introduced as refusing a small loan to a pinched friend; who receives an announcement that his income is halved, and passes through a most agonizing dream-realization of what it meant to live always as the pinched do. Or we may take "The Strange Disappearance of a Baronet," whose sudden realization of his social uselessness becomes a monomania, in which he believes himself physically dwindling, in danger of crushing by the footman, lost in his bed. The author moves always in the pure realms of mind, tracking its abnormal reactions like a detective. In part he assumes an unreal world; in part its unreality is traceable to an ignoring of the heart and the physical emotions, and in part to the inaccuracy of his psychology.

THE SPECIAL GENIUS OF THE JEWS.

The Jews and Modern Capitalism. By Werner Sombart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Professor Sombart thinks in terms of flesh and blood, even when he is most busily employing statistics. He exhibits the Jewish race not as a collective intellect, but as the embodiment of forces that appeal fully as much to the historical and romantic imagination as to the economic. In the present work we have a fusing of economics, history, rabbinical lore, biology, psychology, and we may even say poetry. It would be bard to recall a more interesting book in recent years, or a more effective.

Mr. Sombart discloses his method in his opening sentence. There are two possible means of discovering to what extent any group of people participated in a particular form of economic organization. One is the statistical; the other the genetic. Along these two lines he conducts his argument. We are not warranted in drawing the conclusion that he holds a brief for the Jews, but obviously he is one who cannot possess facts without generalizing from them, and it must be admitted that occasionally he comes near to giving point to the definition of genius as the ability to generalize from one induction. Yet, if we are unable to agree with him every time on first thought, we are always impressed by him on second.

The signal fact of the sixteenth century was the shifting of the economic centre of Europe from the south to the north. Historians have ascribed this to the discovery of America and of the new route to the East Indies. Mr. Sombart is unable to see why the Italians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese should have suffered in the least from these discoveries. Equally flimsy is the argument that the Northwestern countries were strong consolidated states, while Germany and Italy were disunited. Is it a fact that Venice was a weaker state in the sixteenth century than the Seven Provinces in the seventeenth? And did not the empire of Philip II excel all the kingdoms of his time in power and renown? Moreover, why was it that, although Germany was in a state of political disruption, cities like Hamburg and Frankfort-on-the-Main reached a high degree

of development in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, such as few French or English cities could rival?

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries witnessed the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal, from Sicily, Naples, Genoa, and Venice, and from the old German commercial cities—Cologne, Augsburg, Strassburg, Erfurt, Nuremberg, Ulm, and Ratisbon. This dispersion was synchronous with the economic decline of these communities. It is interesting, in passing, to note that Leghorn, which was one of the few Italian cities enjoying high prosperity in the sixteenth century, opened its arms to the Jews. The increasing importance of Hamburg and Frankfort, coincidental with their liberal treatment of the Jews, may also be significant. It was in the sixteenth century that these wanderers invaded the Netherlands and England in considerable numbers. Mr. Sombart, of course, refuses to base arguments on mere coincidences. He turns to documentary evidence, and with no small success; along with much that appeals more to the imagination than to the reason, there is a residuum of fact that predisposes one to many of his conclusions. When, for example, the Senate of Venice, in 1550, decided to expel the Marannos and to forbid commercial intercourse with them, the Christian merchants of the city declared that it would mean their ruin, and that they might as well leave Venice with the exiles, seeing that they made their living by trading with the Jews. The Jews controlled the Spanish wool trade, the trade in Spanish silk and crimsons, and that in sugar, pepper, Indian spices, and pearls. Indeed, a great part of the entire export trade was carried on by them; they supplied the Venetians with goods to be sold on commission; and they were also bill brokers. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Government of the city of Antwerp entered a protest, on similar grounds, to the Imperial decrees against the Jews. It is a remarkable thing, Mr. Sombart declares, that the brief space during which Antwerp became the commercial centre and the money-market of the world should have been just that between the coming and the going of the Marannos, or crypto-Jews. In the seventeenth century the Sous-Intendant of Languedoc said that, without the Jews, the trade of Bordeaux and of the whole province would be "inevitably ruined." In the same century, the Dutch Government had a period of real anxiety lest the Dutch Jews should transplant themselves to England. About this time the Jews were regarded as indispensable to the growth of Hamburg. On one occasion the Senate asked that permission should be given for synagogues to be built; otherwise, they feared, the Jews would leave Hamburg, putting the city in danger of sinking to a mere village.

But even such contemporary evidence is far from convincing. We must find from the original sources what contributions the Jews made to the building up of modern economic life from the end of the fifteenth century onward—the period when Jewish history and general European economic progress tended in the same direction. Mr. Sombart's study of these sources appears to have been inexhaustible: the results which he submits for our judgment are voluminous and infinitely varied in character. In the development of his argument from the point of view of statistics, he discusses the quickening of international trade, the foundation of modern states and colonies, the predominance of commerce in economic life, the growth of the capitalistic point of view. Summed up, the importance of the Jews was twofold. On the one hand, they influenced the outward form of modern capitalism; on the other, they gave expression to its inward spirit. Above all others, they endowed economic life with its modern spirit; they seized upon the essential idea of capitalism, and carried it to its highest development.

What was it that enabled the Jew to exercise so decisive an influence in the process that made modern economic life what it is? Mr. Sombart devotes half of a rather bulky volume to answering this question, and his narrative is absorbing. He explains the Jew, and yet, in so doing, gives him an added touch of mystery. He assigns four causes for the success of the Jews: their dispersion over a wide area, their treatment as strangers, their semi-citizenship, and their wealth. Yet he does not stop here; he asks if these objective circumstances alone explain the economic rôle of the Jews. Are there not perhaps special Jewish characteristics which must be taken into account? Unmistakably, there is an aptitude for Capitalism, the objective circumstances of which we have just mentioned. Midway between the objective and the subjective factors of Jewish development is the Jewish religion. Mr. Sombart thinks that this has the same leading ideas as capitalism: he sees the same spirit in the one as in the other. We must remember that a rigidly minded scribe, Ezra, was its author. It came into being not as an irresistible force, not as the expression of the deepest needs of contrite souls, not as the embodiment of the feelings of divinely inspired votaries, but on a deliberate plan, by clever deductions, and diplomatic policy, which was based on the cry, "Its religion must be preserved for the people." In all its reasoning it appeals to us as a creation of the intellect, a kind of thought and purpose projected into the world of organisms, mechanically and artfully wrought, destined to destroy and to conquer Nature's realm, and to reign itself in her stead. Just so does Capitalism appear on the scene; like the Jewish religion an alien element in the midst of the natural created world; like it, too, something schemed and planned in the midst of teeming life. The sheaf of salient features is bound together in one word—Rationalism. Rationalism is the characteristic trait of Judaism as of Capitalism, a deadly foe alike to irresponsible mysticism and to that creative power which draws its artistic inspiration from the passion-world of the senses.

Intellectuality is the fundamental quality of the Jew. As a result of extreme intellectuality his outlook is teleological or that of practical rationalism. Added to the teleological attitude we find a strong will, with a large fund of energy. Then, too, all Jews possess mobility of mind—quick perception, and mental versatility. These four elements, intellectuality, teleology, energy, and mobility, are the corner-stones of Jewish character, so complicated in its nature.

But even yet we have not touched bottom in our attempt to solve the question of the Jew. We know him objectively and statistically; we have studied his subjective processes, and discovered, as we think, his racial characteristics; but we have still before us the most interesting task of all—what was the origin of the Jewish genius? In answering this question, Mr. Sombart displays great dexterity in the use of anthropological facts and a remarkable fund of historical information, and strengthens us in the belief that the anthropological character of the Jews, no less than their intellectual attributes, has remained constant for thousands of years. Yet this does not prove that the Jewish genius is rooted in he race. Mr. Sombart lays emphasis on three points: the original aptitudes of the races from which the Jews sprang as exhibited in their mode of life, the manner in which the various elements mingled, and which of these aptitudes survived under the influence of Jewish history. From it all we form the conclusion that the Jewish characteristics are rooted in the blood of the race, and are not in any wise due to educative processes. Fundamentally, the importance of the Jews in the world's civilization, and more particularly in economic life, is due to the transplanting of an Oriental people among Northern races, and the cultural union of the two. A similar assertion has been made, not without an element of truth, regarding the civilization of the classical world, of the Greeks more especially, and also of that of the Italian Renaissance. It has been suggested that they resulted from the mixture of Northern peoples with the autochthonous inhabitants. The Jews are a desert people, a race which brought its special characteristics to maturity amid an environment which had not altered since the Ice Age. Their instincts when settled in Canaan remained nomadic. Mr. Sombart draws a fine contrast between forest and desert: they are the two great opposites which sum up differences in countries and their inhabitants. In the North man is brought into closer touch with nature than in the hot countries. Man is part and parcel with nature. In the North there are between Nature and even the most prosaic of men bonds of love and friendship unknown to the Southerner. In the South man regards Nature only as an instrument in the work of civilization. Would it be too much to say that the Jewish characteristics have received their peculiar impress from thou-

sands of years of wandering in the Wilderness? Economic differences may be traced, at bottom, to the contrast between the nomadic and the agricultural life, between Saharism and Sylvanism.

THE JANSENISTS.

The Little Schools of Port Royal. By H. C. Barnard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Whatever a person's religious views, he can hardly resist admiration for the intellectual and moral achievements of the Jansenists. A sect never numerous, and flourishing only for a short time, they made a deep impress on French literature and thought. For their famous schools, though the duration of these was scarcely fifteen years and they perhaps never had more than two hundred and fifty pupils in all, the Jansenists are no less deserving of admiration. Their ardent teachers, few in number, wrought as enduringly as the countless Jesuits who taught the thousands enrolled in the Jesuit colleges of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Barnard has written a very satisfactory study of the *Petites Ecoles.* The narrative, though at times dealing with minor matters of school administration and the details of the curriculum, is useful to the student of the general question of Jansenism. In fact, some people, puzzled or bewildered by discussions about sufficient and effective grace or the five propositions, may be glad to realize how practical were the "solitaries" in their retreat, and how by their teaching they anticipated later and more popular educationalists.

Mr. Barnard brings out the contrast between the soberness of Jansenist instruction and the florid Latinity of the Jesuits. He shows the *via media* followed by the contemporary Oratorians no less than the conservative scholasticism of the University of the day. The instruction in all these establishments was what would be called secondary, as opposed to primary and higher. The Jesuits based their teaching on the language of the Catholic Church and tried to turn out rhetoricians and men of the world. The Jansenists, without losing sight of Latin, favored Greek and French itself. The Jesuits, during a period of two hundred years, educated great men such as Condé, Bossuet, Descartes, Montesquieu, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire. The Jansenists, in a decade and a half, brought up only a handful, the greatest being Racine and the historian Lenain de Tillemont, whose writings were of service to Gibbon. But the achievements of Lancelot, Coustel, Nicole, and Walon de Beaupuis were not confined to schoolmastering: the "Logic" of Port-Royal has remained in use to our own times, and Lancelot's "Jardin des racines grecques," though now discarded, held its place for two hundred years in French schools.

The author of the present handbook devotes some attention to moot points in the history of the *Petites Ecoles:* the actual number of pupils, the dates of their disappearance. He has also "placed" Port-Royal in educational theory and related it to its educational predecessors. The volume is not marred, like many works in English or French subjects, by frequent misprints, though the name Fénelon receives superfluous accentuation in the appendix and the index, and the indexing of proper names under the prefix "de" is confusing.

THE WISDOM OF AGE.

Things Learned by Living. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The ripe wisdom of a great teacher, and the pregnant summary of a long life of intellectual leadership, are compressed within the covers of this little book. We know of nothing in literature quite like it; perhaps the nearest analogy would be with the "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill." But Dr. Bascom is even freer than Mill from the bondage of events, and he is much less concerned than is Mill in tracing the development of his ideas and theories. With less than Mill's strict logical coherence, Dr. Bascom gives us in compensation flashes of imaginative insight; instead of the even and rather colorless clarity of Mill's style, we find in Dr. Bascom a style compact, rugged, sometimes obscure, but abounding in memorable and poetic phrase, and rising at times into noble eloquence. In style "Sartor Resartus," if its calculated oddity were left out, would be more nearly a parallel. Events, chosen for their significance and presented always with the illuminating comment of maturer judgment, are dismissed in the first chapter—the longest in the book, to be sure, and not the least interesting. Succeeding chapters deal with Health, Recreations, Persons, Forms of Work, and Writings. Finally, there are three chapters in which Dr. Bascom has distilled the essence of his experience and his beliefs: The Formula of Personal Life, The Formula of Social Life, and Religion.

Of old New England stock, with clerical traditions, John Bascom was born at Genoa, N. Y., in 1827. His father, a country minister, died a year later, and his mother was left in extreme poverty, with the task of bringing up four children. Of that brave and sternly religious mother, with her hidden tenderness, who "coveted and deserved more affection than she was able to win," we get many glimpses:

> Often at the close of a summer Sabbath I sat on the ground, while my mother milked, and learned from her lips the catechism, till I could find my way along its rugged path of words, deep, solemn, impenetrable. . . . I hardly know how the same amount of inexhaustible impression could have been secured more quickly and more efficiently. Those ideas which, at best, only glimmer before the mind and are constantly losing themselves in mist and darkness, play the same part in the spiritual imagination as do bold, rugged, inaccessible mountains in the landscape. The world is wholly different because of them. Its magnitude and mystery are indefinitely increased.

One is tempted to linger over these charming sketches and impressions of a sensitive childhood in the country. What a characteristic picture is that of Benjamin Joy, the village worthy whose deeply religious temper impressed the boy John, while his inconsistencies at the same time shocked him:

> His barn joined our garden; he used it as a devotional closet, and I frequently heard, with indescribable awe, the voice of earnest prayer. . . . I remember, however, that some incongruities of character, even then, startled me. I was always tenderly disposed toward animals and never inflicted pain except in sudden anger. I was astonished at the heat with which he flung stones, and at the unconscionable size of the stones he flung at hogs to be driven from his orchard.

College life at Williams the young man found almost altogether enjoyable. Looking back upon it, Dr. Bascom thinks it was profitable through student friendship and association rather than through formal instruction. Instruction, indeed, was much too formal, and was especially deficient in language and literature. "With a single exception, the instructors in my college life were little more than driven stakes to which we were tethered." Praisers of the good old times will find not much to encourage them here. After his graduation in 1849 Bascom tried teaching and the study of law before deciding to enter the theological seminary. His return to teaching was "not a premeditated result, but one which grew out of circumstances." He adds:

> It has been a decided preference with me, though the principle bears a somewhat passive and feeble appearance, to shape my choices to conditions I had not myself secured. I have not liked to apply for places nor to force results. I have loved to feel that the shuttle of life was not driven both ways by the same mechanical, calculated stroke—that it played between those wide providences which rule the world and my own immediate purposes under them. . . .

Perhaps it was this wise acceptance that gave to whatever Dr. Bascom said or did a sense of authority, of inevitableness.

At Williams he occupied the chair of rhetoric for nineteen years; then came the call to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. At Williams he had to fight for freedom of speech in religion; at Wisconsin for freedom of speech in politics. He speaks very briefly of the great development of that institution during his administration, and scarcely at all of the profound personal influence which he exerted over the students both there and at Williams. During this whole period, in addition to the work of teaching and administering, he was pursuing strenuous studies and writing surprisingly good books on a variety of subjects bewildering to a scholar of this generation. These things he did on a very slender margin of health, keeping at bay, as he says, many spirits of mischief by patient hygiene. After his resignation from Wisconsin in 1887, he intended to retire from active teaching; but

the loss of the savings of a lifetime forced him to give up this plan. His loss was the infinite gain of many classes of students at Williams. In his previous period of teaching there, he had introduced English literature and æsthetics into the curriculum; now he introduced sociology. He continued giving regular courses until 1903; and the reviewer can bear personal testimony to the extraordinary vitality and power of his teaching during its latest years.

Almost everywhere the book tempts quotation. It is hard for a lover of mountains to pass by the noble praise of mountains in the chapter on Recreations; it is hard for a teacher to leave unquoted the admirable discussion of what constitutes good teaching in the chapter on Forms of Work. We can only refer to the brilliant and searching, though not altogether sympathetic, characterization of Mark Hopkins in the chapter on Persons. Williams had two teachers of the first rank in the last century, and it is interesting to see how, when they were working together, they must have complemented each other.

Great teachers owe their influence and success to commanding personal force. It is strange that so few of them have been able to make the written word carry even a portion of their power; they seem often to have striven to write impersonally, as if they did not realize that in literature, as in the classroom, personality is everything. "Things Learned by Living" is a notable exception to this rule. To one who knew Dr. Bascom, at least, the very tones of his voice seem to ring in sentences like these:

> If we once more strike in, in this long race, we shall find that the inner energies, the inspirations of the conflict, are not evenly divided between us and our adversary, the senseless and dull soul of things, but that they are all with us, the last living force of things.
>
> The mind is always and above all things entitled to the truth. . . . The very fact that there is so much misapprehension to be removed, so much resistance to be overcome, is ground and reason for haste. If the morning is cold and misty, so much the greater occasion for the sun.

Dr. Bascom never surrendered to the reaction towards conservatism and compromise that most men yield to as they grow old. The wisdom of age came to him in rich measure; but he never bartered for it the priceless wisdom of youth. No disillusioned cynic could see more clearly or state more powerfully the apparent hopelessness of individual effort; yet out of the very conditions of hopelessness his indomitable spirit draws faith in liberty. And no youthful idealist could be a more ardent lover of truth, or could be governed by a more imperious faith in her conquering and redeeming power.

[We omit Notes from this issue owing to the large amount of kindred matter in the Educational Supplement. The omission of certain other usual features is explained on similar grounds.—Ed. The Nation.]

Drama

THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF BOSTON.

The interests of the Boston League are so closely bound up with those of its sire, the Drama League of America, that, often, when the child is speaking, the parent is speaking also; nevertheless, the younger league has made—and is making—history of its own, dictated by conditions peculiar to Boston.

The Boston League is the largest of the offshoot branches; having borne on its membership roll, during its three years of life, an average of over twenty-three hundred avowed supporters. It has also been fortunate in its president, Professor Baker, of Harvard University, under whose wise leadership the League has been kept from temptations to join the repertory movement, with its gilded illusions and annual corpses. Two distinct avenues are open: the Drama League movement, which links itself with the practical stage, seeking to improve its conditions; and the repertory movement, which, holding aloof from the stage as we know it, seeks to draw a special audience to itself. No one can, at this moment, look far enough into the future to foresee the outcome of these two movements; it would seem wise to let each pursue its own course.

To win ticket-buying audiences for the worthy play as we know it, the Drama League of America has had, from the start, an eminently practical working idea—the idea, namely, of issuing bulletins. It is hard to dissociate the movement from these bulletins. Its success is bound up with them. Consequently they should be prepared with the utmost care, no effort being spared to raise them from mere news-announcements to critical and educational documents. The Boston bulletins deservedly rank high for their analytic criticism, formed on the basis of a liberal appreciation; their public appeal could be augmented by applying a method of criticism more genuinely interpretative, which *pari passu* would add a more vital judicial estimate. This suggestion is made with full appreciation of the arduous task confronting the Play-Going Committee and the ensnaring difficulties besetting its labors. Special notice, for reasons other than critical, should be given to the bulletin issued at the opening of the season of 1911-12, which brought a list of the principal plays of the preceding season in the cities of New York, Boston, and Chicago, with a numerical record of their performances, and also to the bulletin issued in September of that year on the Irish Players, which fixed the dialect of each writer and contained a terse account of the whole repertory.

That the Boston members have actually been influenced in their theatre-going by the League's bulletins has been shown by a post-card canvass, though, it must be admitted, the responsibility was not felt as keenly as one would wish. Perhaps the best results were accomplished in making successful the engagements of the Manchester Company and the Irish Players. Disapprovals of the League's recommendations have been few. The post-card canvass brought to light other important facts; for instance, a lessening of interest on the part of Boston members in musical comedies and farces, since bulletined plays of this sort received the lowest scores of attendance.

If the supporters of the good cause in Boston failed to respond with whole-souled enthusiasm to all the bulletins sent out, their enthusiasm brought to bear upon the lecture entertainments offered by the League has been given in overflowing measure—literally, for the aisles of the theatres where most of them took place were often crowded with women and—yes, there were also men—who could find no seats. The managers, who in the beginning met the whole movement with scorn and a sneer, would never have unbent had they not seen the leaguers together in a body. Ocular demonstration did it. These lectures were more than mere sweetmeats. They have had an intrinsic educational value, in awakening a more intimate understanding of the art of the drama, and have been potent factors in changing the whole social atmosphere about the theatre. People talk more about the theatre than they used to before the days of the League; actors and actresses are seen more frequently at social gatherings; and professors from the other side of the Charles, beyond the red brick gateways, are melting theatreward: they go more often to the theatre, some are even willing to appear with the star of the troupe before the footlights and declare, in l ng pent-up lighter vein, their interest in the living stage.

The educational influence of the Boston League has passed beyond its own immediate border. Its advice and assistance have from time to time been sought by clubs, societies, schools, and individuals; largely in matters of that important branch of play activity, the amateur theatricals, where taste for the art of the theatre is forming. It has given assistance of this kind to nearly a hundred organizations, and has prepared a comprehensive list of plays for amateurs, based upon material gathered to meet these requests for aid. As to the discrimination shown in the selection of the plays, I cannot speak; it is plainly evident, however, that this special service is materially extending the usefulness of the League. Here, indeed, may be found one of the League's sources of life. For the fact cannot be concealed that the members of the League, certainly a large part of them, come from a class of people supposed to know a little more about the needs of the theatre than the infinitely larger class outside its own borders. To reach this larger class must, in the end, be the League's chief aim. It will be the wave on which alone the idea of the circuit-support of the worthy play can successfully ride. The League must seek to enlarge the circle of its usefulness from the few to the many; it must try to come into close touch with the young generation; it must endeavor to acquire a trusted influence over all other

smaller organizations engaged in matters dramatic; in particular, with special affectionate consideration, it must lend a helping hand to the worthy American play and playwright; it must stand before the people as the custodian in matters of dramatic conscience. The influence of the League is just beginning to be felt; the possibilities of its becoming a people's organization are great.

The Boston League has recently appointed an organizing secretary, and hopes soon to strengthen its position as a centre and further the whole scheme of the national organization, by the establishment of other leagues in the larger towns and cities of New England.

Important services have been rendered by the publications prepared by members of the Drama Study Committee of the Boston League. Of these, special mention must be made of the selected list of "Essays and Books about the Drama and the Theatre," prepared by Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown, issued in 1912, with a supplementary list, issued recently; also of "The New Irish Drama," prepared by Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, issued in 1911. Both of these monographs are commendable contributions; the one, to the bibliography of dramatic literature, the other to the history of the new Irish dramatic movement.

ROBERT M. WERNAER.

"WARS OF THE WORLD."

There is much to be said for the spectacular when it pretends to be that and nothing more. Only when what is artistic in itself is subordinated to the merely spectacular, as was the case with the last production at the Hippodrome, Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore," is it time to raise a protest. In their present production the management of the Hippodrome have happily not repeated that desecration of a work of art. "Wars of the World" is, as such a production should be, composed especially for spectacular presentation. The dialogue is of entirely secondary interest and the appeal is almost wholly to the eye. The first act is by far the most interesting and original and follows more closely than the second act (the third is simply the usual Hippodrome "Fountain") the theme propounded. The second episode, showing an abbey in a forest, a religious procession, the dedication of crusaders, a joust, and a merry rout of Robin Hood and his men, is perhaps the most beautiful. Another effective episode is that dealing with the Civil War, and the succeeding tableau, showing "the Price of War," is commendable for its restraint. In the second act the interest wanes somewhat and in the matter of good taste some of the Mexican scenes are open to question. On the whole, however, "Wars of the World" is to be commended as a magnificent spectacle, well engineered and well rehearsed, which is worth seeing, once at any rate.

S. W.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is beginning his preparations for the celebration in 1916 of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. He intends to produce at His Majesty's Theatre the chronicle plays, beginning with "King John" and ending with "Henry VIII."

Music

Liège has been called the cradle of violinists. Among the famous wielders of the bow who came from that heroic city are Ysaye, César Thomson, Edouard Dethier, Ovide Musin, and the violoncellist Jean Gerardy. The great composer César Franck was also born at Liège.

Eighteen members of the Philadelphia Orchestra are fighting for Germany and two for France, but the conductor, Stokowski, is back safe from Europe, minus his baggage. He managed, however, to save the score of Mahler's eighth symphony, which he will produce on March 5 and 6 with a chorus of one thousand singers and an orchestra increased to 125 men. It will be the first performance in America of this colossal work.

Philadelphia has a new vocal society known as the Choral Art Club. Its founder and director is Alexander Matthews, and the membership is made up of prominent local singers. Its purpose is to present choral compositions of a wide range, from Palestrina and Bach to the latest products of the French, Russian, and English schools.

For this year's festivals in Portland and Bangor, Me., Mr. W. R. Chapman has a chorus of 800, and the list of soloists includes Emma Eames and Emilio De Gogorza, Cordelia Leo (violinist), Helena Dardinel (pianist), Nina Morgana, Artha Williston, Florence Otis, Jean Cooper, Salvatore Giordano, Millo Picco, Ernest J. Hill, Carl Morris, and Cuyler Black. The Bangor dates are October 1, 2, 3; the Portland dates, October 5, 6, 7. The Portland festival will be held in the new Auditorium, which will be dedicated on the opening night. Portland is distinguished as being the only American city that has a municipal organ and an organist of the first rank paid by the city. The organ is the gift of Cyrus H. K. Curtis and the organist is Will C. Macfarlane, formerly organist of St. Thomas's Church and the Temple Emanu-El, New York. Mr. Curtis's desire was that the organ might become a vital factor in the life of the Portland people; and his wish has been realized. In the season of 1912 and 1913 over 225,000 persons attended the various recitals, concerts, Sunday afternoon services, with half-hours of organ music, and summer afternoon recitals.

Among the novelties promised in Milan during the coming winter season—if there is one—are two new one-act operas by Mascagni, entitled "L'Allodoletta" and "La Faida di Commune"; Giordano's "Madame Sans Gêne"; Franchetti's "Notte di Leggenda"; Pizzetti's "Fedra"; De Lara's "The Three Masks," and Richard Strauss's "Legend of Joseph."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch and his wife (the daughter of Mark Twain) were in Switzerland when the war began. Their manager, Loudon Charlton, announces that these two distinguished artists will without doubt make their promised American tour during the coming season.

The industrious Max Reger has completed still another work, a set of Variations on a Theme by Mozart. It is to have its first performance—war permitting—at one of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, next winter. Among the other works chosen by Nikisch for these concerts—which used to be the most famous in Europe—are Korngold's Sinfonietta, the second symphony of a new Viennese composer named Franz Schmidt, Bruckner's Ninth, Liszt's "Faust," Strauss's "Don Quixote" and "A Hero's Life," Tchaikovsky's "Manfred," the F major symphony of Goetz, Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oy."

Marie von Bülow, the widow of the eminent pianist, is no longer president of the German Brahms Society. She resigned because of certain statements regarding her husband made in the official Brahms biography by Max Kalbeck.

It is rather surprising that two of the world's greatest national anthems were created by prominent native composers. Haydn wrote the Austrian "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," while the Russian hymn, the most majestic and inspiring of all patriotic tunes, was composed by Alexis Lvoff: and what is more astonishing still, was composed to order. The story of how it happened is told in detail by Lvoff in his memoirs, and is quoted in English by Mr. Montagu-Nathan's recently published "History of Russian Music" (Charles Scribner's Sons).

"Wagner as Man and Artist" is the title of the latest book on the Bayreuth master. It is by Ernest Newman, and the American publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Newman has not tried to write a new biography of Wagner, having "shrunk appalled from the magnitude of the task." As his book was going to press, he "learned that a new edition of his correspondence, containing some two thousand hitherto unpublished letters, is to appear under the editorship of that indefatigable Wagner researcher, Dr. Julius Kapp. But," he adds, "it ought to be possible to reconstruct the man from the 2,700 letters of his that we already have, though the picture will no doubt need some filling-in, and perhaps some corrections in detail when Dr. Kapp's edition is available."

A hymn to Napoleon III and a fanfare called "The Crown of Italy" have been discovered among the unpublished compositions of Rossini. When he died, in 1868, there were found among his papers no fewer than 154 instrumental pieces and songs that had not been printed. His widow was willing to sell them at once, but she demanded so large a sum that they were left on her hands. Five years later they were sold, but only four of them were given to the public. A recent number of the *Guide Musical* contains an article on these miscellaneous unpublished works of the great opera composer. The manuscripts are bound in sixteen volumes; among them are seventy-four numbers for the voice, an "album of nothings" for piano, a group of twelve pieces for children, and four entitled 'Hors d'œuvre" (radishes, anchovies, cucumbers, and butter), which seems to indicate that the composer of "The Barber of Seville" anticipated one of the latest phases of programme music. There is a "Hygienic Prelude," and a set of waltzes with the following titles: "Anti-dance Waltz," "Mourning Waltz," "Valse Torturée," "Halting Waltz," "Boudoir Waltz."

After the recent production in London by a Russian company of the opera-ballet called "Coq d'Or," with two casts, one of which sang while the other acted what was sung, it was pointed out in the *Telegraph* that this method of presenting a work was by no means

new, as most of the spectators imagined. In the twelfth edition (1835) of Adam's "Roman Antiquities," the following information is given: "Livius Andronicus, who was the first Roman to write a regular play, A. U. C. 512, and who acted in his own compositions, 'being obliged by the audience frequently to repeat the same part, and thus becoming hoarse, he asked permission to employ a boy to sing to the flute, while he acted what was sung (*canticum agebat*), which he did with the greater animation as he was not hindered by using his voice,'"

Finance

TWO INCIDENTS OF WAR TIME.

The two incidents of the past week whose bearing on the financial situation is of chief importance were the concerted movement of the New York banks to take care of New York city's maturing European obligations (thereby relieving the deadlock in foreign exchange which has existed since the war began), and the assurance that the European war itself would be prolonged, and not brought to a sudden close, even by the fall of Paris.

The problem which confronted our banks had to do with requirements of $100,000,000 in the financing of New York city, and it was greatly complicated by the fact that approximately $80,000,000 short-term notes of the municipality, placed on the European market at various dates before the war broke out, were due to mature between now and 1915. The providing for these requirements, in face of the present abnormal home and international banking conditions, involved two questions. First came the arrangement to advance the total sum required, for use by the city as its needs arise; secondly, arrangement to pay off the notes maturing in London, to the extent that they should not be renewed by the foreign holders. As to the first, it was manifest that preservation of the city's credit is the absolutely paramount consideration. New York must pay its bills, and the banking community must provide the means. This conclusion was not open to dispute, if the financial good name of the American community was to be preserved.

Payment for such of the city obligations as are held in London involved some more perplexing considerations. To the extent that foreign holders would not consent to renewal, the payment would technically necessitate purchase of something like $80,000,000 foreign exchange. Our grain and other exports will provide a part of this; the balance could be met only through sending gold to Ottawa, there to be credited to the Bank of England and drawn against as a London credit. Our banks quite naturally dislike to reduce their cash reserves, under present conditions; but this is a proper and necessary use of them.

New York bank reserves, it is true, are already considerably below the 25 per cent. ratio to deposits maintained in ordinary times. But the New York banks still held, at last Saturday's return, a reserve of 23 per cent.—far more than that required by the new banking law—and in that reserve was included $260,000,000 specie, practically all gold and exclusive of $57,000,000 held by trust companies. To draw on this reserve, for such a purpose, would be to accept the lesser evil in order to avoid the incomparably greater.

These aspects of the situation the New York banks recognized promptly, and with commendable public spirit. All of them are to subscribe, in proportion to their several resources, for the new loan of $100,000,000 to be placed by the city. Each, again in proportion to its individual resources, is to guarantee to provide either exchange on London or gold for export, to the extent that the foreign holders of the maturing city notes call for redemption. The immediate effect has been sudden lifting of the deadweight on international exchange. Sight drafts on London sold, last week, as high as $5.06 to the pound sterling, whereas $4.89 is the maximum in normal times, because at any higher rate gold can be used more cheaply than ordinary exchange bills to settle foreign dues. But the news of the attitude of our banks sent the rate down almost immediately to $4.97½.

The other important development which financial markets had to consider was the very positive assurance in the British Premier's Guildhall speech that the English Government is looking for a long and obstinate war. This, to be sure, has been the feeling of this financial community ever since the German forward movement from Belgium into France began. The belief was perhaps a little shaken by the sweeping successes of the German campaign in France, by the prodigious losses which must have been incurred, and by the nearer possibility of the fall of Paris. Last Friday's London speeches, however, by leaders both of Government and Opposition—supplemented, next day, by news of the joint agreement by England, France, and Russia that none of the Governments would treat for peace unless by consent of the other two—prove that England is drawing no such inferences of slackening in the campaigns against Germany, and to that conclusion we must adapt our own affairs.

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THE INFLATED A.B.

Not long ago a member of one of our university faculties, while seeking some recent literature in mathematical logic, discovered to his amazement that the room in which he had expected to find the mathematical seminary was equipped with six gas ranges and a complete outfit of pots and pans. Continuing his search, he was confronted in the next room by a number of dressmaker's "forms." On the floor below he found one of the college's business staff teaching a class in the art of bookkeeping. And not far away one class was receiving instruction in the elements of machine-work, another in the elements of joinery. All of these were courses in "the college of liberal arts"; and in all of them the students, with a satisfaction not unmixed with humor, were receiving credit towards the degree of bachelor of arts. In this connection we learn that one of the most distinguished State universities, where credit is given for football, rejoices in the possession of a hat-trimming expert. Clearly, this is an academic age. In the State of Michigan one cannot settle comfortably into a barber's chair without facing a certificate to the effect that the man behind the chair has successfully passed his canonical examinations—though not yet in the State university. But it is only a question of time when the tonsorial art will take its place among the other liberal arts and when in decency and consistency a few distinguished members of this, as well as of the gastronomic and sartorial professions, will have to be rewarded from time to time with the honorary degree of doctor of laws.

Are we to say, however, that a field of inquiry so deeply related to human well-being as that of the home—and withal so full of perplexities—is intellectually contemptible? Or that intelligence in this field is without the flavor of culture? Perhaps it would be safer to say that every field is worth cultivating precisely for what it can be made to yield. Clearly nothing is more important than a fine intelligence in the home, but so far there is no evidence to show that such intelligence is developed through domestic science. It is a little hard to believe that any laboratory of cooking can furnish an experience comparable in informing power with that to be gathered in a well-ordered kitchen in a household that respects good food.

The real question, however, is whether proficiency in the arts of cooking, or sewing, or joinery, or what not (and why not, then, the tonsorial art?)—a proficiency, we must remember, which is likely to be surpassed by that of men and women of little education who have practiced the crafts—is to count towards a degree which by common consent has been reserved hitherto for the recognition of liberal culture. A generation ago a similar question was raised in connection with the sciences—physics, chemistry, and biology. And the question is still an open one so far as training in science consists chiefly in weighing and measuring or in drawing from microscopic views. Yet the student who grasps the conceptions underlying the sciences has gathered a rich intellectual heritage accumulated through at least three centuries of strenuous and painful thinking. The newer vocational sciences have no such endowment to offer. Domestic science, to repeat our illustration, is without a history; it possesses no organized body of knowledge; and its countenance shows none of the marks of seasoned thought. It is chiefly a collection of odds and ends from the other sciences gathered for the sole purpose of having a "domestic" science, and cemented together in a mass of the trivial and the obvious. In the State universities, which are mainly responsible for enrolling domestic science among the instruments of culture, its purpose is frankly that of advertising, of "making the university strong with the people."

For moral justification we shall be referred, of course, to the easy-going theory of the democracy of studies, from which we learn that every department of human life is capable of developing an intellectual content, and therefore the possibilities of culture. To this ancient contention we need only reply that an academic degree is supposed to stand for developed actualities. And it is no faith in democracy that underlies the inflation of the degree in arts. We have only to remember that those who stand for the superior, if not, indeed, the exclusive, value of a training in science have as a rule indignantly rejected the degree of bachelor of science; and as for a "Bachelor of Education" or a "Bachelor of Home Economics," it is not to be thought of. The truth is that, amidst all the emphasis laid upon practical ends and all the scorn both of the humanities and of pure science, vocationalism is ill at ease without the social stamp of culture. In estimating the vocational motive to which our colleges, and first among them the supposedly democratic State universities, are now appealing for an increase of numbers, this ele-

ment must not be overlooked. It will help to explain why, while ministering, as they profess, to the most varied needs, they prefer to recognize no distinction either of value or of character in undergraduate studies. Not an honest democracy, where each subject and each man stands squarely upon his own feet, is the end in view, but a spurious aristocracy.

And this is the vice of the whole matter. Theoretically there is no reason why different educational standards should not be represented side by side in the same institution —if only they are kept distinct, but the great question at present is whether a thorough general education, having for its chief aim mental culture and discipline, is not a better preparation for any walk in life than a specialized training. The only proof of the pudding is in the eating. The attempt to solve a question of these dimensions in the psychological laboratory is futile. But no proof is possible at all unless the product of each theory of training bears its distinctive mark. It looks, however, as if our academic democracy were resentful of distinctions and preferred to obscure them rather than bring them to the test. Not only do the vocationists pretend to be apostles of culture; the representatives of pure science, and sometimes of the humanities, are on their side eager to show that they, too, have a vocational importance and can "place" their graduates in well-paying positions. The final outcome is the colorless mixture of aims and of values embodied in the denatured A.B.

It must be only a question of time when the degree of bachelor of arts will confer as little distinction as a passport and less than a life-insurance policy. When, finally, it stands neither for mental culture nor for useful knowledge, then perhaps practical necessity, reinforcing the love of truth, will compel a revision and a distinction of educational values; and in the first place a more guarded definition of liberal culture. Such an investigation need not be confined to the vocational studies. It may with equal propriety consider the merely edifying and "socializing" courses in literature, ethics, sociology, and civics which are supposed vaguely to be a "preparation for citizenship." Meanwhile there should be a possibility of success even now for a college which would restrict the courses leading to the degree of bachelor of arts to those of proved intellectual content. The body of students would not be large, but (more to the point) it would be large enough; and the degree must shortly confer an envied distinction.

The Decline of Lecturing

By L. P. JACKS.

WILL THE BOOK KILL THE CHAIR?—LECTURES BECOMING MORE AND MORE A SUBORDINATE INSTRUMENT OF TEACHING.

In a famous scene of "Notre-Dame" Victor Hugo puts into the mouth of the Archdeacon a prophecy which may serve as a motto for the present theme. The time is the end of the fifteenth century; printing has just been invented. On the table of the Archdeacon's cell is a newly printed volume from Nuremberg; outside, seen through the window, is the architecture of the cathedral. "*This*," says the Archdeacon, with his hand on the book, "will kill *that*"—pointing to the cathedral. "*Ceci tuera cela.*" Then, commenting on the words, Victor Hugo adds that they bear a double sense. Literally they foretell the decay of church-architecture as a means for the expression of the human spirit—a prophecy which time has fulfilled. Symbolically they indicate the gradual supersession of the spoken by the printed word. "C'était la chaire et le manuscrit, la parole parlée et la parole écrite, s'alarmant de la parole imprimée. . . . Cela voulait dire: La presse tuera l'église."

Will the prophecy be fulfilled in the second sense to the degree in which it has been fulfilled in the first? Will the pulpit and the chair gradually lose their power as means of expression and as instruments of education under the influence of reading habits and cheap books?

The question has been often asked, and some may think that history has already supplied the answer. In certain respects it is obvious that both the chair and the pulpit have lost a measure of their power. The clergyman has long ceased to be the sole instructor of the people in matters religious. Very pathetic indeed is the delusion still prevalent in certain clerical quarters that the knowledge of the laity about these things is limited to what the clergy choose to tell them. Thanks to the abundance of easily accessible literature, the laity are often better informed in respect of doctrine than are the clergy who profess to be their guides. Knowledge and criticism now produce a lively reaction to the word of the pulpit wholly unknown in the days when ignorance and submission prevailed in the pew. And conditions partly the same are operating upon the work of the "chair." Students are becoming less and less dependent on lecturers. In our ancient universities there are distinguished scholars with European reputations whose lectures are attended by a mere handful of students—if, indeed, any "hand" can be imagined sufficiently small to justify the metaphor. Had men of equal learning been similarly engaged in the fifteenth century, they would have drawn crowds of eager listeners from half the countries of Europe.

Along with the decay of interest in the audience there has been a parallel decline in the quality of the lectures, or the lecturers, themselves: no doubt the one thing is the cause of the other. I do not mean a decline of learning, or in the technical value of the matter offered; this may be as great as or even greater than before, and is certainly governed by higher standards. The decline has been in manner, expression, delivery. Concurrently with the growing ennui of the audience the lecturer himself grows dull and perfunctory. Lecturing, like architecture, tends to become a lost art. There are some, indeed, who draw large audiences, but they are decidedly a minority. The majority have never taken the trouble to study the technique of their business; highly equipped perhaps as scholars, of "pedagogic" they have little and of "rhetoric"—I use the term in its best sense—they have literally none. In the midst of conditions where lecturing is becoming more and more a subordinate instrument of teaching, they take no pains to acquire the power of impressing or persuading or even interesting their audience. They have knowledge; but they do not know how to communicate it by the spoken word. Their strength goes into their books, not into their lectures. *Ceci tuera cela.*

It is plain that a double, or reciprocal, process is here at work, tending, whichever side of it one considers, to destroy the art of lecturing. On the one hand, the scholar, the thinker, the teacher becomes more and more a writer of books, thereby obtaining a wider audience in the world at large, and the chance, and often the reality, of a higher remuneration. The learner, on the other hand, becomes a reader rather than a listener. Not only does he think that he can get all the instruction he wants from books, and get it cheaply, but he can also choose his own time. Few students, if asked whether they would derive the greater advantage from thirteen or fourteen hours a week spent in listening to the lectures of experts or from the same amount of time devoted to the literature of their subject, would hesitate for a moment to declare in favor of the latter. And they would give a double reason; they would tell you that the lectures were likely to be bad, while the literature, on the other hand, was good. Even of the very teachers whose classrooms the student attends he might say that their lectures were inferior to their books, the spoken word being often little else than a monotonous amplification of the written, or the mere addition of a mass of illustrative detail which a few books of reference would readily supply. He would probably indicate one or two among his teachers who still honor the lecturer's calling for its own sake and retain enough of the artistic temperament to select for oral teaching just that part of their knowledge which the living personality of the teacher is needed to enforce. But of the majority he would tell you a different, indeed, an opposite, tale. You would hear of professors who in the treatment of their subject take no care to

disengage what is essential from what is subordinate; who seldom introduce the synoptic idea which requires the voice and face for the expression; who are exhaustive without being suggestive; whose lectures, in fact, would be more valuable if printed as footnotes to existing books.

Of this kind of teaching there is, beyond all doubt, a vast amount in all universities, and one can well believe that so far as education is concerned its results must be at best of no great importance, while at the worst they represent mere tedium and expenditure of time which might be far better employed both by the teacher and the taught. And time itself is becoming ever more precious in education. A good system of education, whatever else it may be, is one that wastes no time over an inefficient method. So vast is the range of modern knowledge, so extensive is the literature even of those subjects which come within the most old-fashioned curriculum, that a modern minute has the value of a mediæval hour—at least, for the student. And yet it must be confessed that universities—and I think this holds true in America as well as in Britain—still retain a method of teaching which could only be justified if printing had never been invented. Students are becoming acutely conscious of the evil. They are growing more and more reluctant to offer themselves as victims to the decayed art of lecturing. *De facto* they are right.

None the less deplorable is it that the art of lecturing should have been suffered to decay. No one could listen to the late William James, or Professor Bergson, not to mention many others, without realizing that light and inspiration may be found in the lecture-room which can be obtained nowhere else. Just because the range of modern knowledge is so vast, just because the printed sources from which knowledge may be drawn are so multitudinous and confusing, there is need of some means by which the student can be placed at the living centre of his subject. This can be provided only by the living personality of a master, and to the end of time there will be no other way. Deprived of this instrument, the educational process breaks up into confusion. Endow a man with a whole library of well-written books, but leave him without an inspiring personality at the centre of his subject, and the chances are a hundred to one that he will remain a dabbler.

This is not equally true in every subject—but it is true in a measure of all. The importance of the lecturer's function varies between wide extremes. I hardly dare to say when it stands at the lowest; but its highest level is probably reached in philosophy, a subject whose deepest meanings can hardly be rendered by the printed word, requiring rather to be interpreted by some personality in whom the doctrine has become, as it were, incarnate. The same may be said with yet greater emphasis of religion, so far as religion is the subject of direct teaching. It is among the teachers of these and cognate subjects that the best, and the worst, lecturers may be found to-day. There are a few men, relatively few that is, scattered through the universities of the Western world, who, as personal exponents of these things, have a power and influence which ranks them among the greatest of world forces. The debt of philosophy, and of students of philosophy to these men, is incomparably greater than that which is owed to any book or books, great as the latter debt may be. The grim prophecy of Victor Hugo's priest does not apply to them as yet. The art of printing has not superseded them—"*this*" has not killed "*that*." They remain as object lessons to prove the truth of Carlyle's saying, "The world has yet need of yonder talking man." Unfortunately, these men are exceptional.

The reverse side of this truth is equally worth consideration. Those branches of knowledge in which the lecturer's function is most precious are also those in which least good is to be expected from the mere dissemination of cheap literature. I doubt if culture is making any great gain from the multitude of popular books which deal with the philosophic sciences. There is little doubt that popular handbooks are responsible for the spread of gross misconceptions as to the whole nature of philosophic science. They encourage the notion that philosophy is a set of conclusions which can be learned, together with the arguments on which they are based, just as we may learn the Newtonian Physics. They obscure the truth that philosophy is essentially a *life*, a life which can hardly be communicated except by those in whom it already exists. When the book comes first and the living teacher becomes a mere commentator on its pages, the result at best is mere opinion; it is never philosophy.

I abstain from pursuing the question along lines with which I am less familiar. If there is any truth in the foregoing its application can be readily made to particular cases. My general conclusion is that the art of lecturing has fallen into deep decay at the very time when it is most needed to counteract other conditions. Out of the very wealth of modern knowledge arises the need for *selectors*, that is, for men who represent and embody just those elements of knowledge which can be translated into life. This is preëminently the lecturer's function. He is needed to represent the living interest, the *vital* importance of his subject. As a mere talking book, or a mere commentator on print, he misses his vocation and adds to the very evil which it is his business to cure.

Judged by the amount of lectures provided in educational institutions of one kind or another, one might conclude that the lecturer's office is at the very zenith of its glory. Judged by the quality of the lecturing, and the amount of interest it arouses in those for whom it is provided, one would reach a very different conclusion. It is a sad story of wasted effort and inability to read the signs of the times. It is an instance of doing over again what is far better done by another agency, namely, the printed book, and of neglecting to do what the printed book requires for its complement. The function of the lecturer to-day is extremely difficult; but it is essential that it should be performed. The very causes which have produced its decline clamor for its revival. If "this" kills "that" it also kills all that is best in itself. Obviously there is room for a great reform.

A New Battle of the Books

OR

THROWING OUT THE MIDDLE AGES.

(Suggested by the *Nation's* excursions into Allegory in the last Educational Number.)

A gentle knight was pricking along the path of rectitude and honor. He was clothed in the stately garb of old Rome. He was walking backwards, not because it was convenient, but in sign of protest. His squire, owing to defects of early training, walked somewhat uncertainly in the path of rectitude and honor. There was about him something of the insouciant air of fancy's child. His hand played with a collection of thunderbolts neatly tied with string. He was wandering blithely in the opposite direction from the majestically calm retrograde of his master, but such is the virtue of the path of rectitude and honor that they always came out at the same point.

"We must throw them out," the knight muttered from time to time. "We must throw them out."

"'Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret,' as Horace says," diffidently suggested the squire.

The eye of the knight kindled at the sound of the well-known vocables, but swiftly his brow darkened.

"Horatius! Horatius!" he protested. "We must get rid of this vile mediæval habit of referring thus familiarly to our great classic writers." And then he fell once more to muttering, "We must throw them out. We must throw them out."

"Sir knight——" ventured the squire.

"Do not call me *Sir* knight," was the slightly petulant interruption. "It suggests those absurd mediæval creatures who dedicated themselves to the accomplishment of impossible achievements."

"But are you not——?"

"No, I am not. I am a Roman knight of the equestrian order. Observe the narrow purple stripe on my toga. I intend to rehabilitate the word knight and purge it of its mediæval connotation." Then he took up once more, in a different key, the burden of his earlier meditation: "We must throw them out. We must throw them out."

The way being rather dusty and singularly devoid of company, the squire, too, found himself chanting, at first gently, but with rapidly increasing energy, "We must throw them out. We must throw them out." And

others who were passing in various directions, sometimes a long way off from the path of rectitude and honor, took up the song: "We must throw them out. We must throw them out." The oftener they said it the more pleasure they derived from saying it.

Ere long they came to a castle, a very great way off from the path of rectitude and honor. The knight became furiously enraged at the sight of it. "What disgusting lack of balance and restraint," he cried. "How different from our dear Parthenon! We must destroy it at once!"

With great effort they picked their way across the intervening morass. At the gate sat two hideous giants. One masterly stroke and the uglier of the two giants, Sir Ulfilas, turned into thin air, and the other, though he had the strength of thirty men, fled without a blow. At his heels went off a crowd of lesser giants: one in homespun, dancing and singing as he went, whose name was Sir Balladino; another clad in tinsel and lame of a foot, called Sir Thopas; and with them went a swarm of monks and friars. One figure with an air of infinite patience stood as in a doubt what to do. He was not born a giant but a fay, and had long been held in base servitude by the giant race, forced to drudge and sweat at their bidding. Him the knight entreated not to run, promising that he would free him and heal of his great harms. But what became of sweetest Sir Will in the end we do not know.

Pressing forward undaunted through the obscure and devious passages of the castle, the knight, followed by a now large and various company, came at last upon the central room, in which sat a venerable wizard, his beard snow-white and his back against the wall. In his hand was a book of witchcraft. "Archimago," thundered the knight, brandishing his gleaming stylus, "Archimago, I have thee at last! It is for this I have labored so long; all that I have done tends towards this. Avaunt—pardon me, I should say *apage*, *procul*, get out! Undo this horrid spell."

What happened next is variously reported. The knight would have it that Archimago muttered as if in token of surrender: "Tempest, act five, scene one, lines fifty-four and following." But most aver that he paid not the slightest heed to all this hurly-burly, continuing in rapt contemplation of the page before him. What the knight did is, however, well known to all. Without pausing for a reply, he flung out his catechism with fine neo-classic vigor.

"Will you henceforward teach that the English language was invented by Dr. Johnson?"

"Will you hereafter use Gothic only in the sense of disgusting?"

"Do you acknowledge the supreme literary importance of Buddhism and Deism?"

There was a murmur of dissent from some of his followers at these questions which was not quelled at once by the knight's triumphant remark, "We have thrown them out."

H. M. A.

A Leaf Out of an Old Book

By PERCY HOLMES BOYNTON.

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE, PAST AND PRESENT—A MEANS SUGGESTED TO REHABILITATE THE TRADITION OF HARD WORK AT COLLEGE.

The important thing is to realize that the American college is deficient, and unnecessarily deficient, alike in earnestness and in pedagogical intelligence; that in consequence our college students are, and for the most part emerge, flighty, superficial, and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness, and thoroughness.

This is enough to make any one think again—to wonder whether the situation is quite as discouraging as it seems, and whether it is worse now than it used to be. It tempts one first to dwell on the clever and self-confident investigator and the chances of his being misled when generalizing on so complicated a subject as the American undergraduate. Probably the American undergraduate will never be found, for the same reason that the great American novel will never be written—because the country is too big to be represented by one type. One is tempted to quibble. Yet even though the faithful student survives—Rollo grown up to be concentrated, serious, and thorough—there are enough of the other kind at college to make one speculate as to where they come from and how long they have flourished.

Apparently always. At any rate, they were well established when Milton mourned his college friend who tended "the homely, *slighted*, shepherd's trade," while the others were sporting

with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

And they seem to have thriven nobly for a hundred and fifty years until Wordsworth, sitting in Milton's old room one day, drank "libations" to his memory, hustling "ostrich like" away, just not too late to reach the evening chapel. To be sure it was Wordsworth's only carouse, but that is why he used to be so lonely at Cambridge.

I.

A century ago in America the whole college schedule seems to have been arranged on what modern skepticism would call the naïve assumption that students went to college primarily to study. There is not so much data at hand about the routine of an ordinary day as about matters which were more picturesque and exciting, but there is enough to banish all doubt. For example, Stephen Salisbury, Harvard, 1817, explained to his father:

I hope you will excuse my not writing more frequently, for I have so much to do now I am pressed for time, for I have (every other day) to-day to go to writting school from eight to ten after that I have to get four pages of Latin to recite at quarter past eleven we get out of recitation at twelve then we dine at one, then after dinner we have to get a lesson in Geometry to recite at four we are kept in the recitation till most five then we have prayers and immediately afterwards supper and in the evening we have to get three or four pages of latin to recite at six o'clock next morning so you see Sir we have full employment.

No wonder that with such a programme he had no time to punctuate. Even as it was, Father Salisbury seems not to have been sufficiently impressed, for a few days later he wrote:

I notice in your letters you often mention how hard you have to Study. I hope you do not View it as a task—but the most desirable and pleasant amusement.

Stephen, somewhat abashed, detailed another day: 6 A. M., chapel; 6:15, recitation; 7:30, breakfast; 9:00, French; 10:30, recitation; 11:15, lecture; 12:30, "commons time"; 2:00, lecture; 3:00, recitation. With the parental admonition in mind, he this time tempered his commentary.

The reppetition of these exercises is no doubt tedious to you, Mama, but how much more so must the performance of them. But perhaps tedious is not a proper word I meant to say fatiguing. They would appear sufficient to occupy our time to any reasonable person But beside all these the government have seen fit that we should attend another course of lecture to begin next week. . . . As to my studies Mama if my performance of my exercises equalled the labour I bestow on them I think I should do very well.

This somewhat dubious comment on his actual performance as a student seems not to have been ill-judged, for when the final honors were distributed Stephen had to content himself with a very modest position on the commencement programme.

To the worldly-wise student of to-day, the interest that centred in the old-time commencement exercises is marvellous to recall. It was a culmination of months of anxious preparation, weeks of anxiety before the appointments were made, and on the part of many, whole college life-times of emulous competition. As the length of the programmes was something preternatural, the critical question for the serious-minded was not as to getting a place as a speaker, but wholly as to what that place should be. Here are the words, for instance, of one J. Tallmadge, who took his degree at Brown in 1798. Early in March his heart is palpitating at that important crisis in which he and his class-mates are, in the jaunty epistolary language of the day, "to listen to the irrevocable mandate of Fate, in which our future destiny is to be pronounced, and upon which our future existence almost depends—I mean the allotment of our parts for commencement. Scarcely did I ever reflect on the nearer approach of that interesting and important hour but 'big round drops in piteous chase' roll from my eyes." It appears that in anxiety for advancement, the class is all studying furiously, "bowing with profound adoration" as they pass faculty members on the street; and not only that, but stealing portions of their

orations from obscure eighteenth-century sources, apparently without serious penalty. Three weeks later Tallmadge writes again of the fateful day. "The night before, the class was so disturbed that"—as he records in a diction which does not seem quite that of the student to-day—"Morpheus, the ever-adorable god of sleep, deigns not to bless some of us with his presence." Exhausted in the morning, they go to chapel. "After prayers they all looked with anxious expectation. If you have ever seen the sable cat from under the barn door glare with her flaming eye-balls, imagine if you can endure the thought, twenty-seven of them in one row, with eyes, if possible, more terrible than usual, looking you full in the face, and you will have a good representation of our class and the deplorable situation of little *Jock*."

This cavalier title was intended to designate the president of the college. His announcements included the names of twenty-two, who were to speak at the great occasion. Maxwell, who was thirteenth on the list, talked with the president, "and at length told him it was a damned partial distribution," and went off in a rage to Newport. Another member of this same class, writing a fortnight after, shows that Tallmadge did not overstate the case: President Maxcy has been housed for a week; Professor Messer (who seems to have been well named with reference to the complications), has been treated with contempt by the students, among whom Sabine scowls, and Carey's eyes are still red.

The commencement day, which came at an uncanny time in midsummer, was a truly festive occasion for all friends of the college—so festive, indeed, that a Providence newspaper protested at the confusion into which a whole community and nearly a whole State were thrown. A ceremonial parade in the morning led the hypnotized audiences to a programme in "Old Baptist" from 9:00 to 12:00, and after a hurried collation, for two or three hours more of afternoon oratory. Unintelligible Latin and indistinct English held sway before the admiring crowd, after which the president conferred degrees on the little flock, who had paid their bills and subjected themselves to instruction for the prescribed four years.

The programmes were heavy as well as long. Cotton Mather at seventeen assailed the philosophy of Aristotle in so vigorous a Latin oration that the president would have stopped him had not the village pastor interceded, also in Latin: "*Pergat, quæso, nam doctissime disputat.*" Dear to the heart are these themes of young manhood: Philip Freneau and Hugh Henry Breckenridge in a dialogue at Princeton on "The Rising Glories of America"; Trumbull at Yale at the same period on "The Use and Advantages of the Fine Arts," and so on and so on down to Longfellow at Bowdoin in 1825 on "The Writers of America," of whom he disposed in seven minutes of fervidly youthful eloquence.

These oracular utterances, natural to any graduating student, were part of the daily experience of boys of a century or more ago. The chief student organizations of those days were the debating societies. They might be of the informal sort to which Emerson belonged, or they might, as was often the case, include in two rival organizations the whole membership of a college—all ruthlessly coralled without regard to their controversial tendencies. This sort of thing survived till well within the memory of many living college graduates. And the zest in electioneering was quite as great as that of fraternity rushing now. When President Angell was a student he recorded gravely that the campaign "was carried on with such vigor during the early weeks of the year that the freshmen had scarcely time left for their regular duties." If I were forced to choose, as he was, between the Philermenian and the United Brothers Societies, I can easily conceive of losing sleep and student energy in the face of such a dilemma. Emerson's journal of his junior and senior years tells us what they discussed in his society. March 6, 1820, "Which is the most conducive to individual happiness, a state of celibacy or matrimony?" "Which is the strongest passion, love or ambition?" March 20, "Whether the accession of the Canadas to the territory of the U. S. A. would be for the best interest of this country"; "Whether Cicero or Demosthenes be the greatest orator." March 21 of the next year, "Would it be beneficial to the students to spend much time in the acquisition of the polite accomplishment?" And the subjects for individual themes reported on these occasions were: "Envy wishes and then believes"; "Futurity"; "The Miseries of Human Life."

II.

But if the commencement exercises were the outgrowth of such ebullitions of youthful wisdom, the commencement occasions as a whole throw a light on a strikingly different phase of college life. One periodical protested in these terms as late as 1827:

> Of the vast concourse who visit the town on commencement day, but a very small proportion care a farthing about the literary exercises; they come only to see and to be seen—to indulge in hilarity, fun, and frolic—to visit their relatives, the theatre, and the circus; and then return to their homes, without deriving the least benefit.
>
> The lower and disorderly classes of society make the whole an affair of amusement, drink to excess, quarrel and fight, neglect their useful employments, get bloody noses, and a night's lodging in the bridewell. In the midst of the scenes of bustle and confusion, pickpockets are busily employed at their vocation, infamous women throng the town, counterfeiters, thieves, and swindlers are on the alert, and the whole town is infested with a visit from all of the dregs of creation, who come among us only to depredate and destroy.
>
> The prostitution of a grave college occasion by a dissolute populace appeals to one's sympathy; but unfortunately the town was not the only sinner. The gown was quite as guilty. In the early eighteenth century an act was passed for reforming the extravagances of commencement at Harvard. It provided that henceforth "no preparation or provision of either Plumb-cake, or Roasted, Boiled, or Baked Meates or Pyes of any kind should be made by the commencer" and prohibited any "distilled lyquours" under heavy fine. The overseers further recommended an act which seems strangely familiar to-day "to restrain unsuitable and unseasonable dancing in the college," and to prevent "the great disturbance occasioned by tumultuous and indecent noyses." Even to the officials, however, this legislation seemed too severe, so that it was formally rescinded a generation later by a resolution that the scholars might in a sober manner indulge in the drinking of punch. The officials could hardly do otherwise in a day when the college buttery, as one historian records, offered for sale to the students in general such articles as it was "proper and necessary for them to have occasionally," and catalogued the most important in the following order: wines; liquors; groceries; stationery. This permission of 1759 brought about perhaps a natural result in the records of Washington Allston, who, before he became an eminent painter, in his capacity of rhyming Secretary of the Hasty Pudding Club, recorded of the annual dinner in 1800:

> And each one to evince his spunk
> Vied with his neighbor to get drunk;
> Nor tedious was the mighty strife
> With these true-blooded blades of life,
> For less than hours two had gone
> When roaring mad was every one.

Even Phi Beta Kappa dinners were not immune from what it may be charitable to call elevation on the part of the annual diners.

What happened at commencement must have had relation to what happened throughout the rest of the year. This would be safe as a theory, but the melancholy facts make no theory necessary. The code of respectability was very different in the old days. The students robbed roosts by way of adventure and pillaged market gardens for the vulgar spoils that they could carry away. Nor did such pleasantries endanger their social status. By the days of the Revolution, and earlier, the exercise of corporal punishment had given way to a system of fines. One table in use at Harvard includes twenty-three items. Absences and tardinesses were paid for in pence, positive offences of conduct in shillings. Three items particularly appeal to the imagination. The cost of "going upon the top of the college" was one and sixpence; of drunkenness, not exceeding one and sixpence; of keeping guns and going skating, one shilling.

Student disorder, moreover, was not merely individual, but frequently organized. One of the greatest sources of discontent was in the conduct of the College Commons, and at various institutions successive protests

at the fare, resulting in no material change, were followed by organized strikes which were sometimes unqualifiedly victorious, and always reduced the ruling officers to an extremely conciliatory state of mind. In fact, I am not sure but this is over-stating it, for there is certain evidence that the college authorities were never too belligerent in their attitude. I have it on the authority of an eminent philosopher, whose reverend father was a tutor at Yale after he graduated in 1837, that in his day every tutor was equipped with two complete sets of windows. This was not on account of danger from storm or earthquake, but in order to be ready for the friendly addresses of the undergraduates. Now and again, as the mood seized them, they would divide into squads, a part manning themselves with clubs at the entrance to a dormitory, and the rest, equipped with coal from the college pile, bombarding the windows of the younger faculty members. The custom was so well established that all knew the assailing forces would withdraw when the last pane was smashed. A second set of glazed windows was then put in place, and it only remained for the tutor to gather up the accessions to his coal pile thus informally delivered, and for the janitor, at the college expense, to reëquip the old windows and store them for use in the next emergency. So much for the good old days as recorded in history.

But literature, as well as formal history, has been dedicated to this subject. John Trumbull, Yale, A.B. 1767, A.M. 1770, wrote among his satires none that was more to the point than a work in three parts entitled "The Progress of Dulness." This about the achievements of Tom, Dick, and Harry—although Harry is transformed to Harriet Simper, who, after a varied career as a coquette, was first jilted by Dick Hairbrain, and finally doomed to an inglorious marriage with Tom Brainless. Our interest for the moment is in the boys. Tom, incapable of any other career, was sent by his fond parents to college, tutored in preparation, and pushed through his examinations by the combined zeal of father and teacher. A few days were enough to weary him of a routine which

> In the same round condemn'd each day
> To study, read, recite, and play.

A short programme of non-preparation, tardinesses, and absences made him subject to "the college evil,"

> Then ev'ry book, which out to please,
> Stirs up the seeds of dire disease;
> Greek spoils his eyes, the print's so fine
> Grown dim with study, or with wine;
> Of Tully's Latin much afraid,
> Each page, he calls the doctor's aid;
> While geometry, with lines so crooked,
> Sprains all his wits to overlook it.
> His sickness puts on every name,
> Its cause and uses still the same;
> 'Tis toothache, cholic, gout or stone,
> With phases various as the moon;
> But though through all the body sprcad,
> Still makes its cap'tal seat, the head.
> In all diseases, 'tis expected,
> The weakest parts be most infected.

In spite of all, however, he survived until after,

> Four years at college dozed away,
> In sleep and slothfulness and play . . .
> He passes trial fair and free
> And takes in form his first degree.

Of the college leopard's spots, however, Tom was one of the smaller ones, for Trumbull pointed out in terms of Dick's experience that college was not merely a place for the harmless incompetent. Young Hairbrain was quite aware of what a liberal education was to bring him, and on his arrival broke out in a rapturous salutation:

> All hail, unvex'd with care and strife,
> The bliss of academic life;
> Where kind repose protracts the span,
> Where childhood ripens into man;
> Where no hard parent's dreaded rage
> Curbs the gay sports of youthful age;
> Where no vile fear the genius awes
> With grim severity of laws;
> Where annual troops of bucks come down,
> The flower of every neigb'ring town;
> Where wealth and pride and riot wait,
> And each choice spirit finds his mate.

Trumbull was so eager to drive home his strictures upon the college that occasionally he interrupted his story for direct comment. He deplored the domination of the classics,

> Can knowledge never reach the brains
> Unless conveyed in ancient strains? . . .
> While half the learning but displays
> The follies of the former days.

Not only were the classics useless, but in his introduction he carried the war against most of the other subjects. Who could be confident that the following was not written in 1914 instead of 1770? "The mere knowledge of the ancient languages, of the abstruser parts of mathematics, and the dark researches of metaphysics is of little advantage in any business or profession of life." Not only so, but with reference to what we nowadays dignify by the title of extra-classroom activities, Dick Hairbrain's "constant course was retrograde."

> O'er Newton's system though he sleeps
> And finds his wits in dark eclipse!
> His talents proved of highest price
> At all the arts of cards and dice;
> His genius turn'd, with greatest skill
> To whist, loo, cribbage, and quadrille,
> And taught, to every rival's shame,
> Each nice distinction of the game.

With an indictment which rejects the collegian's studies as useless and his diversions as pernicious, Trumbull seems to have compassed a fairly thorough piece of criticism. As we think back to the traditions of education in the East, we no longer marvel at the annual and solemn celebration of a day of prayer for colleges.

All this detail is not as confusing as it seems at first glance. The two sets of facts beneath it are not really at variance. The extraordinary eruptions of student disorder arose from the failure of old-fashioned college governments to reckon with the problems of exercise and recreation. Smashing and fighting were forms of athletics. College pranks and debating societies were equally pathetic attempts at friendly play. If there is any lesson which the present generation seems consciously to be applying, it is that the damming up of natural forces is dangerous business. In the neglect of this principle the old colleges were, to use the words of the clever and self-confident investigator, "unnecessarily deficient in pedagogical intelligence." But the other half of his indictment—however true it may be to-day—does not seem to have held good even of John Trumbull's Yale. In spite of an occasional Hairbrain or Brainless, the old college students were not "*for the most part* flighty and superficial," or "lacking *as a class* seriousness and thoroughness." For the old college expected faithful intellectual work, and in the main exacted it, and the students went to college expecting to use their memories and their minds, and pursued their studies as vocational students preparing for the learned professions.

III.

There is always food for reflection in a comparison of old times and new, and quite as much as usual apropos of the college.

We may as well admit at the outset that in the modern situation there is no new element. There have always been flightiness and superficiality in college as well as seriousness and concentration. The distinction between one generation and another is a matter of proportion in part. In part, it is a question of significance, for every social institution to be seen clearly must be seen against its own contemporary background. A matter of indifference at one time may be a source of discredit a decade later. It is no adequate defence, then, of to-day to say that colleges have always had to contend with a shoddy and frivolous element. And in the modern college it is impossible to gainsay that the shoddy and superficial are no insignificant minority.

Let us concede again. It is not easy to be sure of the inner character of a widely scattered student body. It is not easy to be sure of a single collegeful—to use a small unit of measure. The observer may have his doubts even of a single club or fraternity. He may be mistaken in a lone individual. Perfectly clear external facts may be quite misleading. Seriousness does not always wear its heart upon its sleeve. Concentration and thoroughness are not always indexed by casual conversation. Yet, with reasonable care, a safe interpretation may be put on the facts. Students yield to observation, and students indulge in observation on their own situation which is of the highest significance.

To draw a comparison, then, first with reference to the play idea, it is quite clear that this generation has completely discredited the ill-timed asceticism of early scholarship. It is no longer considered admirable to mortify the flesh. Even the scholar owes an apology to himself and his family and his students if he permits himself to be "sicklied o'er." The Horatian concept of a sound mind in a sound body has

become so popularized that we have made a fetish of sport. The valedictorian is overshadowed in the eyes of his fellows by the least of the college athletes. Phi Beta Kappa takes what is overlooked by the eleven and the nine and the eight and the five and the track team and the tennis squad and the golf and hockey and cross country and bowling and swimming and indoor gymnastics, and only the director of physical culture knows what other teams. To paraphrase Lowell in his essay on Thoreau: "Every possible form of intellectual and physical diversion has brought forth its gospel. Chess has its prophets, and the presartorial simplicity of the water-polo team its martyrs. Undergraduate debating has been carried to a pitch that would take away the breath of William J. Bryan. . . . Everybody is devoted to a student activity with a capital *A*, which demands attention to everything but study." Of course, it is now some years since President Wilson called attention to this dislocation of emphasis, and the results are already gratifyingly apparent and auspicious, one hopes, of further reform of the sort. It was necessary, I suppose, that after the mistakes of many college generations towards too great repression of the student, the pendulum when first released should have swung far beyond the perpendicular.

IV.

With reference to the other chief fact of the "good old days," the assumption that the student went to college to study has been steadily maintained in all institutions of higher learning in which it is now the fact, as it used to be in the New England college, that students are preparing for definite careers. In law and divinity schools, the old attitude has been maintained without interruption. Those who have been derisively called "pluggers" in the college keep on plugging, and those who have hitherto derided forthwith learn how to "plug," to their soul's good. So also in the medical schools, the most genial and accomplished loafers undergo miraculous transformations when they sniff the pungent atmosphere which pervades and surrounds the medical laboratory. Possibly because of the presence of advanced scientific students in physics and chemistry, there is a general devotion to these subjects (which, of course, have only recently been introduced into the curriculum) that is lacking among the students of arts and literature. In the newer agricultural and engineering schools, no one dreams of thinking that the students can profitably use a wide margin of time for miscellaneous purposes. Even in graduate schools, which carry on the old subjects of the classics, literature, philosophy, mathematics, the vocational concept makes a worker out of the veriest undergraduate drone.

Yet this vocational concept should be mentioned with caution, for it is easy to juggle it to no good purpose. It is a concept which is vaguely entertained by the student and really apprehended by the faculty. The young professional student when he enters the portals of his graduate school is not immediately recompounded into seven-eighths conscience and the rest remorse. He does his best not because he is prudent—foresighted—but because he will be dropped if he loafs. He sees a connection, to be sure, between his different courses and the profession he expects to enter. He is not baffled by the idea of cultural courses, or wearied by the routine of disciplinary studies. It is easy for him to justify the ways of the god in the machine. All this is negatively calculated to make him contented by removing some of the natural grounds for discontent; but it does not make him industrious. He works rather because he is expected to and because all the other men are working, and they work because he is working, and because it is the tradition of a selected body of students all of whom are actuated by a common motive and willingly subject to common requirements.

It is at this point that the twentieth-century college is most strongly in contrast with both the eighteenth-century college and the vocational school of to-day. This college, whether it is the undergraduate department of a university or a cosey little up-country institution, seldom enjoys its own specially selected constituency. Instead it is a general catch-all. Too many undergraduate bodies are made up like the tag-end of the domestic household introduced into "The Admirable Crichton." When the servants were marshalled in, and announced by the incomparable butler, the last half dozen, defying all description, were lamely summarized with a deprecating smile as "odds and ends." Every self-respecting college enrolls, of course, a considerable number of honest self-respecting students, but every one of them includes also a lot of academic odds and ends who would never dream of enrolling in vocational schools which demand work and demand the ability to perform it. Thus the college in one of its functions becomes an asylum for amiable youths whose chief motive for registering is to postpone for a few more years their entrance into the paternal business, or serves as an ante-chamber to the ballroom and the opera house for favored daughters who know too much to stay in high school, but are not ready to come out in society. This is unfortunate, for there are plenty of expensive academies and finishing schools to take care of the expensively inclined. To students and parents whose purses are not over long, wintering in the colleges ought not to seem any more practicable than putting in the time at Florida or Bad Nauheim or the Riviera. If "atmosphere" is what is wanted, it ought to be much more salubrious on the Gulf Coast or the Mediterranean than within the quadrangles of our colleges.

For within the colleges, granting that exercise and play have their legitimate place, there is need of the same exaction of work as there used to be in the colleges and as there is now in the professional and technical schools. Faculties need to be more urgently devoted to stimulating mental effort, more fully committed to the practice of rejecting from their zone of influence the loafer and the dilettante; and students need to be regarded as students, and either made to become such or be escorted to the gates of the campus and bidden godspeed in pursuit of some other more appropriate avocation. The tendency of the present day is in this direction, and every step which has been taken has demonstrated in most unqualified ways that the instructor who demands the most, the college which is least indulgent, the entrance requirements which are most exacting, are always regarded as challengers to the public, are always respected for the stimulation which they offer, and are always sought by those students who themselves are most worth seeking. There is no more question now than there was in 1814 that there is an enormous amount of student energy eager to be turned to account.

Much student energy which is ready to be converted into work is yet only humanly natural in being equally ready to run to waste if conditions permit. Boys who are willing to dry-rot in lazy inactivity, in most cases will get to work with plenty of vigor if only they feel the pressure of circumstances. And always the boys who have any stuff in them enjoy the swimming better when the surf is high. The thing works negatively as well as positively. There is not one in fifty who will not be a little deprecatory in registering for a "snap" course, even though as between dean and student the pleasant pretence is maintained that there are no "snaps"; and instructors in elective subjects may be as urgent as they will, if only they are reputed to be fair and sympathetic, without endangering the size of their classes.

Students will groan, of course, under the burden of work. Who will not? But the noise they make is chiefly vocal. The college boy may play the fool now and then, but in the classroom he demands to be taken seriously. The dogmatic or unreasonable instructor will stir his indignation, but the giver of "cinch" courses elicits his contempt. Here, for example, are some sentences recently published in a college daily:

> All the definite significance of a [Ph.B] degree is this—it certifies to the fact that the recipient has been in residence four years. . . . Students are able to "get by," and win this recognition with little or no serious work, in spite of efforts on the part of the University to compel more serious work. . . . What should it mean? . . . . Recipients would thus be confined to those who could apply their college education to the production of a really decent scholastic effort.

This is in the West; and in the East another student is in a typical dilemma, protesting at the amount of work demanded, "putting up an awful sob" (in student parlance) because the ones "who get the highest marks are all the biggest prunes,"

and in the same moment deciding not to change alma maters because —— "has a higher standard for work than almost any other college."

There are letters at hand as interesting as any that Stephen Salisbury wrote as a freshman a hundred years ago, but, unfortunately, it is too early to publish them. What they reveal, and what scores of other student reactions reveal, brings us back to the opening quotation from the clever investigator. In the college of to-day there are no small number of "flighty, superficial, and immature" students. Yet some of the flightiest would willingly come down to earth if they only knew what to do when they alighted. When they know what kind of work is expected of them and what will happen if they neglect it or bungle it, a great many students will be scared away from college as they are now fended off from the vocational schools, and most of the remainder will settle down intelligently to the tasks that confront them.

REVIEWS

AN EXAMINATION OF THE TEXTBOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE LAST SPRING.

EDUCATIONAL THEORY.

Amidst the waste of formal pedagogical literature it is refreshing to find a document so human and genial as C. Hanford Henderson's "What Is It to Be Educated?" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). It matters little whether we agree with him. His book bears the mark of a wide experience, both in and out of school, which he seems to have kept fresh and vivid, with the result that there is hardly a page which is not good reading, though a few pages are somewhat remote from his subject, and there is a little more of Oriental philosophy and Tolstoyan radicalism than most of us will care to swallow.

Instead of outlining a formal theory of education, Mr. Henderson undertakes to give us a concrete picture of the educated man. First in importance he rates bodily health, decent habits, and good manners. But behind it all lies the idea of producing a "human thoroughbred." Until a boy is fourteen, it makes little difference whether he can read —although, as the author admits, almost any intelligent boy, brought up among intelligent people, will insist upon learning. At this period the important thing is a training in the arts, in the broadest sense: the art of controlling his body, of swimming, of riding, the arts of music and of drawing, the industrial and household arts—to make him independent of the personal services of others —and the art of using tools; but not the contemptible art of "athletics," nor the formal "manual training" of the usual sort. From fourteen to seventeen comes the high school, which is to be devoted to the serious pursuit of intellectual culture and scholarship. The typical high school of the present, with its "adolescent distractions," is "the premature destroyer of childhood." At seventeen comes the *Wanderjahr*, preferably a trip around the world for those who can afford it, but in any case, if possible, a change of scene—for example, for the Western boy a year in the East. And then, for the relatively few who seem to be called, the college.

There is much in this Platonic scheme which calls for discussion. But there is one note that commands special attention. Amidst all the talk of what education is *for*, it is rather pleasant to hear that the first motive of education should be "immediacy." In other words, a boy is to be educated "for" himself. Education is nothing less than the process of "personal salvation," not a means but an end. "I do not want to make him [the high-school boy] a docile citizen, or a smug shopkeeper, or an incipient artisan, or a walking encyclopædia, or an expert linguist, or, for that matter, any other special creature. I insist quite frankly upon the higher claims of human graciousness and charm. If our three-year high-school course makes the lad more interesting, more lovable, more resourceful, more of a person (as our expressive phrase has it), then the process is commendable education."

It is a little hard to account for all the fuss that has been made over the Montessori method. Most informed readers of the "Method" must feel that, while the author is a clever and ingenious woman, her science is rather thin, and her consciousness of originality is due to imperfect information regarding the educational developments, not only of the past, but of the present. In a thoughtful and well-written little book, "From Locke to Montessori" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), William Boyd, lecturer at Glasgow, subjects her system to a scholarly criticism. His tone is sober and courteous, with only a touch of irony here and there, but there is little left of Montessori at the end. In "the individuality of the pupil" she adds little to either Locke or Rousseau. Her conceptions both of individuality and of freedom are incoherent, and in her schools "the freedom of the child" is largely fictitious. As a matter of fact, her scientific prepossessions and her lack of imagination, as shown in her exaggeration of the need of sense-training and her contempt for stories, plays, and games, really prevent her from understanding the child's point of view.

One would wish to emphasize by a lengthy review the importance of "The Montessori System Examined" (Houghton Mifflin; 35 cents net), by William Heard Kilpatrick; but the book is so short—67 pages—and the author's treatment of the subject so clear and concise that it seems better to recommend it without reserve to the attention of all teachers, rather than to attempt an analysis of its contents. One feels especially justified in this course because the very low price of the book places it within the reach of all. Dr. Kilpatrick is fully acquainted with the history of pedagogical development, and thoroughly conversant with the psychological basis of educational theory, and the modern critical studies founded upon it. He has made a careful study of Dr. Montessori's theory, and of her practice at first hand; and in this book attempts to show wherein these differ from those of the kindergarten system which they would aim to displace, as well as from the pedagogical principles upheld by his colleague and master, Prof. John Dewey. His mode of procedure enables him to present in a clear light the weaknesses, as well as the strong points, of both the new system and of the older system of Fröbel as it has been developed by his disciples. He gives to Dr. Montessori full credit for her scientific aims, and for some of her practice, especially as it is carried out in Italy at the *Casa dei Bambini*. But he does not spare critical judgment where it appears warranted; and his attitude is so thoroughly judicial throughout that one feels confidence in the conclusions he draws.

English readers who wish to be enlightened regarding the theory and practice of vocational education will be grateful for the translation by C. K. Ogden of the volume of addresses entitled "The School and the Nation" (Macmillan; $1.60), by Georg Kerschensteiner, director of the Munich schools. Dr. Kerschensteiner, who more than any other is responsible for the present vocational movement, is everywhere interesting because all that he has to say rests upon a background of experience and reflection; and the present volume, though a collection of scattered lectures, gives a clear account of the history of the Munich continuation schools and of the ideals underlying them, while the appendices supply the details. One idea underlies all, namely, that education—or, at least, the education of the masses—is to be guided wholly by the place of the individual in the economy of the nation. The individual is wholly and simply the citizen. From this point of view a "general" education, for purposes of personal culture, is meaningless. At any rate, the general education—which, in the end, is by no means despised—must seek its justification in the broader needs of the special vocation, which is to serve as its foundation; in the traditional view this order is reversed. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this exposition of the logic of vocationalism. It is clearly the logic of the social system in Germany. How far it will harmonize with ideas and institutions in the United States is open to question.

The eight educational addresses published under the title of the first of them, "Education and the New Utilitarianism" (Longmans; $1.20), by Alexander Darroch, professor at Edinburgh, are, on the whole, instructive reading, though not specially striking. Most suggestive are the author's comments upon the outcome of public education, regarded as "education for democracy." While an extension of the range of studies has been unavoidable, the modern curriculum issues in an "aimless variety" which fails to provide the discipline that even a democracy needs, if men are to work together. Nor are the ends of democracy promoted by a system of which the chief purpose and recommendation are that it enables a child to pass from his own social class to a higher one. On the other hand, owing to a mistaken notion of "equality," public education tends to disregard individual fitness. At the same time, it diminishes the sense of responsibility of the parent. And in the end there is a striking disproportion between the magnitude of our organization of education and the number of really educated persons.

In a little book entitled "A Path to Freedom in the School," which is at least stimulating (Macmillan; 60 cents), Norman MacMunn, of King Edward VI School, Stratford-on-Avon, tells of his success with the ideas of freedom and partnership. Doubtless. Perhaps we may say that every teacher who is alive and responsible is entitled to his own method. But

when he tells us that "'I think it would be good fun to do this' is a frequent prelude of mine, and it very rarely excites anything but an enthusiastic response," we are obliged to wonder—about the strenuousness of the "work," or the honesty of the boys (we assume that the teacher is sincere), or their intelligence.

Among the educational works calling for briefer mention are the following:

"The Modern High School: Its Administration and Extension" (Scribner; $1.75) is a rather bulky volume, the thirty chapters of which are written by the editor, Charles Hughes Johnston, of the University of Illinois, and some twenty-five others. The present volume is the second of a series of three, and is devoted to "the strictly socializing work" of the high school. One gets the impression that the high school is being "socialized" to death, but many chapters of the book are informing, though—since the book is to serve as a text for a pedagogical seminary—few are inspiring.

In "Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook" (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $1 net), Maria Montessori warns us, over her autographed signature, to beware of imitations and accept this as "the only authentic manual of the Montessori Method."

"The Thinking Hand" (Macmillan; $2.25 net), by J. C. Legge, Director of Education in Liverpool, contains more than a hundred pages of interesting photographs showing what is being done in the way of "practical" (*i. e.*, manual) education in the Liverpool elementary schools. The text is brightly written, but is mainly an introduction to the illustrations. The appendices contain much relevant information.

"Steps Towards Educational Reform" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), by another Liverpool teacher, C. W. Bailey, will be of interest as reflecting the liberal attitude towards educational needs in England.

A more conservative note is sounded in a volume, which is none the less good reading, by the headmaster of Eton, Edward Lyttelton, entitled "The Corner-Stone of Education" (Putnam; $1.50 net). Dr. Lyttelton stands for the old-fashioned view that the corner-stone of education is home training and respect for parents, which implies, as he believes, a Christian home.

On the other hand, the trend of liberalism in India is illustrated by "Introduction to the Science of Education," by Benoy Kumar Sarkar, of the National Council of Education, Bengal (Longmans; $1.10), which offers the plan and promise of a larger work to contain a complete system of education based upon the inductive method. The "inductive method" is an old story to Western ears, and not yet an absolute success, but to Mr. Sarkar it promises complete salvation.

"Physical Training (Junior Course), Swedish Exercises, Games, Swimming, Diving, Life-Saving," by E. John Solano, and "Physical Training" (Senior Course), by the same author (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; 75 cents net each) give simple though somewhat meagre instructions which, while designed for the "use of adults of both sexes, . . . without special training in the subjects," are obviously adapted chiefly to furnish suggestions for the guidance of teachers of classes in physical training.

Those who are interested in what Fisher has called the "conservation of national vitality," and particularly in that phase of the movement which seeks to apply the principles of modern hygiene and preventive medicine to the conduct of family and institutional life, will find "Health and the Schools—A Round-Table" (Appleton; $1.50 net), by Frances W. and Jesse D. Burks, informing and suggestive. Indeed, the indirect evidence furnished in its pages by the references and bibliography is impressive in regard to the extent to which this propaganda is permeating the management of our schools and other public institutions. We may congratulate ourselves upon these signs of an awakening consciousness on the part of the community in regard to its hygienic obligations, for in spite of a tendency to overdo matters and to adopt hastily what may prove to be passing fads, the movement is in the right direction. In this book the subject is developed in the form of round-table conferences, a mode of presentation which to some of us is uninteresting or even irritating. The reader can scarcely avoid the impression that the round-table method of discussion is a pretence—men of straw are demolished with a facility that bears but little resemblance to the stubborn conflicts of actual controversy. The author endeavors to support the general thesis that the "enforcement of health" is a duty of the community, and especially of its governing bodies, as important and as feasible as the recognized obligation of the "enforcement of learning," and no one can find fault with the general principle as thus stated. The only criticism that arises perhaps is in regard to the manner in which these principles shall be advocated and effected. It must be admitted that the earnest promoters of many of our social reforms show a regrettable tendency towards exaggeration, as regards both the evils of the present system and the outcome of perfection to be expected under a new order of things. Dire predictions are founded on selected instances of awful examples, and sweeping generalizations upon very meagre statistics.

This book may be criticised, also, but in no unkindly spirit, for the completeness of the reforms that it advocates. The conscientious reader is likely to be confused by the multitude of duties thrust upon him, and the serious-minded parent, although he may be convicted of his sins, especially his sins of omission, will be overwhelmed and disheartened by the number of details and the amount of information that he must master, if he hopes to protect his offspring successfully from all the dangers to health and efficiency that threaten the human organism from within and without. The preservation of perfect health cannot, of course, be guaranteed by the science of hygiene. Even if we were entirely amenable to control, after the manner of the plants and lower animals, hygienic knowledge is still too incomplete in many directions to be applied with any certainty of success. It may be said, indeed, that so-called rules of health, even if they fail in their purpose, can do no positive harm, but it would be better if in popular presentations a clearer distinction were made between facts and fancies. If we take books of this kind as guides for practical conduct, the use for which they are designed, the criticism may be made that they often fail to differentiate between the certain knowledge of science and the various more or less ill-founded opinions of scientists which are still under discussion. One may speak with confidence of the value of vaccination in small-pox or of the use of antitoxin in diphtheria, and may lay down simple rules to follow. But in the matter of individual nutrition, for example, the use of meats, the value of cane sugar versus fruit sugar, and other details of the daily diet, one may make suggestions, good, bad, and indifferent, but these suggestions ought not to go to the layman as the accepted findings of science.

"The Mental Health of the School Child" (Yale University Press; $2 net), by J. E. Wallace Wallin, is described by its author in his sub-title as a series of "Contributions to a new science of orthophrenics and orthosomatics." A new science should patiently await the gathering of data, the discrimination of data thus gathered, and the perfecting of methods of classification of these data and of modes of deduction from them, before asserting that it has discoveerd general principles, or attempting to apply these hypothetic principles. The book before us furnishes complete evidence that this preliminary work has not yet been accomplished, and that the votaries of the "new science" should not be encouraged to induce the public to spend large sums in the application of the methods suggested by the author, and others of his group, until this tentative stage has been passed. Workers in this field too often overlook the fact that the human organism is a system of coördinated minor systems, which latter seldom if ever develop coördinately. This is clearly evidenced in the bodily, as well as in the mental, growth of the child. Some minor systems grow faster than others for a time, and then delay their development until the others catch up with them. What thus appear as abnormalities at one period of growth may entirely disappear as such at a later period, and in general do thus disappear. Nature is on the whole self-corrective in this particular. This fact should lead the investigator of the problems here considered to greater caution than is usually observed in the application of the principles which he thinks he has established. Most of the difficulties which our author finds in the application of eugenics (pp. 264 ff) apply as fully to the new science of which he is so enthusiastic a devotee. That some splendid work in this direction has been done, with thorough scientific caution, by such men as Witmer, is not to be denied; but men of this type are difficult to find, as our author himself shows (p. 114 ff); and it would seem the part of wisdom to avoid attempts to press upon the public the application of the "new science" on a broad scale, as our author does, until its principles and methods are firmly established by patient labor. In such matters we should remember that we are experimenting, and that we are experimenting with human beings; a procedure which should not be undertaken without a grave sense of responsibility.

ENGLISH.

COMPOSITION.

Acquiring an education must be a pleasant business in these days. The appeal is so artfully directed to the immediate interests of the student, the educational wares are so tastefully displayed, that nothing short of invincible ignorance could fail to be delightfully enticed along the "rue royale" to learning. But why not? The doctrine of winning folk to heaven by "fairnesse" needs no defence.

At the moment "oral" English is all the cry. In "Oral Composition" (Macmillan; $1), Cornelia Carhart Ward has more to offer that is both fresh and useful than can be found in many books of similar title. Her object is to develop the ability to speak informingly and readily. It does not at all detract from the merit of the book that it keeps the traditional divisions of exposition, description, narration, and argumentation; the intention of extemporaneous discourse is never lost sight of. This portion of the book, with its fertile suggestions for practice and its skilful use of models drawn from the speeches almost of the hour, offers a more solid contribution than the earlier pages on phonetics and the history of the language. In a brightly written little volume, "The Teaching of Oral English" (J. B. Lippincott Company), Emma Miller Bolenius tells what she has accomplished with boys and girls, by means of "one-minute talks." Teachers will find it packed with suggestions and directions, and, as we began by saying, it must be fun to be the pupil. Incidentally, Quintilian would stare and gasp at the realization of how much he has to contribute to this very modern subject.

Prof. Robert Huntington Fletcher's "Principles of Composition and Literature" (A. S. Barnes) also falls into two parts. They are of very uneven length, and, apparently, value. The first is a brief treatment of the elements of the conventional rhetoric. Part II is a substantial volume of more than 350 pages which begins boldly with a definition of literature, passes on through an analysis of the emotions, defines Classicism and Romanticism and kindred terms, quails not before the question "What is poetry?", and is patient with details of phonetics and metre. The result is a closely packed and really useful contribution to one of the *desiderata*—an encyclopædia of literary studies.

Tobias O. Chew's "Practical High School Speller" (Allyn & Bacon; 40 cents) is compiled on the basis of many thousand replies from high school teachers to the request for lists of words most commonly misspelled by their pupils. "Separate" leads all the rest, and nearly last, but surely not least, is "Macaulay." "Disappoint" and "occasion" occupy high place. Each word appears first in script, to aid the student's visualization, and again in bold type as part of a brief phrase, with syllables and stresses indicated. A page of convenient rules and an index complete this decidedly useful little volume. The two books of "Daily English Lessons" (J. B. Lippincott), by Prof. Willis H. Wilcox, supply a lesson for each and every day of the five years preceding high school. The work is carefully and fully laid out so that the teacher of limited training or opportunity will find all things needful between the covers. The uniform grammatical nomenclature adopted by the National Education Association last year is employed.

LITERARY HISTORY.

In his "American Literature" (Richmond: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.), Prof. John Calvin Metcalf succeeds in his very manifest desire to be fair to all sides. Naturally, a good deal of space is devoted to Southern writers from Poe to O. Henry and Henry Sydnor Harrison, but the author's treatment of them is strikingly temperate, just as that of the New England group falls neither in scope nor in sympathy. Without rising to independence of judgment or brilliance of presentation the book serves as a good guide to sober, established critical opinion and well-attested fact.

Prof. Charles Sears Baldwin's "English Medieval Literature" (Longmans; $1.25) is avowedly an "Introduction," designed not to enlighten the scholar, but to gain appreciative readers for our pre-Elizabethan literature. It should succeed in this purpose, for it need hardly be said that Professor Baldwin writes well; quotations, too—and this is an essential part of his method—he presents skilfully and at length. The convenience of having in a single volume a conspectus of both Anglo-Saxon and Middle English literature is apparent. The ballads, the beginnings of the drama, and the background afforded by the mediæval church are not neglected, and a usually slighted writer, Walter Map, receives fresh and extended treatment. The book invitingly points the way to the exploration of the rapidly accumulating mass of mediæval literature in translation.

ANTHOLOGIES.

Several different methods of compiling anthologies are to be noted. There is, first, the frankly simple chronological method of Percy Lubbock's "A Book of English Prose" (Cambridge University Press; 3s. 6d. net), which offers from two to four pages each under most of the great names from Malory to Stevenson. Of the two slender volumes Part I is arranged for preparatory and elementary schools, and Part II, which covers much the same ground but is rather "harder reading," is designed for secondary and high schools.

Another method is to group the selections so as to illustrate the technical aspects of the literary art. This Prof. Carroll Lewis Maxcy has done in his "Representative Narratives" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). "Setting," for example, is studied in selections, prefaced in each case with a brief analysis, from Poe, Frank Norris, Guy de Maupassant, and Lafcadio Hearn. In a similar manner characterization and plot are studied, with not a little attention to dialogue. The collection closes with three examples, Balzac's "La Grande Bretèche," Hawthorne's "The Birthmark," and Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs," which in the editor's opinion illustrate nearly all the "points" of the short story.

Modernity is the lure which is held out to the wayward attention of the high school student in Margaret Ashmun's "Modern Prose and Poetry for Secondary Schools" (Houghton Mifflin; 85 cents). Hopkinson Smith, Aldrich, Stedman, Mary Johnston, Mary Antin, Howells, James, William Vaughan Moody, and many others are presented in brief but happily chosen extracts, embroidered with annotations, exercises, and collateral readings. By the side of this Prof. Waitman Barbe's "Great Poems Interpreted" (Hinds, Noble & Eldredge; $1.25), which, like the author's "Famous Poems Explained," sets twoscore gems of literature in a silver sea of commentary, seems almost old-fashioned. But all the poems chosen are worth study and the information provided is usually to the point. "Lippincott's Fifth Reader" ($1.50), which is compiled by Homer P. and Elizabeth Lewis, is vastly more literary than earlier avatars. The authors represented, both in prose and verse, are of the highest quality. Happy the child that comes into living contact with them. But of such a book as this, with its brief and, as they stand, rather difficult selections, the success depends on its falling into the hands of a capable teacher.

For the Macmillan Pocket Classics Dr. Claude M. Fuess has gathered into a volume a hundred or so very brief "Selections for Oral Reading" (25 cents), drawn from the Bible, Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, and a host of moderns. It is prefaced with a few remarks on what one of its masters used to call the obsolescent art of reading aloud. Prof. Victor Alvin Ketcham's "Theory and Practice of Argumentation and Debate" (Macmillan; $1), is of a more formal sort. The practice is treated first, and clear and precise directions are given covering all stages of the debate, from the framing of the question and the collection of evidence to the final delivery of the argument. Most frequently referred to as models are the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The appendices contain among other things specimen agreements for debating leagues. The second part of the book—the theory—is an elementary treatise on logic.

HISTORICAL GRAMMAR.

Nearly fifteen years have elapsed since the publication of Kaluza's "Historische Grammatik," the last comprehensive work on English historical grammar, and in the interval active investigation has been carried on in the field. While no such striking advance is to be recorded as during the decades when Child made his study of the language of Chaucer or when Sievers produced his grammar of Anglo-Saxon, nevertheless the boundaries of knowledge have been steadily extended, and the scholars of the last few years have not been without new methods and points of view. The number of investigators occupied with the subject has probably been greater than ever before, and the mere mass of their productions makes the publication of a *zusammenfassende Arbeit* highly desirable. Prof. Karl Luick, whose part in the advancement of the science has not been small, might be expected to give a thoroughly competent survey of the state of knowledge and to add something of his own to the common stock, and the first instalment of his work, "Historische Grammatik der Englischen Sprache," Erster Band, erste Lieferung (Lemcke & Buechner; $1), indicates that the expectation will be fulfilled. There is an element of novelty in his general theory, or at least in his mode of presentation. He criticises previous writers for having given simply schematic accounts of the grammar of different periods—of Anglo-Saxon, Chaucerian English, modern English, and the like—and for not having sufficiently described the continuous development of sounds or formations. They have presented the subject, he declares, only in cross sections (*Querstriche*), and it is his purpose to show the vertical sections, to lay stress upon chronology and the processes of change, in short, to write a properly historical grammar. In the brief beginning of *Lautgeschichte* contained in the first *Lieferung*, the method thus described is carried out very satisfactorily, and this new organization of the material of English grammar cannot fail to be of value to all students of the subject. It should be added that the same historical purpose is served, and general intelligibility greatly promoted, by the way in which Professor Luick constantly supplies phonetic explanation for phonological changes.

Of grammar, in the strict sense, however, there is very little in the part of the book

thus far published. Most of the space is taken up with the introduction, which deals with what the author calls the "äussere Geschichte" of the language—the general history of the component dialects and of the foreign elements that have entered into the vocabulary. As a whole, the introductory chapters are excellent, and some subjects (such, for example, as palæography and orthography, dialectology, and the origin of the literary language) are much more fully and serviceably discussed than in previous grammars. In other places too much has been sacrificed to brevity, and opinions which are at least dubious have been set down without necessary qualifications. Thus the account of the Saxon conquest ignores difference of opinion as to the date; the discussion of the Romanization of Britain takes no account of Haverfield's important arguments from archæology; the passage on the Celtic element in English dismisses too briefly the general Germanic loans and does not distinguish sufficiently between the two branches, Goidelic and Brythonic, of the insular Celts. In spite of omissions, however, and perhaps of occasional errors of judgment, Professor Luick's compact introduction of less than a hundred pages is one of the best sources of information on the history of the language.

SELECTED TEXTS.

Among new texts for the classroom may be noted "Selected Idylls of the King," three of them, discriminatingly edited by Prof. Franklin T. Baker for the Riverside Literature series (Houghton Mifflin; 25 cents). Among Merrill's English Texts (Charles E. Merrill Co.; 40 cents) have appeared Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited by Helen Elizabeth Davis, and "Selected Short Stories," the choice of Dr. Claude M. Fuess. Professor Neilson's editions of "The Tempest" and "Romeo and Juliet" bring to nine the Shakespearean plays which he has edited for the Lake English Classics (Scott Foresman; 25 cents). In the same series are now available "Tom Brown's School Days" (35 cents), edited by A. B. de Mille, and Stevenson's "Kidnapped," by Arthur Willis Leonard, and "Addison and Steele, selections from the Tatler and Spectator," by Herbert Vaughan Abbott. For Holt's English Readings Professor Lowes has prepared an attractive edition of "Hamlet."

MODERN LANGUAGES.

FRENCH.

Far above the usual run of French college texts in quality of editorship is Prof. C. H. C. Wright's "Selections from Montaigne" (Heath; 90 cents). Nine representative essays, a few of which are given in extracts, admirably fulfil the editor's expressed purpose of furnishing an introduction to Montaigne's thought. Copious and judicious notes are provided, and to each essay is prefixed an excellent critical introduction. This valuable part of the work, we are interested to learn from the editor, is largely due to a recognized authority on Montaigne, Miss Grace Norton, a sister of the late Prof. C. E. Norton. To students of sixteenth-century French literature, this little volume will be most welcome.

Another textbook of sixteenth-century French which will appeal to advanced students is "Pages Choisies de Calvin," edited by Professor Jordan, of Columbia (Heath; 90 cents). About ninety pages are given, which include portions of the "Institution Chrétienne," the preface to the commentaries on the Psalms, several dedicatory epistles, and eight letters—a selection well exemplifying Calvin's powerful style. The editor presupposes a knowledge of modern French. The introduction, dealing with the life, influence, and language of Calvin, is in French, as are the notes and the explanations of obsolete words.

A new edition of Racine's "Andromaque" has appeared, this time edited by Professor Searles, of Stanford University, and published by Ginn & Co. (40 cents). There is a well-written introduction; much care has evidently been given to the unusually full notes, and a vocabulary is provided.

The latest anthology of modern French poetry, "Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle," edited by A. Auzas for the Oxford University Press (3s. 6d.), is noteworthy for the good judgment shown in selecting the material from the twenty-two poets represented, as also for the sound scholarship of the editorial work, which comprises a summary of the principles of French versification illustrated by abundant examples, brief notices of each author, notes on the texts, lists of questions for test purposes, and bibliographies. Following the custom established in England among editors of such textbooks, the *apparatus criticus* is entirely in French.

GERMAN.

Francis A. Wood's translation (University of Chicago Press; 20 cents net) of the "Hildebrandslied" into English alliterative verse and of a late Middle High German version of the same story in the rhymed stanza of the original gives the sense and spirit, and some of the effects of form. A few archaic words and phrases are used, but in the main the English is quite normal, so that the reader's mind is not much diverted to thoughts of artifice.

"An Outline of German Romanticism," by A. W. Porterfield (Ginn; $1 net), is a compendious bibliographical manual in two parts, the first dealing mainly with various groups of writers of literature, the second dealing mainly with the writers of treatises on the aforesaid literature. The second part, however, includes, besides some definitions and general considerations, data concerning scholars, philosophers, musicians, and painters who belong, one would think, more properly with the poets and prose writers of the first part. The final chapter makes suggestions for an introductory college course on the subject. Dr. Porterfield professes to have compiled rather than to have composed his volume. The merit of accuracy in the handling of multifarious details will hardly be denied him. But the grouping of these details leaves a good deal to be desired. There is no more reason why Uhland and Chamisso should be associated with the writers of the Heidelberg group than Fouqué, whose place is among the "side lights"—a galaxy so various as to include Kleist, Heine, Platen, and Mörike. Nor does there appear to be any reason for the conception of the romantic movement as a five-act drama, other than the desire for rhetorical composition. The volume is, indeed, very much composed, in this sense. Obstreperous epithets, antitheses, parallelisms, paradoxes, and metaphors constantly distract attention from the substance to the form. The book may have its uses as a work of reference, hardly as a guide; and it would be more useful if it contained less.

"Easy German Conversation," by P. S. Allen and P. H. Phillipson (Holt; 90 cents), admirably succeeds in giving the aspect of easiness to a difficult art. The book is replete with good humor and sound sense.

G. O. Curme's "First German Grammar" (Oxford University Press; 90 cents net) places special emphasis upon pronunciation, use of the spoken language, and thorough drill in formal grammar. Transcriptions in the international phonetic alphabet and the systematic marking of accent and quantity of vowels are commendable features. The development of power to read German accurately being the author's prime object, the book is skilfully made to combine the functions of grammar and reader. It is compactly printed.

P. V. Bacon's "Elements of German" (Allyn & Bacon; $1) is a series of lessons followed by a summary of inflections and excellent chapters on pronunciation, word formation, and a brief presentation of Grimm's Law. In general appearance the book is very inviting.

THE CLASSICS.

Of the three volumes which form the latest addition to the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan), one is a continuation and completion of a work already noticed in these columns—Prof. J. C. Rolfe's Suetonius. The present, second, volume contains the concluding "Lives of the Cæsars" and the fragmentary "Lives of Illustrious Men." A full index adds largely to the value of the book; and, indeed, it is fair to say that the general and particular editors have been very generous in this important matter of indexing.

The other two volumes introduce us to new works, one Greek and one Latin. We now have the first half of Xenophon's "Cyropædia," edited and translated in adequate form by Walter Miller, although here and there, as was inevitable, the English version does not show quite the easy grace of the original. We observe that this volume extends only to four hundred pages, and so avoids the faults of flimsy paper and blurred printing which have been complained of in so many of its Greek predecessors. This amelioration may be due to the accident that the "Cyropædia" is too long to be crowded into a single pair of covers, and is short enough to be comfortable between two pairs; but we should like to believe that the managers of the publication have seen a light, and are going to reform. They have still, however, a good deal to learn in regard to the manufacture of books. Even in this volume of the "Cyropædia" the leading is unnecessarily erratic. A little mechanical intelligence would have made a very pretty book out of one which can still be recommended as a convenient edition of the first great piece of historical fiction in Western literature.

With the Suetonius and the Xenophon comes also Cicero's "De Finibus," from the editorial hand of H. Rackham, of Christ's College, Cambridge. We have followed the translation through a good many pages, and have found the technical, or half-technical, terms skilfully transferred to English, and the movement of the original well preserved. The printing, particularly the justification of the pages, is by no means above reproach.

A short treatise on "Quantity and Accent in the Pronunciation of Latin," by F. W. Westaway (Cambridge University Press; 75 cents net), will be welcomed also by American teachers as giving in brief compass the results of the most recent study of Latin accentuation. The author is a devout follower of Professor Postgate, who has done so much to bring about a correct pronunciation of Latin in England, and seems inclined to follow him even when he should not be followed. Thus it is contrary to common-sense to suppose that in the reading of prose the Romans elided, weakened the final m, and ran the words always together. This would make the first chapter of the *Bellum Gallicum,* which is given as a specimen, a monstrosity. That in the case of certain combinations of words something similar occurred may be true. The author believes in slurring rather than elision of vowels—but here, too, the matter is not one of universal rule, but of the behavior of individual words. This can be easily gathered from the very statements of Cicero which Postgate quotes to prove the opposite. The statements with regard to verse and prose accent are sound, and the numerous examples make the little book valuable for drill purposes. Especially amusing is the author's sharp handling of the customary English pronunciation in his preface.

The edition of Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War with Hirtius's supplement, by T. Rice Holmes (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 8s. 6d.), is intended not only for schools, but for teachers and general readers who have neither time nor inclination to study Mr. Holmes's large works on Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul and Ancient Britain. Accordingly the greater part of the commentary is devoted to critical discussion of the narrative itself and of the Latin text. Numerous references to the larger works make the further study of the various statements a simple matter, though often unnecessary. In the constitution of the text the editor is a pronounced adherent of Meusel, to whose greatness as a critic of Cæsar he has paid generous tribute in a recent number of the *Classical Quarterly.* He preserves his independence, however, in many passages. The discussions are always clear, and almost always convincing, sometimes assuming too much technical knowledge on the part of the reader, and frequently marred by references to books and articles inaccessible to most students. Throughout the commentary are scattered notes on syntax and style, obviously intended for very young students. Mr. Holmes says he has aimed to avoid giving any information which the learner can easily acquire for himself through the medium of grammar, dictionary, or such other books as he may fairly be supposed to have. In that case, "he may fairly be supposed to have" very little, for the majority of these notes are infantile in their quality and comport very ill with the value of the rest of the work. An extensive and very readable introduction covers the usual subjects that we look for in introductions to Cæsar, but these are treated with a sense of mastery and independence which we have come to associate with Mr. Holmes's works. Judging from the books in common use in the United States, this edition would not be suitable for school use, but it would be invaluable for the teacher of Cæsar, in affording him the material with which to illuminate the story to his pupils. The text of this edition has been reprinted with very slight changes, which are summarized in the *Classical Quarterly,* VIII, 164, in the Riccardi Library of the Medici Society (London; £1 1s.).

The second volume of Prof. C. E. Bennett's monumental "Syntax of Early Latin" (Allyn & Bacon; $4), which follows the first after an interval of four years, is devoted entirely to the syntax of the cases. Mr. Bennett observes the same method of treatment in this volume as in the former; copious bibliography, exhaustive and in many cases complete citations of examples, and a restrained and judicious discussion of current theories. In regard to the original force of the cases he now inclines to the local as against the grammatical theory in all of them except the nominative. In so doing, he abandons his former view of the genitive as an adnominal or grammatical case, because such a theory, he says, requires the genitive to be used with nouns alone in early Latin, whereas it is plain that this case was used with verbs even in the *Ursprache.* But such an assumption is unjustified and obscures the fact that at the beginning the distinction between noun and verb must have been merely one of usage, and many so-called verbs must have had the nominal idea prominent in the earliest usage. The goal-idea, too, which Mr. Bennett now accepts as the fundamental idea of the accusative, can be just as readily deduced from the grammatical function ascribed to it by most scholars. Fortunately, however, as he himself says, the theory of origin is usually of small importance in deciding upon the proper classification of different examples, and few critics will be disposed to find much fault with his analysis. In a large work of this kind there must be many passages about the interpretation of which scholars will differ, but on the whole the probability so far as this examination has gone lies usually with the author.

"The Roman Elegiac Poets," with introduction and notes by K. P. Harrington (American Book Co.; $1.50), is a very serviceable selection from the elegies of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. A careful and adequate introduction sketches the history of this style of composition in Greece and Rome, and dwells with more detail upon the four poets whose poems are included. All recent literature seems to have been consulted, but with critical and sober judgment. The commentary, which appears together with the critical notes on the same page as the text, is excellent, but sometimes over minute, and marred by references to inaccessible books. We miss, however, any summary of the stylistic peculiarities of the different authors, and this is the more to be regretted in the case of Propertius, who seems in many places not to have written Latin at all, if Postgate's analysis of his style is to be accepted. English renderings of his peculiarities often show what we would like Propertius to have written, rather than what he did write. The inclusion of critical apparatus on the same page as the commentary is an improvement on the customary critical appendix. Still, such notes are of doubtful value in an edition which is designed to meet the needs primarily of undergraduates. Since the manuscript variants are rarely made the subject of comment, they might well be left out altogether. This book was, as Professor Harrington tells us, begun many years ago by his father, the late Prof. C. S. Harrington, and many of the notes are followed by his initials. In its completed form it is a worthy monument to the dead as well as a valuable addition to our list of college textbooks.

Three new Latin beginners' books have recently been added to the already extensive list of such books: "Introduction to Latin," by J. C. Kirtland and G. B. Rogers (Macmillan; 85 cents); "Latin Lessons," by M. L. Smith (Allyn & Bacon; 80 cents); "First Latin Book," revised edition, by C. W. Bain (Heath & Co.; 90 cents). Two of these aim to teach Latin, while "Latin Lessons" aims also to "make Latin seem alive." To this end every lesson is preceded by a familiar Latin quotation, such as State mottoes, legal phrases, etc. Some stories of old Rome hold up the ideals of old Roman virtue, while an appendix treats of the value of Latin in science, mathematics, and English. Five Latin songs with music are also added. The reading exercises are almost confined to detached sentences. Much attention is paid to English derivatives, every lesson containing five English words to be traced back to Latin. Much drill is demanded, but though the vocabulary and syntax are Cæsarian, no particular desire is indicated to prepare immediately for Cæsar. The "Introduction to Latin" does, on the other hand, have Cæsar particularly in view. Hence the vocabulary and formal arrangement are more carefully adapted to early reading in mass. Extensive selections from Eutropius, Nepos, and simplified Cæsar are inserted frequently, beginning with the seventeenth lesson. In the vocabularies some attention is paid to English cognates. The explanations are simple and clear. A feature is the employment of the new grammatical terminology, hence we find past for imperfect, harmony of tenses for sequence of tenses, etc. The "First Latin Book" is essentially a new book, though purporting to be only a revision. Vocabulary and syntactical treatment have been modified to lead directly to the reading of Cæsar. A new and distinctive feature is the insertion of extensive reading lessons at definite intervals, beginning with the thirteenth lesson, designed to serve as reviews of the previous sections, and to interrupt for several days the steady learning of forms. The variety of opinion indicated in these books is interesting. Mr. Bain thinks introductory lessons on English grammar essential, Miss Smith agrees, while Mr. Kirtland denies their value absolutely. Miss Smith regards the study of English derivatives as essential, Mr. Kirtland tolerates it, and Mr. Bain looks upon it as a frill. Extensive reading is urged by Mr. Bain, seconded by Mr. Kirtland, subordinated by Miss Smith to the other features. But all three are good books and show everywhere experience and pedagogical skill.

Prof. W. S. Davis, the well-known writer of the classical novels, "A Friend of Cæsar" and "A Victor at Salamis," has prepared an elementary handbook on Greek Private Antiquities under the title "A Day in Old Athens" (Allyn & Bacon; $1.25). The book purports to set forth the experiences at Athens of a visitor in the year 360 B. C. The tourist lands at Piræus, follows the outside road to Athens, visits the marketplace, then the home of a well-to-do gentleman. In connection with this he gives all the necessary information as to the various members of

the family—shows the position occupied by the women and the slaves, with chapters also on the children. A visit to the law-courts, which are described, is waived in favor of a session of the public assembly in the Pnyx, with its wrangling orators and excitable listeners. Other chapters treat of the physicians, trade and manufactures, amusements, country life, etc. The style is vivacious, the information reasonably accurate,-and the whole presentation interesting. The book will find its widest use in the schools, but it will also appeal to older readers who desire an interesting rather than a learned sketch of life in Athens.

The question as to the composition of the Homeric poems has not been prominent in recent years, most scholars having tacitly agreed that the time and labor spent on this problem might have been more profitably spent in other ways. The book of Austin Smyth on "The Composition of the Iliad" (Longmans; $1.75) comes therefore as a distinct surprise, but not an unpleasant one. For Mr. Smyth presents a new point of view, and argues withal with such vivacity and cleverness that the reading of the book is a delight. This is due perhaps to the fact that Mr. Smyth is librarian of the House of Commons, and thus brings a new atmosphere into this driest of regions. The object of the essay is, as he frankly tells us in the preface, "to demonstrate that the Iliad of Homer at one time consisted of 13,500 lines, neither more nor less, divided into 45 sections of 300 verses each, with major divisions after the fifteenth and thirtieth of these; from which it follows that the remaining 2,193 verses, which appear in our present texts, are more recent additions and ought to be removed." This he proceeds to do, and he does it with such plausibility and skill that we are often almost convinced against our will. Thus the first book consists of 611 lines, with a natural pause after v. 311, leaving just 300 lines for the complete episodes of the second part. In the first part, out of the 311 lines 11 contain a list of the chiefs of the Lapithae inserted by Nestor in his speech to the kings. This list is entirely rejected by Leaf, and some of the verses had been regarded as spurious before. But the omission of this list leaves just 300 lines for the first section. Of course, many of the sections do not yield so readily to the treatment, but involve violent transpositions and unjustifiable excisions, and, likewise, of course, no poet ever worked out such a careful numerical scheme, but the discussion is, nevertheless, most entertaining. In a short appendix on the Odyssey Mr. Smyth presents a similar scheme in accordance with which this poem originally contained 11,700 lines divided into 26 sections of 450 lines each, leaving but 410 too many in our texts.

CELTIC.

The past academic year has been marked by the publication of three important contributions to Welsh philology: "A Glossary of Welsh Mediæval Law," by Timothy Lewis (Longmans, Green & Co.; $5 net); "The Welsh Vocabulary of the Bangor District," by Prof. O. H. Fynes-Clinton (Oxford University Press); and "A Welsh Grammar, Historical and Comparative," by Prof. J. Morris Jones (Oxford University Press). The first two make valuable additions to Welsh lexicography, concerning which the existing sources of information are far from being either complete or trustworthy. The only comprehensive Welsh dictionary, that of William Owen Pugh, though indispensable to the student, nevertheless antedates the era of exact philological knowledge or method. It is based largely upon texts which were imperfectly edited, and contains much misleading speculation, not to say invention, on the part of the compiler. The more trustworthy work which was begun by the Rev. D. Silvan Evans never passed the letter D. Consequently scholars who need to go beyond the purely practical vocabularies of the modern language have been at a loss for adequate help, and all additions to their resources are most welcome. Mr. Lewis's book, though it is of the nature of a special glossary, being based upon the legal texts in the "Black Book of Chirk," contains in reality a large amount of material of use for students of literature and history, and supplements extensively the existing vocabularies of mediæval Welsh. Mr. Fynes-Clinton's work, which deals with the other end of Welsh development, chronologically speaking, namely, with a contemporary dialect, is no less important as a contribution to the knowledge of the language. The tendency of Welsh grammars and dictionaries has been in some degree towards the construction of an artificial speech, and such a description of actual usage as Mr. Fynes-Clinton has produced serves as a valuable corrective. By the testimony of those whose acquaintance with spoken North-Welsh authorizes them to judge, he has done his work well; certainly it gives evidence of sound method and careful execution. We would question, however, without meaning any disparagement of the book, whether the author's enthusiasm for phonetics has not carried him in one respect too far. If he had arranged the words under their ordinary spelling and added the phonetic notation, instead of making the phonetic the primary arrangement, there would surely have been no loss in accuracy, and the work would have been more convenient for rapid reference.

More important still than these excellent dictionaries is Prof. Morris Jones's grammar. Its appearance has been long awaited, and one may say without hesitation that the expectations of scholars have been fulfilled. Now for the first time there exists a comprehensive account of Welsh phonology and accidence of all periods, historically treated. The author is not only a scholar of high attainments, but also an accomplished writer of Welsh prose and verse. He is therefore well fitted for the task on which he has spent unstinted labor for many years, and he has produced a monumental work which is not likely soon to be superseded. He has, of course, his personal bias and limitations, and these are reflected here and there in the character of the book. His knowledge of general philology, or even of the Celtic languages outside of Welsh, is much less thorough than of Welsh itself, with the result that his work on the comparative side is not so masterly as on the historical and descriptive. He has, too, a proneness to rather bold theorizing, which he exhibited years ago in a striking essay on the non-Aryan elements in Welsh syntax (published in the appendix to "The Welsh People," by J. Rhys and J. B. Jones), and the same readiness for conjecture appears in many doubtful etymologies in the grammar. Perhaps too much space is given to this debatable material, but it does not particularly impair the value of the work. The elementary student will probably ignore such matters in any case, and the trained scholar will find it easy to distinguish between statements of ascertained fact or principle and statements of theory. In one other respect Professor Jones's personal leaning may expose his work to criticism. By virtue, probably, of his training and activity as a bard, he is a jealous protector of the best literary traditions, and condemns many laxities in the practices of modern writers. The purpose of his work, then, is partly normative, to establish standards of diction and construction, and he has already been charged with something like purism. But this again does not make the grammar less valuable, so long as facts of usage are not suppressed in the interest of any of the author's preferences. On the contrary, the foreign student, in particular, profits greatly by the use of a work in which the refinements of usage are competently discussed.

Celtic scholars are still very ill provided with such encyclopædic helps as have long been available in the fields of classical or Germanic philology. Although the grammars of Pedersen (for general Celtic), Thurneysen (for Irish), and, most recently, of Morris Jones (for Welsh) have made a great body of strictly linguistic knowledge conveniently accessible, no Müller's *Handbuch* or Paul's *Grundriss* has yet been compiled to codify the facts of Celtic ethnology, antiquities, mythology, and literary history. For even commonplace information on these subjects Celticists are dependent either on miscellaneous and scattered works or on such private collectanea as they happen to possess, and the burden of both instruction and investigation is much increased by the necessity of keeping together a mass of bibliographical data. The National Library of Ireland has consequently rendered a very welcome service in publishing a "Bibliography of Irish Philology and of Printed Irish Literature" (Dublin: Stationery Office, 1913). This is an admirably arranged catalogue of the published materials relating to the Irish language and literature in all periods. Much information concerning manuscripts is also included, though no attempt is made to catalogue their unpublished contents, and the time is hardly ripe for such an undertaking. The portion of the work dealing with literature is minutely subdivided so that, while it does not to any considerable extent set forth chronological development, it affords an excellent conspectus of Irish literary production. The catalogue deserves praise throughout for its fulness and accuracy, as well as for its arrangement. Such omissions as are noted will be published by the editor, Mr. R. I. Best, in *Eriu*, the periodical of the Dublin School of Irish Learning, where it is intended that later instalments of the bibliography, announcing new publications, shall regularly appear.

It is not often that we have to record the appearance of the third volume of a work after an interval of forty-two years from the publication of the second. But this is the case with Dr. P. W. Joyce's "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places" (Longmans, Green; $1.75 net), of which the first two parts

were published in 1869 and 1871, respectively, and the third part reached us shortly before the death of the author, a few months ago. The value of the treatise has long been recognized—indeed, until very recently it was the only substantial source of information on the subject—and it is a satisfaction to have preserved in print the additional materials that Dr. Joyce collected through so many years. In the earlier volumes a great deal of space was given to the discussion of principles; to the explanation of the various circumstances to which place-names owe their origin, and of the phonetic development of Gaelic names in English. The actual lists were thus introduced largely as illustrations of the processes described. But in the present volume such explanatory matter is reduced to a short introduction, and nearly the whole book is made up of a compact dictionary. The quantity of new material presented is, therefore, considerable. Throughout the whole work the author has endeavored to make a trustworthy record of native usage in the pronunciation of Gaelic names, and this testimony will be of permanent value even in cases where the etymologies he proposes have to be abandoned. For the most part, too, his etymologizing is of a sober sort, which demands serious consideration. In one respect the third volume seems oddly contemporaneous with the other two. The authorities cited are chiefly men of the older generation —O'Donovan, O'Reilly, Pictet, and Lewis— and one gets the impression that Dr. Joyce did not follow closely the grammatical literature of the last twenty years.

The reason for this may be that he was primarily an historian rather than a philologist. His principal work was his "Social History of Ancient Ireland" (2 vols., Longmans, Green; $7.50 net), of which he brought out a revised edition also in the last few months of his life. This treatise, which has practically superseded O'Curry's "Manners and Customs," has taken its place as the chief book of reference on ancient Irish institutions. While hardly more than a beginning of critical scholarship has been made in the field, and while Dr. Joyce lacked the special equipment in philological science, or in the history of mythology and religion, to enable him to approach the solution of some of the most difficult problems, his very wide knowledge of the facts of Irish tradition and his lucid and sensible presentation of them will make his book indispensable for at least a generation. The new edition, so far as we have been able to discover, is only slightly revised. A few pages of notes are added, and the author acknowledges in the preface certain corrections sent him by Dr. Kuno Meyer, of which he says he has made use. But the pagination is hardly disturbed at all, and we have not found that the author's opinions on controverted questions have been either modified or supported by new arguments. Little account, too, seems to have been taken of the publications that have appeared between the two editions. Thus, in the chapter on the subdivisions of population there is no mention of Professor MacNeill's important paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for 1911. Again, in the discussion of human sacrifice (the existence of which is denied in rather sweeping terms), though the author could hardly have seen the treatment of the subject in the "Kittredge Anniversary Papers" (pp. 185 ff.), he might be expected to have cited the piece of evidence brought forward by Dr. Kuno Meyer in *Eriu*, II, 86. But we would not seem to dismiss the book, or Dr. Joyce's career, with a word of disparagement. By his fruitful labors, continued to ripe old age, he rendered a service to Irish scholarship such as was given by very few men of his generation, and his "Social History," however much opinion may change as fresh knowledge is acquired, will always remain a worthy monument.

ECONOMICS.

In "The Economic Organization of England" (Longmans; 90 cents net), Prof. W. J. Ashley has gathered together a course of lectures which he delivered before the Colonial Institute of Hamburg. They are similar to the brief course which he has been in the habit of giving for the last few years at the University of Birmingham, and are an admirable philosophical survey of English economic history from the self-sufficing manor of the thirteenth and the narrow gild of the fourteenth centuries down to the gigantic iron amalgamations, shipping rings, and other monopolistic combinations of the twentieth century. He does not argue theories about manorial and gild origins, but begins directly by describing concrete institutions as they actually existed in mediæval England. If he omits much that one expects to find in a textbook of economic history, he also enriches his pages with thoughtful suggestions of his own and mature conclusions on the suggestions of others. He has an apt way of quoting or characterizing great thinkers of the past to show how their thinking may be a cause or a reflex of changes in the economic sphere. Therefore his volume, though intended for beginners, has food for those who already know something of the subject. After surveying the increasing strength of the powerful associations in which capital and labor are organized against each other, and after recounting the inevitable failure of such expedients as profit-sharing and coöperation, this student of history, teaching in a great industrial centre, comes to a conclusion which is worth quoting as much for its sane historical-minded optimism as for the knowledge and experience on which it is based:

> Society is feeling its way, with painful steps, towards a corporate organization of industry on the side alike of employers and employed; to be then more harmoniously, let us hope, associated together—with the state alert and intelligent in the background to protect the interests of the community. The world has never yet had complete individualism; it will never, I believe, have complete socialism, for the egoistic sentiment is as permanent an element in human nature as the social. It has to create a working compromise suited for each age. . . . This is the lesson of that newer philosophy of social organisms which is based, as by Gierke, on the study of history.

Mr. George Guest, barrister-at-law and headmaster of St. Paul's School, Bournemouth, is writing a "new concentric" school history of England. In three successive parts he proposes to deal respectively with social, constitutional, and politico-imperial affairs. The first part, "A Social History of England" (Macmillan; 40 cents) is a good elementary outline of economic development with brief chapters on social life and with some illustrations. It is adapted for high-school rather than college students. This may explain in part why half the volume is devoted to the centuries prior to the Tudors; the main features of town and country life in the Middle Ages can be more simply stated and easily comprehended than the complex world-wide economic phenomena which resulted from the Industrial Revolution. There are a few minor inaccuracies, but the book is clearly written and looks quite teachable.

The London School of Economics and Political Science has already to its credit a long list of monographs written by various lecturers and students of the school, under the general editorship of the director, W. Pember Reeves, formerly High Commissioner for New Zealand, and under the immediate control of such distinguished scholars as Sidney Webb and Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office and secretary of the Royal Commission on the Public Records. Recent additions to the series are "A Select Bibliography for the Study, Sources, and Literature of English Mediæval Economic History" (King & Sons), and "Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America, 1763-1912," by Stanley C. Johnson (Dutton; $2 net). The bibliography, which has been compiled by the members of Mr. Hall's seminar, lists more than three thousand titles, and is well indexed. It is very useful, as such a work is bound to be, but its value is somewhat impaired by the failure to add critical comments to the volumes entered, an omission not entirely rectified by the admirable series of prefaces and introductions to the sections.

Mr. Johnson's volume, in origin a dissertation approved for the degree of doctor of science in the University of London, is of more general interest than doctoral dissertations usually are. It contains a great mass of information about emigration from the United Kingdom to the United States and Canada during the last 150 years. The preliminary survey, dealing with the period after 1763, is, however, misleading as far as averages are concerned, in that it interprets a very unusual movement from Scotland during the 'seventies, due to the rent-racking policy of Scottish landlords, as if it were part of a normal outflow. The work becomes trustworthy only after 1815, when definite statistics are reached, but the best sections are those that concern the conditions of emigration at the present time.

HISTORY.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN.

Among the Clarendon Press English school texts is Macaulay's "War of the Succession in Spain." This brilliant little review of Lord Mahon's History first appeared in January, 1833, and for fourscore years has continued to delight and misinform countless readers. High-school pupils may still enjoy Macaulay's sharp contrasts in black and white, but they are now judiciously warned as to his inaccuracies and exaggerations by the good introduction and notes of C. T. Atkinson, a specialist in military history. He follows Col. Parnell in pointing out the almost certain unauthenticity of the "Memoirs of Capt. George Carleton," which were relied on by Mahon and Macaulay, which have been ascribed to Defoe, but which were probably by Swift.

Another English school text is W. Murison's careful edition of Burke's "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents" in the Pitt Press series (Putnam; 80 cents net). This is one of Burke's best constructed and most effective earlier pamphlets. He published it in 1770

after submitting it for approval and suggestion to Lord Rockingham, and he aimed to show that the existing discontents of the time were due to George III's attempts at personal government. The editor has added a brief sketch of Burke's life, a helpful analysis of the form and contents of the pamphlet, and sufficient explanatory notes.

The expectation that a teacher of history who has written successful novels on Imperial Rome, the Crusades, and the Lutheran Reformation could write a history which would be interesting and accurate is fulfilled in the "Mediæval and Modern History" of William Stearns Davis (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). As the volume is intended for secondary schools the author wisely obtained the coöperation of N. S. McKendrick, of Phillips Exeter Academy, who provided helpful apparatus for teachers in the way of questions, suggested readings, and tables and maps. The books for reading topics might well have been extended somewhat beyond the few handbooks indicated. Also the suggested list of books for a small school library includes several titles which in the reviewer's opinion might have been better replaced by others. The period covered by Mr. Davis extends from the Battle of Adrianople to that of Kirk-Kilisseh, but no undue prominence is given to military history. More is said about men than institutions, as is wise in a school textbook. The amount of space allotted to events is increasingly ample as recent times are approached; there is a longer discussion of Napoleon than of Charlemagne, and of the "March of Democracy" than of Feudalism. The narrative is readable and accurate; with the aid of inoffensive heavy type it is also cast in a form which ought to be easy for the pupil to remember and review. Occasionally the author indulges in words which the pupil will not understand, and once in a word which he himself does not understand—"immanence" (p. 205), where he means "imminence." We are dubious as to the author's practice of putting much of his information into footnotes; it may relieve the text and train pupils in the laudable practice of noticing what is at the bottom of the page, but it disturbs the continuity of the narrative. The illustrations are fresh, authentic, and appropriate. It is more elementary and less full than the similar texts of West, Harding, Myers, and Robinson.

The purpose of Prof. A. L. Cross, in his "History of England and Greater Britain" (Macmillan; $2.60) is "to trace the course of events by which England and the adjacent countries became the United Kingdom, and by which the United Kingdom has become the greatest sea power ever known, has developed a foreign commerce larger than that of any other country of the world, and has fashioned an empire with an extent of territory nearly a hundred, and a population almost ten, times its own." In the course of eleven hundred pages he fulfils this purpose well. His method is strictly chronological. He dispatches the pre-Norman period with commendable brevity in seventy-five pages. He gives in admirable fulness the subsequent growth of English institutions, especially in the Tudor and Stuart periods; this is wise, for American students are the inheritors, in large part, of these institutions and should know how they came into being. The nineteenth and twentieth centuries receive sufficient attention to give a clear account of the Irish, imperial, and other important political questions. Military history is largely suppressed. Especially welcome, on the other hand, are the excellent characterizations of the more important works in the long range of English literature from Beowulf to Browning. They ought to help much towards the greater coöperation between teachers of history and teachers of English, which is one of the desiderata of modern education. The defect of the book is that it fails to make the reader grasp in a concrete form the way in which institutions actually worked. Professor Cross describes the contents of the great statutes, names the law courts, touches upon the features of the manorial system, and chronicles the cabinets; but he does not make the inward eye of the imagination really see these organisms functioning as realities; he has not the gift of Seebohm and Maitland. There is nothing particularly original in the volume, unless it be the unusually good chapters on the later Stuarts. Professor Cross has been content, as he modestly says in his preface, to light his candle at the torches of others. But sober judgment in the matter of proportion and clarity of exposition is of more moment in a textbook than originality. In his admiration for England he slides rather too gently over such less fortunate episodes in her diplomacy as Disraeli's policy towards Turkey in 1878 and Sir Edward Grey's assistance in the strangling of Persia. It is a book for colleges rather than high schools. Except for the absence of illustrations (which we regret), and the considerable attention to the history of the last fifty years (which we rejoice in), Professor Cross's volume approaches, on the whole, in arrangement, fulness of information, matter-of-factness, accuracy, and emphasis on purely political history, more nearly than any other textbook we happen to know, to S. R. Gardiner's justly famous "Student's History"—which is high praise.

Pictures, broadsides, and medals relating to the flight of James II and the assumption of the British throne by the Prince of Orange appropriately make up the bulk of the illustrations in the third volume of Professor Firth's sumptuous edition of Macaulay's History of England (Macmillan; $3.75 net). This volume carries the narrative from the presentation to William of the proposal by the Whigs for a descent upon England to the raising of the siege of Londonderry and the battle of Newton Butler. It is no easier to say, concerning this volume than either of those preceding, whether the ballads or the caricatures are more amusing. In not a few instances, the palm would go to the supposedly serious production, as in the case of "Popery's Downfal, and The Protestants Uprising by the Crowning of King William and Queen Mary," to the tune of "Hey boys up go we," with its emphasis upon the economic phase of what we must in consequence term the transaction:

> But now all heartily rejoice
> to see this happy day;
> With Bells, with Bonfires, and with voice,
> as very well we may;
> That we have got a King and Queen
> that will encourage Trade,
> That by the Papists villany
> was very much decay'd.

Beside this outburst, the fun in the cartoon of "The Protestant Grind-Stone" or "The Quakers Synod" seems pale and thin. How much this kind of thing adds to the value as well as to the interest of an historical work, in reproducing the atmosphere of the time, it is unnecessary to argue.

AMERICAN.

Prof. William B. Munro's "Selections from the Federalist" (Harvard University Press) will be a boon to teachers and students who have been deterred, by the bulk of the original work, from using in the classroom what is still, for many purposes, the best introduction to the historical study of American federal government. The text is that of the first collected edition of 1788, and the selections, based upon the editor's experience as a teacher, are drawn from the first fifty numbers. There are no footnotes save such as appeared in the original edition, but Professor Munro has provided a brief introductory account of the formation of the Constitution.

"The Period of Discovery," by Joseph V. McKee and Louise S. Roemer (Century Co.; 50c.), is an American historical reader for fifth-year pupils. The stories and bits of narrative—the former kept as closely as possible in accordance with facts—and the poetical selections are well chosen, and the language and style of presentation are such as to appeal to children. The last five stories deal with elementary problems of citizenship from the standpoint of the young immigrant. The plan of the book conforms to the New York Regents' Syllabus of History.

We hesitate to affirm that Prof. Willis M. West's "American History and Government" (Allyn & Bacon) is the best high-school textbook of American history now on the market, because high schools, like the courses which they offer, present almost infinite diversity in standards, methods, and aims. In scholarly thoroughness and completeness, however, as well as in the arrangement of its matter for practical classroom use, the volume certainly has no superior for schools which are willing to take the study of American history seriously. The distinguishing features are the combination of governmental or administrative topics with the historical narrative; the extended treatment of Western development, the labor movement of 1825-1840, and the recent "progressive" movement; and the elaborate use of footnotes for additional discussion or reference to documentary sources. With all its up-to-dateness, however, Professor West has not lost his sense of proportion, as is witnessed by the fact that less than one-fifth of his space is given to the period since the Civil War. The chief fundamental criticism of the book is its almost entire obliteration of military details. There are fifty-six maps and plans, and thirteen illustrations. The usual elaborate indications of collateral reading, in practice, we fear, honored in the breach as much as in the observance, are omitted, their place being taken by brief lists of books most valuable, with comments on the character and scope of each. A word should be said for the excellent mechanical make-up, which allows the book to lie open freely without breaking.

MILITARY.

A year ago Prof. Hans Delbrück, the distinguished editor of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* and student of military history, came over to London and gave in a couple of lectures, entitled "Numbers in History" (University of London Press), the conclusions by

which he has been upsetting traditional notions as to the size of armies in ancient and mediæval times. Scholars have had to decimate the alleged size of the hosts which were defeated by the Greeks, Carthaginians, Normans, and Swiss, though they do not go quite as far as he does. Professor Delbrück's point is that nothing gives more pleasure to the soul of a people, nothing is more willingly narrated, than that a small host has conquered a greater; Henry V says at Agincourt—

> If we are marked to die, we are enow
> To do our country loss; and if to live
> The fewer men the greater share of honour.

So legend has been at work magnifying enormously the numbers of the defeated where a signal victory has been won by a small well-disciplined force. Having fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and being familiar with the problems of topography and food supply which arise in the case of really large modern armies, Professor Delbrück has shown statistically how preposterous are the figures of Herodotus. He has come also to the conclusion that victory in the past has been usually obtained because of discipline, organization, and martial spirit, not because of numbers or of bravery. Is his conclusion to be confirmed by the events of to-day?

SCIENCE.

PSYCHOLOGY.

William Glover's "Know Your Own Mind" (Cambridge University Press; Putnams; 60 cents) is an attempt to put into simple form the main tenets of the Herbartian psychology; and in reading it therefore one is carried back to a past age. It is difficult enough, in any event, to write a good elementary work on this subject; and such a task should not be assumed by one who, like the author, is unwilling to take the trouble to grasp the principles of psychology as they have been developed since Herbart lived.

William James's famous chapter on Habit in his Psychology has been reprinted in separate form in a neat little book (Holt; 50 cents net). Here appear his characteristics of thought and of style: breadth of knowledge; hazarding of hypotheses that, once stated, seem indisputable, at least while one reads; plenitude of illustration; a tendency towards colloquialism, and particularly, here, practical application of the results of the reasoning through which he has been carrying his reader. In the end, his consideration of what was apparently a purely mental phenomenon turns out to have important moral implications, and psychology seems a more philosophical ethic, if not a better-based religion. There is a bad arrangement on pages 15 and 16, where a note, having to do with the first line on page 16, is put at the bottom of the page preceding.

LOGIC.

There is an element of humorous paradox in the plan of Alfred Sidgwick's "Elements of Logic" (Cambridge University Press; 90 cents), which will nevertheless appeal to many teachers of the subject as resting upon a solid basis of truth. Part I is a presentation of the traditional rules of logic which treats them "as obediently as we can"; Part II explains how and why they are not to be taken too seriously. This comes very near the mark. No one is entitled to disregard the rules of logic who has not mastered them. Defective and archaic they may be, yet they still constitute our only systematic test for correct thinking; and with all their imperfections they are indispensable both as a discipline for the student and as a general guiding principle for mature thinking. The difficulty, as Mr. Sidgwick shows, is that, perhaps inevitably, they take all our meanings to be fixed, whereas, in point of fact, the meaning of every statement depends upon the purpose of making it, and the purpose is often obscure. This accounts for the various "risks of reasoning," all, it seems, reducible to the case of an ambiguous middle term, which are pointed out in Part II. The book is worth trying as a text. It should be suggestive to the teacher and, at any rate, an excellent introduction to the subject for the independent reader.

CHEMISTRY.

The teacher of organic chemistry in the college course often experiences an embarrassment in selecting a textbook. The book that is suitable for the highly specialized work of the university or technical school is likely to be too voluminous for his use. The field of organic chemistry is so large that even the smaller textbooks are apt to be somewhat terrifying to the student whose interest in the subject is not vital, and he is in danger of being overwhelmed and discouraged by the mass of material that he has not time to assimilate. Prof. John T. Stoddard, of Smith College, has endeavored to meet this difficulty in his "Introduction to Organic Chemistry" (Blakiston's), His book is written frankly for the college student, whose needs the author can appreciate by reason of his long experience as a college teacher. Avoiding long discussions of the more intricate problems, he presents the general and fundamental principles of the subject in a clear manner and at the same time makes the student familiar with the uses of the various substances that are considered. The result is a book of about 400 pages that is readable, teachable, informative, and logical. It is up to date, and even the more advanced student will find in it much that will repay him for reading it. Numerous tables take the place of extended description of many comparatively unimportant compounds.

In "Some Fundamental Problems in Chemistry, Old and New" (Van Nostrand; $2.50 net), by Professor E. A. Letts, of Queen's University of Belfast, the author undertakes to contrast certain ancient views of the constitution of matter and the mediæval ideas in regard to transmutation with the modern conception of electrons and the discovery of the changes which radio-active elements experience; the modern discoveries proving, "as Ladenburg said, 'Dass unter den Griechen und Römen Männer waren, die sich in jeder Beziehung mit unsern Denkern messen konnten,' and secondly, that even in science, history may repeat itself." The first ninety pages are devoted to "The Older Chemistry," and most of these are taken up with the discussion of Dalton's atomic theory and the periodic law, and include the discovery of the argon gases. "The Newer Chemistry" occupies a little more space, and includes an excellent summary of the work on radio-activity, the theory of electrons, Lockyer's views on the question of inorganic evolution, and Arrhenius's "Worlds in the Making."

It is undoubtedly true "that the discovery of radio-activity has effected a revolution in our fundamental ideas concerning the nature and properties of matter"; and we have convincing evidence that the chemical elements are not independent creations, made up of individual atoms. The thought of some genetic relationship among the elements is, however, almost as old as Dalton's atomic theory; and, starting with Prout's untenable hypothesis, was revived in Döbereincr's triads, Newlands's law of octaves, and, most seriously, by Mendeleef's illuminating presentation of the periodic relations existing between the properties of the elements and their atomic weights. Probably no thoughtful chemist for nearly a century would have been willing to deny the possible divisibility of the atom. Experimental evidence of the composite nature of the atom and transmutation of the elements, a logical corollary of these speculations, was, however, unlooked for. Mme. Curie's discovery of radium and the work of Rutherford, J. J. Thomson, and their fellow investigators have brought the demonstration. But the observed transmutations are hardly to be considered as a realization of the old alchemical doctrine, "namely, that it is possible to transmute one element into another." Helium has been obtained from radium, and some thirty "transient" elements, whose estimated life periods vary from a fraction of a second to thousands of years, have been listed as products of the disintegration of uranium, radium, and thorium. Their appearance, however, is spontaneous, and no approach has yet been made to a controlled or directed transmutation of matter, which was the alchemist's idea in his dream of the production of gold from the baser metals. Those whose imagination has been stirred by the extraordinary properties of radium and the discoveries which have followed, will be much interested in this well-written and readable book.

PHYSICS.

An elementary textbook for schools and colleges on "Sound," by Dr. J. W. Capstick, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which has been added to the Cambridge Physical series (Putnam; $1.40), is well up to the standard of that excellent series. In many ways sound is the most difficult subject in physics to teach. Its theory is complicated, not only in its physical aspects, but also because it lies in the borderland between physics and psychology, where much is debatable. But the most serious difficulty comes from the fact that it seems necessary to deal with the art of music in its relations to acoustics. Dr. Capstick meets these difficulties by subordinating the mathematical theory to the experimental development of the subject, by almost entirely omitting psychological aspects, and by giving a brief and well-considered discussion of music and musical instruments. The text is excellent, clear, concise, and well arranged, and, like its companions in the series, it is the result of careful study and not a mere compilation from previous books.

A valuable book on the "Electrothermal Methods of Iron and Steel Production," by John B. C. Kershaw, has been published by the Van Nostrand Co. ($3 net). The production of iron and steel by the method of the electric furnace is expanding rapidly, yet there has been hitherto no carefully prepared handbook on the subject. The author wisely limits his discussion to the practical

applications of electric heating to this industry. The various forms of electric furnaces are described in detail and the question of cost of each is discussed. Especially useful are the appendices, which contain lists of furnaces in operation or under construction, and of patents issued.

"Thresholds of Science" (Doubleday, Page) consists of several simply written monographs on mathematics, zoölogy, botany, chemistry, and other branches, by recognized scholars. They were first published in France, and designed to enable laymen to learn, and to guide their children in learning, something of what one means by scientific facts and laws of nature. This laudable aim is well followed in C. E. Guillaume's little book on "Mechanics" (50 cents net), where a few admirably written general directions in the study of nature are further explained in connection with such topics as motion, force, acceleration, the work of forces, motionless forces, rest, oscillation, calculation in mechanics, impact, resistance of materials, and artillery. The work, which contains numerous illustrations, is well worth the attention of those whose knowledge already includes far more than is here presented.

ASTRONOMY.

The object and plan of the slightly enlarged edition of Prof. F. R. Moulton's "Introduction to Celestial Mechanics" (Macmillan; $3.50 net) are the same as in the original edition. The object is to give the reader such an all-round acquaintance with the elements of the mathematical theory as will be well worth while if he does not continue the study and as will at the same time enable him to specialize in any one of several directions. The central theme in mathematical astronomy being the theory of absolute perturbations, this subject is treated with special fulness both analytically and geometrically. The work is pedagogically as well as scientifically good: problems are stated before they are attacked and the steps in the solution are indicated in advance. The most notable revision occurs in the treatment of methods of determining orbits. The usual presentations of the methods of Laplace and Gauss have been departed from with no little gain in respect of mathematical intelligibility. The famous problem of three bodies is well handled, but we miss any and all reference to Sundman's immortal theoretical solution.

MATHEMATICS.

In his "Memorabilia Mathematica" (Macmillan; $3 net), Prof. R. E. Moritz has brought together in very attractive form over one thousand utterances regarding the nature and worth of mathematics. The quotations, which vary in length from a line to several score of lines, are all of them in the English language. The list of more than three hundred authors, which represents all historic times, includes not only mathematicians, but students of natural science, poets, philosophers, theologians, statesmen, and historians. Each passage is referred to its source. Several criteria have been employed in determining admissibility, as eminence of authorship, value of content, and felicity of expression. Thus Shakespeare contributes three passages, Goethe ten, Euripides one, Henri Poincaré five, Newton seven, Klein twenty, Laplace eleven, Leibnitz and Descartes each seventeen, De Morgan fifty, Plato nine, Emerson two, Pliny and Daniel Webster each one, and so on. It is the first English work of its kind, and, except for a small number of very important deliverances, it does not duplicate Rebière's "Mathématiques et Mathématiciens" or the "Scherz und Ernst in der Mathematik" of Ehrens. It always has been and always will be necessary to depend for the most part upon borrowed estimates, absolute independence of authority being an unattainable ideal. Herein is the justification of Moritz's collection. It is difficult to imagine how any scholar, much less any student or teacher of mathematics, could fail to find delight and instruction in this admirable book.

For a book by an Englishman, A. S. Redgrove's "Experimental Mensuration" (Van Nostrand Company; $1.25) is an extreme reaction from the procedure of Euclid. It is an attempt to teach geometry by observation and experiment. It does pretend to demonstrate theorems, but as it dispenses with fundamental or primitive assumptions, strict demonstration is of course impossible. The author, however, is a practician and thinks "straining after absolute truth" (the exact sum of the angles of a triangle, for example) "is foolishness." He appears to think that to follow the geometric ways of Euclid is like teaching natural history out of Aristotle or Pliny or like going to the alchemists for chemistry. The work itself shows the author to be less wayward than his professed tenets indicate. His readers will learn much useful matter resembling geometry, but they will not learn geometry.

Mr. C. M. Bookman's "Business Arithmetic" (American Book Company; 65 cents) is an up-to-date book, excluding puzzles, entirely practical in its content, computing profits on selling price, insisting on accuracy and rapidity of computation.

Dr. L. Silberstein's "The Theory of Relativity" (Macmillan; $2.50) is probably the best scientific exposition of the subject in any language, and it will be eagerly read by such physicists as are mathematically qualified for the task. The modern doctrine here treated has its roots in classical mechanics and physics, and this genetic connection of the old and the new is clearly and fascinatingly explained in the introductory chapter. The manner reminds one of W. K. Clifford's happiest expositions. The following nine chapters place in one harmonious perspective the various contributions of Lorentz, Einstein, Minkowski, and others. Equipment for reading the work includes a knowledge of differential equations, and the elements of quaternion and vector analysis.

NATURAL HISTORY.

"The Natural History of the Farm," by J. G. Needham, professor in Cornell University (Ithaca, N. Y.: The Comstock Publishing Co.; $1.50 net), is a compact encyclopædia of information in regard to the original sources of farm products. The wild plants which can be used as food or utilized in other ways in our daily life and the improved varieties derived from these plants are here dealt with in an attractive manner. But the author does not stop at this point. He proceeds to trace the history of the wild and domesticated animals of the farm, and makes many excursions into allied fields of biology, by which the reader is enabled to form a sufficient picture of the life of lower organisms in brook and marsh, as well as forest and meadow. The guidance through these paths wisely leads through the three principal seasons, October to January, February to May, and June to October. Practically nothing has been omitted in this comprehensive survey, and yet the treatise has been so skilfully constructed that it is not at any point a wearisome enumeration of details. It is agreeable reading throughout. Especial attention should be called to the marked value of the handbook as a help in sound "Nature Study." It is well arranged for class-work and for private study without a teacher. It accomplishes what Professor Huxley desired to see done in all departments of natural history, and in a broader way what he illustrated so well by his elementary works.

"Beyond the Pasture Bars" (Century; 50 cents net), by Dallas Lore Sharp, is an excellent little book for the child student of wild life, and not too juvenile for his elders. It is intended for use as a school reader, and it should surely stimulate the curious youngster to go beyond the schoolroom through the pasture bars into the woods and fields where furred and feathered things make their homes. The book is attractively illustrated by Bruce Horsfall.

FARMING, HORTICULTURE, AND FORESTRY.

The Business of Farming. By William C. Smith. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.25 net.

The Farm Woodlot: A Handbook of Forestry for the Farmer and the Student of Agriculture. By E. G. Cheyney and J. P. Wentling. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50 net.

A Pilgrimage of British Farming. By A. D. Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The business of farming is not the same thing as the science of agriculture. Business, we may suppose, can never be merely a science. Its human element is too strong—its traditions and usages, above all, its emotions. The business of farming, certainly, is wrapped up in sentiment. Farm journals reek with it, and farm literature of a more serious kind is always dropping into poetry. Mr. William C. Smith, "of Indiana," is, we gather, a practical man. He has made a good deal of money out of farming, and has written a book on "How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn Per Acre on Worn Soils," and "The Book of Vetch." Under the title, "The Business of Farming," he might have been expected to produce a sternly matter-of-fact treatise. In the event, his practical advice might have been given in a fifth of the space here devoted to it. What he has to say, excellent in itself, is said with a good deal of repetition and diffuseness; and a very large proportion of his pages are hortatory or lyrical. He is a man with a theory, but fancies himself even more as a man with a message.

His theory is the now familiar but still insufficiently heeded one that business and economic principles ought to be applied to farming as to other industries. In beginning, he does well to emphasize an ancient paradox—that though farming is the oldest and most important business of mankind, it is still the most carelessly and inefficiently conducted business. Farmers in the mass still live upon hand-to-mouth relations with the soil, mak-

ing, where they can, an immediate profit at the expense of the future. The once fertile lands of Palestine are a desert; the homestead farms of New England are worn out and many of them abandoned; even the rich prairie soil begins to show exhaustion. Again, farmers are still relatively unprosperous because they have not learned to work together; co-operation is still in its infancy. Until the farm comes to be recognized as a manufacturing plant, to be equipped and administered for the greatest possible efficiency, its methods will still be fumbling and its output uncertain. But Mr. Smith, though he has chapters on administration and marketing problems, is really more interested in questions of soil-making and preservation. The steady exhaustion of the soil seems to him the great crime and folly of the modern world, and he has a panacea which makes him impatient of milder remedies. The theory that crop rotation is in itself sufficient to maintain the fertility of our soils he treats with scorn:

Even our Government, through its great Agricultural Department that has done so much to make the business of farming flourish, has promulgated the infamous doctrine that our soil is in no real danger of exhaustion, and that soil will not wear out, and yet almost within a bird's-eye view from the dome of our splendid Capitol at Washington thousands of acres of agricultural lands lie abandoned which less than one hundred years ago were occupied by a hospitable, chivalric people living in stately Southern homes and mansions surrounded by fertile fields abounding with a plethora of farm produce.

These lands were farmed under the best methods then recognized, including a proper rotation of crops. Yet they are exhausted and abandoned. The remedy for such soils is deep ploughing, followed by the continual use of cover or soiling crops to provide the humus without which no soil can keep its health. Mr. Smith makes some extraordinary assertions about the prevalence of shallow ploughing. An investigation of ploughing done in the great corn belt, upon all kinds of soils, with all kinds of ploughs, from the walking plough to the great tractor, showed the average depth ploughed to be three and one-half inches, instead of the nine inches which this author thinks to be the minimum of profitable ploughing. That a pair of horses should find it difficult to plough sod-land deeper than five or six inches is easy to understand, but that the big tractors, with their gang ploughs, so often pictured turning up a dozen furrows at once, should have the same difficulty is surprising. Few of them, says Mr. Smith, are able to plough nine inches, unless "at too great expense for fuel, or too slow a speed for economy." As for what is here said about methods of cultivation, and the use of soiling crops, we find little that is new, but much that is worth harping upon. The rest of the book is "Grange" rhetoric, including the usual back-to-the-land peroration.

"The Farm Woodlot" is at the other extreme of farm literature. Its authors are the director and an associate professor of the College of Forestry in the University of Minnesota. They here undertake "a handbook of forestry for the farmer and the student of agriculture." Their tone is strictly impersonal and scientific—not a lyrical note in these pages. A tree, to them, for all we know or need to know, is an object of care and use, and not of worship. They stand upon the safe if not enchanted ground of definition: "The study of the growing of trees in forest plantations is sylviculture. . . . Sylviculture is primarily an art and as such it is based on a science. This science is sylvics. Sylvics is the knowledge of the sylvicultural characteristics of forest trees," and so on. What could be neater, less provocative to erring feet? It is like walking the ties of a railway track. And this is as it should be, for emotion in a handbook were as untimely as statistics in a song. A chapter on Dendrology provides a compact key to the common trees of the farm woodlot, with some admirable illustrations. Other chapters lay down the principles of sylviculture, of renewing and thinning woodland so as to maintain it as a permanent and profitable part of the farm; of the nature and uses of different woods; of methods of ornamental planting; and the book closes with a chapter or two on the wider aspects of forestry. Finally, there are some miscellaneous tables and a not too exhaustive Index.

Still another type of book is "A Pilgrimage of British Farming." The author is a former director of the Rothamsted experimental station, and has published, besides a record of the Rothamsted experiments, three manuals on "The Soil," "Fertilizers and Manures," and "The Feeding of Crops and Stock." This writer avoids the sentimental manner on the one hand, and the dry-as-dust on the other. The present book, which appeared originally in the form of a series of contributions to the London *Times*, is solid without being wooden. It describes a series of expeditions undertaken during the years 1910-1912—particularly trying years for the British farmer—among the farms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The conclusion to which this careful first-hand observation leads the author is that British farming is in a sound and normal condition. No wholesale reforms are necessary: "There is nothing revolutionary in sight; America and the Colonies, so often quoted as examples of modern farming, have nothing to teach us, and the lesson of the highly farmed Continental countries—Holland, Belgium, Denmark—is not the transplantation of this or that industry, but that intelligence and foresight will be always finding openings for profit in various directions." The British farmer, in short, knows his business; what he needs is to pay a little stricter attention to it, to take more care with his bookkeeping, to coöperate more, to give that unremitting attention to detail which is necessary for success in other businesses.

Conditions of British farming are, of course, very different from our own. The tenant farmer is the rule, and the system, this author believes, has worked well in the main—perhaps better, under all the conditions, than any other system could have done. That many of the larger landlords are now selling out their farming land is due to the fact that the tenant has commonly had the better of the relation. Advances in rent have not kept pace with increased taxation; improvements have been at the landlord's charge. They amounted, in the course of a generation, in one instance cited here, to more than the original value of the property. The doctrine of *noblesse oblige* has been costly to the landowner. "The ownership of land in this country is not entirely treated as a matter of business; there is a give and take, a rough partnership, between tenant and owner, which finds its working expression in the fact, vouched for by a recent departmental inquiry, that land is mostly let at rents below its competitive value." And the British tenant farmer's easy relation with his landlord, with a system which leaves him free to put his capital into his business, is not offset by the problem of labor, which is becoming so acute in America. In many districts farm laborers are plentiful at 14 to 16 shillings a week, and the writer speaks repeatedly of a pound a week as liberal pay—about half what the same grade of labor fetches here, under the most favorable conditions.

For the future of farming in the United Kingdom our pilgrim has no fear, and of the present he speaks with a touch of that quiet enthusiasm which, sentimentalism apart, real love of the land seats in the hearts of men: "Whatever the future may have in store for our agriculture, we can still be proud of its state to-day, for it need fear no comparisons whether we regard it as a living art or as a mother of men."

"The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," in six volumes (Macmillan; $6 per volume), has in Prof. L. H. Bailey an editor possessed of remarkable qualifications. He is a clear writer, untiring in his industry, and has a gift for selecting hard-working associates. The present work bears evidence of having received an immense amount of careful supervision, so that it may be regarded as a safe guide for reference with respect to generic and specific descriptions and cultural directions. A good many of the figures in the text leave much to be desired as regards attractiveness, but they all appear to be truthful, and that is, after all, the main thing. This work should find a place in every public library, and have a warm welcome to the shelves of every horticultural amateur. Its value as a work of reference would be increased by prefixing to each volume the list of abbreviations which are employed.

"The Beginner's Garden Book," by Allen French (Macmillan; $1), is admirable for children and for adults, as well. It is written in a conversational style, and, since its counsels are wise and up to date, the volume might well serve as a handy guide to the proverbial commuter "whose talk is" not "of bullocks," but of early vegetables better than his neighbors'. The skill with which the author leads his pupils through some perplexing mazes in gardening is worthy of all praise.

The surprising advance which scientific agriculture has made in the United States during the past few decades is clearly marked by the respect which now is shown on all sides for our national Department of Agriculture, our experimental stations, and our agricultural schools. But perhaps this remarkable advance is even better shown by the multiplicity of excellent textbooks covering the whole range of the subject. One of these is devoted to the best methods of cultivating our cereals, legumes, and fibre-plants. "Field Crop Production," by George Livingston, professor in Ohio State University (Macmillan; $1.40), a textbook designed primarily for use in agricultural schools, is instructive to general readers, and is very interesting as an illustration of the new methods of teaching. More than this, it shows plainly the lines in which recent substantial advance has been made in one of the specialties. Some of the engravings are good, a few seem superfluous, and more than one can be termed un-

intelligible. With this slight reservation, the handy treatise can be cordially commended to the attention of those who wish to learn the best modern systems for cultivating field crops. It is a useful member of the useful series which Professor Bailey is editing under the title, Rural Textbook series.

"Productive Orcharding, Modern Methods of Growing and Marketing Fruit," by Fred C. Sears, is one of Lippincott's series of Farm Manuals, edited by K. C. Davis. In his work on orcharding, Professor Sears, though doubtless writing with the agricultural student especially in mind, has given much common-sense and straightforward advice to the man who already owns and operates an orchard, or who vaguely dreams that he may some time own one. Every detail relative to character of soil, varieties of fruit and their purchase, the cultivation of the orchard and the implements needed, pruning, fertilizing, cover crops, spraying, harvesting, storing, marketing, and advertising is fully covered. The book is thoroughly readable, and impresses one with the fact that the author has not only gained experience worth passing on to others, but, to use his own phrase, "he has got the fun out of the fruit business that he ought."

Prof. George E. Day states in his preface to "Productive Swine Husbandry" (Lippincott) his twofold object in preparing the book, namely, that it shall be one to "serve as a textbook for agricultural students," and also one to be placed "at the disposal of the busy farmer as a reference book which will give him, in concise form, the findings of the best experiment stations in regard to the problems involved in the successful handling of swine." The subject-matter is comprehensive and painstakingly explicit. The numerous breeds of swine are discussed in detail. One section deals with the results of experiments in swine feeding; marketing and curing occupy another section. There are some dissertations to make the mouth water, not on roast pig exactly, but on "Wiltshire sides," a delicacy "especially designed to meet the requirements of a certain class of English consumers." Professor Day's chair is in Ontario Agricultural College—the connection is obvious. As is the case with all of this Lippincott Farm Manual series, the illustrations and colored plates are numerous and excellent.

Walter H. Godfrey's "Gardens in the Making" (Scribner; $2 net) is not a book for the man with a small plot of ground at his disposal; rather it is for the man of ample acres, who can divide his garden into many gardens, all forming together one harmonized scheme. Mr. Godfrey is not a grower of plants; he is an ally of the gardener. He concerns himself solely with the art of garden-design, and shows with much wealth of detail how to prepare the way for the gardener, so that the surroundings will form almost as much the environment of home life as the house itself. He is prolific in ideas, and discusses with authority such things as entrance gates and lodges, approaches, courtyards, boundaries, walls and hedges, flowers, enclosures, borders, paving, terraces, balustrades, furniture, and numerous other features that make the perfect garden. The book is valuable to the ambitious man. It is copiously illustrated with useful designs by the author and Edmund L. Wratten.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot's book, "The Training of a Forester" (Lippincott; $1 net) is more than the title implies. Although ostensibly for the information of prospective students of the profession, it is equally informing upon the broader aspects of forestry as a public concern. In fact, it furnishes a summary, and a very interesting and illuminating summary, of the growth and present activity of forestry in the United States. The matter of the book is roughly divisible into three parts. The first deals with the nature of forests and the meaning of forestry. The second and largest describes the practice of forestry in the United States, with particular and vivid reference to the United States Forest Service, not only its organization, administration, and functions, and the details of the work performed by its officers, but also the ideals and qualities which should (and usually do) actuate the forest officers themselves. The third part expounds the academic and technical training that the intending forester must obtain, and indicates the kind of openings that lie before him. As a whole, the book is a document of distinctly educational value, and contains much of suggestive comment, as well as of striking illustration and foresight. Many readers will remember how greatly responsible is its author for the wonderful progress he describes; all will realize that forestry, both as a national policy and as a career, is established, and that in point of opportunity for service and intellectual demands it may without exaggeration be classed among the educated professions.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The applications of science to the affairs of common life and scientific explanations of familiar experiences have, in these days of emphasis on vocational training, become part of the regular instruction in many institutions. As a result, formal textbooks are appearing to meet the needs of these new courses, covering the ground which has hitherto been cultivated by writers of more or less popular presentations designed for general reading and home instruction. "Chemistry and Its Relations to Daily Life," by Professors Kahlenberg and Hart, of the University of Wisconsin (Macmillan; $1.25) is a textbook for students of agriculture and home economics in secondary schools. The first half of the book of 379 pages is on elementary chemistry. This is followed by chapters on paints, leather, textiles, rubber, the soil, fertilizers, plant and animal life, foods, and poisons for farm and orchard pests; and the concluding sixty pages are filled with directions for laboratory experiments. The practical half of the book is good, the chapters on agriculture being especially interesting and informing. In the chemical part, the atomic and molecular theories have been deliberately omitted and the chapter on the gas laws and reduction of gases to normal volume, which is always a feature of an elementary chemistry, is absent. There is no mention of hydrolysis, or of the ionic theory. In fact, there is no theory to aid or confuse the pupil—all is plain statement of fact with no attempt at explanation; and this in a book of this kind is certainly better than going to the other extreme. Where formulæ and chemical equations are so freely used, however, a brief discussion of the atomic theory is desirable; and the pupil surely should not be taught that H stands for 1 gram of hydrogen, Cl for 35.5 grams of chlorine, O for 16 grams of oxygen, etc. (page 43). It may possibly be true that "those who have completed it successfully will doubtless have gained information and sound scientific training which will compare favorably with that received in the pursuit of courses usually taken in preparatory schools," but with the requirements for college entrance what they are the book does not offer the material necessary for the examinations. The appearance of the book is marred by the excessive use of italics for emphasis of words and sentences, and a number of illustrations which do not aid the imagination, such as those of "a carboy of hydrochloric acid," "a can filled with liquid sulphur dioxide," "a barrel of white lead," etc.

To meet the needs of pupils in home economics who have had no previous instruction in chemistry is the especial purpose of the "Elementary Household Chemistry," by Professor Snell, of McGill University (Macmillan; $1.25 net). At the same time, he entertains the hope that "it may also be found useful in the many institutions in which the student of household chemistry approaches the subject after a preliminary training in general chemistry." Though much shorter than the book of Kahlenberg and Hart, this little volume includes more applications of chemistry and a more satisfactory chemical treatment. In addition to most of the subjects dealt with in the former, we find here discussions of light and illumination, fuels and the relation of combustion to heat, much attention to the composition of foods with many tables of composition in the Appendix, and a fuller treatment of the proteins, soaps, etc. Chemical theories are not avoided, and those which are given are stated simply and well. It hardly seems worth while, however, to take four pages for a statement of the doctrine of ionization of which no practical application is made. Directions for 171 well-chosen experiments are included in the text, and the book is adorned with twelve full-page portraits of eminent chemists, ranging from Mrs. Ellen H. Richards to Robert Boyle. An unusual feature is the shortness of the chapters, which are forty-three in number and average about six pages in length. The longest are those on textile fibres of vegetable origin (14) and on dyeing (13). The book is well adapted to its purpose, giving much interesting and valuable information and a good elementary idea of chemical principles.

Those who are teaching physics as an aid to housekeeping rather than as a science will find "The Physics of the Household" (Macmillan), by Prof. Carleton John Lynde, a useful text. The treatment differs from the usual preparatory school texts mainly by taking illustrative examples and applications from household appliances, and in using the English system of measures. The author's pedagogical thesis, that young students should learn physics in order to acquire knowledge which they will use in everyday life, is open to serious objection if, as many still believe, the purpose of learning is to develop the mind rather than to provide a livelihood. Such texts as this should be restricted to vocational courses; as a general thing, it is poor policy to limit one's education to daily needs.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

The first volume, entitled "Business Management," of the ten volumes of the Library of Business Practice (Chicago: A. W. Shaw Company) gathers into 140 of its 198 pages some exceedingly interesting talks by men who have tackled the problems of executive management, and "made good." Among those who thus speak, or are quoted parenthetically, are twoscore or more successful merchants, railway presidents, and manufacturers. Some are known nationally, others are now building a national reputation for the future. These are mainly "self-made" men, and it is surprising to find as one reads how the dreaded "efficiency" and "scientific management" pop up again and again under other names. These big men lean hard on their subordinates. They control great organizations through marvellous systems of executive reports, whereby the condition of the business is shown on a blackboard, or a single sheet of paper laid on the president's desk—behind which are all the work orders, job tickets, reports, records, books, and other paraphernalia of system. The lesson to be learned is that right systems for the acquisition and analysis of facts are an immense aid to any man, no matter what his life-work—and that, no matter how good the system, it won't work without a man of decision and action behind it. The A. W. Shaw Company, as publishers of "System" and "Factory," are perhaps as well qualified as any authority in the country to condense the big subject of business practice into ten compact volumes; for they possess a unique fund of business knowledge and a most unusual business library. The thoroughness with which the subject is treated in The Library of Business Practice is indicated by the forty-eight-page index to the ten volumes at the end of Volume I.

"The Job, the Man, the Boss," by Dr. Katherine Blatchford and A. Newcomb (Doubleday, Page; $1.50 net), is not the first book to point out the often haphazard relations of these elements in business; but the pages which it devotes to exposing the evil and discussing reasons for the adoption of the authors' particular system of correction will prove interesting reading, both to those uninformed as to the present tendencies in business organization and to recalcitrant employers who still regard scientific methods for the employment and training of workers as the idle dreams of sentimentalists. Briefly summarized, the plan implies substituting for hit-or-miss methods an employment department, whose principal function it is to obtain by time and study a correct analysis of every job and then to fit into it a human being possessing the requisite qualifications leading up to further developments in scientific management. This may imply a compromise with the existing limitations imposed by the character and mental type of the immediate superior or boss of the man to be engaged—or it may necessitate the substitution of a boss who can work more harmoniously with the most desirable type of employee for that particular job. Such a department judges applicants both by observation of the physical man and by analysis of his answers to many test questions. The practical success of the plan depends—as with all ventures into the field of efficiency—upon a human equation of high degree and many terms. The winning over of the general management and the department heads, the training of persons competent to resolve human beings into their elements and to tag each with an analysis by which the efficiency engineer can determine treatment and function—these are not as easy as to determine the relative weights of iron, carbon, tungsten, phosphorus, and sulphur in a bit of steel, and to relate that analysis to the output of a lathe. The success of Dr. Blatchford's personal efforts is doubtless due in a measure to something peculiar to herself. Such an employment department as she recommends is right in principle, but should not receive arbitrary powers at the start. It should be checked by actual results and prove its worth; for we suspect that it will not always have Dr. Blatchford's own keen discernment, though it may have learned the details of her system. "The Job, the Man, and the Boss" is written in an interesting and by no means technical style. It is not too long nor too dogmatic, and the plan it presents is sufficiently elastic to meet the needs of a large or a small organization.

The publication of a Canadian edition of the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Course, "Modern Business," Vol. I, Applied Economics, by James Mavor, and the appearance of the fourth edition of Robert J. Frank's "Science of Organization and Business Development" (Chicago: Laird & Lee; $2.75 net), are prima facie evidence that books on business are more and more widely read. Twenty years ago there were few authoritative works on business practice. To-day there is a large and rapidly increasing library of information to which the business man can turn for his own education, as well as that of his organization. Business colleges, of which there used to be widespread distrust among practical business men, are in better position to help young men and women to a grounding in first principles. State universities, scientific schools, and other educational institutions are devoting their trained powers of analysis to the study of applied economics, and their work is supplemented by that of specialists in law, finance, organization, production, scientific management, organized selling, advertising, and so on. The fact that the average small business man or manufacturer, and many a big one, too, is still largely wasteful and inefficient, is due in great measure to his ignorance or contempt of sources of information. He does not yet realize that there are certain fundamental principles of business operation established in practice, analyzed and formulated by authorities, and available in published form; while there is in existence an increasing number of trained experts who can help him to establish economic principles in his business. Neither does he realize that thousands of the "hard headed," "practical" men, whom alone he respects, are giving up dead reckoning for scientific navigation. Nevertheless, the situation is encouraging. The elimination of business diseases is not to be accomplished by legal restriction and punishment alone, but through the voluntary adoption of prophylactic measures by the men who control in business councils. Anything that encourages this movement helps the cause of national wealth, individual prosperity, and the elevation of the workers to a higher plane.

There is much to commend in the two books, "News, Ads, and Sales: The Use of English for Commercial Purposes" (Macmillan; $1.25), by John Baker Opdycke, and "Business English and Correspondence" (Ginn; $1), by Roy Davis and Clarence H. Lingham. They respond to the challenge of those critics who summarize the indictment of modern education by the business man, citing the inability of the average college graduate to write a good letter, to express himself well as a salesman, or readily to adjust himself to the current of industrial life. They are honest attempts to supply a definite and admitted lack in the equipment of the average youth. The authors would doubtless not insist upon destroying the ideals of college life, nor upon lessening that insistence upon the greater importance of the "higher things." But they do plead for a few hours in school or college in which the youth's vague idea of the "larger life beyond" shall be subjected to definition. "Business English" presents first a concise course in grammar, punctuation, spelling, and the fundamental principles of composition. It then makes the application to various forms of business correspondence, including the important subject of collections, and to advertising, reports, summaries, etc. The appendices include postal information, proof-reading, filing correspondence, and definitions of commercial terms. Practical exercises are suggested with each chapter. The extent to which the more subtle application is made will depend on the teacher. The chapter on The Advertisement, for example, amounts to nothing more than a few definitions, and the chapter on The Selling Letter is but the briefest introduction to the subject, and is not as stimulating as the chapter on The Friendly Letter. Nevertheless, the book could be studied with profit not only by the boy or girl at school, but by many who have been carrying on business correspondence for years—and committing the most egregious blunders daily.

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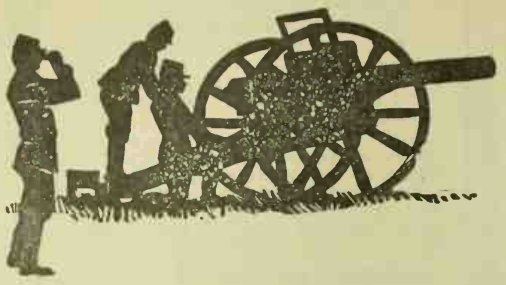

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914.

Summary of the News

The tide of fortune in the war has turned in favor of the Allies during the past week. In the western field of operations the result of the recent fighting was described by Gen. Joffre as "an undeniable victory"; on the eastern frontiers the Russian armies have defeated the Austrians in Galicia. We review the operations in greater detail elsewhere.

There have been many rumors during the past few days of negotiations for peace passing between this country and the various belligerent Powers. Whatever communications may have been exchanged have been of an entirely informal nature, the President, it is understood, having inquired informally of the Kaiser whether his Government desired to discuss terms of peace with the Allies at the present juncture. So far as is known up to the time of writing, no definite reply has been made by the German Government. The attitude of Great Britain is stated to be that the subject will only be considered seriously should definite proposals of peace be presented, and these, it may be assumed, to receive consideration, would have to include, among other provisions, an ample indemnity to Belgium for the violation of her neutrality. The New York *Times* on Sunday published a dispatch from Washington giving a chronology of the negotiations which are said to have taken place.

Meanwhile, the United States, as the most important of the neutral Powers, has been made a sort of clearing house for the disputes of belligerents as to the "atrocities" mutually charged against each other. On September 9 the Kaiser addressed to President Wilson a telegram protesting against the alleged use by the Allies of dum-dum bullets, and stating that his "heart bled" on account of the measures which it had been necessary to take against the Belgian population at Louvain and elsewhere. On September 11 President Poincaré cabled to President Wilson vigorously denying the charge on behalf of France, and on the same day the Belgian commission appointed by King Albert to convey to the United States Government a formal protest, citing charges of atrocities committed by the German army, reached New York.

Other political developments in the international conflict may be summed up in a paragraph. There have been renewed rumors of an agreement of Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania to act together on the side of the Allies should Turkey enter the war with Germany, and telegrams from Berlin and from London confirm the impression that sentiment in Rumania is strongly in favor of Russia. It has been stated, but not absolutely confirmed, that Japan has informed Russia that she will adhere to the agreement entered into by the other Allies not to conclude peace except with the consent of all. Premier Asquith on September 10 introduced supplementary estimates in the House of Commons asking for a further increase of the British army by 500,000 men, bringing the total of all ranks in the army up to the figure of 1,400,000. A striking example of the extent to which the wounds left by England's last war have been healed was evinced in a speech by Premier Botha in the Assembly of the Union of South Africa, in which he promised the whole-hearted support of the Union to the Imperial Government, at the same time giving out the information that Union territory had been invaded by German forces and that steps were being taken to repel the incursion. It was announced by the British Admiralty on September 12 that the British Pacific fleet had on the previous day occupied Herbertshöhe, the seat of government of the German Bismarck Archipelago and the Solomon Islands. A sharp action preceded the occupation.

The conference report on the Trade Commission bill, which had already been approved by the Senate, was adopted by the House on September 10.

The million-dollar appropriation for extra expenses of the diplomatic and consular services on account of the European war was passed by the Senate on September 9.

President Wilson on September 11 vetoed the bill to raise the limit of individual deposits in postal savings banks to $1,000, on the ground that it contained a provision repealing a section of the new bank law, which provides that Federal funds must be deposited only with members of the Federal Reserve system.

At the conference of the managers of the two houses on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill on Saturday, the House conferrees virtually agreed to accept the Senate amendment relating to the exemption of labor unions from the operation of the Sherman law, and restricting the use of injunctions in labor disputes.

Considerable opposition, to which we allude elsewhere, has developed to the proposed tax of 3 per cent. on freight bills, which was a feature of the new Revenue bill agreed to by the Democratic majority in the House Ways and Means Committee on September 10. Other proposals of the Committee, which appear to be generally approved, are for an additional tax of 50 cents a barrel on beer and of 20 cents a gallon on wines. From these sources it has been estimated that a revenue of $42,000,000 out of the $100,000,000 required would be obtained. The proposal to extend the scope of the income tax to lower incomes than are at present exempt was rejected at the instance of the President. A suggestion which has met with a good deal of approval is that a stamp act, similar to that of 1898, be introduced.

The elections in Maine on Monday resulted in a victory for the Democrats by a narrow margin, Oakley C. Curtis being elected Governor. The Republican ticket was supported by the Progressives who voted for Roosevelt in the election of 1912. There is no change in the representation in the House.

There has been not a little evidence recently that diplomatic loquacity is a fault not confined to the representatives of this country in foreign capitals. His Excellency A. Rustem Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, last week caused a mild sensation by giving out an interview, in which he appeared to contrast the "daily lynchings" in the Southern States and the "water-cures" in the Philippines unfavorably with practices that have been attributed to Turkey. The President is understood to have asked for assurances that these diplomatic indiscretions would not be repeated.

The Red Cross ship, carrying units for service among the various armies in Europe, finally sailed on Sunday. The departure of the vessel had previously been delayed on account of the protest of the British Ambassador at German citizens being included among the crew. The objection was met by the manning of the ship entirely by Americans.

Following an announcement in the House of Commons on Monday that both the House Home Rule bill and the Welsh Disestablishment bill would be put on the statute books this week, Premier Asquith on Tuesday introduced a bill to suspend the operation of the Home Rule act for one year "or for the duration of the war."

That the situation in Mexico is regarded as eminently satisfactory by the Administration is sufficiently indicated by the fact that on Tuesday orders were issued for the withdrawal of American troops from Vera Cruz. Together with the announcement of the order, the statement was given out that "this action was taken because of the entire removal of the circumstances which caused the troops to be sent there first." The American Administration, in accordance with proposals made to Gen. Carranza, will recognize the new Provisional Government, and it is stated that Gen. Carranza will himself be eligible for the Presidency.

No more has been heard since we wrote last week of the participation of Turkey in the war on the side of the Dual Alliance, but the Government of the Porte, evidently considering the present an auspicious moment for the rupture of treaties, on September 10 notified the nations of the world that it had abrogated the series of conventions, treaties, and privileges in accordance with which foreigners in the Ottoman Empire have been exempt from local jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases. Through their Ambassadors, Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary have replied to the communications of the Turkish Government, pointing out that as the capitulations which it is proposed to abrogate are a matter of treaty, the abrogation will not be recognized without the consent of all the parties to the treaty. It is understood that the notes of the first four Governments mentioned were identical in terms, while those of Germany and Austria-Hungary were in general agreement as to the principles involved.

The deaths of the week include: Sir John Henniker Heaton, Dr. William L. Dudley, Baron O'Brien, September 8; Dr. H. Seymour Houghton, September 11; James B. Haggin, September 12; Ludwig Englander, ex-Senator Charles M. Felton, Horace Hale Stanton, September 13; Henry Bratnober, September 14.

The Week

The proposed tax on railway freights has been dropped with even more celerity and emphasis than was the previous proposal of an increase in the income tax. In regard to both of these schemes, intelligent opinion had asserted itself so unmistakably that the party leaders could not fail to understand how their adoption would be regarded by the country. The Democratic caucus of the House was unanimous in its action Tuesday night and adopted in lieu of either of these experimental and objectionable plans the scheme of taxation which was resorted to at the time of the Spanish War, and which worked so satisfactorily. Details, of course, may remain to be adjusted, but the broad lines of the measure are fixed upon, and it can be but a matter of days when it will be licked into shape and promptly passed by the House. "All's well that ends well," is the comment that would naturally be made on the whole episode; and it is, to be sure, just cause for praise that a party, or its leaders, should have the good sense to get back promptly on the right track when it is pointed out to them that they have been going astray. But there is another Shakespeare title which is equally pertinent —"Much Ado About Nothing"; for it is a very mystery of perversity that the Democratic leaders in the House should have made those two false starts when the right path lay so plainly before them.

The threat of a Presidential veto of the Rivers and Harbors bill has effectively seconded Mr. Burton's opposition, for it is stated to have obtained agreement to a cut of $20,000,000. This is almost two-fifths of the immediate expenditure of the bill; and if, as is probable, it affects the vague projects for work to be begun but not finished, it should mean a final saving of many millions more. In his assaults last week, Senator Burton complained that "the moment you begin to criticise any item, a storm of protest . . . proves what I have repeatedly said, that it is the objectionable items that have the strongest support." He repeatedly enumerated proposals that had not a shadow of justification, and others on which even army engineers disagreed. Were the bill now reduced to a mere emergency appropriation, designed to keep workmen busy on existent projects, it is not likely that it would carry over $15,000,000—its opponents say $12,500,000. Until some machinery can be devised for scientific administration of waterways improvements in the United States, much could be said for regarding all such measures in this light, and for cutting them to the last cent. Even Argentina long ago learned to govern her internal improvements without waste or graft; and it is not for want of feasible plans that we have not done the same.

The shape in which Senators Shively, McCumber, and Hitchcock, a sub-committee on foreign affairs, have reported the Nicaragua treaty—the shape in which it will pass if it passes at all—must give cold comfort to dollar diplomacy. We buy the rights to the canal site and to some coaling stations for $3,000,000; but that is all. Every application of the Platt amendment, and of clauses by which Secretary Bryan would have assumed a bolder control than Platt or Knox ever thought of, is eliminated. We should be the more pleased at this refusal to stultify President Wilson's stand of a year ago, because it has been made after Mr. Bryan's personal defence of his treaty before the Foreign Relations Committee. There is no doubt of the financial weakness of the little republic, and $3,000,000 will afford only a temporary relief against obligations exceeding $20,000,000. But we should find some other way of reconstituting tranquillity and prosperity in Nicaragua than by impairing, through negotiations with a Government doubtfully supported by Nicaraguan public opinion, her liberties.

The fighting in Nyassaland and Belgian Congo, the British occupation of Togoland and Apia, with Premier Botha's announcement of an expedition against the Germans of Southwest Africa, are proof that the war for outlying possessions is not to be fought solely in Europe. The instinctive desire of legionaries to wreak their national resentment upon each other may account for some of these engagements; but there is a possibility of deeper designs. In drawing up peace treaties, the possession of a distant territory has frequently been the deciding factor in arranging its future sovereignty. We are familiar with the part that George Rogers Clark's forcible annexation of "the county of Illinois" to Virginia in 1778 played in giving America a claim to the vast prairie country east of the Mississippi. The Seven Years' War was fought in Europe, but it was minor overseas operations which gave England her claim to Canada, India, and Florida, and almost made her mistress of Cuba. If by an unfortunate deadlock the present should be a drawn struggle, the issue of the fighting in Africa might decide certain of the peace clauses. Again, Germany has given ground for belief that, if her victory at home were decisive, she would remake the colonial map, regardless of what had happened outside Europe. But the Allies, who are not now hungry for more possessions, would on the other hand be far less likely to expand in Africa if boundary lines had remained intact during the war than if temporary possession had given them an appetite.

In testifying before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, which has been sitting in London, Mr. Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, on July 11 made the suggestion that the British Foreign Office should take cognizance of the efforts of belligerent nations to carry on their wars by the help of loans raised in England. He referred to a recent well-known case of two great countries "having gone to war and having financed themselves" by the help of loans raised in Paris and in London, and insisted that the Foreign Office, in the event of such a happening, should say to applicants for financial aid: "England must be neutral, and therefore we must not supply either belligerent with the sinews of war." Just what Mr. Hirst suggested would be the proper policy for the Foreign Office to adopt, Mr. Wilson has done in his expression to J. P. Morgan & Co. of the undesirability of a French loan being placed in this country. The more we consider this, the more we think it a statesmanlike and far-seeing act, with far-reaching consequences for the world's peace. Incidentally, we hear rumors of an effort being made by German bankers to float privately in this country an issue of bonds for the German Government, the idea being that it could be done without publicity and the money obtained by private subscription. We should be very sorry indeed to see anything of the kind undertaken; it would only increase prejudice against Germany.

The most magnificent feat of arms as yet recorded in the European theatre of war is not the German capture of Namur, or the Russian triumph at Lemberg, or the splendid retreat of the Allies from Belgium, or the shattering of the German offensive on the Marne, but the total annihilation by the official British press bureau of an entire Russian army which came from Archangel to Ostend by way of every British port that readily occurred to the imagination. Anywhere from 70,000 to 300,000 Russians, all of them six feet tall and more, have thus been swept out of existence. Though their fate is

now known, there is still a vast curiosity as to the manner in which the Russian army was brought from the Arctic to the Belgian coast. On this point the *Nation* congratulates itself on being in a position to give to the world a special, uncensored, wireless dispatch from Thrums, Scotland, by way of Drumtochty and Liliput:

> September 14: Jean MacGregor, whose family has lived in this place for more than 200 years, and whose reputation for veracity is unquestioned, was overheard to remark to her friend Maggie Campbell this morning that on going to the railway station for the purpose of buying a ticket to Glasgow, she was halted by a sentry and told that no trains were running to Glasgow.
>
> "And how is that?" said Miss Campbell.
>
> "Rushin' troops to Belgium," said Miss MacGregor, nodding significantly.

Thus one of the greatest strategic achievements of the war stands explained.

The dispatches are vague as to whether Turkey has raised her tariff 100 per cent., or to 100 per cent.; but while we hope that the latter is the case, Senators Smoot and Penrose must regard either action as a mighty victory. If only Americans were as enlightened as the grave Turk! Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College, must have turned in his grave with joy at this moral strengthening of protectionist sentiment. A few years ago he published a heated appeal "for the maintenance of the protective system in the United States because he had witnessed the prostration of Turkish industries by the introduction of the manufactured wares of Europe." He was unfortunately hushed up by the Republicans. Most of them were maintaining that the justification of American protection was to keep our high-paid laborers from ruinous competition with the "pauper labor" of Europe; and they could not reconcile this with Dr. Hamlin's argument that the worse-than-pauper labor of Turkey needed tariff protection against the prosperous workman of Germany and England. It came too near supporting the Democratic contention that the countries of high wages are the countries of cheap production. But the standpatters are more adept than ever in glossing over inconsistencies, and it will not be surprising if 1915 sees the Stamboul workman pointed out as an inspiration to the American masses.

It is announced that the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent will be celebrated on Christmas Eve, just as if nothing had happened since the beginning of the arrangements for that event. The centenary cannot be expected to attract the attention that was hoped for it at first. In the meantime the whole of Europe has been giving an object-lesson of the horror of war beside which the proceedings of the most skilfully planned celebration must seem tame. And yet this very cataclysm will impart a timeliness to the Ghent centenary that it could not otherwise have had. What more contrasting background could be imagined for a celebration of a century of unbroken peace between two nations that had fought two wars than the smoke and flame of the greatest war that has been waged since those two nations laid aside the sword? Napoleonic memories are inextricably intertwined with the memory of our own war of 1812, and thus the celebration of the Treaty of Ghent would, under happier circumstances, have been a celebration also of a century throughout which even Old World wars have been "localized." The sudden shift in affairs that has negatived that possibility will add force to the honoring of the peace principle and policy.

A melancholy interest will attach to President Wilson's signing of the bill prohibiting the use of dwelling houses in Washington alleys four years from now. This was the matter which troubled Mrs. Wilson's last hours more than her own condition, until the District Committee of the House, learning of her desire, reported a bill carrying an appropriation for the purpose of wiping out the alley slums. This is not the bill finally passed, as doubts of its constitutionality led the Senate to substitute a bill putting into effect the provisions of an old act framed for the same purpose, except that it allowed the objectionable dwellings eight years longer instead of four. The method by which Mrs. Wilson's wishes were finally made effective—that is, by the reviving of a law already on the statute-books—makes it hard to think of the action of House and Senate as merely sentimental. But it also shows the value of the part she played in the result. Whatever the history of the old law, there was evidently too little interest in it or too great opposition to it to permit of its enforcement. What greater or more appropriate lesson could an occupant of the White House leave than the lesson that laws are made to be carried out?

South Carolina last week made her repudiation of Blease complete at the second Democratic primary by nominating for the three State offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Railroad Commissioner the anti-Blease candidates. The majority for each of them was about 30,000 in a total vote of 115,000. At the first primary a few weeks ago, Senator Smith received a majority over his three opponents, including Blease. No one, however, had a majority for the State offices, and hence a second primary was necessary for the two leading candidates for each of these. The result was not regarded as doubtful, but the completeness of the victory is gratifying outside of South Carolina as well as within it. The anti-Blease candidates carried all the counties of the State except two. At the same time, the Assistant Attorney-General of the State, who was formerly Blease's law partner, was defeated for Congress by the present Representative from the district. The fight against the political bosses in this country was long and often discouraging, but the demagogues do not seem to have so tenacious a hold—which is the exact opposite of what many students of democracy would have predicted.

Roger Sullivan's smashing victory in the Illinois Democratic primaries is not much of a surprise except for the size of his plurality. It is, of course, an extremely unfortunate choice, especially when we remember that his Democratic colleague in the Senate, if he wins in November, will be that picturesque rather than statesmanlike figure, James Hamilton Lewis. This is a fine pair of Senators for the Democracy of Illinois to send to Washington! Yet it is easily possible to overrate the significance of Sullivan's triumph. The contest was not a straight-out fight between bossism and decency. On the contrary, the issue was confused by the activity of the unspeakable Hearst-Harrison alliance. Forced to choose between an admitted politician of the old type and a candidate who, whatever his personal qualities, had the support of the most sinister political combination in Chicago, the voters elected to risk the lesser evil. Nor was this negative argument the only one in Sullivan's favor. His declaration, "I heartily endorse every public act of President Wilson," repeated in every section of the State, undoubtedly made its impression upon persons who have not forgotten that Sullivan threw his strength to Wilson at Baltimore at a critical moment. In this view, the result is an endorsement of Wilson. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that this nomination means the probable addition of one more to the list of unworthy men who have ridden into power on the rear seats of the President's wagon.

PUBLIC

Had the world been at peace, the centre of interest for Americans during the past week would have been at Baltimore, which has been giving itself to a brilliant and appropriate celebration of the centennial of the Star Spangled Banner. To Baltimoreans the twelfth of September has always been a day to celebrate, as the anniversary of the battle of North Point; a Lilliputian fight when we think of the gigantic struggle now going on across the Atlantic, but one to the making of which went the same qualities of heroism and patriotic devotion which are being shown by the vast hosts that are today contending for victory. It is not many years since the passing away of the last of the "Old Defenders" whose annual parade, though with ever thinning ranks, was, for perhaps three-quarters of a century, the leading feature of Baltimore's Twelfth of September. For the country at large the memory of this little battle had no special appeal; but the defence of Baltimore has left its permanent trace in the stirring song which it inspired one of her sons to write in the heat of the moment, and which, at the end of a hundred years, continues to hold its undisputed place as the national anthem. It is to Francis Scott Key's song, and not the fighting at North Point or Fort McHenry, that Baltimore has been doing the homage of its celebration; and on last Monday, the song was sung by millions of school children in the public schools throughout the country.

The announcement of the closing of the George Junior Republic will be received with general regret. Ever since its founding fifteen years ago, it has appealed not only to those interested in methods of reforming juvenile delinquents, but to the imagination of the whole country and even of foreign nations. It is not too much to say that the Republic has been one of our few show-places. As the result of good management it has led to the starting of similar institutions throughout the country. It seems strange that after such a career it should now suffer a lack of funds so serious as to make its closing necessary; and, indeed, no such event appears to be demanded by the situation so far as it is revealed by the statement that there is a deficit of $17,000 in the current receipts. This sum, which is a third of the amount required to run the Republic for one year, would normally be too small to trouble the trustees of such an institution. The recent investigation of the personal conduct of its founder, together with the unsatisfactory character of the report following, has cast a cloud upon the Republic which doubtless interfered with the raising of money for it, but the work undertaken at Freeville is too important to be dropped.

For a confounder of prophecy, commend us to Gen. Villa. His rapid and steady emergence from the reputation of being the worst of cutthroats and robbers into that of a shrewd, sagacious, and patriotic leader, as well as a military captain of remarkable ability, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena we can recall in the history of any public figure. A year ago, if anybody had said that the people of this country, deluged and sickened with the horrors of a war engulfing the whole civilization of Europe, would be able to find in the doings of "Pancho" Villa a bit of real comfort and solace amid the general gloom, he would have been regarded as the silliest of jokers. Yet that is precisely what has occurred. Those who have not forgotten everything that happened before July 31, 1914, will remember that in the most critical period of the American occupation of Vera Cruz, and of the negotiations which finally resulted in the retirement of Huerta, Villa was a great stand-by of the United States through his influence on the Mexicans generally and on Carranza in particular; and, in spite of occasional items of news pointing towards possible trouble, it seems clear that his conduct ever since has been that of a loyal citizen and a friend of peace and orderly government. To crown all, we have now a statement of the plan he proposes for the institution of a permanent Constitutional government in Mexico; and, besides being of a perfectly reasonable character throughout, it includes the provision that "no military man be a candidate for President or Vice-President, or Governor of any State."

Premier Asquith's announcement that the Home Rule bill will at once be put on the statute books was expected, but it nevertheless guarantees a stroke of moral, political, and strategical value. A cautious step defers its operation for a year, but heated opposition is very unlikely to be revived; the war has already fulfilled Fox's hope, that one day the garrison of Ireland would be the Irish people themselves. Germany could scarcely deny that her belief in England's disablement by the Irish troubles played an important part in her war calculations; and the truce of parties has ended the whole legend of a portentous Ulster disaffection. Last week Sir Edward Carson was urging his "Ulster Volunteers" to enlist *en masse* in Lord Kitchener's second army. Orangeman and Irishman are so welded into one by external menace that many are eager thus to proclaim the end of internal differences. And another significance of the bill's passage is pointed out by the London *Nation*, which regards it as marking the ebb-tide of the imperialistic ideas which came to their farthest point at the time of the Boer War. Rhodes's issue of scholarships to German students, Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction," above all Balfour's speech against South African self-government, were in a measure expressions of the infection of the philosophy that dominates the thought and the policy of Germany. English Liberalism can with some justice regard the final extension of self-government to Ireland as an evidence to the world of the spirit in which her democracy has entered upon the conflict.

Those who feared that the discovery of the Poles would remove important fields of daring and adventure will be reassured by the stories now coming in from the Stefansson Arctic expedition. The fate of the leader is not known, as he was in one of the several parties into which the expedition was divided, and of which only one, that aboard the ill-fated Karluk, has been accounted for. The financial responsibility for the expedition was assumed by the Canadian Government early in 1913. Stefansson's intention was not to make a "dash" for any point, but to spend three or four years in studying the archæology and the ethnology of the Eskimos, together with the zoölogy and geology of the region between Alaska and Coronation Gulf, which is on the American mainland near to one of the two main bases established by the expedition. He also proposed to map unexplored coasts, and to look out for new land in that part of the Arctic. All this was prepared for with that thoroughness that we expect in a modern exploring undertaking. The expedition included a scientific staff of eleven men. The Karluk sailed in June of last year, with provision for three years, but, after being caught in the ice and set free several times, drifted out of sight in September, when Stefansson himself, thinking the vessel fast for the winter, was ashore. Nothing was heard of her until June of this year, when the report of her loss in January reached here. The rescue of part of her company is the result of the dispatching of the revenue cutter Bear on the receipt of the news of the disaster.

TIES THAT WILL BIND.

Professors of the leading German universities have declared their intention to renounce all distinctions bestowed upon them by British universities or learned societies on account of Great Britain's attitude in the war.

A dispatch from London a few days ago gave the above as part of an official statement sent out from Berlin, and received by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. On the same day, a dispatch was reccived stating that Professor Roentgen, upon whom, in recognition of his epoch-making discovery, the Royal Society had bestowed the gold medal which conveys its highest distinction, had given the medal to be melted for the Red Cross, and had declared that he no longer wished to retain it, in view of England's course in the present conflict.

To pass over the significance of these reports, even if the attitude there disclosed is less general than they indicate, would be to cherish a foolish optimism. Nor would it be any wiser to indulge in criticism or reproach, or to enter into the question of the actual merits of the judgment pronounced, at this time of trial and of passion, by the men of learning and genius who have thus manifested their feelings towards the nation with which their own is now engaged in a deadly grapple. The plain fact is that nearly all Germans feel that England has thrown her sword into the scale against them without just cause; and they resent her conduct with a bitterness far beyond any which they may feel towards either France or Russia, whose alignment in the struggle had been a foreordained certainty. From this feeling, sweeping over the whole nation, its intellectual leaders are, with probably a few exceptions, no more exempt than the plainest citizen; and it is safe to say that the same phenomenon would be witnessed, under the same circumstances, in any nation under the sun. So far, then, from either disputing the seriousness of this exhibition of national animosity or pointing the finger of scorn at those taking part in it, one must recognize in it a fact deplorable, indeed, but inevitable; so clearly inevitable that surely there must be many who have been looking forward to that phase of the evils brought on by the war as one of the most painful to contemplate.

It must be acknowledged, then, that one of the consequences of the war, for a shorter or longer term of years, will necessarily be a sad breaking of that tie of common aspirations, common interests, and common endeavors which unites the men of science and the men of letters, of all nations, into something like a real and inspiring union of heart as well as of mind. Particularly poignant must be the regret that attaches to this thought in the case of Germany and England. Of kindred speech, and in many ways of kindred traditions and ideals, there have been, in the case of these two great nations, over and above those relations which occur as a matter of course in the intellectual world, some examples of mutual appreciation and of reciprocal benefit which shine with a special lustre, and have been peculiarly precious to both peoples. The German reverence for Shakespeare, and the maintenance of the Shakespeare tradition upon the German stage, have been of incalculable value to England as well as to Germany. The influence of Goethe upon Carlyle, and through Carlyle upon two generations of Englishmen, is something rare in literary history; and the name of Coleridge is sufficient to suggest the part that has been played by German thought in the shaping of English literature. To mention but one other instance, it was in Germany that the most illustrious of the English scientists of the nineteenth century made his first general conquest in the scientific world; for the teachings of Darwin had been accepted at their full value by the leading German scientists at a time when in England Huxley was still fighting an uphill fight for recognition.

But it is one thing to look forward to a temporary break in a noble tradition, and quite another to think of it as final or lasting. That this will prove to be the case, we do not for a moment believe. The tie that binds together the noble spirits and lofty intellects of the world is too strong to be snapped for good and all by the doings of a time of strife and bitterness, even so terrible as that through which we are now passing. And more than that is true. For it is not only the intellectual leaders, but the rank and file, too, that are united by bonds of the intellect which know no national boundaries. The devoted labors of the searchers for scientific truth, the idealistic efforts of men of letters, the obligation of gratitude which these labors and efforts impose upon all who love the true and the beautiful—these are agencies that will work constantly towards the wiping out of bitter memories, the obliteration of resentment and hate. Time is on the side of the children of light, and they will conquer in the end. The loss that would be involved merely in an abandonment of the German feeling about Shakespeare would in itself be tremendous, incalculable; but it will not take place. Even at the outbreak of hostilities, there came from some of the foremost men of letters and science in England a protest against the war, inspiring above all by a feeling of the awful sacrifice involved in breaking the ties that bound to each other the German and the English intellectual world. We may rest assured that, whatever the feeling of the moment, that feeling still exists, deep down in the hearts of the scholars and scientists and literary men of both countries. And the time will come when that feeling will not only reassert itself in their relations with each other, but will be one of the powerful agencies towards the re-establishment of a humane and friendly sen timent between the peoples of the two countries, as a whole.

TURKEY AND THE CAPITULATIONS.

It is not necessary to read any warlike meaning into Turkey's formal announcement to the Powers that she has abrogated the entire system of agreements, or "capitulations," by which the exceptional status of foreigners in the Ottoman Empire is regulated. The move is simply an attempt to strike the iron while it is hot. Out of the great European conflict, no matter in which direction victory inclines, a new European order is bound to emerge, and the Porte has evidently determined to enter the great Congress which will fix the new order on the Continent with the advantage of a *fait accompli*. Whichever side wins, Turkey's assertion of independence in her internal affairs is seemingly bound to receive a respectful hearing. If the Kaiser dictates terms, Constantinople's claims are bound to be received with sympathy because of the existing close ties with Berlin. If the Allies have the upper hand, they cannot so belie the principle of nationality for which Great Britain and Russia are now engaged in war as to reject Turkey's plea for consideration. That the moment is opportune for an assertion of Ottoman rights is evident. The Powers are too much absorbed elsewhere. Though the Allies have formally protested against Turkey's action, we must assume that for the time being they will be contented with that.

The privileges of exterritoriality are a handicap and a stigma under which a nation rising to self-sufficiency naturally chafes. The most notable example is that of Japan. In the carly ninetics, Japanese public opinion demanded the abrogation of existing treaties under which foreign Powers exercised consular jurisdiction over their sub-

jects. It was held that by the establishment of parliamentary institutions Japan had definitely taken rank as a modern nation, and that the Japanese Government was in a position to guarantee protection and equal treatment to foreigners. The war with China brought a postponement of negotiations, but the decisive victory of Japan only strengthened her case. In 1899 the new treaties with the foreign Powers came into force, but not until the Japanese Government had given guarantees through the enactment of a new code of civil rights, and new laws in regulation of commerce and patent rights. It is noteworthy that in China there was for many years a similar agitation in favor of the abolition of the special status of foreigners. With the establishment of the Chinese Republic the question of abrogating the system of exterritoriality came up anew. The arguments brought forward at Peking were substantially the same as those ably formulated by the Turkish Ambassador at Washington. The existence of special rights for foreigners is more than a reflection upon the status of a nation: it is a positive hindrance to the establishment of that modern system of law and order upon the absence of which the capitulations are premised.

Unlike Japan, the Porte does not announce its emancipation from foreign tutelage on the morrow of a successful war. But the present war is Turkey's opportunity. Were Europe now at peace the situation in the Near East would be such as scarcely to win a hearing for Turkish demands. With the Balkans in a state of unstable equilibrium, with outstanding questions between Turkey on the one side and Greece and Italy on the other, with parties within the Empire contending for mastery, the Powers would hardly be inclined to agree that conditions in the Ottoman Empire were such as to guarantee security to foreigners. But, as we have said, the Powers have neither the leisure nor the desire to take up the Ottoman challenge at the present moment; unless it be our own Government, which has broad interests at stake. Yet even at Washington the feeling must be present that to make an issue with Turkey to-day would bring us nearer to the European maelstrom which it is so earnestly the desire of the Administration to avoid. At the same time the Porte can make out a plausible case for itself. Like Japan, it has instituted a parliamentary system of government and a Constitution under which racial and religious equality is guaranteed. This provision, Constantinople will argue, removes the need for the special treaties under which American missionaries, for example, at present carry on their work.

Yet there is one important consideration which militates against Turkey's assertions of full equality among the nations. She may abrogate the treaties under which exterritorial jurisdiction is exercised by foreign Powers, but she cannot do away with the great fact that her finances are under international control, and must so remain. And as long as the power of the purse is exercised abroad, the Powers must have a voice in the management of internal affairs in the Ottoman Empire. It is an argument which may work both ways. On the one hand, the Powers may hold that a nation which remains under financial guardianship can hardly be called self-sufficient. On the other hand, the Powers may feel that the hold which they exercise through the control of Turkey's finances gives them a sufficient basis for exercising necessary pressure without bothering about the question of exterritoriality.

THE RAILWAYS' APPEAL.

The appeal of the six railway heads to President Wilson last week did not, as expected, turn out to be only a direct request for higher rates; it was also a plea for an era of good feeling and coöperation towards the railways during this grave national emergency. The rail carriers, they stated, had been hard hit during the past fiscal year, for which their gross earnings were $44,000,000 less than during the preceding twelve months, while expenses and taxes went up $76,000,000, leaving a drop in net income of $120,000,000. On top of that comes the present crisis, unequalled in the world's history, and in its face these spokesmen of the railways ask that, whatever the past wrongs may have been, that past be now forgotten, and that railway credit be upheld by coöperative and sympathetic support of the public and of all governmental authorities. They also urge that governmental authorities, State and national, refrain from putting further burdens on the roads at this time, and that additional revenues be supplied whenever possible.

With the general spirit of this we find ourselves in sympathy. It is a pleasant change from past methods to have the railway heads going openly to the White House to state their troubles, and thus to lay them before the public. When the Administration is lying awake o' nights to come to the rescue of our ocean-carrying trade, it is but just that it should leave no stone unturned to aid the railways over this acute emergency. It is also no time for further regulative legislation by individual States, unless it should be in the direction of a temporary easing of burdens. But when all is said and done, there remains the fact, which the railways should not forget, that they are in no especial class by themselves in the matter of curtailment of income. Practically every form of industry is suffering similarly, and many important lines are unable to turn to the White House for sympathy, counsel, and aid. Even governmental entities like the city of New York are suffering seriously. Its bonds are recognized as one of the three or four best investments in the world; but to replace its $80,000,000 of short-term notes now maturing it has had to call in the aid of the leading American bankers and to go as high as 6 per cent. in order to refund these notes, which it has heretofore obtained at 4¼ per cent. The railways have obligations aggregating $563,156,800 maturing prior to December 31, 1915, to meet, 25 millions in this month, October, and November. That they will find themselves compelled to pay more for money, and that money will be timid, is to be expected. That is a great hardship; yet it is light compared with the lot of those bankers and brokers whose business has been absolutely stopped by the cessation of all exchange trading.

Now that the railways have thus made their appeal for sympathy and support, we look to them for vigorous and effective action along the line of reforms suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission—reforms all the more desirable now that the situation has become so much worse. Readjustment of terminal charges and reduction of expenses, increases of passenger fares in coöperation with State Commissions, as they have been recently increased in New England, the elimination of free travel—aggregating in 1913 the equivalent of $18,520,000—the increasing of freight-car efficiency, the expedition of freight traffic, the laying before the Commissions of rates clearly unremunerative, etc. It is a great administrative opportunity which presents itself to our railway executives, and it is not lessened by the fact that such new methods and retrenchments as they must seek are compelled by the spur of a great necessity. We have prided ourselves upon being not only the most practical of nations, but the most adaptable and ingenious. Never was there a clearer call to public service than the emergency offers to our railways.

For ourselves, despite the gravity of the

situation; we can neither regard it as hopeless nor as certain to bring about that collapse of the whole system which some pessimists foresee. That dividends may have to be sharply cut we do not deny. But the ocean-carrying trade is rapidly recovering; there are magnificent domestic crops to be moved and an enormous volume of trade within our own area is sure to go on. Certain lines of travel may even benefit by the suspension of tourist traffic to Europe. It is a passing phenomenon we are witnessing, however awe-inspiring; and it may be of shorter duration than had been expected, in view of the unexpected Russian successes. Public sympathy we believe the railways can count upon. As for the larger and longer outlook, we would recall to them the fine spirit of hopefulness which was thus voiced by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its 5 per cent. rate decision:

> We may justly feel proud of the development of our transportation system. Despite occasional discreditable chapters, the history of our railroads has been marked by great achievements. There is among the carriers a growing spirit of coöperation with the Commission in its efforts to enforce the law. With the application of correct and helpful accounting, the establishment of sound business methods, and a better understanding by both carriers and the public of their mutual obligations, to which we believe this investigation has contributed, the future is full of promise. We see no reason why our American railroads should not enjoy a large measure of prosperity consistently with just and reasonable rates.

MAINE HEARD FROM.

With returns virtually complete, the Maine election makes a showing in which some things stand out very plainly; although it must be remarked, first of all, that in the September election of two years ago, with which comparisons would naturally be made, there was a fusion between the Republicans and the Progressives, so that in measuring the gain or loss of the three parties we have to take the Presidential election figures of November, 1912, as a basis to begin with. The story told by this comparison is one that plays havoc with the assertion of the Progressives that they are a solid and genuine party, and not a mere band of followers of a personal leader, rallied to the polls in a wave of hysterical enthusiasm. In 1912, Maine gave Roosevelt more than 48,000 votes; on Monday, the Progressive candidate for Governor got less than 18,000. In other words, the party's vote for Governor was one-third of what its vote for President had been two years ago. And this took place not in any degree because of a smaller total vote; on the contrary, the total vote for Governor was bigger by about 12,000—or nearly 10 per cent.—than the total vote for President two years ago. In round numbers, the Progressive vote shows a loss of 30,000, the Republican vote a gain of 32,000, and the Democratic vote a gain of 11,000.

These mere figures of a single State election, even one usually regarded as so significant as that of Maine, would, of course, in themselves form a slender basis for a broad political judgment. But there are two things which must be remembered in connection with it. One is that this election was not a perfunctory affair—a fact attested not only by the large size of the vote, but also by the character of the campaign. Of this it was stated in the dispatches that "more speakers of national prominence" took part in it than were "ever before sent into Maine in an off year." Col. Roosevelt himself went there to arouse the faithful; on the Democratic side, two members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Redfield and Daniels, took part; while the array of Republican speakers included, besides ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, such strong men as Borah, Weeks, and McCall. And secondly, this is no case of one swallow not making a summer. The cutting down of the Progressive vote in Maine to one-third of what it was at the Presidential election is but in keeping with indications that have been steadily coming in, month after month, from all parts of the country, especially in the shape of the insignificant numbers appearing in the party enrolments. What has been witnessed in Maine is what there is every reason to believe will be seen in practically every State at the coming November elections. If the Progressive party is to make any showing of power in 1916, it will have to be through a repetition of the revivalist enthusiasm which swept over the country when Roosevelt raised his banner in 1912; and the improbability of that, as a psychological phenomenon, is evident enough.

Of even greater interest than the bearing on Progressive prospects is the question of what the Maine election reveals concerning the drift of public opinion regarding the Democratic party. But upon this it would of course be rash to set much store, unless the showing happened to be extremely pronounced. No such character can be assigned to the Maine figures; yet it is not too much to say that they point emphatically away from any notion that the country is under the sway of a reaction such as is so often manifested against the party in power, in the middle of the Presidential term. To begin with, the Democrats have retained the one seat which they got in the House at the election of 1912; which, though it might be explained by the fact that the Progressives and Republicans were not this year united on their Congressional ticket, as they were in 1912, is good as far as it goes. But the figures on the Governorship likewise show no sign of disaffection towards the Democrats, such as would naturally go with a general reaction. Compared with the vote on the Presidency, the Democratic vote for Governor, as has already been stated, shows a gain of 11,000, while the combined vote of Republicans and Progressives shows a gain of only 1,000. This, however, presents a more favorable picture of the Democrats' showing than is justified by the facts. We have to put alongside it a comparison with the Governorship vote in September, 1912. In that election, the Republicans (with whom the Progressives had fused) polled 68,000 votes; on Monday, the Republican and Progressive votes combined amounted to 76,000, a gain of 8,000; while the Democratic figures were 71,000 in 1912 and 62,000 on Monday, a loss of 9,000. This second comparison, however, is as unfair to the Democrats in one way as the first was unfair to the Republicans in another; and on the whole the conclusion must be that the Democrats have about held their own in Maine, in the two years that have passed since the Presidential election.

Taken all in all, so far as it affords ground for a forecast of the Congressional elections of next November, the Maine election indicates that the Progressive vote will be small, but yet large enough to enable the Democrats to carry by plurality vote a considerable number of constituencies in which, if the Republicans and Progressives were united, they would be victorious. Upon this circumstance rests the prospect of the Democratic party continuing to control the House by a comfortable majority. Some reaction against them will unquestionably appear. It would be a miracle if this were otherwise; for, however creditable has been the record of Congress as a whole, and however general the respect and admiration which President Wilson has won among men of all parties, the tariff legislation has at various points made enemies, and the business depression, quite regardless of all thought as to its causes, weighs inevitably against the party in control of the Government.

Chronicle of the War

The accounts from Berlin and from London and Paris of the operations in northern France during the past week have shown the usual discrepancy, but the respective positions of the armies alone are sufficient to show that the Germans have sustained very serious reverses. So serious have they been that, despite a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the French and British press not to exaggerate the importance of them, there is apparent an inclination to assume that the severest ordeal of the war is over and that all that remains to be done is a work of completion of that which has already been well begun. It may be that the back of the German offensive has been broken, but it is well to point out that, before the end of the war is even in sight, if it shall be fought to a finish, the back of the German defensive must also be broken.

What we said two weeks ago, when the armies of the Allies were retreating rapidly across France, is equally true of the German forces to-day; it is not sufficient merely to drive an enemy before one; what decides a war is a Metz or a Sedan—the capture of large bodies of the enemy's troops. So far, except for entirely natural reports from London and Paris concerning the demoralization of the enemy, there has been nothing to show that the German genius for keeping large forces in touch with one another has been seriously impaired. The line, as we write, is threatened, just as the Allies' line was threatened two weeks ago, but it is still intact. Nor is it conceivable that German discipline will fail to steady the retiring troops to offer formidable resistance at a selected line of defence—the River Aisne, possibly, where a stand is being made as we write, or again further back on the strong positions along the frontier.

On the other hand, it must be conceded to the advantage of the Allies that to turn from a defensive to an offensive position is a much more inspiring matter than the change from an aggressive pursuit to a rapid retreat. Moreover, whereas the Allies in their retreat were spared anxiety concerning their communications, the Germans have long and difficult lines to guard, a task rendered all the more severe by the presence of the Belgian army, and probably of other troops, at Antwerp, necessitating the retention of large forces in Belgium which can ill be spared from the main line. To keep open the lines of communication running by way of Liège and Namur is essential for the safety of the armies of Gen. von Kluck and Gen. von Bülow. The Allies, too, now have the advantage of numbers. Even if the Germans have sent no more than the one army corps which was withdrawn from Belgium back to East Prussia, reinforcements which are sorely needed in the West must have been diverted to the eastern frontier. A rough estimate of numbers would probably give the Allies at least 1,500,000 men to the Germans' 1,000,000.

Before considering the battle of the Marne, which, as we now know, commenced on September 5, and may be said to have lasted for a week, we may notice the strategy of Gen. Joffre which appears to have made possible the sudden reversal of fortune in favor of the Allies. It may be granted at the outset that, as we have pointed out previously, the French adventure into Alsace in the first week of the war was a blunder, dictated by political and sentimental rather than by military reasons. The troops employed in that adventure were sorely needed on the Belgian frontier and, as we all know, they were withdrawn from Alsace. We never heard, however, of these or of the other reinforcements summoned arriving on the main line of battle, and it now becomes apparent that Gen. Joffre took a bold chance which has been justified by success. Reading between the lines of Field Marshal French's report on the operations during the retreat, published on September 9, we discover that the British army defending the left wing of the Allies was not adequately supported by the French troops. The fact seems to have been that Gen. Joffre, instead of sending the troops made available by the evacuation of Alsace and the other levies to the support of the sorely harassed left wing, where they might have arrived too late to be of assistance and simply have been compelled to join in the general retreat, took the chance of the wing holding by its own efforts and dispatched the reinforcements to await the army at Paris. Thus at the critical moment, when the Germans rushing forward had penetrated as far south as Coulommiers, a new French army was hurled against their right flank. The army of Gen. von Kluck only extricated itself from envelopment by a hurried change of direction eastward. and the French and British troops received the necessary respite to enable them to recuperate and to adopt the offensive.

The Allies' line at the beginning of what will probably be known to history as the Battle of the Marne was, as we said last week, Meaux, Sézanne, Vitry-le-François, Verdun, Nancy. The general advance commenced on September 7, and on that day the right wing of the German army, in danger of being outflanked, began to retreat in a northeasterly direction. The retreat was continued on the following day, and on September 9 the British troops on the left crossed the Marne, followed on the next day by the French force on their right at Chateau-Thierry and Dormans. The danger throughout for the Allies was at the centre, at Vitry-le-François, where determined efforts were made by the Germans to pierce the line. On September 11, however, the French War Office was able to announce that the German centre west of this point was retreating, and on the following day it was stated that the whole front was in retreat. Amiens was evacuated on September 13, and the German left was reported to be falling back between Soissons and Rheims, while on the right they were retreating beyond St. Dié and Lunéville. It was on this day that Gen. Joffre announced that "the battle of the last five days has ended in an undeniable victory." The reoccupation of Rheims was announced on Tuesday.

The position on the Aisne River is a strong one, and as we write it is probable that a second important battle is in process there, the German line extending from Soissons and Craonne to the neighborhood of Rethel, on the Aisne, and thence to Metz. There has been some mystery concerning the army of the Crown Prince. The statement has been made from Berlin that Verdun is surrounded, and that its capture is expected. On the other hand, from Paris we learn that the Crown Prince on Monday moved his headquarters from Ste. Menchould to Montfaucon, twenty miles to the northeast, which would indicate a retirement from the advanced position, and this, according to reports from Paris, was already in process on Tuesday. It is interesting to note in passing that no confirmation from French or British sources has yet been received of the fall of Maubeuge, which was officially announced from Berlin on September 9.

The news from the eastern area of fighting leaves but little room for doubt as to the almost complete rout of the Austrian armies. German successes have been reported in East Prussia and admitted at Petrograd last week, and further victories in Russian Poland over the second, third, fourth, and twentieth army corps and some cavalry divisions were reported from Berlin on Tuesday. These reports appear entirely credible, and there seems no reason to doubt that the Russians have suffered more or less serious reverses at the hands of the German army that is now defending East Prussia and has invaded Poland.

It is evident, however, that the operations in this part of the field have not been regarded as of the first importance in the Russian strategic plan. As Germany aimed originally to crush France first before turning her attention to Russia, so the Russian plan has been to dispose first of the Austrian armies. In this object it would appear that success has almost been achieved. The Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, reported on September 13 that the battle which had lasted seventeen days was finishing. That is the battle which commenced with the attack on Lemberg. The result is apparently not in doubt. After his success at Lemberg, Gen. Ruzsky, in concert with the right and centre of the Russian army, attacked the Austrian forces at Rava-russka and Tomaszow. Hemmed in on three sides, the Austrian defeat appears to have become a rout. On last Saturday or Sunday the Russian left was similarly successful in defeating the Austrian army on the line from Grodek to the Dniester.

Owing to the lack of official dispatches from Petrograd couched in the moderately dispassionate tone adopted by the British press bureau, it is a little difficult to gather from the somewhat hysterical telegrams of correspondents precisely what the net result of the battle has been. We have information that a large portion of the defeated Austrian forces have retreated on the fortress of Przemysl, which will undoubtedly be invested, and the German army corps which had gone to the assistance of the Austrians will therefore be lost as an effective force, but there are reports that two of the Austrian armies can retreat only to Krakau, in which case they are likely to be intercepted, or to the Carpathians on the south, where also there may be Russian forces in some strength, since we heard some time ago of the occupation of Halicz. The Austrian losses in this battle are stated to have been enormous. A dispatch from Petrograd to the London *Times* places them at 300,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, or nearly a third of the total force, and further estimates that 1,000 guns, or more than two-thirds of the available artillery, have been lost.

Foreign Correspondence

ON THE FRONTIER OF WAR—DIFFICULTIES OF CORRESPONDENTS—THE SILENT MAN OF FRANCE.

LAUSANNE, August 20.

A war correspondent who tries to be active has no easy task just now. Austria has packed all the foreign correspondents she could get hold of across the frontier by special train into Italy. Germany has given notice that no such correspondents need apply, as she has an elegant sufficiency in her own native sixteen. France censures all dispatches and, until now—perhaps because military transport has occupied all the trains—mailed letters have not crossed the frontier unless carried in pockets; and even these are under censure, like letters coming into France, which delays their arrival in spite of the fair and courteous good-will the authorities are showing. As in Belgium, no foreigners are allowed at the front.

Lord Kitchener, for the transfer of British troops to France and Belgium, has obtained complete newspaper silence for a week—to such a degree that, while the censure at Dover was public, not one Continental paper, even in neutral Switzerland and Italy, had wind that Southampton was the port really concerned. The unbroken loyalty of the English press, which, if it knew anything, printed not a word, is to-day the object of universal admiration—a comforting instance of true, faithful, obedient, disciplined patriotism. To the general credit of journalists in these difficult days, it should be added that the press of the belligerent countries, particularly of France, Germany, and Austria, has fallen into disciplined line behind the Governments.

One of my Italian colleagues was hauled up severely, arrested, and obliged to make a heavy deposit as bail for provisional liberty by the Swiss authorities a week ago. They have not extended their censure to letters sent abroad and his correspondence had given details which the Swiss newspapers were forbidden to print. The London *Times* correspondent there at Basel—a vantage point for observing the shock of the French and German-Austrian armies now coming together in Alsace only a few miles away, within hearing of gunshot—has just had to appeal to the representative of his Government for a telegram that had been held up as possibly infringing Swiss neutrality. All this has given a strain of hilarity to yesterday's news announcing the arrival of sixteen American war correspondents in England, furnished with gold to the extent of needing a whole cabin and sentinel to guard it on the way over from New York.

The seemingly hard lines imposed on American and all other foreign correspondents by anxious Governments should also be recognized loyally as best, under the circumstances, for human interests of infinitely greater importance than any news-mongering whatever. It is not forgotten that Moltke in 1870 attributed one of his victories to the indiscretion of an English correspondent with the French army. Perhaps, too, this enforced discipline and compulsory loyalty may start up healthier traditions of journalism than had been existing in the sensational press, which seemed to think human lives of less importance than news. And real news—news that stays true—will not suffer from it.

This adds greatly to the interest of the innovation of a signed telegram of Gen. Joffre, commander-in-chief of the French armies, which was sent from the front the day before yesterday, expressly for communication to the public. It need not be as explicit as a general's report of operations to his ranking superior—and it would be pitiful that the French public should think itself the superior of the man to whom they have entrusted their liberty and their lives. But the General's signature requires that the news he communicates should be the sober truth.

Like William the Silent and Moltke, who was "silent in seven languages," Gen. Joffre is notably taciturn; and he has been silent through a laborious military career of forty-four years. He is now sixty-one, but still in the full vigor of his strength of body and mind—and by far the most noteworthy figure which this surprising war has so far disclosed. Clemenceau sharply criticised him and the others of the General Staff, but he too has reversed his judgment since the mobilization proved their foresight and complete organization of the military resources. A little more and General Joffre will be the incarnation of the soul of France in her life-and-death struggle.

Joffre was a first-year military engineer at the difficult Ecole Polytechnique, and only seventeen years of age, when the war of 1870 broke out. He enlisted and fought like the rest to the bitter end. He came out a lieutenant and was employed, when peace allowed, on the plans for the new fortifications of Paris. Marshal MacMahon, who was himself not a talker, noticed his calm silence amid the other officers in a visit to one of the forts and unexpectedly saluted him—"My compliments, Captain!" So he was a captain at twenty-two, long before his time; and he was sent to organize the defences of Pontarlier, just where the Germans, if they break through at Belfort, may now sweep down along the Swiss frontier. Then he went out to build forts in Tonkin; but Admiral Courbet, who was in charge, scented the born commander, and set him to fighting at the head of the troops. He was kept fighting, next in Dahomey; and he was the first to enter Timbuctoo—speaking never a word. He was silent in Madagascar, where he fortified Diego Suarez mightily. Back in France, he was made a professor at the Higher War School, and became successively general of brigade, of division, and of a corps d'armée. He came to have the confidence of all as a strategist and organizer—and, with all the Radical hostility to the army, he was never reproached with reaction or not being faithful to the Republic. When the nomination of general-in-chief had to be made by the Higher War Council, Gen. Pau, who lost his arm at Sedan, pointed with his remaining hand to Joffre—and the nomination was unanimous.

The public knows little of persons; but it knew that the law of three years' compulsory service which has saved France was due largely to Gen. Joffre's foresight. And these three weeks of his command have made confidence in him universal. Time will tell how far his silence will lead to victory; but, until now, no newspaper correspondent even knows where General-in-Chief Joffre and his headquarters were placed yesterday or to-day, or shall be to-morrow. "Joffre's headquarters?" said a military man who may have known and may not; "it's a monastery!"

S. D.

Poetry

RALPH HODGSON.

By E. V. LUCAS.

England has many new poets to-day, the most famous, each in his own way, being Mr. Masefield and Mr. Noyes. Mr. Noyes has, so far as I know, founded no school, being in fact of a school, one might say of the Laureate school; but Mr. Masefield has set many pens at work accumulating realistic epithets. After these, in point of fame, are Mr. W. W. Gibson, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Rupert Brooke, Mr. Drinkwater, and so forth, whose works may be obtained at a modest little establishment in a squalid street off the Theobald's Road in Bloomsbury (close to Gray's Inn), called the Poetry Book Shop, where in an upper room their authors may from time to time also be met in the flesh and listened to as they read their latest productions.

The various tendencies of modern life, and particularly modern intellectual life, are reflected faithfully in the pages of the new singers I have named: in some chiefly perhaps that urgent desire of the moment to penetrate to the springs of passion and to forgive all even before we know all; but through their pages one searches in vain for magic. Many qualities one finds, but not that. Sincerity, often desperately grim, passion, beauty, love of truth, candor often to a fault, sympathy, imagination even—these reward us here and there; but no magic: none of that elusive spirit which one cannot define, but which either is or is not.

Two of the younger men, however, I have not yet named, in each of whom this rare essence is occasionally found and who almost alone of all the leaders of the poetical renaissance of the day could never be overlooked by any future anthologist of lyrics—Mr. De la Mare and Mr. Hodgson. Oddly enough, neither is peculiarly of his time. Mr. De la Mare (or Walter Ramal, as his title-pages used to call him), is of no time at all, and writes as much for antiquity as posterity. He belongs to the reign of Queen Mab rather than George V, and weaves his fantasies apart. When he is at his best (which is far too seldom) he is curiously beautiful, tender and elvish; above all, magical. But Mr. De la Mare is known: he is in "The Georgian Book of Verse." Mr. Hodgson I wish to introduce to American readers.

Ralph Hodgson is a man of about forty, a Northumbrian now living in London, with journalistic ties. He is not much to be met, being something of a recluse, but when you do meet him he is usually in the company of a bull terrier. He says little, but says that little with enthusiasm. Shelley and Wordsworth are his favorites, and he thinks Henry Kingsley's ballad of the Magdalen one of the most beautiful of English lyrics, and carries it in his pocket to display to the uninitiated. He is a passionate lover of birds, and plays billiards with grim earnestness. Incidentally he has written a few of the truest poems of our time.

Mr. Hodgson's work is not published in the ordinary way at all. It is to be found only in four slim yellow pamphlets at sixpence each and in a number of broadsides at twopence: all with woodcuts by a friendly hand, Mr. Lovat Fraser, at whose studio they were, until recently, to be obtained. Today the Poetry Book Shop controls their distribution. The four yellow pamphlets are entitled: "The Mystery and Other Poems," "The Song of Honour," "The Bull," "Eve and Other Poems." There was an earlier volume published à la mode, called "The Last Blackbird," but Mr. Hodgson wishes that forgotten. I do not say he is right, but I do say that he has since improved on most of its contents.

If Mr. Hodgson reminds one swiftly of any predecessor, it is Blake: but the comparison so soon breaks down that there is no need even to set it up. His poetry proceeds peculiarly from himself—his passion for life, his championship of helpless things, his love of beauty, his rage at oppression. His most ambitious effort so far (not yet reprinted from the *Saturday Review*) is a scornful indictment of the slaughter of animals, either furred or feathered, whose destiny it is "to deck a woman." And here is a tiny lyric on a kindred theme:

STUPIDITY STREET.

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat.
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

It is probably the extreme simplicity of those lines, together with a recollection of the couplet about the Robin Redbreast in a cage, which makes us think of Blake. But a wide gulf (largely perhaps of years) separates Blake from the man who wrote the following poignant stanzas:

THE SWALLOW.

The morning that my baby came
They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
Sleeps on my bosom well, but oh!
If in the autumn of the year
When swallows gather round and go. . . .

Beginning with "The Gipsy Girl," one might similarly think of Wordsworth, but again what a gulf (not chiefly of years) separates Wordsworth from the man who could thus bring the poem to an end! I quote in full:

THE GIPSY GIRL.

"Come, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries!"
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years.
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears;

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat;
I liked her showy purple gown,
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But, oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes!

From the longer poems I have no space to quote representatively. "The Song of Honour," the finest, is a psalm of exultation in the joy and splendor and reality of life. In an ecstasy of appreciation the poet enumerates all the most profound and glorious and lovely things:

I heard the hymn of being sound
From every well of honor found
In human sense and soul:
The song of poets when they write
The testament of Beautysprite
Upon a flying scroll,
The song of painters when they take
A burning brush for Beauty's sake
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise
Who look and see in starry skies
Not stars as much as robins' eyes,
And when these pale away
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
Among the plums and apple trees
Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low
To some blest vision true,
The song of beggars when they throw
The crust of pity all men owe
To hungry sparrows in the snow,
Old beggars hungry, too—
The song of kings of kingdoms when
They rise above their fortune men,
And crown themselves anew.

I wish I could give more of this rhapsody, which it is an outrage merely to select from.

"The Bull" is the story of a monarch whose day of triumph has passed. Brief and simple as it is, it is also epical. Here is a passage which tells how, when the bull was conquered and ceased to be the lord of the herd, he remembered his early days:

See him standing dewlap-deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half-asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungle brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries. . . .

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;
And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,
And the way was not so long;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises.

And the magic? If you have not already detected any, read "Eve," which I fearlessly call the most fascinating poem of our time:

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even
And humble proud heaven,
And now was the moment or
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—

"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

Surely, that is most musical, most tender, most strange, and surely the rare quality inhabits it!

How much more Mr. Hodgson is to give us cannot be said; but he writes only when the inspiration comes, and does not repine if he is silent. He always has his thoughts: now and then they are touched with flame and a poem is added to his slender store. But to have written "Eve" in this our twentieth century is almost to have done enough.

Books and Men

VON BERNHARDI.

President Lincoln playfully greeted Harriet Beecher Stowe as "the little woman who caused this great war." In spite of the enormous influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," neither the Civil War nor any other was ever brought about by a book. It may happen, of course, that a single book, or the writings of one man or group of men, may influence or hasten a people towards taking up arms. Such was the effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and such was the effect of Voltaire and Rousseau on the French Revolution.

Is Friedrich von Bernhardi the Harriet Beecher Stowe of this war? I do not know, any more than I know whether the Kaiser regards him benignly in return for his literary services. That his books have figured prominently in most of the discussions of German militarism, and that they (especially "Germany and the Next War") are in great demand in book-shops and libraries, are facts not to be disputed. He is a retired cavalry general, sixty-five years old. He is supposed to represent the German militarist of the most influential type. Is this correct? Let us look at some of his utterances.

It may be profitable to read these quotations from Gen. von Bernhardi, keeping in mind, at the same time, the frequent charge of the German sympathizers that American newspapers are "prejudiced" against Germany. It seems to me that there is a misuse of the word "prejudice." If they should say that the American papers are, in the main, opposed to Germany in the war, that they believe that she is largely if not wholly responsible for its outbreak, and that her success would be unfortunate for the whole world, then they would be quite correct. To say and to reiterate, as they do, that our press is "prejudiced"—*i. e.*, that it decided the case in advance of the evidence—is something they would find it hard to prove. Up to the invasion of Belgium—a topic upon which no German sympathizer will talk for thirty seconds without either evasion or a resort to the *tu quoque*—up to that moment, there was no marked hostility to Germany in our papers.

Since then, they have judged her in the light of the evidence of the diplomatic correspondence, and in the recollection that Bismarck deliberately precipitated the war of 1870, while protesting that "the sword had been forced into his hands," exactly as his successors protest to-day. They believe that Germany has an unwarranted confidence in her right to administer German "culture" to the rest of the world, whether it likes it or not. Those who had read von Bernhardi, and others like him, before the war broke out, think they know the origin of the theories which to-day are put in practice.

This is from the introduction to his "On War of To-day," published in 1912:

> We . . . need to enlarge our colonial possessions so as to afford a home and work to our surplus population, unless we wish to run the risk of seeing again the strength and productive power of our rivals increased by German emigration as in former days. Partitioned as the surface of the globe is among the nations at the present time, such territorial acquisitions we can only realize at the cost of other states or in conjunction with them; and both this [*sic*] is only possible if we succeed, above all, in securing our power in the centre of Europe better than hitherto. With every move of our foreign policy to-day we have to face a European war against superior enemies. This sort of thing is becoming intolerable. The freedom of action of our people is thereby hampered to an extraordinary degree. Such a state of affairs is highly dangerous, not only for the peace of Europe, which, after all, *is only a secondary matter for us*, but above all, is most dangerous to ourselves. . . . [The italics are mine.]

The "culture" theory, from the same work:

> Germany's output in brain work is at the same time greater than that of any other people. Our prominent importance as a civilizing nation is plain to everybody after the German clans have joined hands to form one powerful State. We ourselves have become conscious of being a powerful, as well as a necessary factor in the development of mankind. This knowledge imposes upon us the obligation of asserting our mental and moral influence as much as possible, and of paving the way everywhere in the world for German labor and German idealism. But we can only carry out successfully these supreme civilizing tasks if our humanizing efforts are accompanied and supported by increasing *political* power, as evinced by large colonial possessions, extended international commerce, increased influence of Teutonic culture in all parts of the globe, and, above all, by a perfect safeguarding of our political power in Europe.

It has been said that the voice of Webster was heard through the roar of cannon during the Civil War, and that his speeches inspired the Union soldiers. Is the author of the preposterous paragraph I have just quoted one of those who are ultimately responsible for ruined Louvain?

On the theory of beginning a war, from the same book:

> The issue of the next European war hangs in the balance of strategic offensive; but only that state will derive all the advantages from it which knows how to initiate the war under auspicious political circumstances, and thus to create favorable conditions for the military action itself. The grouping of the neighboring states, brought about by policy, and the choice of the moment for beginning the war, broadly create the conditions under which the war must be waged, and these may be decisive for its whole course. . . . It was, above all, their [the Japanese's] boldness which paralyzed the arm of their far superior enemy, and made them by one stroke the dominating race of Eastern Asia, the same as I hope the German people will assert and maintain itself as the dominating race of Europe.

The following paragraph, from "Germany and the Next War," seems to illuminate the resolve to invade Belgium:

> The obligation on the General to stand aloof from politics in peace as well as in war only holds good in a limited sense. The War Minister and the Head of the General Staff must be kept *au courant* with the all-fluctuating phases of policy; indeed they must be allowed a certain influence over policy, in order to adapt their measures to its needs, *and are entitled to call upon the statesman to act if the military situation is peculiarly favorable.* [Italics mine.]

Peace treaties and arbitration courts, the General holds, are not only impractical; they are insincere:

> We can hardly assume that a real love of peace prompts these efforts. . . . It must consequently be assumed that very matter-of-fact political motives led the Americans, with their commercial instincts, to take such steps, and induced "perfidious Albion" to accede to the proposals. We may suppose that England intended to protect her rear in event of a war with Germany, but that America wished to have a free hand in order to follow her policy of sovereignty in Central America without hindrance, and to carry out her plans regarding the Panama Canal in the exclusive interests of America. . . .

Certain high officials of Germany were "amazed," they told us, that England went to war. Chancellors and ambassadors had never dreamed of such a thing. If they had only read von Bernhardi! He declares:

> A pacific agreement with England is, after all, a will-o'-the-wisp which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes, and arrange our political and military plans accordingly. We need not concern ourselves with any pacific protestations of English politicians, publicists, and Utopians, which, prompted by the exigencies of the moment, cannot alter the real basis of affairs.

These are some of Gen. von Bernhardi's precepts of foreign policy:

> In one way or another, *we must square our account with France* if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy, and since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path. . . .
>
> It would, in my opinion, have been politically right for us, even at the risk of a war with France, to protest against this annexation [of Tunis, by France] and to preserve the territory of Carthage for Italy. We should

have considerably strengthened Italy's position on the Mediterranean, and *created a cause of contention between Italy and France* that would have added to the security of the Triple Alliance. [The italics in this paragraph are mine.]

Turkey is the only state which might seriously threaten the English position in Egypt by land. . . . It is equally good policy in every way to support Turkey, whose importance for Germany and the Triple Alliance has already been discussed.

From a chapter called The Character of Our Next War:

A war fought and lost under such circumstances would destroy our laboriously gained political importance, would jeopardize the whole future of our nation, would throw us back for centuries, would shake the influence of German thought in the civilized world, and thus check the general progress of mankind in its healthy development, for which a flourishing Germany is the essential condition. Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. This will invest it with importance in the world's history. "World power or downfall!" will be our rallying cry.

World power! Germany, when this was written, was the first military power in the world, and had risen from third to second place as a naval power. What did Gen. von Bernhardi mean?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A LIBRARY OF CIVIL WAR LITERATURE.

Three hundred copies of the Catalogue of the library relating to the War of the Rebellion and owned by Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, have been privately printed. There are some 17,000 volumes. The owner was the translator and editor of the later volumes of the American edition of "La Guerre Civile en Amérique," by the Comte de Paris, and for many years has been chairman of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission and recorder of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He began his collection at the close of the war, in which he served in the Army of the Potomac, at Chattanooga, and on Sherman's march to the sea. The frontispiece of the catalogue, a bulky volume of 1,022 pages, shows a section of the library. As his friend, the late Major William A. Lambert, was making his incomparable collection of Lincolniana and Assistant Engineer Frederick Shober was doing a similar work in regard to the navy, Col. Nicholson did not trench upon their preserves. The bindings, in cloth, morocco, and levant, are examples of the bookbinder's art, done during a period of fifty years by Pawson and Nicholson.

The abundance and uniformity of interest make selection of salient features difficult. There are many rare Confederate imprints, unpublished reports, manuscripts, a wealth of pamphlets which could not be duplicated and which often have notes and corrections by army commanders, personal narratives, official papers, reports of courts of inquiry and courts-martial, maps used at army headquarters, catalogues of museums, war relics, and captured flags, and accounts of ceremonies.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the collection, aside from the thoroughness, which makes it the most complete in the United States, is the extraordinary array of autograph letters and extra illustrations which have been inserted in nearly every important volume. The richness of the collection in this respect may be indicated by the treatment of three books—Grant's Memoirs, Sheridan's Memoirs, and Pennypacker's Life of Meade (Great Commanders series). In the first-named volume have been inserted a letter from Grant to Pemberton, dated Vicksburg, March 2, 1863; 82 plates, 8 maps, and a number of reviews, cuttings, etc. Sheridan's Memoirs, presented to the owner by the author, is extended into four volumes, in which are inserted 57 autograph letters and 123 illustrations. The Life of Meade is extended into two volumes, and there are inserted autograph letters, 177 illustrations, 16 maps, and extra printed title-pages. The catalogue describes it as "unique."

With scarcely less lavishness have been treated such books as Gen. Humphreys's "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65" and "McClellan's Own Story." The former has two autograph letters of Gen. Humphreys and 38 inserted plates; the latter, letters of Gen. and Mrs. McClellan, 112 plates, 3 maps, etc. Newhall's "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign" contains autograph letters of Sherman, Fitz John Porter, Franklin Warren, Hancock, Gibbon, Meade, Hooker, Secretary Stanton, Longstreet, and Howard, and 30 inserted engravings.

Dabney's Life of "Stonewall" Jackson (London, 1864) contains an inserted bill for erecting a military telegraph from Staunton, Va., to Harrisonburg, twenty-five miles, with certificate signed by Brig.-Gen. B. H. Robertson, commanding cavalry, September 1, 1862, and approval signed by Gen. Jackson. The edition of the history by the Comte de Paris is the original French edition, in which are 2 portraits and 8 inserted autograph letters of the author relating to the work. Here, too, is the author's MS. of Volume VIII of the French edition. De Peyster's sketch of Kearny (killed at Chantilly) contains an original autograph order of two pages for the march after the battle of Williamsburg, dated May 9, 1862, and signed "P. Kearny, Brig.-Gen. Conn. Division." John Esten Cooke's Life of Lee contains an autograph letter of Gen. Lee to Gen. Johnston, dated May 20, 1862. The same author's "'Stonewall' Jackson" has letters of Gens. Johnston, Abercrombie, J. S. Negley, Longstreet, A. S. Williams, Heintzelman, Col. E. D. Baker (killed at Ball's Bluff), Franklin, Banks, and the author.

Gen. Johnston's narrative has 126 portraits and engravings, 11 maps and plans, and autographs of Johnston, Judah P. Benjamin, D. H. Hill, Fitz Hugh Lee, N. B. Forrest, and Longstreet, besides those of a number of Union officers. Here, also, are a number of reports, each endorsed "Copy made for Colonel John P. Nicholson under my supervision. J. E. Johnston." When it comes to war novels, J. W. de Forest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" (considered by Col. Nicholson and Mr. William D. Howells to be the most realistic of Civil War novels) contains an autograph of the author, giving a bibliographical list of his contributions to war literature. Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" are also autographed by the author. Weir Mitchell's "Westways" is a presentation copy to the owner, and contains a letter of the author.

Capt. Robert E. Lee's "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee" has an autograph letter of Gen. Lee dated March 14, 1865. Among the war maps are Gen. Meade's copy (1863) of the Gettysburg territory, authenticated by a letter from Col. George Meade, of the staff, and the map used at Meade's headquarters in April, 1865.

The address of a present Justice of the United States Supreme Court, delivered at Keene, N. H., on Decoration Day, 1884, has the autograph of Col. Holmes, 20th Mass. Vols. The copy of Gen. Humphreys's address on Gen. Meade, November 18, 1872, in which he said that "Meade at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than Wellington at Waterloo and accomplished it equally well, with no Blücher to help him," is the copy presented by Humphreys to Sheridan, a fact which recalls Sheridan's testimony that he never read Warren's statement in regard to Five Forks. The copy of the Century War Book contains all the cancelled sheets, covers, etc.

Here are H. C. Clarke's "Confederate Household Almanac" for 1863 (Vicksburg), "Confederate States Almanac" for 1862 (same); "The Boston Almanac" for 1863 (George Coolidge), "giving names and regiment of every soldier from Boston"; many soldiers' valentines, 1861-65; a pamphlet account of the opening ceremonies at the Gettysburg Cemetery, published at Gettysburg in 1855; two MS. accounts of the surrender of Vicksburg, written and signed by Gen. Pemberton; Professor Polk's "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," with autograph letter of Adjutant-Gen. George W. Brent, dated December 20, 1862, endorsed by Gens. A. P. Steuart and Cheatman and Lieut.-Gen. Polk; Gen. Early's Memoir, printed at Toronto in 1866, and Early's Gettysburg narrative, with Early's MS. notes, and corrections; 8 sermons printed at Savannah and Macon between 1861 and 1864; pamphlets relating to Shiloh, with Gen. Buell's notes and corrections; Garfield's oration on Gen. Thomas (Cleveland, 1870), with an autograph letter of President Garfield; an original report of Gen. John B. Gordon, signed and dated July 22, 1864, not in the war records; Warren's account of Five Forks (N. Y., 1866), with autograph letter of Gen. Warren; Gen. Winfield Scott's Memoirs (N. Y., 1864), with autograph letter dated "Headquarters Army, Washington, September 2, 1861," with 52 portraits and engravings inserted.

Mrs. Hancock's "Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock" contains autograph letters of Gen. and Mrs. Hancock, Gens. Cadwalader, Buell, Burnside, Terry, Gibbon, Gregg, Slocum, Humphreys, Webb, Warren, McClellan, Sherman, Franklin, Sickles, Schofield, Sheridan, Stone, Butterfield, Secretary Bayard, John Hay, Gov. Curtin, and President Hayes.

There are 455 publications in 25 volumes relating to the Sanitary Commission; the Medical and Surgical history; 173 papers in 18 volumes relating to the Fitz John Porter case, with letters, notes, portraits, and maps inserted. Sherman's Memoirs (N. Y., 1887) is extended to 8 volumes and illustrated with 58 autograph letters and autographs.

Swinton's "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War" (New York, 1867) contains nine autograph letters of army commanders in the battles—Grant, Meade, Sherman, Thomas, McClellan, McDowell, Rosecrans, Sheridan, and Capt. Worden, of the Monitor. Here, also, are the inaugural address and messages

of Jefferson Davis, printed at Richmond during the war, and a number of Vicksburg, Charleston, Savannah, and Richmond imprints. The recent scattering of the large Philadelphia collections of Major Lambert, Chief Justice Mitchell, Hampton L. Carson, and Gov. Pennypacker has caused the hope to be expressed that Col. Nicholson's library may find eventual lodgment in the War Library Building, proposed to be erected on the Parkway, in Philadelphia. For this building a considerable sum is already available, and the city, the Loyal Legion, with a large collection, and the Grand Army of the Republic, whose different posts possess many interesting relics, seem disposed to unite in the movement. Col. Nicholson's collection represents a large money value, as did the other collections named. It is difficult in Philadelphia, as elsewhere, to find men of large wealth who appreciate the importance of preserving such a collection intact.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Correspondence

"VERNON LEE'S" MESSAGE TO AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the benefit of my American friends and readers, and on behalf of a section of English Liberalism unable to get a hearing when an anti-Liberal, a Tory-inherited, policy is being pursued by an officially Liberal Government and abetted by an officially Liberal press, will you allow me to answer the "Appeal to the American People," which Mr. H. G. Wells has made in the *Daily Chronicle* of August 24, whence it has been reprinted in a great number of English papers?

"It is," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "of supreme importance that we should ask you now: What are you going to do throughout the struggle and what will you do at the end?" That, sir, is the question which I also, and many thousands of English Liberals and Socialists, will have to put to you fortunate American people, but, as I shall try to explain, in a spirit the exact reverse of that of Mr. Wells.

"We do not"—Mr. Wells is saying to America—"we do not ask for your military help. Keep the peace which it is your unparalleled good fortune to enjoy so securely. *But keep it fairly.*" I have underlined that last sentence because what Mr. Wells calls *keeping the peace fairly* is keeping the peace for the advantage of Britain and to the detriment of Britain's adversary.

Mr. Wells's request falls under two headings. He begs America not to allow the transfer of German merchant ships to the American flag and the use of such naturalized American vessels for the refurnishing of Germany with "war material." Now, sir, I think most American readers may be trusted to know what Mr. Wells appears to ignore, that in time of war neutral vessels are strictly prohibited (indeed, are legally "searched" by belligerents) from carrying material of war to either party engaged, a prohibition which was enforced when the International Arbitration Congress of Geneva awarded the United States a huge compensation for damage done them by Britain's neglect of this prohibition during the war between the Northern and the Southern States. That was the famous Alabama case; and in view of that incident in their history, I think Mr. Wells need scarcely have troubled the American nation to avoid the breach of neutrality thus satisfactorily visited upon the English one. Neither, I suspect, does he really attach much importance to this already provided-against breach of neutrality. It is merely an adjunct, a mechanism for bringing under discussion a very different question, which is not a breach of neutrality at all; indeed, the thing in which America is to show her "fairness" would itself constitute not indeed a breach of international regulations, but a practical, a moral breach of neutrality of a peculiarly atrocious kind. What Mr. Wells is asking of America is exposed under a large-type sub-title: VICTUALLING OUR ENEMIES. This, I know not whether more ingenuously or ingeniously confused with the furnishing of "Contraband of War," is what Mr. Wells is imploring America to desist from. Let not any food supplies reach Germany under the American flag. In plain English: let neutral America lend England and England's allies the most efficacious weapon in all the arsenal of war; the weapon which brought about the surrender of Paris in 1871, and has brought about the surrender of the most indomitable fortresses in every war since the beginning of time and of war: the weapon called *famine* and famine-sprung disease. Let America use and show her neutrality by starving Germany; by reducing, if possible, its inhabitants to the scurvy-stricken and anæmia-undermined creatures I remember still seeing in the streets and shops of Paris in the summer of 1871. Let America use and show her neutrality by putting the fathers and mothers of a nation with whom she is at peace to the most hideous trial which war can impose upon patriotism. Not military help, oh no, Mr. Wells is not asking America for that! He is only asking her to lend him the screw of famine; famine against which, and not for the vain excuses of "international good faith" and the more specious and mendacious catchwords of anti-militarism, this English people (which three weeks ago did not know why she should go to war) is now obliged to fight till the extermination of Germany's naval power.

Sir, I venture to say not only that there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal Mr. Wells has ventured to make in their name; but that the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen, if war excitement and the passion for self-justification allowed them the use of their normal powers of judgment, would send a postscript to Mr. Wells's appeal to America, saying: "Pay no attention to this person; we would never accept the thing he is asking you for." Be that as it may, for War, alas, brings odd revelations of the hidden meanness as well as the credulity and self-righteousness of mankind, be that as it may, I want to use Mr. Wells's excursion into the domain of international law to remind my American readers of one or two facts concerning it. And to ask them whether they think that this present war would have come about (or been blundered and intrigued into) at all, if, so far back as the 'fifties or 'sixties, the British Government had not disclaimed the proposals of all the Continental nations and the counsels of Richard Cobden, if the British Government (backed by the Admiralty) had not constantly and resolutely refused to forego the piratical right of capturing, selling, or sinking an adversary's private and peaceful property by sea. Would this war and the ill-will and mutual distrust at its back have been possible but for that exhausting expenditure in naval armaments of which the blame is now being fastened entirely on Germany, if Germany's Flottenverein and England's Navy League, both sharing so many of their members with the international armament Trusts which build warships and cast guns impartially for Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, had not been able to loosen the unwilling purse-strings of German and English taxpayers by the threat of the commercial annihilation wherewith the *Spectator*, for instance, has for twenty years frightened alternately its own country and the rival one; and by the far worse threat of such national starvation as Mr. H. G. Wells is at present asking America to help in inflicting upon Germany?

These are bygones, some readers may say. But, sir, it is well to remember our responsibilities rather than foist them all upon our (now quite mythical!) adversary; for it is only by such remembrance of the real, the far back and deep down origins of this war, that we can hope to be in the mood, and hope to face the facts, necessary for the preparation of such a peace as shall not be a mere excuse for more war. Far from any such thoughts, what Mr. Wells is trying is to get America to display, and violate, her neutrality by helping to turn Germany into a vast, besieged, and famished fortress. And this he is asking in the name not of English Chauvinism and Imperialism and enviousness and panic. Oh, no; but in the name of democracy, of progress, of anti-militarism, of disarmament, of the idyllic Utopia of a federated Europe (foreshadowed in his own latest novel!) which may be appropriately presided over by the founder of the Hague arbitration, the notoriously peace-loving Czar. I am not misinterpreting Mr. Wells, I assure you. For while formulating over again (and he does so once a week) the myth of a Germany which has to be famished and routed and crushed because that best-administered and best-schooled of all great European nations is a mere silly craven, unwilling instrument of megalomanian (and, at bottom, he tells us, inefficient) insanity called Prussian militarism, he reminds his American readers "that the Czar has restored the freedom of Finland and promised to reunite the torn fragments of Poland into a free kingdom; that—he and England have engaged themselves to respect and protect from each other (!) the autonomy of Norway and Sweden"—and he adds, not perhaps needlessly, "We ask you not to be too cynical about the Czar's promises and to be prepared to help us *and France and him* to see that they become real."

Ah, just so! England, which helped the realization of the Czar's promises to Persia by partitioning her with him and dismissing Mr. Shuster! And France also, of course. France, to whom the *Daily Chronicle* (Mr. Wells's *liberal* organ) attributes a "hidden" liberal influence on Russia during all those years of military alliance and pecuniary aid which have seen the imprisoning of the Duma, the destruction of Finland's liberties, and those pogroms where Russian officials watched the replacing of unborn children by straw bundles in the belly of the Jewish co-religionaries of the French bankers who helped to float the Russian loan. Yes; once the German Minotaur disposed of (not without help from America's neutral fairness), France will, of course,

help England and Russia to democratize and demilitarize the world! I should perhaps share Mr. Wells's belief in this beneficent democratic rôle of our republican neighbor, if born in France, writing its language almost like my own, and fortunate in almost as many French friends as English, I had not watched how, in France's welter of internecine political strife and corrupt parliamentarism and administration ("Il n'y a pas de justice en France," said Mme. Caillaux, and has been acquitted for saying it!) the idea of *Revanche* has been fed up as sole unifying and purifying power even among the former stalwarts of Dreyfusist anti-militarism; if I did not know that the famous "Principles of 1789," for which France is supposed to stand, were being (forgive the French expression!) *conspués*, "spat upon," by the other vast half of French opinion, the Nationalists, Legitimists and neo-mediævalists with their literary representatives from Barrès and Maurras to Claudel. I know too much of France to believe that she can establish in other countries the free and orderly government which she has been unable, despite all her genius and her "principles," to obtain for herself. Moreover, I cannot believe that France will give efficient (as distinguished from verbal) aid against militarism and self-aggrandizing intrigue, since reading a little book of diplomatic documents (E. D. Morel's "Morocco in Diplomacy," Smith, Elder, 1912), showing how, as a result of the Entente, and especially in 1911, England has abetted France's military annexation of Morocco in the teeth of treaties far more recent (Algeciras, 1906) than the Belgian neutrality one, to respect which Mr. Asquith told us we declared war on Germany. On the other hand, I know enough of Germany, of liberal, Socialistic, anti-Prussian South Germany, to know also that the militarist and absolutist predominance of the Kingdom of Prussia would have diminished automatically, nay, that Prussia herself would have obtained a less antiquated constitution, had there existed a condition of security from without; and, similarly, that this Prussian predominance will be automatically reinforced whenever, as in 1813 and 1870, Germany is confronted with danger or interference from without. And indeed all reliable accounts (for instance, those of Mr. Dudley Ward after the declaration of war by England) show us not the revolution against Prussia which delighted Mr. Wells's liberal English readers (*Daily Chronicle*, August 7), but all German nationalities and parties marching shoulder to shoulder against the long-dreaded aggression of Russia, the long-suspected *Revanche* of France, and the "inconceivable" (the words are Professor Harnack's) "English betrayal of Western civilization into the hands of Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism."

Mr. Wells bids us believe that no hands can be safer; let us hope he may be right, for in those hands—at least in the Czar's—western Europe, not only Germany, but France and England, seems at present to be.

One more point. Sir, Mr. Wells has begun his appeal for America's neutral coöperation through starvation of our adversary with a splendid array of flattery. Those fine speeches about America's superiority may, I trust (though in the opposite sense from Mr. Wells's), prove deserved. For myself, and the anti-Government English Liberals in whose name I know myself to be speaking, the finest tribute to America's superiority is in Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot." Or, rather, it is not in a work of imagination, but a recital of plain fact, Mary Antin's "Promised Land," which describes how a Russian Jewish family found the status of modern human beings in America after escaping from the dominions of that recent convert to liberalism, the peace-loving Czar. In the light of what Americans have had opportunity of learning from thousands of once miserable and now happy creatures such as that Russian-American Jewess describes, I trust that Americans will not only decline Mr. Wells's invitation to starve Germany, but also continue (despite his assurances) to be skeptical about the liberation of Finland and Poland and (presumably) of such members of the Duma as are at present in Siberia; let alone remaining skeptical about the democratic and anti-militarist "united states of Europe," which shall arise once we are delivered of that mythological, fire-and-poison breathing monster, Prussia.

My reasons, sir, for expressing these two seemingly unpatriotic wishes (it is anti-patriotic not to identify one's country with a momentary majority) are as follows: first, that there is a large though now silenced section of English Liberals (even a parliamentary group) who have long denounced in the Anglo-Russian alliance not only the perpetrator of the dishonorable partition of Persia, but also the constant instigator of French, and through French, English hostility against Germany, the direct or indirect originator of those informal promises, those debts of honor, those "commitments," which have brought to this atrocious and senseless end all the attempts at an Anglo-Franco-German rapprochement which would have automatically undermined Prussian militarism by rendering it unnecessary for Germany's self-defence.

And, secondly, sir, I wish to express these opinions which can no longer be expressed in the Liberal papers of my own country, because like Mr. Wells (but again in a different sense) I also hope that America, in the person of the only great and blameless statesman of our day, may help to end this war. But help to end it not by destroying Germany and driving her to military reorganization (as after Jena) and *revanche*, but in staying the hand of covetousness, of race enmity, and of fear; the hand, also, I am sorry to say, of such idealistic, utopistic, mythopœic self-righteousness as has led Mr. Wells to ask America to deprive Germany of food for the speedier coming of the kingdom and peace and good will upon earth. VERNON LEE.

99 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, London, S. E., August 26.

THE WAR AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been fortunate in receiving the *Nation* since the war began, and I have been glad to have the views of your valuable paper on the European crisis. It occurs to me that perhaps you may find space for a few words showing the way certain elements in the situation strike an American in Europe.

In consideration of the moral principle involved, I should think that, in spite of the neutrality of our Government, it would be difficult to prevent mass meetings being held at home to protest against the unwarranted German aggressions and German atrocities. It is barbarism let loose, and European civilization, at least, is at stake. What does the United States stand for if not for the upholding of civilization against barbarism, of treaties, and of free states? Every generous-minded person in the world must be crying out against the aggressor and the oppressor! Think of Alsace-Lorraine! of Zabern! of Poland! And now think of Belgium. I wish more of America's feelings in the matter reached our ears on this side. A friend tells me that she has received letters from home saying that we favor the German cause. I was surprised, too, to learn in the *Nation* of August 13 that communications had been received from German sympathizers calling attention to the German justification of the war. Nothing could be better than your reply, but it is hard to believe that any German sympathizer can be an American citizen. Is it not possible that such correspondents are, as in England and elsewhere, paid emissaries of the German Government? For those of German origin in America, as well as those derived from other nations, came to our shores to enjoy the benefits of freedom. Even now in England, under pretended signatures, letters are being sent to the papers the authors of which cannot be found, and which are recognized as being only examples of the contemptible means employed by Germany to cheat the world.

I do not believe that honest American citizens of German extraction countenance the so-called justification put forth by the German Government and her writers. I believed at first with many others, that the military caste was responsible for the war, and I imagined that there would be a revolution and that the Kaiser—who long ago held up the Huns as an example to his army, likening himself with pride to Attila—and his house once disposed of, there would be an end to it, but the Kaiser's military advisers have been supported, inspired even, by the German professors, who represent the "culture" of which we have heard so much, as well as by the commercial classes. If barbarism should again conquer civilization, we in America must be adversely affected, and it should not be forgotten that France, England, and Russia are fighting for us just as Belgium fought for them.

HELEN CLERGUE.

London, September 3.

WHAT THIS WAR MEANS FOR AMERICA'S FUTURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I write to express my hearty agreement with the judgments of your recent editorials on German militarism. I trust that the American people as a whole will perceive the truth as you state it.

But I have noted one important omission—a forecast of the result of triumphant German militarism upon the United States' interests and ideals. It would be direct and fateful.

Let me state the inexorable logic of it in four postulates:

(1.) The triumph of Germany would make that country sole master on the Continent. The plans of German dynastic imperialism, openly avowed by its champions, such as Gen. Bernhardi, are well known. A Pan-German Union would bond together Germany (with its dependencies Belgium, Netherlands, Denmark, and Poland), Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan States, as a military unit. France, Russia, England, and Italy would be reduced to the negligible military status which Spain now occupies. Any important policy upon which German imperialism might

set its mind would be always as good as achieved.

(2.) This control would be, in essence, one of force—that is, of force as the latent threat and sanction for every diplomatic demand. Concerts, congresses, negotiations, treaties, would be more or less of a polite form. Germany would have proved that superior brute force is the final test of all disputes—not reason nor mutual debate; and the possessor of that ultimate force would be Germany. The will of Germany—such would be the only standard for international welfare. And that will would be always an aggressive, meddling one, as well as a self-righteous one, secure in its own conceit of ever-justness, and its own mission to govern the world, and intolerant of other wisdom or other fancied rights and interests.

(3.) Germany would soon turn Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and South Brazil into colonies or dependencies, flying the German flag. This is a necessary and avowed part of its ambition to succeed England as the colonial Empire of the 1900s, as well as of its delusion that commercial world-greatness is dependent on political enlargement of territory. The German populations of those countries would effect the needed revolutions within five years after Germany's triumph in the present war.

The Monroe Doctrine would be shattered thereby. Whether it is a sound doctrine or not (and I believe it to have been and to be still the wisest and soundest guarantee for American peaceful living), it would have to be either defended by force or abandoned entirely by 1920.

(4.) A modern republic like ours cannot be successful in war against a military despotism like Germany—especially a Germany when sole master of Europe. Only an enormous increase of fleet and standing army could give us the slightest hope of success. But, for preparing them, there must be ample Congressional debate and an open conversion of public opinion. And the moment such preparations were publicly sanctioned, German imperial ambition would take care to pick the necessary quarrel, before we could be ready to fight on equal terms; and the Hohenzollern would correctly expect to dictate his terms of peace at the White House, and to collect on Wall Street his ransom for not destroying New York.

What would be our situation then?

Either we must be torn, convulsed, and ruined by a long defensive war, with a part of our foreign-blood citizenship taking sides for the foreign dictator, and with ultimate defeat never in real doubt; or we must expect to purchase immunity, for at least a generation or two, by a humiliating subserviency to Germany's diplomatic demands. It was the haughty and insolent domineering of Gage's and Braddock's military officers which ground into the feelings of the American colonists, and supplied the resentful emotional basis for our war of independence. Prussian militaristic diplomacy will exceed anything that ever offended us in England's long past days of George III. I do not care to contemplate the necessary plight of America's diplomacy after 1920, when it has to face the demands of German self-righteous imperialism, in the inevitable clashing of interests between Germany and the United States in world-commerce and on the Monroe Doctrine. I should hope to be dead rather than be an American citizen under those conditions.

The truth is that the world, until now, was solidly on its way to the habitual settlement of its conflicting interests through reason and mutual persuasion. Superior reasoning and moral power were coming into their rightful place as the arbiters of disputes. But now Germany, hag-ridden by militarism, would substitute brute force. And this brute force, as the instrument of a self-righteous aggressive ambition, means the doom of genuine diplomacy for other nations. And America's only real strength is in diplomacy, *i. e.*, brains and moral power. In a clash between the two, brute force will win, and win brutally.

That is why the possibility of a German triumph comes directly home to us. To me, the prospect seems fateful for American destinies.

I do not say for one moment that this nation should at this time contemplate anything but official neutrality. But I do say that no American can afford to shut his eyes to the inevitable future which one issue of this war would signify for himself and for his children.

J. H. W.

Chicago, September 6.

THE EVOLUTION OF MT. DESERT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late E. L. Godkin has given in one of his essays a very interesting description of the evolution of an American summer resort. The fidelity of the description leaves no doubt that the resort that he had in mind was Bar Harbor. He relates the original discovery of the place by a few cultivated nature-lovers, who, charmed with its natural beauty, put up with the discomforts of boarding with a farmer or fisherman. Later others arrive, and the farmer enlarges his house, which eventually becomes a primitive hotel. Shortly a real hotel is built, and the number of frequenters increases, while a few enthusiasts build very simple cottages. Now the hotel life has become considerably developed, and fashionable people begin to come. Still there are no dress-suits, and the indigenous buckboard suffices for driving. Then there sets in the period of the millionaire's cottage, and the hotel life begins to wane. The original discoverers have long since had to move on because of the rising scale of prices, and the original simplicity of the place is lost. This period was reached about twenty-five years ago at Bar Harbor, and here Mr. Godkin's description ends.

Would that the talented writer had been spared to write the next and possibly the last chapter of Bar Harbor, or to enlarge the theme of Mt. Desert. Would that I had his literary skill, to take up the tale, but with all due apologies allow me to add a few observations on the more recent development of this famous resort, or chain of resorts. Philosophers tell us that the development of the child is an epitome of the development of the race, and the same phenomenon may be seen here, in that the different villages on the Island are now showing the successive stages of the development of Bar Harbor. But to come first to the last stage. To those who have known Mt. Desert for forty years, the changes are remarkably interesting, though not all desirable. Thirty years ago, the Rodick House, famous in song and story, raised its lank yellow-ochred form above lesser erections, and dominated the scene by its sheer ugliness, a monument of the pre-architectural period in New England. This hotel gradually sank into ruin, and was pulled down some years since, together with its contemporaries the Grand Central and West End. Minute traces of their existence may be found by the antiquarian in the form of buildings out of sight and degraded to lower purposes. There remain now only three or four hotels in Bar Harbor, of which all but one are situated inland, where there is no possible view of the water. They are mostly tenanted by the middle class of fashionable people, namely, those who have dress-suits, but are not invited by the cottagers. For the life of Bar Harbor is now in the millionaires' cottages. They are exclusive to a point that renders them no longer desirable to the native. The main street, developed to meet urban needs, is now unmatched for ugliness anywhere. Wooden barrack-like shops, in which post-card photographers alternate with branches of New York emporiums and fruit stands, tempt the passer-by, but the cottagers do not need the buckboards, as they keep their own carriages, and prefer to buy in the cities. And so there has come the passage of the summit, and Bar Harbor seems to be running down. The country club, the building of arts, the concerts where musicians mostly with Russian names give high-priced concerts, the swimming pool where a symphony orchestra dispenses classical music, have not been enough to hold the gilded throng; and so the controversy over automobiles has been engendered. The "natives" want them, the "rusticators" of the old sort do not. Last year the auto-party won. This has resulted in bringing a new class, namely, the automobile week-enders or extreme transients. As automobilists drip money as they do gasolene, this has enlivened the hopes of the natives, but it has dampened those of the cottagers. For this or some other reason, many of the cottages have not been opened this summer.

Another phenomenon particular to this country may also be seen. A millionaire dies, and there being no entail, perhaps no one of the children is able to maintain the place, which goes into the market. And whereas the Ocean Drive and the drive to Hull's Cove are still perhaps the finest in the country, at any rate in the East, and remind one decidedly of the Cornice and the eastern Riviera, one is obliged to ask himself whether the doom of Bar Harbor has not sounded.

But while Bar Harbor is in its senescence, Northeast Harbor is in its full maturity. Here hotel and cottage life co-exist. There is a sleek and prosperous air, the ladies wear modish gowns, the gentlemen "ice-cream pants." Yachting is merrily indulged in, while at Bar Harbor it is nearly over. The other day, on inquiring for a row-boat at Bar Harbor, I was offered the choice of just three. At Northeast any day will see a lively race of knockabouts, while trampers swarm over the mountains. At Seal Harbor the same circumstances prevail, with decidedly more millionaires' cottages. Between Seal and Bar Harbor the coast is high and bold, with no anchorage, and we find villas of elderly professors and of widows of famous people. They look out, but do not get wet. Now cross over Somes's Sound, which cleaves the island into the shape of an oyster shell, and you come to Southwest Harbor, which is Bar Harbor of thirty-five years ago. The hotels are simple, the people love nature.

Here we encounter the fish business as a live issue, and gulls hang continually over the magnificent harbor, fit to hold the English navy. Cross the harbor, and in the little village of Manset (the United States Post Office's christening for the picturesque Mauset), and you find the Bar Harbor of forty years ago. No dress-suits here, no ice-cream trousers, but only people who love the sea, the long line of mountains, here seen to perfection, and who fear not wet nor fatigue. For fifty cents they can reach Bar Harbor, which they hold in contempt, and visit the interned Kronprinzessin Cecilie. Cottages here are almost non-existent, except the native variety. But mark how the development of civilization makes exact repetition impossible. For now we are in the realm of gasolene. The motor boat is with us, and comfort has fled before convenience. Ten years ago this place at night was so still that a cricket could be heard a quarter of a mile away. But what is a lodge in some vast wilderness when gasolene exists? At three every morning the noise of a battery of machine guns, or of a dozen riveters, as you prefer the warlike or peaceful simile, murders sleep with the effectiveness of Macbeth, as the fisherman blithely takes his outward way. It is said that the motor boat has added ten years to the life of the fisherman, as he could row a dory until he was sixty, but with the power-boat he can pull his trawls at seventy. At the above-mentioned hour one wishes to Invent something that will subtract ten or more years from the life of the fisherman. Of course, there is a law requiring mufflers. But this grand State of Maine, mother of heroes and statesmen, is a fine place for the non-enforcement of law. What shall we do? I suspect that the cynical and practical thing to do is to ascertain the comparative value to the community of the fishing and the summer tourist business. I do not speak by the card, but I guess that the leading industry of Maine is lumbering, the second summer visitors, the third seafaring. The moralist may inquire why it is that people possessing advantages are not content to enjoy them without disregarding the rights of others. Why cannot the automobilist enjoy himself without killing and maiming his fellow-men, or splitting their ears with his snorts and Klaxon horns? Perhaps gasolene has endowed man with new vices. We now have it in the air above (an aviator dropped in here this week), on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. May I take such liberty with Shakespeare as to declare that

> It was great pity, so it was,
> That villainous naphtha should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly!

But I digress. There still remain charming portions of this beautiful isle which the sign of the real-estate man has not desecrated, and there are hundreds of miles of woodland trails where one can almost forget the war in Europe. And although every year one finds new spaces laid waste by the axe, the mountains still render appropriate the exclamation of Champlain, when he called it the *Isle des Monts Déserts*. Desert, yes, but heavily forested, and destined for many years to be the health-giving playground for a large part of this country.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Manset, Mt. Desert, September 6.

Literature

LEE'S MILITARY PROGRAMME.

The Strategy of Robert E. Lee. By J. J. Bowen. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. $2 net.

The title of this work expresses a little more and a little less than the subject matter. The book scarcely touches upon the strategy of Gen. Lee outside of Virginia, making no mention of his unsuccessful campaign in West Virginia, of his influence as military adviser of the President, or of his services as general-in-chief of the Confederate forces; on the other hand, it includes operations in which he took no part, directly or indirectly. The work is divided into eighteen chapters grouped to form four parts. Of the eight chapters in part i, only the last chapter, Manassas to Seven Pines, relates to generalship for which Lee was responsible.

According to the author, the guiding principle of Lee's strategy was, not to end the war, either by defeating the Federal armies or by taking Washington, but to prolong it by threatening Washington; and his object in thus prolonging it was to wear out the North. He does not contend that the Confederates were at any time capable of taking Washington. The movements against it were to be mere demonstrations. There are thus two points to his thesis: (1) The object of prolonging the war by threatening Washington; (2) the idea of wearing out the North.

Let us examine them separately. It is generally regarded as poor generalship to base a plan upon the assumption that the enemy will do what one wants him to do. But peculiar conditions made a signal exception to this rule with respect to Washington. What advantage was taken of this fact by Gen. Lee?

In May, 1862, Stonewall Jackson's pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley caused McDowell's corps to be withheld from McClellan on the Peninsula, but the author ascribes no credit for this movement to Gen. Lee. On the contrary, he quotes Lee as writing to Jackson (April 25, 1862):

> I cannot pretend, at this distance, to direct operations depending on circumstances unknown to me and requiring the exercise of discretion as to time and execution.

This is hardly fair to Lee, who wrote to Jackson (May 16):

> Whatever may be Banks's intention, it is very desirable to prevent him from going either to Fredericksburg or the Peninsula . . . A successful blow struck at him would delay, if it does not prevent, his moving to either place. . . . Whatever movement you make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful, drive him back toward the Potomac, and create the impression, as far as practicable, that you design threatening that line.

We are told that in 1862 Lee opposed Johnson's withdrawing from the vicinity of the Potomac to the vicinity of Richmond, "advising him to move back towards the Potomac. He thought that if he had done this, McClellan would have been recalled to the defence of Washington." The author's authority for this statement is a work by Col. Mosby, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," in which Mosby states that he got it from Gen. Lee, dining with him at his headquarters six weeks before the surrender at Appomattox. Lee could not, in this matter, have assumed a sagacity he did not possess; he was incapable of intentional misrepresentation. But he may have erred in his recollection of what he said or did three years before. Granted that this is barely possible, that whatever he said to Col. Mosby was probably so, Mosby may have misunderstood or misreported him. For it is not Lee's, but Mosby's, representations that we are considering, not what Mosby repeated at the time, but what he wrote, apparently from memory, forty-three years afterwards, when he was seventy-five years of age. This story of his, though not without interest and historical value, cannot by itself be accepted as conclusive evidence. The same may be said of the following comment on it by the author:

> Thus early in the game did Lee realize that the only hope of Confederate success lay in keeping the army out of the last ditch, and that the only way in which that could be done was to threaten Washington.

In the second Manassas campaign, August, 1862, Lee withdrew from the Peninsula, leaving McClellan there, and attacked Pope, who was covering Washington. "He thought," says the author, "the move would threaten Washington and draw McClellan away from Richmond." It may be assumed that he thought it would threaten Washington, but that this was his object in making it, and that he expected it to have any effect upon McClellan, are not to be assumed, but to be determined, if at all, by declarations emanating from Lee himself and before the event. The author is free, not to say lavish, in his quotations. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that about half of his book is made up of them. In his chapter Second Manassas he quotes abundantly from the official records to prove that Lee's operations against Pope caused the withdrawal of McClellan from the Peninsula, but not a line in support of his dictum that this was the object with which they were undertaken. For aught that the author says and proves, Lee's object in turning against Pope may have been to encourage McClellan to remain in front of Richmond, and by defeating Pope to insure himself against interference from that direction on his returning to attack McClellan.

For both the Antietam campaign and the Gettysburg campaign he adduces evidence in Lee's own words, before the event, showing that he favored an invasion of Northern territory with a view, in the former case, of "threatening the approaches to Washington, . . . carrying the enemy north of the Potomac"; and in the latter, of preventing an "advance upon Richmond" that

should force Lee back "within the intrenchments of that city."

By 1864 the preponderance of the Army of the Potomac over the Army of Northern Virginia compelled Lee to leave the initiative to Grant. On February 3 he wrote to President Davis:

> If I could draw Longstreet secretly and rapidly to me, I might succeed in forcing Gen. Meade back to Washington, and exciting sufficient apprehension at least for their position to weaken any movement against ours.

This letter shows, as the author says, "that if Lee had been strong enough he would [in 1864] have repeated his strategy of 1862 and 1863." Grant's advance into the Wilderness restricted Lee to the protection of Richmond, his principal source of supplies as well as the capital of the Confederacy. The only attempt made thereafter against Washington was Early's dash, which caused the withdrawal of Wright's corps from in front of Richmond, but had no appreciable effect on the Federal dispositions in general. The author implies that Lee did not expect from it any material relaxation of Grant's hold upon Richmond. "Lee's tangible reason," he says, "for sending Early to threaten Washington was to induce Grant to repeal Cold Harbor." He quotes Lee as saying (on what occasion or at what date does not appear): "It is so repugnant to Grant's principles and practice to send troops from him that I had hoped, before resorting to it, he would have preferred attacking me." The author hereupon remarks:

> Another Cold Harbor at that time might have resulted in the triumph of the peace party, and Lee was mindful of the necessity of doing anything "honorable to aid that party."

This brings us to a consideration of the idea which the author attributes to Gen. Lee, of wearing out the North. There is not in his work an utterance or statement of Gen. Lee's to show that he ever entertained that idea. The author's line of reasoning on this point is embraced in the following passages:

> Lee was not a provincial Southerner. He had been in the United States army all his life and his home was at Washington. He realized from the first what he had to contend with. He knew that his resources in men and material would not enable him to conquer independence on Northern soil. Therefore his only alternative was to prolong the war until the North should get tired of it. . . . All his strategy, involving desperate movements and battles, was designed to accomplish this one object and nothing more (p. 88). . . . He realized from the first that the only hope of success was in prolonging the war (p. 233).

We are convinced that Lee's general idea was to prolong the war; we admit that he did not, at Antietam or at Gettysburg, or elsewhere, think of winning Southern independence on Northern soil; but we do not see in the author's representations any proof that Lee ever thought of wearing out the North, or, in fact, of bringing the Southern insurrection in any way to a successful conclusion.

His comments on the separate campaigns are interesting and suggestive, if not always convincing. He goes too far in his commendation when he undertakes to prove that Lee was prepared for Hooker's march to Chancellorsville. Preparation for being outmanœuvred as Lee was by Hooker's getting to Chancellorsville before him seems a contradiction in terms.

No proof or authority is vouchsafed for the statement that, in the early part of the campaign of Gettysburg, Lee knew that "Hooker's instructions were to keep always in view the safety of Washington and Harper's Ferry." The author disapproves of Longstreet's proposed flank march around Meade's left, on account of Lee's inferiority in numbers and the lack of concealment, and repeats the familiar charge against Longstreet of disloyalty to Lee on the third day. "Lee's plans," he says, "had gone awry through Longstreet's delay just as on the 2d." But he does not specify, still less establish, the hour at which Longstreet should have advanced, either on the second or on the third.

The work is illustrated with twenty-two portraits, among which are four of Gen. Lee, and one of the author, besides a picture of Valentine's recumbent statue of Gen. Lee. There is no index, and no map. We note as errata: (p. 43), "direction" for "discretion"; (p. 85), "Allen" for "Allan"; (p. 160), "Brook" for "Brooke."

CURRENT FICTION.

Saturday's Child. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Gifted with something of her famous brother-in-law's talent for realism, Mrs. Norris's story is genuine in stuff, unvarnished in handling. To an unartificial mirroring of the heroine's day-by-day life everything is subordinated. The style is careless; the workmanship upon details of construction is without the slightest artistic rounding. The humdrum conversation of Susan Brown, the humdrum incidents that befall this $30-a-month San Francisco bookkeeper, we accept because character and action have the breath of reality. Yet it is not to be concluded that "Saturday's Child" is without the effects of a larger plot. In brief, the story has three main episodes: the orphan Susan's transient acquaintance with a rich wastrel who comes to work up to a managing position in the office; her affair with an Eastern literary man whose fascination for her, deliberately brought to bear in spite of his married state, is a severe temptation; and her final achievement of a home with a plain, sturdy worker of her own class. The narrative is never uninteresting, though Mrs. Norris has needlessly overburdened its end with her gospel of house and family as the great end of life. Its stenographic fidelity, and the sincere conception of a full stage of characters—more sincere with women than men—make a novel much above the average.

The Lay Anthony. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This first novel is hardly the epoch-making work which the enthusiastic Mr. Kennerley, in his signed announcement of it, would adroitly lead us to suppose, but it is a book of considerable promise. The author has a delicate fancy, genuine power of characterization, and a happy discrimination between essentials and non-essentials. His English would be improved by the avoidance of some affectations. The theme of the story is in these days so refreshingly unusual as almost to deserve to be called original, for, with frequent opportunities for plunging his hero into the mire, the author prefers to keep him unspotted. More amazing still, the temptation is avoided of describing with surplusage of detail the particular kinds of mire which the hero refrains from entering. The author describes his story as a romance, but it is really more of an allegory. Anthony, a typical hobble-dehoy of a small American town, is Youth experiencing the tempest of his own passions, and Eliza Dreen, a charming if somewhat elusive figure, who demands from the man she will love a single virtue above all others, may be interpreted as Chastity. Anthony sallies forth, as Youth must, in quest of adventure, and the story is simply the tale of his temptations and his constancy to the almost mystical Eliza. The arrangement is episodic, and by far the best writing in the book is in the chapters that tell of Anthony's sojourn with an old biologist and his daughter. The biologist, absent-minded and absorbed in his scientific passion, is a familiar figure, but the daughter, Annot, is a real creation, and it is the delineation of this delightful character that most encourages us to look with interest for future work from Mr. Hergesheimer's pen. The conclusion of the story, bearing out the allegory, is ingenious, but somewhat lacking in art.

Granite. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The granite soil of Devonshire, rough mother of strong men who nurse strong passions—such is the setting of Mr. Trevena's latest story. Drink is the particular evil he is concerned with, and the besotted community of Dartmoor is his particular instance. Mark Yeo, born among strong men and heavy drinkers, is himself a physical weakling and keenly alive to the degradation about him. He feels that his mission is to war against the great evil. His homely, untrained, and unauthorized ministrations are vain; he must have the authority of the church behind him. The church refuses him ordination because of his lowly birth; but he forces his way into the ministry by way of Canada. Returning to England, he resumes the struggle, and after five years dies, successful in conquering his own desires, but having made little headway

against the granite perversities of his neighbors. For a contrast to Mark Yeo we have Gerard Spiller, ordained clergyman, who sets out with lofty ideals on the same mission, but is ensnared, falls, and takes to preaching unmeaning doctrine prescribed by his superiors. He succumbs to drink and builds up a barrier of lies between himself and the girl who loves him and whom Mark Yeo loves. Sharp characterization, analysis, and a gift of dramatic narrative—these things Mr. Trevena has. His minor personages stand out well: Old Yeo, who lived and thought in terms of granite; Vid, the usurer; Caleb Starke, miser, who swallows his own gold to save it from imaginary thieves; Patience, his daughter and victim; the croquet-playing minister; Squire Vivian, who desires no evil, but cannot abstain from conjuring with other people's souls to their degradation. All are vivid with the life of strong passions; all are tainted with a poison for which Mr. Trevena can offer no sure antidote.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SYNDICALISM.

The World of Labour. By G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The New Unionism. By André Tridon. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Syndicalism and the General Strike. By Arthur D. Lewis. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Syndicalism. By J. Ramsay Macdonald. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

One need not be a disciple of Nietzsche to see the force of his plea for a "revaluation of all values." The events of the last few weeks have made such a revaluation necessary. The reappraisal has already gone far enough to convince the world that the interests of the whole of mankind are paramount to those of any class, that law is better than anarchy, that peace is preferable to war, that reason is a safer guide than instinct.

Hence it has obtained a new perspective on syndicalism, whose whole creed may be summed up in the word "instinct." It is one of the paradoxes of history that many, probably most, of the great instinctive movements of the past may be traced back to the preachings of intellectuals. Even Wat Tyler's rebellion had such an origin; for John Ball was a priest. Froissart calls him a "mad priest," but his sermons stamp him as no madder than Karl Marx or Georges Sorel. "Good people," he cried, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common." One of the rhymes to which his preaching gave birth contained the phrase, "Help truth, and truth shall help you." M. Sorel might fittingly have used these words as a text for his whole discourse. Sorel is mentioned in this connection because he is, above all, the philosopher of syndicalism. He is, however, only one of many from the bourgeoisie who have identified themselves with this cause. The syndicalist movement has from its inception, as Mr. Spargo reminds us, been remarkable for the zeal with which it has been espoused by successful lawyers, college professors, and journalists. The influence of most of these, even of Sorel himself, may not be great with the proletarians, but their names have done much to give the cause a standing, and in not a few instances they have had a voice in framing definite lines of action.

Syndicalism may therefore be called a philosophy, though most of its adherents know little and care less about it in that guise. The five works whose titles appear at the head of this review make sufficiently clear what that philosophy is. Briefly, syndicalism's aim is the abolition of the capitalist system; its method is "direct action," and its chief weapon is the general strike. This position has not been reached at a jump. Mr. Cole says that the progress of Labor was beautifully resolved into the gradual evolution of a harmony divinely preestablished by the Fabian Society in the early 'nineties. The history of the recent intellectual unrest is, in great measure, the sign that Labor "has at last used up the inspiration of the early Fabians, and is turning elsewhere for light—to what is vaguely called Syndicalism, from what Mr. Punch has named 'Sidneywebbicalism.'" Mr. Spargo shows us how far the syndicalists have got away from Karl Marx. They accept the catastrophic theory that capitalism will fall with a crash and a new social order be raised in its stead. This whole concept is, however, utopian and anti-Marxian.

Three of our authors, Mr. Cole, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Tridon, discuss syndicalism amiably, and not without sympathy. Mr. Spargo, a pronounced Marxian and a keen disputant, is frankly antagonistic. So also is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who has the faculty of making a phrase do the work of a paragraph, and do it effectively. When he says that the syndicalist is poles asunder from the Socialist in method, and that "method counts for everything in the process of social change," we are better content than if he had multiplied words. Whatever his personal views may be, each of these five writers is perfectly fair in his statement of the syndicalist's point of view. On one fact they are all agreed: syndicalism stands for instinct as opposed to reason.

This being the case, it would be surprising if we did not come across Bergson's name in this discussion. Mr. Cole alludes to the *élan vital* of the Bergsonians, and says that M. Bergson's assertion of instinct as the equal of reason takes on a political aspect which he certainly did not foresee—Sorel has converted the free-will controversy into a political question. "Bergson," declares Mr. Macdonald, "is Sorel's master—and with Bergson stands Nietzsche, with his superman at his elbow." Mr. Lewis maintains that Sorel was a Bergsonite before he read Bergson: "You will note at once how both rejoice in trusting to the unknown, the not-reasoned-out." In expounding Sorel, he makes him say that when a mass of people make up their minds to act upon the world, when a *social* myth is present in the consciousness of *all of them*, they actually succeed in influencing their environment, just as the individual consciousness influences its body; and he adds that Bergsonians will note the Bergsonism of this. It would be easy in the same way to connect M. Bergson with the present European war, which represents perhaps the greatest triumph of instinct over reason in all history.

The European war has affected syndicalism, as it has affected everything else—there has been a general dislocation. The mechanism of exchange may eventually be reconstructed along old lines, political activities may conceivably resume something of their former appearance, but it may be a long time before instinct is again able to dethrone reason on an extensive scale. A few weeks ago syndicalism was a live issue. To-day, it looks archaic, and for that reason we view it with a better sense of proportion. Formerly, we studied it as an interesting thing in itself; henceforth we are bound to consider it as only one of many clashing issues of the past, which may or may not enlist the world's serious attention in the future.

A MALIGNED COURT.

The Rise and Fall of the High Commission. By Roland G. Usher. New York: Oxford University Press. $5 net.

Apparently there has never been a serious doubt in the minds of historical writers in the past that the High Commission, which played so important a part in the reigns of the late Tudors and the early Stuarts, deserved the fate that finally befell it in 1641. Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," wrote that its members "sported themselves in all the wanton acts of tyranny and oppression till their very name became odious to the whole nation"; and Hallam lent the weight of his influence to this view, when he characterized their procedure as "so repugnant to the rules of our English law and to the principles of natural equity that no species of ecclesiastical tyranny seems to have excited so much indignation." Though no history of the Commission and its work had been written and no sufficient knowledge had been obtained whereon to base such sweeping assertions, writers have been content to repeat with varying emphasis these condemnatory statements.

To examine into the truth or untruth of this widely accepted verdict was a worthy but difficult task. The records of the Commission have almost entirely disappeared. That they have been accidentally lost seems improbable. Registry books, act books, immense files of pleadings and lawyers' briefs, and bales and sacks of miscellaneous papers do not, as a rule, vanish without leaving more than a bare remnant behind. The most likely explanation of this wholesale disappearance is that the records were deliberately destroyed by order of the Long Parlia-

ment shortly before 1645, the date of Laud's trial, since when they have never been seen or heard of. Laud's condemnation was decreed beforehand, and papers that might lead to his vindication could not be suffered to remain. He, therefore, who would write the history of the Commission must depend upon indirect evidence. To construct a trustworthy and continuous story of an institution that in one form or another lasted for a century from sources other than its own records, seems almost like making bricks without straw.

Though Dr. Usher began his task before he had written the "Reconstruction of the English Church," published in 1910, he has delayed its completion until he might profit by the knowledge acquired in the investigation of the larger subject. The result is a work definitive in character, admirably compact, direct, and scholarly. As a piece of historical synthesis, it is much more successful than the larger publication, for it is better proportioned and less verbose. In its conclusions it is convincing, and in style is well written and forcible. There is, at times, as the author himself confesses, a provoking vagueness about the actual activities of the Commission itself, but this occasional lack of clear-cut and definite lines in the picture is due to the material available for its restoration and not to any uncertainty of thought in the mind of the writer.

The High Commission had its origin in a body of men appointed in 1535 by Henry VIII to establish the royal supremacy in causes ecclesiastical. Henry, having taken to himself powers formerly exercised by the Pope, needed some instrument for enforcing these powers, and delegated authority to various commissions for this purpose. Similar commissions were appointed by Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Thus the Commission was at first merely an executive contrivance for ferreting out and punishing departures from the established religious order. Dr. Usher concludes that during this early period of its history, when it was largely controlled by the Privy Council, its actions were often arbitrary and oppressive. After 1580, when for the first time it can rightly be called an ecclesiastical court, and was largely independent of executive control, its methods, though objectionable from the modern standpoint, were not tyrannical, and its punishments were not immoderate. After 1611, when by the patent of that year its jurisdiction and procedure were more exactly defined, there is nothing to show harshness or illegality. The Commissioners never "arrested men silently, condemned them secretly, and immured them in some dungeon, so that friends only knew that they had disappeared," as the Puritans charged. They did not act as a body of inquisitioners; their business chiefly concerned matters of a disciplinary or matrimonial nature, and heresy and schism, which were not necessarily concerned with either Roman Catholics or Puritans, did not often come before them. Only 5 per cent. of the cases with which they dealt were originated by themselves; 80 per cent. were ordinary disputes between party and party, brought voluntarily before the court for settlement. No Commissioner ever made money out of his office, and charges of bribery and excessive fees, if sustained, arose from the practices of the advocates, proctors, and clerks of the court, which were characteristic of all courts of that day. Delays were due, not to the Commissioners, but to the litigants themselves, who had the seventeenth-century idea that the best way to win a suit was "to tire out an adversary by delays and to ruin him by court charges." Dr. Usher's general conclusion may profitably be compared with the assertions of Neal and Hallam cited above:

> Few things impress the student of the records of the Commission more than the superabundance of evidence testifying to the consistent care and effort shown by the Commissioners that their powers should be exercised with equity, moderation, and absolute fairness, and that their procedure should be free from undue delay, expense, and vexation. That these ends should have been perfectly attained was not to have been expected, but the Commissioners, from the time of Aylmer to the days of Laud, certainly seem to have striven to obviate as far as possible the evils of the administration then apparent in the Commission, in common with all the other courts of the realm.

Whence has arisen the ill repute of the Commission and why was it abolished by act of the Long Parliament in 1641? In the first place, the High Commission was a prerogative court, and its procedure was that of the civil and not the common law. The common-law judges, notably Coke, attacked it vehemently in the reign of James I, endeavoring to destroy the efficacy of its procedure and to impeach its jurisdiction. In weighing the merits of the legal argument, Dr. Usher finds for the Commission and against Coke, whom he charges with unscrupulousness and bad faith. Coke's attack failed, but it played into the hands of the Puritans, who since the days of Elizabeth had charged the Commission with illegality and oppressiveness. Thus, in the second place, the court was attacked because it performed the disciplinary work of the church and dealt with sectaries and the holders of conventicles. In the trial of these men the court employed forms of procedure that were characteristic of all prerogative courts of that period, but are obnoxious to present-day notions. The Commissioners did their best to eradicate abuses, but their hands were tied. Tradition and custom were against them. All prerogative courts had outlived their time, and the fault lay not with the Commissioners, but with the institutional order that they represented. To get rid of the High Commission its enemies manufactured evidence against it. Most of the charges, says Dr. Usher, "so loudly trumpeted forth by the Long Parliament and so dramatically insisted upon by Laud's accusers in 1645 at his trial for high treason" were fabricated. The Grand Remonstrance and the act of 1641 abolishing the Commission, like some other great documents in history, are tissues of untruth. Their importance lies in the fact that men believed in them and acted upon them, and so we have another illustration of the significance of untruth in history. "The ideas about the truth held by great bodies of men are far more potent forces in history than the truth itself."

GERMAN CENTRAL AFRICA.

From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile: An Account of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911. By Adolf Friedrich, Duke of Mecklenburg. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The John Winston Co.

The aim of the German Central African Expedition was to make a scientific exploration of certain regions in Africa which were about to come under German influence at the conclusion of the Franco-German negotiations then pending. Its leader was the Duke of Mecklenburg, who two years before was the head of a similar expedition in East Africa, and his staff consisted of eight Germans, four of whom were scientific specialists and one an artist. They separated into different parties for the exploration work, and the book consists of the different leaders' accounts. The Duke's contribution is a description of Lake Tchad and the region just south of it. His companions were the artist, Ernst M. Heims, who describes the journey from the lake to the Niger, and Capt. von Wiese, who took the opposite direction, going up the Ubangi to the Nile. He gives an account of this part of the expedition's work as well as of the journey from the Congo to the lake.

The most interesting in some respects of all the accounts is that of Dr. Shubotz, in which he describes his trip up the Welle River to the Nile. It led him through the home of the okapi, several specimens of which he obtained, and into the Mangbettu country in the far eastern part of the Belgian Congo. Though these people are a cannibal race, and have had but little contact with the outside world, Dr. Shubotz does not hesitate to call them "a highly cultivated people," who possess remarkable architectural genius, and whose pottery, wood-carving, and basket-work far surpass those of any other negro tribe. As an example of their legends and songs which show a love for the beautiful, he gives this verse "taken down at the dictation of an old Mangbettu bard":

> After I have passed away,
> Do not lay me near your dwelling,
> You'll forget me day by day.
> Lay me near the flowing river,
> That the frogs and water birds
> May bewail me there forever.

Dr. Arnold Schultze contributes an account of the German Congo and South Cameroons, "which afforded a rich harvest to the scientist." Some idea of the extent of the investigation undertaken is gained from the fact that the Hamburg Ethnological Museum gave him a list of about a thousand questions, answers to which were

supplied. The concluding chapters are by Dr. J. Mildbraed, describing visits to the Guinea islands, Annobon, and Fernando Po, where he was struck "by the wealth and potentialities afforded by the unusually favorable natural conditions."

The book is a translation of the German work published in 1912, and it is to be regretted that the chapter by Georg Thilenius, giving a summary of the principal scientific results of the expedition, is omitted. The botanical and zoölogical collections were enormous, including 2,900 birds and about 18,000 invertebrates. Only one of the six maps in the original is given. The work of the translator, whose name is withheld, is generally good. The 514 illustrations, largely of the natives, and especially the reproductions in color of the artist, Mr. Heims, add much to the attractiveness and value of the work.

Notes

The authorized biography of the late Lord Strathcona is in preparation by Mr. Beckles Willson and will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "Memories and Milestones," by John Jay Chapman; "Jim," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "Germany and England," by T. A. Cramb, and the second series of William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage."

"The Commodore," by Maud Howard Peterson, will be published next month by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish this month "The Rosie World," by Parker Fillmore, and "American Labor Unions," by Helen Marot.

"Men Around the Kaiser," by Frederick Wile, and "In My Youth" (anonymous) are promised for early publication by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Bamby," by Marjorie Benton Cooke, is announced for publication on September 26 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly reissue Gen. von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War" in a cheaper edition. The same house announces that the second and final volume of Sir George Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox" is in preparation and will appear shortly.

Little, Brown & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Famous War Correspondents," by F. Lauriston Bullard, and "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," by Col. Sir George Aston, K.C.B. A new and revised edition of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," edited by Nathan Haskell Dole, will be issued by the same company on November 6.

Stewart & Kidd Company, of Cincinnati, will publish shortly "Four Plays," translated by Barrett H. Clark. The plays are "The Fossils," by François de Curel; "The Serenade," by Jean Jullien; "Françoise's Luck," by Georges de Porto-Riche; "The Dune," by Georges Ancey.

The following volumes are included in Rand, McNally's announcements of autumn publications: "Europe from a Motor Car," by Russell Richardson; "The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland; "An Outline of Occult Science," by Rudolph Steiner; "When I was Little," by Edith M. Kelley; "Mary Russell Mitford: Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin," edited by Elizabeth Lee; "Where He Dwelt," by Alfred T. Schofield; "Love Songs of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," "Love Songs of Robert and Elizabeth Browning," "Love Songs of William Shakespeare," selected and arranged by Ethel Harris; "Told in the Hills," by Marah Ellis Ryan; "Jacob, the Jew Boy," by Mabel Gifford; "Pocket Guide to the West Indies," by Algernon E. Aspinall; "A Quiet Corner in a Library," by William Henry Hudson; "The Art of Living Long," by Luigi Cornaro, translated by William F. Butler, and Honoré de Balzac's "Love in a Mask," by Alice M. Ivimy.

Macmillan's list of autumn announcements includes, in fiction: "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," by H. G. Wells; "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," by Jack London; "The Three Sisters," by May Sinclair; "The Rise of Jenny Cushing," by Mary S. Watts; "Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris; "Neighborhood Stories," by Zona Gale; "Landmarks," by E. V. Lucas; "The Demi-Gods," by James Stephens; "Faces in the Dawn," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Metzel Changes His Mind," by Rachel Capen Schauffler; "The Game of Life and Death: Stories of the Sea," by Lincoln Colcord; "Neighbors: Life Stories of the Other Half," by Jacob A. Riis; "They Who Question" (anonymous); "Thracian Sea," by John Helston; "Sight to the Blind," by Lucy Furman. Poetry and Drama: "Romance," by Edward Sheldon; "The Congo and Other Poems," by Vachel Lindsay; "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; "Pagan Poems," by Franklin H. Giddings; "Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse," by Conrad Aiken; "Plaster Saints," by Israel Zangwill; "Van Zorn: A Comedy in Three Acts," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "How to See a Play," by Richard Burton; "You and I," by Harriet Monroe; "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," by Amy Lowell; "Poems," by James Stephens; "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore.

In public affairs, history, biography, literature and art, and travel Macmillan's list includes: "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly; "Property and Contract in Their Relations to the Distribution of Wealth," by Richard T. Ely; "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" and "Standardizing the Dollar," by Irving Fisher; "The New Public Health," by H. W. Hill; "Who is Insane?" by Stephen Smith; "The Juvenile Court and the Community," by Thomas D. Eliot; "Concentration and Control: A Solution of the Trust Problem in the United States," by Charles R. Van Hise; The Cambridge Mediæval History, by J. B. Bury and others, Vol. III—"Germany and the Western Empire"; The Cambridge History of India, edited by E. J. Rapson and others, Vol. I—"Ancient India from the Earliest Historical Times to About the Beginnings of the Christian Era"; "Life in the Homeric Age," by Thomas Day Seymour; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," Vol. III, by G. E. Buckle; "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," Vol. IV, edited by Worthington C. Ford; "A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, with a Sketch of Josephine," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Essays on Books," by William Lyon Phelps; Hauptmann's "Parsival," translated by Oakley Williams; "The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," put into modern English by Tatlock and MacKaye, cheaper edition; "Lucas's Annual," edited by E. V. Lucas; "Pottery for Artists, Craftsmen, and Teachers," by George J. Cox; "Bernini and Other Studies in the History of Art," by Richard Norton; "A Wanderer in Venice," by E. V. Lucas; "With Poor Immigrants to America," by Stephen Graham; "Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," by Ellsworth L. Kolb; "Japan To-day and To-morrow," by Hamilton W. Mabie; "Panama: The Canal, the Country, and the People" (revised edition), by Arthur Bullard; "California," by Mary Austin; "Panama, Cape Cod, and Other Artificial Waterways," by A. Barton Hepburn.

For twelve years, from 1881 to 1893, Auguste Angellier kept at his studies for the long and complete book on Robert Burns by which he is best known in and out of France. Then he wrote poems of his own and began publishing them in 1896, at the age of forty-eight. His first volume was a series of 178 sonnets "To the Lost Love." Five more volumes followed; but he died with the fame of one who had not given his full measure. This year, for his friends, there has been privately printed a little book of "Verses of Youth." They show that, had he not left composition to dull age, he might have sung a far-reaching message to all of his speech. The few literal lines that follow are full of the passion stirred by that other war of 1870; and they keep their unhappy power to-day.

In his chair the old Emperor sits waking;
'Tis now long ago since he could sleep:
He feels harsh remorse, rest never taking,
The companion he shall now forever keep.

Words he murmurs low and swiftly going,
Elbows on table, forehead in his hands—
An old man's hands, but fewer wrinkles showing
Than the graves of men he's buried through the lands.

. . . . . .

The cloth is red before him, red the pages,
And red the great chair wherein he prays;
His lamp shines red as when the lightning rages;
The ink with which he writes is blood that stays.

What is it paints blood-red the walls and ceiling?
What blood-stains are on windows and the doors?
'Tis red blood that flows from all these people reeling
From wounds, whence their blood in torrents pours.

Unforgiving is this flood of war and daily
'Tis flowing from so many wretched veins:
If men sleep now beneath the ground so palely,
'Tis because their blood's before thee in these stains.

. . . . . .

'Tis a mark that no diadem hides ever,
It shall stay on thy heart and pallid cheek:
Wash in ocean and its stain shall quit thee never,
Nor forgotten be when men thy story speak.

A refreshing book, after many modern biographies, collective and individual, is "The Seymour Family," by A. Aubrey Locke (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net), dealing, as it does, largely with men and women intimately connected with the outstanding events of their times—Dukes of Somerset, Marquesses of Hertford, and others. It is impossible here to give any adequate idea of the varied interest of the volume, which, in spite of its considerable length, is quite guiltless of the usual padding, and is made up, al-

most entirely, of quotations from original letters and other documents, with the briefest connecting links to eke out the story. The short appreciations of character are often illuminating, as in the case of Edward, the Protector, and his brother, Thomas, the Lord Admiral, sometimes regarded as respectively a hero and a villain. The author suggests that they had the vices of their positions: "The Protector was the man in possession, the Lord Admiral was the rival." From Jane Seymour he coldly strips the halo with which sentimentalists have tricked her out: "Under the semblance of gentleness and tenderness and modesty, the keynote of Jane Seymour's life was inordinate ambition." The unhappy romances of Lord Hertford and Katherine Grey, and of William Seymour and Arabella Stuart, act as a foil to the many less ambitious marriages which contributed to the enrichment of the family. Throughout there is a total absence of scandal for scandal's sake—witness the account of the third Marquess of Hertford, Thackeray's Lord Steyne and Disraeli's Monmouth. In early life we find him depicted as the philosophical man of the world, scholar, and art collector—"All I wish," he writes to Croker, "is to preserve to the King his crown, to myself my coronet and estate." As to his later years, we have the report of his physician: "The brain of the late Marquess of Hertford was a diseased brain"—a view with which Croker, his life-long friend, agreed. That the Seymours had to have a finger in every pie is curiously set forth in the story of Francis Seymour, who lived with Madame du Barry, and whose illegitimate daughter was the mother of Sir Roger Tichborne, personated by Arthur Orton in the famous trial of 1871.

Any one wishing for a brief, authoritative, and readable account of the Lincoln-Douglas debates can do no better than to get "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates," by Horace White (The University of Chicago Press; 25 cents net). The material in this attractively printed pamphlet was originally presented in an address before the Chicago Historical Society. Mr. White, who, as everybody knows, reported the debates for the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, has done much more than to summarize the issues as they were seen and argued by the two contestants. Limited as his space is, he has contrived to provide an historical background, to give a picture of the opposing debaters, and to reproduce some of the atmosphere of the historic series. He assists the reader also by some analysis, not only of the points raised by the speakers, but also of their respective mental processes. The pamphlet would be an admirable supplement to any textbook in United States history. It contains engravings from photographs of Lincoln, Douglas, and Mr. White, all supposed to have been taken in 1858, the year of the debates, and a fascimile of Lincoln's acceptance of Douglas's suggestions of places, etc., for the series of discussions.

"Applied City Government," by Herman G. James, Ph.D. (Harper; 75 cents net), is better defined by its sub-title, "The Principles and Practice of City Charter-Making." It puts into small compass the advanced ideas of the present day upon such matters as commission government, city manager, recall, and direct legislation in cities. Yet it is not a radical book, as is shown by its suggestion of as high a per cent. of the voters as thirty-five in order to initiate legislation. It aims to discuss only subjects that should go into a city charter, and here again it is wise in limiting the number to those that must be dealt with in such an instrument. Besides the political provisions of a charter, it handles two topics, those of finances and franchises. At the end of each chapter, the matters therein considered are cast into the form of articles of a supposed charter, which should be a valuable feature of the book for charter-makers, who, as well as students, will be aided by the list of references to other books and to articles.

Although Melville M. Bigelow's "A Treatise on the Law of Estoppel, or of Incontestable Rights" has been out of print for several years, it has not ceased to be cited by counsel and courts, and the present edition, revised by James N. Carter (Little, Brown), will have a hearty reception from the bench and bar. Undoubtedly, that reception would be still heartier had the author been able personally to revise the treatise. Not all of its readers will agree with the assurance in the preface that "the editor of this edition has done all that could be expected of him to make it worthy of the favor with which the book has heretofore been received." On the contrary, the editor has failed to note many important cases on the subject of estoppel, such as Scollans vs. Rollins, in Massachusetts, and Piper vs. Hoard, and Knox vs. Eden Musée Am. Co., in New York, nor has a careful search discovered any reference to the extraordinary extension of estoppel by the recent Uniform Laws dealing with Warehouse Receipts, Bills of Lading, and Certificates of Stock. The latter omission is all the more surprising because Ewart on Estoppel contained searching criticisms of Bigelow's opinions on several points, and not a few of these criticisms have received legislative approval in the above mentioned statutes. Possibly both Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Carter have ignored Mr. Ewart's writings as well as the Uniform Laws. That supposition finds some support in a remark in the preface that "no suggestion has been made that the book needs reconstruction." It is true that Ewart on Estoppel does not contain a specific suggestion to that effect; but if the theory of that book is sound, many of Mr. Bigelow's statements need radical revision. There can be no doubt that the legal profession would have welcomed a reply from Mr. Bigelow to Mr. Ewart, as well as an expression of Mr. Bigelow's views concerning the changes wrought by the Uniform Laws in the common law rules of estoppel as formulated by him. Such reply and statement would have required a considerable enlargement of the treatise, and might have necessitated a reconstruction of certain chapters. Evidently the distinguished author was not disposed to expend the time and labor incident to such a revision, and, naturally, a youthful editor would not essay the task.

As a rule, leading cases upon estoppel are carefully digested and accurately stated. However, the author seems to have made a slip in referring to Young vs. Grote (4 Bing., 253) as a case arising between drawer and acceptor. The parties were the drawer of a check and his banker, and the decision has been explained by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and by the British Privy Council as applicable only to parties sustaining the relationship of banker and depositor. The author is quite right in asserting that the case is not an authority for the doctrine that negligence on the part of the drawer of a bill or check, or of the maker of a note, in leaving a blank which has been so filled as to escape detection, will estop such party from showing that the paper has been altered.

While there can hardly be said to have been a crying need for a new Life of Webster, Frederic Austin Ogg's account of him in the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies (Philadelphia: Jacobs; $1.25 net) is a commendable piece of work. It is comprehensive, well proportioned, and judicial. It acknowledges the statesman's weaknesses without dwelling upon them, and at the same time refrains from over-laudation. In its pages Webster moves as a man in the midst of events, neither dwarfing his time nor being dwarfed by it. Mr. Ogg is not afraid to express an opinion upon the course taken by the Massachusetts Senator at critical moments, but he does not seek for such occasions. On the Seventh of March speech, while noting that Webster's standing throughout the North was affected adversely by it, Mr. Ogg is bold enough to say: "The truth is that the course which Webster pursued in 1850, if considerably at variance with his course at earlier times, was dictated very much more largely by honest and patriotic motives than the critics of that day and since have been willing to admit." Concerning Webster's growing ambition for the Presidency, Mr. Ogg's repeated statements of the fact leave a reader wishing for more of the documentary evidence that in reference to other and not more important matters he supplies freely. The style, if not notable, is clear; it could often be crisper, to advantage. In the Bibliography, Eugene Pivary appears for Pivany.

In "A History of Connecticut, Its People and Institutions" (Putnam; $3.50 net) the Rev. George L. Clark, already known as the author of a life of Silas Deane, has made no attempt to supply the need that scholars have of a definitive history of Connecticut. The origin of its government, central and local, its relations with the mother country and with other colonies, the development of its political institutions, and of the conditions that made for the excessive individualism which passed under the name of liberty and freedom, and the peculiarly conservative character of its people that has sometimes been a bar to wholesome progress, are all foreign to his purpose. He has been well advised not to attempt the larger and more difficult task. He has written a history of life within the State, descriptive, not interpretative, and concerned with things that lie on the surface, and he has written it well. His book is clearly thought out, and presented with a charm of style and an appreciation of the humors of his forebears that make it thoroughly readable. The form of treatment adopted is topical, and the titles of the chapters range from education, literature, and art to finance, insurance, philanthropy, and agriculture. Political history is subordinated to social and institutional history, and, as a subject consecutively treated, stops with 1818. All the topics are handled in an interesting fashion and with laudable freedom from patriotic rhetoric. Allowing that history of this kind is worth writing, and we believe that it is, Mr. Clark's book deserves ample commendation.

The six lectures reproduced in "Church and State in the Middle Ages," the Ford Lectures for 1905, by Mr. A. L. Smith (Oxford University Press), are concerned with that highly critical period when the great duel of Empire and Papacy was being fought to a finish, and might equally well have been entitled "A Study of the Papal Registers of Innocent IV (1243-1254) in their Relation to England." Mr. Smith's command of the material enables him to rise above the conventional anti-Romanist attitude and to see what there was of value in the papal hold upon the imagination of the mediæval world. He lays down as one of his axioms that "the Papacy, taking it all in all, was the greatest potentiality for good that existed at the time, or perhaps has ever existed." Speaking of the gross superstitions that gathered about the service of the Mass, he says: "Certainly, it required a central oracle to keep things both uniform and sane." These quotations show his sympathy with the work of the Papacy in its heroic period, the age of Innocent III. In the two generations following, however, down to the beginning of the age of Boniface VIII, comes a transition, and of this the pontificate of the fourth Innocent is here presented as the type. What had been a beneficent tribunal, harmonizing differences, curbing excesses, moderating dangerous enthusiasms, now becomes an intolerable tyranny, laying upon men's consciences burdens they could not bear. Worst of all, the Papacy henceforth identifies itself with the world by becoming one among the temporal powers and sacrificing more and more its spiritual control to the interests of this secular sovereignty. One fact, unwelcome to most English writers, and for that reason often denied or obscured by them, is faced by Mr. Smith with entire frankness. He does not attempt to blink the acceptance in England of the full papal system—not indeed without protest; but similar protests can be shown in all countries, even in those usually supposed to be most loyal to the papal tradition. It is by this larger view of the resistance to Roman aggression that the situation in England during the whole pre-Reformation period is to be placed in its true perspective. For the general reader the last two lectures, on the Aims of Papal Policy and the Policy of Innocent IV, will probably be the most interesting as summing up the author's views on the whole question suggested by his title.

Dr. R. H. Charles, the leading English scholar on the Jewish Apocalypses, has in preparation a commentary on the New Testament Book of Revelation, to which his lectures delivered before the University of London may be regarded as preliminary. These lectures are published under the title "Studies in the Apocalypse" (Scribner; $2 net). The first two deal with the history of interpretation of this enigmatical book, especially the views of scholars in the past forty years, during which period more progress has been made in sane criticism of the Apocalypse than in all preceding centuries. The three remaining chapters are a fresh and important contribution to the subject. In discussing "The Hebraic Style of the Apocalypse" Dr. Charles argues against the view represented in this country by Professor Moulton, according to which the book was written in a vernacular Greek, its solecisms being merely the blunders common to uneducated persons of its period. Dr. Charles contends, on the contrary, that the linguistic character of the Apocalypse is absolutely unique, that the style is that of a man who had never mastered Greek idiomatically, even the vulgar Greek of his own day, and that the grammatical errors reveal that the author was thinking in Hebrew and adopting unconsciously Hebrew constructions. The argument is able, and in the course of it several corrections of the translations both of the authorized and revised versions are urged with force. The revisers, treating the Apocalypse as if it were a Greek book written by a Greek, have been led into some curious blunders. For example, they have followed the Hebraism of the author in the use of the singular ὄνομα instead of the plural, where the multiude of the lost is referred to, rendering "they whose name has not been written in the book of life," which, as Dr. Charles remarks, "is not English, any more than it was Greek." The whole chapter is of great interest and value, as is also the lecture on the construction and analysis of one of the important chapters of the Apocalypse. These preliminary lectures create expectation of an important contribution to New Testament exegesis when Dr. Charles's commentary appears.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A Paris book, published but a few weeks since, has among its pleasant pages some that seem now like prophecy. The subject is "German Universities in the Twentieth Century," and the chapters describe intelligent and systematic visits made to the twenty recognized universities by Prof. René Cruchet, of the French University faculty of Bordeaux, with particular regard to medicine. Coming events cast then no shadows over his sympathies as a scholar; yet he was struck continually by utterances which are little short of terrific, now that we understand. Professor Siegert guided him through the new hospitals of Cologne and discoursed thus in 1909:

Really, Monsieur, your newspapers do a colossal wrong to the Pacifist cause by their narrow jingoism, which forever sees, in purely scientific practices, some arm of war. . . .

There is one thing all of us Germans wish sincerely and deeply—it is a complete understanding with France. . . . We love France as much as we detest England. The English are a people selfish and mercantile and devoid of prejudices, friends to-day and enemies to-morrow, as their interest demands; and they are disquieted by our rapid rise at sea and wish our annihilation. . . . As to Italy—faithless and never sure as a friend—no one can count on her; and you, in your turn, may well fear some cruel morrow at her hands. On the contrary, Austria is a faithful ally and knows what our help is worth to her.

At the University of Kiel, one of the professors said:

Students of central and south Germany are coming to us more and more. Here, living in the midst of warships, they follow with interest the development of our navy—a development necessary to the glory of the Fatherland and the neutrality of Germany!

At Greifswald, the professor of French—a Frenchman—still opined:

I believe that, in France, we often misunderstand the real feeling of Germans towards us, just as they, too, understand us ill. . . . In any case, so far as I can judge from university circles, I can say I do not know a single professor for whom the possibility of war with France would not be considered a very great misfortune!

At this very time, a university writer of Göttingen declared that "the academic youth and the whole people of Germany—just as long as the present national feeling should exist—would thank" the Pro-Rector Dovo (discoverer of the law of winds) for his words in 1870, in answer to the protest of European learned bodies against the siege of Paris:

Our University, which is proud to call itself German, and which has given to the war hundreds of its young men, does not see the difference there is in fighting half-savage African tribes or the mob that makes up the troops of the adventurer Garibaldi.

The French visitor, who had not the light of these last days to guide his judgment, remarks that "to cite such words thirty years after as an example, gives no high idea of present-day tolerance in certain German university circles."

At Heidelberg, after listening impatiently to the Frenchman's scientific explanation of the progress which he thought had been made in the artillery of his country, a chemist of the University could only answer rudely: "Your artillery—we saw what that was worth in 1870!" Even in those days of peace protestations, the French professor was struck.

Such examples—and they might be multiplied without end—are most instructive as showing the state of mind of Germans, for they look on the Frenchmen of 1900 or 1914 as the vanquished of 1870. . . . And what is most deplorable and sad is that even these South Germans who, *tête-à-tête*, have the air of saying they are friends of the French and irreconcilable enemies of the Prussians, are at bottom more and more taken with an ever greater Germany. . . . In 1870, they assured the world their "magnificent aim" was to combat for the final unity of Germany and the establishment of the German Fatherland. To-day they would pretend that only strong, working, industrious peoples, whose prosperity and population go on increasing together without ceasing, have the right to keep the road; they would say they cannot bear being stopped in their forward march by a noisy, corrupt, undisciplined nation corroded by decadence and invaded by rottenness, whose Byzantine insolence and weakness and anarchy swell daily and have to be chastised mercilessly for Humanity's good!

It is an eternal pity that the French professor's conclusions from such personal observations should have been lost on politicians amid his educational pages. "In presence of a Pacifism that assumes so aggressive a form and displays openly its absorbing brutality, we cannot help being seized by a certain suspicion. . . . At bottom, it is our final reduction to slavery they are dreaming of and preparing without stay or stop in the silence of their consciences!"

Alas! suspicion is now evidence of facts, and the Pacifism is universal War.

The Form of Intercession with Almighty God on behalf of the British naval and military forces now engaged in war incidentally recalls a curious historical fact. By authority of the Primate it is directed "to be used in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales and in the Town of Berwick-on-Tweed." This recalls the lesson learned at school that this ancient borough, marking the boundary line between England and Scotland, belongs to neither. Claimed by the Scots as theirs, since it stands on their side of the river, it was, in 1333, annexed to England. After being captured and reeaptured in a succession of desperate fights, it was ceded to England in 1482. Seventy years later, the quarrel for possession bursting forth again, it was finally settled that the town should be independent of both kingdoms. The nearest parallel to this unique position of aloofness is found in the city of Washington, D. C.

Music and Drama

RUSSIAN NATIONAL MUSIC.

A History of Russian Music. By M. Montagu-Nathan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Russian Opera. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

The author of "A History of Russian Music" has a queer idea of the functions of an historian. Outside of Russia, until a few years ago, the history of Russian music meant the story of the activities of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, these two having been the only composers of that country whose works aroused a wide interest and general admiration in foreign parts. To-day, thanks to the Russian dancers and the wonderful art of Shallapin, the public of London, Paris, and some other cities is becoming acquainted with the stage works of Muscovite composers heretofore neglected. This is as it should be, and one is glad to welcome a volume devoted to them. It is convenient to have between the covers of an English book detailed information about Glinka, Dargomijsky, Seroff, Lvoff, Balakireff, Cui, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Liadoff, Liapounoff, Arensky, Taneieff, Rachmaninoff, Glière, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Scriabin, Gretchaninoff, Stravinsky, and others; but the judicious reader of Montagu-Nathan's volume is amazed to find that these men are the only ones regarded as worthy of discussion and praise. Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky are not treated as real Russian composers! They were guilty of the deadly crime of betraying in their works the influence of German and Italian composers, and of using their own melodies instead of working up borrowed Russian folksongs in the Russian way! Therefore they were "not Russian composers, but only Russians who composed," as one of the nationalists, César Cui, put it in speaking of Rubinstein.

On such unpatriotic composers no respectable chronicler of Russian musical happenings could be expected to waste his time. Montagu-Nathan, therefore, does not tell the story of their lives, or enumerate and describe their principal works in detail, as he does those of the other men mentioned; and, not content with this, he scornfully disposes of Rubinstein as merely a pianist and not really a composer. As for Tchaikovsky, who is treated somewhat more leniently, this "historian" refers his readers to the article on him in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" for a list of biographic and critical records! Feeling, apparently, somewhat guilty of shirking his duty, he takes pains to explain (considerably at variance with facts) that these two men, once popular, are so no more. Apparently, if this author were writing a "History" of German music, he would dispose of Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Mendelssohn, and many others in brief and scornful paragraphs, because their compositions are no longer as popular as they used to be.

No Russian who desires to have his country rank among musical nations will feel grateful to an author who treats its greatest two musicians so disdainfully. Of the other two or three dozen men whom he eulogizes, only one, Rimsky-Korsakoff, is a genius; and he falls below Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky because he lacked their gift of creating ravishingly original melodies. Energetic and persistent efforts have been made in several countries (in ours by Safonoff, Schindler, and the Russian Symphony Orchestra) to arouse enthusiasm for the "genuine" Russian composers, but in vain. No doubt, these composers performed an interesting task in transplanting the wild flowers of Russian folk music into their cultivated operatic and symphonic gardens; but there are higher tasks for creative genius, and more difficult ones, than such transplanting. Montagu-Nathan refers to the works of Grieg as furnishing a parallel to those of the Russian nationalists; but Grieg, contrary to a prevalent notion, owes his fame and popularity to his own charming melodies. Those of his works into which he incorporated Norwegian folk-tunes are almost unknown to the public. In the days of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky many a battle was fought between them and the nationalist consumers of folk-tunes. Rubinstein hit them hard when he referred to "these young Russian composers, who continue to confine themselves largely to popular and national themes, exposing thereby their poverty of invention, a lack which they attempt to conceal under the cloak of 'nationalism,' or by using the description of 'new school.'" For the father of the nationalist school, Glinka, Rubinstein nevertheless professed much admiration. Glinka, however, is not the chief idol of this school. That honor goes to Moussorgsky, to whom our historian devotes no fewer than four chapters, one of them being concerned with "Boris Godounoff." They are excellent chapters, not uncritical; indeed, the author frankly points out the inartistic character of "Boris Godounoff"—its lack of organic form, and its being made up largely of music borrowed from the composer's other works. After reading these frank concessions, one wonders why the author is so very severe on Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky for their real or alleged faults, and so very lenient with Moussorgsky for his.

Rosa Newmarch's book is more limited in scope than that of Montagu-Nathan, being concerned only with Russian operas; but of these it gives better analyses, while the lives of the composers are related in more entertaining fashion. Mrs. Newmarch is the leading English authority on Russian music, on which subject she contributed all the important articles to the new edition of Grove's monumental dictionary. She has also written a book on Tchaikovsky and translated the entrancing biography of that composer by his brother. It is needless to say that in her latest volume she devotes a chapter to Tchaikovsky's operas, and there is also one on Rubinstein's. It so happens that neither of these composers was at his best in his stage works, a fact which this author does not blink; yet as an historian she feels called upon to describe them, as well as those of the nationalists whose operas and ballets are just now being introduced in France, England, and America. While a genuine believer in the merits of the stage works by these writers, she declares that "at times the burden of nationality seems to hang heavy on their shoulders; the perpetual burning of incense to one ideal dulled the alertness of their artistic sensibilities."

Berezovsky's division of the history of Russian music into four periods is adopted by Mrs. Newmarch. She gives interesting glimpses of the early times when music was looked upon as one of the seven deadly sins; of the different attitudes of rulers towards this art; of the quarrels between the national composers and the cosmopolitan, who had the whip hand. To Glinka and his operas no fewer than forty-seven pages are devoted, while thirty-four are given to Moussorgsky and his "Boris Godounoff," an opera which has enjoyed a sensational success wherever it has been given with Shaliapin (usually spelled Chaliapin) in the title part. To that wonderful bass, who is in Russian opera what Caruso is in Italian, a number of pages are given in this volume, which also gives a glimpse of the present condition of opera in Russia, of recent French influences, and of the breaking away of the younger men from the fetters of nationalism.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyley Carte" is the title of a book recently published in London. The authors are François Cellier and Cunningham Bridgeman.

Among the soloists engaged for the Philadelphia Orchestra's season are six—Zimbalist, Harold Bauer, Fritz Kreisler, Carl Flesch, Thibaud, and Josef Hofmann—whose coming, now or hereafter, will depend on the war.

Quite apart from the war, this seems to be a dangerous time for great artists. First Nordica, then Plançon, and now Emil Fischer—strange that three of the brightest stars of the Metropolitan should have passed away in such rapid succession. Their disappearance emphasizes the present shortage, which may be made greater still by the Kaiser's Napoleonic ambitions.

There is to be, at the San Francisco Exposition, a music hall at which, among other things, a specially organized orchestra will play. Organ recitals by Lemare and other foreign players, as well as by Americans, are to be given. "It has been the experience at other expositions that these organ recitals are among the best patronized of all musical offerings."

The late Mme. Nordica set a good example in rarely giving a recital the programme of which did not include at least one song by an American composer. George Hamlin is another singer who has thus encouraged home talent. Among foreign singers who have done it, Mme. Gadski is conspicuous.

A choral novelty to be produced this season by the New York Oratorio Society is "Joan of

Arc" by Enrieo Bossi. The other two works announced are "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Messiah," whieh will be sung for the eighty-sixth and eighty-seventh times at the concerts of this society. Enrieo Bossi is not unknown in this country, his "Intermezzi Goldoniani" having been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1906 and 1907. His prineipal choral work preeeding the "Joan of Arc" was "Paradise Lost," produced in 1903. He was born in Italy in 1861.

There will be no teaehing of voice placing or tone-produetion and that sort of thing at the Century Company's opera school; nor, one is glad to hear, will there be "opportunity for singing-teachers to influenee the selection of prineipal rôles." Aecording to Mr. Aborn, what will be provided is "aetual operatic training. The students who are admitted will be turned over to those of our staff who train our professional singers. Mr. Jacques Coini, our direetor, will have general charge, to be assisted by six conduetors and six stage direetors. I think we shall be able to take care of about 100 students at onee." These will be divided into groups, eaeh group studying a different opera, whieh will take about three months' time. Then the operas will be produced at special matinées, with the full orchestra and chorus of the company. The audienee will be invited. Mr. Aborn hopes that in this way four or five good operatic artists will be discovered eaeh season, whieh will pay for all the trouble and expense.

French players have for some time had almost a monopoly of certain instruments in first-elass orchestras in this country. Conductors have no diffieulty in getting all the violinists they want; the woods are full of them. Skilled players of brass instruments also are not very hard to find, thanks, largely, to the training reeeived in brass bands. But the players of wood-wind instruments are scaree, with the exeeption of the flutists. The clarinet, the bassoon, and the oboe are negleeted. The Freneh, who alone seem to take to the wood-wind instruments, therefore have an advantage over others. One reason why American students do not take up the oboe, clarinet, and bassoon is that there are no regular training sehools for them here, as there are abroad. For this reason Karleton Hackett, the eminent Chieago critie, suggests that some wealthy individuals who are interested in the multiplication and improvement of American orchestras should found such a school. Till that is done it is well to remember that the prineipal players of woodwind (as of other instruments) in our large orchestras are nearly always willing to take pupils, many of them being, in faet, regularly connected with music sehools. Undoubtedly the reason why the violin is so mueh more cultivated than the oboe is that the violin students hope to beeome soloists—Kreislers and Ysayes. Oboe players have no sueh prospects; but as they are otherwise favored it seems natural that they should multiply.

The "Real Lexikon der Musikinstrumente zugleieh ein Polyglossar für das gesamte Instrumentengebiet," compiled by Curt Sachs and published by Julius Bard in Berlin, is the most comprehensive monograph on musical instruments ever issued. It describes and pictures not only all the diverse kinds now in use in Europe, but also those of the past ages and of half-civilized and barbarous peoples. It is a work of truly Teutonic erudition, and the condensed information supplied by the author about eaeh instrument is followed by reference to other documents giving information on the same topic. As a supplement to Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon," which has room for articles on only the important instruments, Curt Sachs's "Real Lexikon" is indispensable in private or public libraries.

Five posthumous songs of Coleridge-Taylor, the Afro-English composer, have been published by the Augener Co. They are entitled "Tell, O Tell Me," "An Explanation," "Low Breathing Winds," "Life and Death," and "The Guest." The last-named is for baritone. The others are issued in two keys.

"THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND."

We have seen John Drew in many better plays than "The Prodigal Husband," which Charles Frohman presents at the Empire Theatre, but we do not reeall ever having seen him better supported. For this reason and for the sake of the really admirable staging, if one can eonquer an instinetive prejudiee to an indifferent play, "The Prodigal Husband" is a delightful performance. The acting is finished throughout, and a particular tribute must be paid to Miss Helen Hayes Brown for a really notable interpretation of a child's part in the first act, and to the impersonation of the same part six years later, when the child has grown up, by Miss Jessie Glendinning. Mr. Drew, of course, is Mr. Drew, and it is the merest coincidence that his name for the occasion happened to be Michel Giroux. And he has need of every triek that the gentlemanly comedian keeps in his bag, for, truth to tell, "The Prodigal Husband" is a remarkably thin production. Its authors, Dario Niceodemi and Miehael Morton, are gifted with a perfect genius for the obvious. This is restful to the extent that the unexpected is always disturbing, but it becomes monotonous to be able to foretell with exaetitude what is to be the point of a line two minutes ahead of its delivery.

The plot is simple. Michel Giroux has separated from his wife for no very suffieient reasons, exeept that she is too good for human nature's daily food, and proceeds to drown his sorrows in dissipation. To him, returning home in the late hours of the morning, is introdueed Simone, the little daughter of the *concierge*. Naturally, he adopts her, and in the seeond act we discover the child grown into a very personable young woman, filling the gap in his empty life. But ill-natured gossip, inspired by Miehel's not too savory reputation, will not leave the idyllic relationship where it is. Miehel, accordingly, deeides that the best way of setting matters right will be to readjust the relationship to conform to the seandal. Simone, frightened by the prospect, sees clearly that the only thing to do is to fly to Michel's wife, whither she is followed by Miehel himself, and in the last aet we wait in eonfident expeetation for the line, "Kiss your mother"—an expeetation whieh the authors obligingly fulfil. The motive has been used before, and the only merit of the play is as a vehicle for the extremely clever acting of Mr. Drew and his assoeiates.

S. W.

"A MODERN GIRL."

If "A Modern Girl," which opened last week at the Comedy Theatre, showed any sign of sincerity on the part of its authors, it might be taken seriously in spite of its many shortcomings. But in throwing together these seenes of a fashionable New York household Marion Fairfax and Ruth C. Mitehell have apparently yielded to the alleged popular clamor for daring exhibits. By comparison with what New York has grown accustomed to, this play is, to be sure, almost innoeent. But the spirit behind it is of a piece with all the rest. Nor has it a compensating cleverness; there is mueh talk and little dialogue, though a smattering of smartness is not laeking.

The theme of the modern society girl is here placed in the old, old setting of an aristocratie family on the verge of finaneial difficulties. This device has, as every one knows, great possibilities. In the present instance it is used to sharpen the heroine's secret escapade with a brilliant young broker of no social standing, Harry Hamilsohn, from whom her father, unknown to her, has sought temporary relief. Beatriee Van Norden, having struck up a flirtation with this broker while riding in the park, goes to his house on a "dare" to exhibit her costume before attending a fancy-dress ball. That it is of the flimsiest only quiekens her exeitement. But she has been seen entering this house alone by her uncle. The result is that her father realizes the grip which Hamilsohn now has upon him, and there is a stormy scene, with the usual flourishing of a revolver. Fortunately, Hamilsohn has more character than is attributed to a rieh Jew by the likes of the Van Nordens, and all ends well. So the play has after all a Christian moral.

Julius Steger, though a sound actor, has a guttural foreign aeeent which made him appear laughable in the part of Van Norden. Beatriee was taken by Violet Heming, and her sister Emily, a charming, simple woman acting as foil, by Alice John. Edward Nieander's impersonation of Bobbie Van Norden, the irresponsible college graduate supposed to be occupying a position in his father's firm, was thoroughly amusing, and Lee Baker was mueh at ease in the part of Hamilsohn. F.

"THE STORY OF THE ROSARY."

Old-fashioned melodrama is now the order at the Manhattan Opera House, where Walter Howard's "The Story of the Rosary" is playing to large audienees. Melodrama of this sort has much the same following among intelligent people that deteetive stories have in the world of fietion. Both types aim frankly to give relaxation, and both have acquired eertain venerable traditions. In such melodrama the approach to reality is even less than that of the swashbuekler variety found in plays like "The Prisoner of Zenda." Villain and hero exist by fiat and are distinguished at a glance. It used to be that the villain was the first person to appear on the stage in evening dress and top hat. We are sorry to see that this tradition is of late not inviolable. The atmosphere is one of grave impossibility, but just because it is so gallant in its imaginings an audience with any stomach gladly aceepts it for the moment as probable. And at least those in the top gallery experience something of the moral purge whch was prescribed by the Greeks.

In essentials "The Story of the Rosary" measures up to the run of melodrama. A mythical enemy serves to bring forth a hero and a villain from the Red Dragoons of the British army, and a beautiful princess in distress sharpens their zest for virtue and evil,

respectively. The preventing of the princess from taking the last religious vows by a lover come to life in the nick of time, after a year of oblivion, furnishes the final thrill in this "exciting" play. F.

POOR VINTAGES.

Acting, perhaps, on the principle that it is well to get rid of the poorer vintages early in the proceedings and, we can only hope, reserving the mellower wines for later use, New York managers have opened the season by industriously staging a number of productions that seemed foredoomed to failure. Two such productions, after brief and most inglorious careers, were relegated to well-deserved oblivion last week—"Cordelia Blossom" and "The Bludgeon," the latter a drama by Paul Armstrong, which contained one good idea and a certain amount of good acting, but which was principally distinguished by its sheer inanity. A similar description, if we except the good idea and the good acting, applies to "Miss Daisy," announced as a "new play with music," which was presented at the Shubert Theatre last week by Philip Bartholomae. Lacking the zest of concerted movement which may do something to redeem even the flimsiest of musical comedies, it is not recommended by coherent plot, or bright lyrics, or lilting music. In addition, both dressing and lighting leave much to be desired. The run of "Miss Daisy" is not likely to be a prolonged one. S. W.

Art

FIGURE SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

An Account of Mediæval Figure Sculpture in England. With 855 photographs. By Edward S. Prior and Arthur Gardner. Pp. ix, 794, in quarto. Cambridge: At the University Press, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $12 net.

This is a most painstaking and useful work in minute antiquarianism. The authors have organized an enormous amount of material, usually fragmentary, have ascertained definitely many local schools, the existence of which had only been surmised, and have presented in evidence more than eighty-five figures. Mechanically, the book is carefully made. The cuts are nearly always in proximity to their text, a great convenience in a necessarily bulky volume. The indexing is rather summary for what is essentially a book of reference. In a new edition a special index of religious iconography should be added. The book is easy to consult and hard to read, a compendium rather than a history. There is an excellent general essay establishing the classification. Afterwards the arrangement is topical—tympana, spandrels, bosses, corbels, gargoyles, fonts, effigies, etc.

On the whole, the authors vindicate the originality of the British product. At certain periods it has relations with the sculpture of Léon and Angoulême, of Flanders, and perhaps of the Rhine, but, broadly speaking, the style is indigenous. The most contestable classification is that of Pre-Conquest sculpture. Outside of England, the existence of a thriving seventh-century Anglian school, whose chief works are the Ruthwell and Bewcastle crosses, finds little credence. If it be true that scores of fragments attest such a style—it is supposed to be directly derivative from the Christian East—these fragments should be published. The few offered by our authors, by Mr. Lethaby, and other critics, seem, for the most part, to suggest a date not far from the beginning of the twelfth century. The few that seem very primitive, especially the Durham and Hexham fragments, are quite unlike the debatable crosses.

Our authors seem on surer ground when they hold that the Viking, half Celtic, tradition determined the character of Romanesque and early Gothic sculpture in England. This is, we believe, a new and certainly a suggestive theory.

We cannot follow the minuter divisions of twelfth- and thirteenth-century sculpture, as fixed by style, by the location of quarries, and more rarely by fabric records. In general, ignoring smaller distinctions, there are three Gothic styles: that of the South and Midlands, radiating from London, and best represented at Westminster Abbey; that of the North, centring at York, but most fully represented at Lincoln; and that of the West, exemplified at Exeter and Wells. So long as sculpture was a mason craft, and executed on the spot, these divisions held. But we have to do with a gradual ascendency of London, parallel with its growing preponderance in speech and politics, and with the transformation of the art into a shop croft, making stock figures for shipment. The cutters of the brown shell-stone, called Purbeck marble, from the early Gothic period, either lived at London or followed London styles. They drove a vigorous trade in funeral effigies, and ready-made capitals, columns, and figures which were sent from end to end of England. The sculptural ascendency of London, and therewith its extreme artistic decadence, was established in the fourteenth and fifteenth century in alabaster cutting. Many polyptych retables were exported to France, Spain, and Italy. In fact, only fragments have escaped the British iconoclasts, and but for the foreign examples we should hardly guess at the elaborate ensembles which issued from London and the offshoot shops at Nottingham. It is a debased art, but skilful gliding and polychromy may have done much to improve these stiff and staring figurines.

To form any just estimate of the artistic worth of early mediæval English sculpture is difficult because of the incompleteness of the material. During the turmoils of the Reformation, virtually all the interior sculpture of the churches was mutilated or destroyed, and as much of the exterior imagery as could readily be got at. Certain large figures dug up at York, and similar remains in place at Lincoln and Westminster suggest that a figure sculpture fairly comparable in quality to that of France must have existed. The numerous masks of the late twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which adorn corbel heads and labels, are often of fine quality. They are a specifically native form, and their mason carvers were often of high competence. It seems probable enough that we have the best Gothic sculpture of England only in such fragmentary traces. In the angels which appear first in spandrel decoration and later on the beamheads and corbels of wooden ceilings, we have again an English fashion pursued with much spirit and variety. Lincoln and Westminster afford the finest examples, but unless the cuts much misrepresent the facts, the finest spandrel angels at Westminster have been reworked in Italianate style.

While it is probable that the early Gothic sculpture of England was more important than the few remnants suggest, it can never have compared in merit with that of the Continent. The English no more could adapt a great sculptural scheme to a monument than they could raise a lofty vault or build a true apse. The schematic sense is absent, and with it the monumental sense. The coming of Gothic actually wrought a reverse development in England. Sculpture is steadily relegated to more insignificant positions. Where the French architect planned his vast portals with figured tympana and voussoirs, and regarded sculpture as the necessary adornment for his arcades, the English architect planned simple and unfigured doorways, and filled his fronts with blind arcades. Sculpture was most profuse in the minor spaces which a French builder would have left unfigured, in the spandrels of arcades, and the bosses of vaults. The Salisbury chapter-house arcades are among the most accomplished instances. Thus a crowded, ingenious, and miniature sculpture arose, akin at its best to the carved ivories; at its worst, to the alabaster carvings; at all points antipodal to the monumental sculpture which prevailed across the channel. It is thus not surprising that on the whole the most vigorous and inventive English sculpture is that of the wooden brackets, misericords, of choir seats. The British carver worked at his best where he could least be seen.

Let us note once more the strange absence of monumental and encyclopædic ensembles. It is as if a certain inertia in the sculptor was increased by the lack of plastic intellectuality of the British ecclesiastic. Wells is the only encyclopædic façade of note in England. On the Continent there are dozens of more comprehensive and impressive schemes. The famous Judgment Porch of Lincoln is about the only English attempt at a monumental-figured portal. It is charming, and just about worthy of a second-class parish church in the Ile de France. We can only conclude that the British genius has ever been unplastic. The authors of this valuable work admit the chronic pictorialism of all the more characteristic and sprightly figure sculpture of later Gothic times. They speak

of the misericords as "woodcuts in the round," and the term is entirely just.

One finishes this volume with the sense of having been detained in an atmosphere, not without occasional charm, but completely provincial. There is plenty of ingenuity and picturesqueness in English mediæval sculpture, but almost no mind, and consequently very little taste and seriousness. Instead, we have a kind of prettiness which the British critic likes to dignify by the name of intimacy. This is merely the usual condition of the graphic and plastic arts in a nation whose true bent has ever been literary. It is instructive, in this connection, to recall that the glories of Chaucer and the banalities of the alabaster carvers are contemporary. For a patient and thorough exploration of this confusingly various field gratitude is due the authors. Their book becomes immediately a standard source of reference, and will hardly in our time be superseded.

Finance

AS THE WAR GOES ON.

At the middle of last week, Wall Street, the wheat market, and business circles generally began all of a sudden to hear rumors that overtures for peace had been tentatively begun. What basis existed for the rumors, nobody could say; they were apparently the kind of conjecture, grown into assertion, with which the Stock Exchange is familiar. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the reports was that all the stories had it that Germany, not France, was to be the author of the tentative negotiations.

This may have been an inference from the general feeling that a change, not favorable to the Germans, had occurred in the campaign in France. It may also have been assumed from the facts that the German army was last week further away than ever from its main objective, the destruction of the hostile army, that huge loss of life was going on without decisive results, and that meanwhile the economic state of things in Germany and Austria, with their foreign trade blockaded and all their able-bodied men apparently ordered under arms, must be deplorable. But these facts did not prove that Germany was likely now to sue for peace.

They may have meant, however, that some people in high place, friendly to all the combatants, had deemed the circumstances such as to warrant sounding them on the question. If so, not much can have been accomplished. The Kaiser's message to the President was merely a retort to the Belgian emissaries and an explanation about Louvain. The British Foreign Office hinted to our Ambassador (apparently in response to a guarded inquiry) that no terms of peace would be considered until Germany was decisively defeated.

All this may mean much or little; we may be slowly approaching some kind of peace negotiations, or we may, as the British Premier said a week ago at the Guildhall, merely be "watching the fluctuations of fortune, in the early stages of what is going to be a protracted struggle." Nevertheless, there has this past week been evident, in financial circles, a perceptibly more cheerful feeling. How far it was due to the fact that Paris did not fall, or to the absence of any further sweeping victories, or to the gradual adjustment of affairs to the new conditions, it would not be wholly easy to say. Last week's sharp decline in foreign exchange, from $5.06 in the pound sterling to $4.97½, had a reassuring influence which was by no means spoiled by the partial recovery later.

But this very movement of exchange towards normal figures was a result of a happy incident in our home and international finance, whereby the question was definitely settled, whether New York city would redeem its foreign obligations at maturity, or would fail to do so. The formal coöperation of all the city's banks, in an engagement to pay foreign holders of such obligations, in exchange bills or in exported gold, for such of the $80,000,000 notes on which Europe should demand redemption, put at rest all misgiving on that point. Three inferences were immediately drawn by experienced observers—one, that the foreign holders, knowing payment to be sure, would largely agree to extend their holdings at the higher interest rate now offered; another, that our international credit would be enormously enhanced; a third, that foreign exchange would presently be workable again.

Assurance that mutual obligations would be fairly met, coupled with the increasing ocean trade and supply of ships, gave promise of a return to sound conditions in the market for exchange. The home money market, in the larger sense, still has to face a series of complications, such as make reckoning on the future highly difficult. The financing of a cotton crop, nearly one-third of which at present sees no market, is one of these, but only one. How the supply of credit and capital for the ordinary purposes will be affected by these wholly abnormal requisitions, it is as yet impossible to say. How the interest rate, on business loans or on new securities, will be influenced by the prodigious borrowings of the European belligerents, is another problem of the most absolute obscurity.

All of these problems will be met, as the much more unusual and baffling problem of international exchange is now being solved. Financial London borrowed five weeks ago almost every one of the emergency contrivances invented by this country in the panics of 1893 and 1907. American ingenuity is already providing another set of precedents in emergency relief, and is likely to handle each separate difficulty by itself. It is possible that the real confusion and difficulty will come, not during prolongation of the war, but on return of peace.

We shall be called on then to readjust rather suddenly the dislocated machinery of exchange. The "emergency currencies" will be called in. Newly established trade connections will have to meet the test of competition with the old ones. Abroad, termination of the various moratoriums will show the extent to which credit has been actually shattered by the shock of war; here at New York, we shall be determining how far the intrinsic value of our outstanding securities has been altered, for better or worse, by the events which occurred while the Stock Exchange was closed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell. Little Eve Edgarton. Century. $1 net.
Beach, Rex. The Auction Block. Harper. $1.35 net.
Burnham, Clara Louise. The Right Track. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Chambers, R. W. The Hidden Children. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Cooke, M. B. Bamby. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Cooney, Percival J. The Dons of the Old Pueblo. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.35 net.
Cummings, Edward. Marmaduke of Tennessee. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.30 net.
Deland, Margaret. The Hands of Esau. Harper. $1 net.
Fillmore, Parker. The Rosie World. Holt. $1.30 net.
Gillmore, Rufus. The Alster Case. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Grinnell, G. B. The Wolf Hunters. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Haines, Donal H. The Last Invasion. Harper. $1.25 net.
Harben, Will N. The New Clarion. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hay, Ian. A Knight on Wheels. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Kelland, Clarence B. Mark Tidd in the Backwoods. Harper. $1 net.
Leblanc, Georgette. The Choice of Life. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.
Lee, Jennette. The Woman in the Alcove. Scribner. $1 net.
MacDonald, Ronald. Gambier's Advocate. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.
Macnamara, R. S. The Torch of Life. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Merwin, Samuel. The Charmed Life of Miss Austin. Century. $1.35 net.
Nicolls, William J. Wild Mustard. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Pompeo, Litta, Duke. Monsignor Villarosa. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Pulver, M. B. The Spring Lady. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.25 net.
Read, G. W. Médoc in the Moor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.
Stevenson, G. Jenny Cartwright. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Turnbull, Margaret. Looking After Sandy. Harper. $1.35 net.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Lost Boy. Harper. 50 cents net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bashford, H. H. Vagabonds in Périgord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Cooper, Elizabeth. The Women of Egypt. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Davis, John F. California Romantic and Resourceful. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.
Dixon, Royal. The Human Side of Plants. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Essays in Exposition. Edited by B. P. Kurtz and others. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.30 net.
Fitch, George. Sizing Up Uncle Sam. Stokes. $1 net.
Home University Library: The Exploration of the Alps. Religious Development Between the Old and the New Testaments. The Renaissance. Elizabethan Literature. Chemistry. Holt. 50 cents net each.
Hunt, T. F., and Burkett, Charles W. Farm Animals. Orange Judd Co. $1.50.
Judson, K. B. Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

Moss, Capt. James. Army Orders. Menasha, Wis.: The George Banta Publishing Co.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Sad Shepherd. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Watt, L. M. The Hills of Home and Four Pentland Essays by R. L. Stevenson. Scribner.
Westermarck, Edward. Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco. Macmillan.
Withington, Paul. The Book of Athletics. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.
Works of Edgar Allan Poe. 10 volumes. Scribner. Pocket edition. $1 net each.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Olcott, Gage. Meditations of a Young Man. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.
Smith, J. M. Powis. The Prophet and His Problems. Scribner. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Correspondence respecting the European Crisis. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty. August, 1914. London: Harrison & Sons. Price, 9d.
Dawson, W. H. The Evolution of Modern Germany. Scribner.
Law Reports and Session Laws of the State of New York. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Morriss, M. S. Colonial Trade of Maryland. Vol. XXXII. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bernhardi, F. von. Germany and the Next War. Trans. by A. H. Powles. Popular Edition. London: Edward Arnold. 2s. net.
Dellenbaugh, F. S. Frémont and '49. Putnam.
Lloyd, Thomas. The Making of the Roman People. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.
Lynch, Frederick. Through Europe on the Eve of War. The Church Peace Union.
Sabin, E. L. Kit Carson Days. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3 net.
The Centenary of the Battle of Plattsburg. Albany: State Department of Education.
Weignall, Arthur E. P. B. The Life and Times of Cleopatra. Putnam. $3.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Brown, J. Macmillan. The Dutch East. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. $3.50 net.
Cabaton, A. Java, Sumatra, and Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies. Scribner.
Loring, J. A. African Adventure Stories. Scribner. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Bard, A. Scattered Leaves. Iowa: German Literary Board. 35 cents.
Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Leland, R. D. Ballads of Blyndham Town. Amityville, N. Y.: Paul Bailey.
Trombly, A. E. The Springtime of Love and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Baekeland, L. H. Some Aspects of Industrial Chemistry. Columbia University Press.
Caldwell, O. W., and Eikenberry, W. L. General Science. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1 net.
Fuld, Maurice. Growing Bulbs. New York: Knight & Struck Co. $1.
Maxwell, W. Salesmanship. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
Quinn, Mary J. Planning and Furnishing the Home. Harper. $1 net.
Wardall, R. A., and White, E. N. A Study of Foods. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents net.

ART.

Bell, Ralcey H. Art Talks with Ranger. Putnam.
Parry, E. L. The Two Great Art Epochs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2 net.

JUVENILE.

Morgan, A. P. The Boy Electrician. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Sturtevant, E. H. P. Terenti Afri Andria. American Book Co. 72 cents.
Waddy, Lucy E. Tra La Jaro. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 50 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914.

Summary of the News

There has been little change in the general situation in Europe during the past week. In the western area of warfare a great battle has been in progress along the river Aisne which up to the time of writing has been productive of no definite result. In the eastern campaign the Russian armies continue to announce successes. We deal in greater detail elsewhere with the operations in these fields.

It appears to be definitely established that no further efforts to facilitate peace will be made by the United States for the present. An announcement was made from the White House on September 17 that the President had received from the German Chancellor a non-committal reply to his inquiry into the report that the Kaiser was willing to discuss terms of peace, and it was stated that there was nothing in the reply which put Germany in the attitude of making a request of the United States. In France, England, and Russia, it is evident that there is no inclination to make any move in the direction of peace until the results of the war shall be more decided. The position of the United States, therefore, is that it has gone definitely on record as willing, when any opportune moment shall come, to place itself at the service of the belligerents. In the meanwhile, the President, in an interview on Monday, deprecated inopportune suggestions at the present time which might later handicap this country in its efforts to be of service to humanity.

The President's reply on September 16 to the Belgian committee which presented to him a statement of the alleged atrocities committed by German soldiers in Belgium, and his reply to the Kaiser's telegram protesting against British and French "atrocities," were couched in almost identical terms. Suave and sympathetic, but taking it for granted that the recipients did not expect this country to take any action in the matter at the present time, these answers might well serve as models of diplomatic correspondence. The President's reply to President Poincaré was in similar terms.

The United States has protested to Turkey against the abrogation of the capitulations. Secretary Bryan last week cabled to Ambassador Morgenthau to inform the Government of the Porte that this Government did not recognize its right to abrogate the capitulations, and further that the Washington Government would reserve for the present discussion of the grounds on which it based its refusal to acquiesce in the action of Turkey, and also reserved the right to make further representations in the matter later on. Greece also has joined with the other Powers in protesting against the abrogation of the capitulations.

As a result of bombardment by the Germans last week, the beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims is reported to be seriously damaged. A German official statement expresses regret for the bombardment, which, it says, was necessary because "Rheims was in the battle line." President Poincaré has issued a protest at the deed to the neutral Powers, in which it is denied that the destruction was inspired by any military reasons.

Italy still manages to maintain her neutrality, but public sentiment in favor of participation in the war appears to be growing and several riotous demonstrations have occurred. It is reported that half a million troops are now mobilized.

The Federal Reserve Board on Saturday of last week approved the bankers' plan for a $100,000,000 gold fund to meet American obligations to Europe.

The emergency revenue bill to raise $105,000,000, taxing beer, wines, gasolene, bankers, brokers, amusement proprietors, and commercial instruments, was introduced in the House on Monday. The bill comes up for debate in the House to-day (Thursday), and, it is expected, will be passed to-morrow.

By a vote of 27 to 22 the Rivers and Harbors bill was on Monday recommitted to the Commerce Committee of the Senate with instructions to the committee to cut the total of the appropriations from $53,000,000 to a sum not exceeding $20,000,000.

The rates on war risks for cargoes and vessels which will be charged by the Government for insurance on commerce between the United States and belligerent and non-belligerent ports during the European war were announced on September 18 by Director William C. Delancy, of the Bureau of War Insurance.

As a result of the recent application of the railways which was made after President Wilson had received a representative committee of railway presidents at the White House, the Interstate Commerce Commission on Saturday of last week decided to reopen the Eastern advance-rate cases. Hearings will be commenced at Washington on October 19.

Rear-Admiral Charles O. Badger, who has been appointed to the Naval General Board at Washington, was relieved of his command of the Atlantic fleet on September 17. He is succeeded by Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, who has been in command of the first division of the Atlantic fleet, and who commanded the landing parties at Vera Cruz.

Sir Lionel Carden, lately British Minister to Mexico, according to the report of an interview with him as he was leaving these shores on September 16, criticised the policy of the Administration in Mexico in what, if he was correctly reported, can only be described as very rude terms. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, on the following day formally expressed his regret for the publication of the interview, which, he explained, was contrary to diplomatic usage and to the regulations of the British Government, and was therefore unauthorized. Sir Lionel Carden has denied by wireless that his statement contained criticism of the Administration, but no specific confirmation or denial can be obtained until he has had an opportunity of seeing the text of the interview.

The Senate passed additional legislation on September 18 further modifying the Federal Reserve act. The amendments passed were to sections 11 and 16; the first reading that "the Federal Reserve Board shall have power to permit member banks to carry in the Federal Reserve banks of their respective districts any portion of their reserves now required by section 19 of this act to be held in their own vaults," the second that "the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to devise and put into operation a system of clearances of national bank notes between the Treasury, the Federal Reserve banks, and the member banks, and for that purpose to designate Federal Reserve banks as agents of the United States."

The British Parliament was prorogued on September 18 until October 27. The King's speech was a brief assertion of the justice of the purpose for which Great Britain is fighting, and contained the statement that "we shall not lay down our arms until that purpose has been fully achieved." It is perhaps worth recording, as a remarkable incident in the history of the House of Commons, that as the House adjourned the singing of the national anthem was started by the Labor leader, Will Crooks, that English members called out "God save Ireland," and that Irish Nationalists replied with "God save England." Never before, probably, save as sarcasm, has that pious wish come from Nationalist lips.

On the same day on which Parliament was prorogued, the House of Commons passed the Home Rule bill and the Welsh Disestablishment bill, after their rejection by the House of Lords for the third time, and they received the signature of the King. At the same time, however, the King signed the bills recently introduced to suspend the operation of these acts until after the conclusion of the war.

The situation in Mexico continues to be satisfactory, and the announcement last week, coming on Independence Day, that the United States forces in Vera Cruz were to be withdrawn was received with enthusiasm in the capital. A national convention of military and political leaders is planned for October 1, when a Provisional President is to be chosen. It is understood in Washington that Gen. Carranza will resign as First Chief, and that Fernando Iglesias Calderon, leader of the Liberal party in Mexico, will be named Provisional President for the purpose of conducting a general election in which Carranza expects to be a candidate.

The deaths of the week include: Gen. Jacobus H. de la Rey, Major Wallis O. Clark, U. S. A., September 15; Col. William Reeve Hamilton, U. S. A., September 16; Mrs. Frank Leslie, September 18; Judge A. G. Olmstead, September 19; Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, September 21.

The Week

President Wilson's reply, both to the German Emperor and to the Belgian Commissioners, on the subject of alleged atrocities in the war, is in substance what it was in the nature of things bound to be, while in form it fulfils the standard of excellence which Mr. Wilson has accustomed us to expect in his official utterances. Even if there had been a representation from one side only, and if the press were not filled with statements of the most contradictory character upon almost every allegation involved, it would have been quite out of the question for the head of our Government to pass judgment upon charges made by one of two warring nations against another. But, while scrupulously avoiding any possible offence against the strictest requirements of neutrality, Mr. Wilson availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the appeal to point in impressive language to the part which, some day or other, will be played, in regard to the present transactions, by the opinion of mankind—organized and unorganized:

> Where wrongs have been committed, their consequences and the relative responsibility involved will be assessed. The nations of the world have fortunately by agreement made a plan for such a reckoning and settlement. What such a plan cannot compass the opinion of mankind, the final arbiter in all such matters, will supply.

Even in the din of the hundred-mile battle in France and the still more vastly extended conflict on the borders of Russia, this voice will make itself heard. It is a reminder that the day will come when the Hague Tribunal will have its turn; and that the Hague Tribunal is but a single manifestation of a power the strength of which, in the end, transcends that of armies.

It is most gratifying to hear that the Cathedral at Rheims may not, after all, prove to be a complete wreck. Over that news the whole world must rejoice, as it has been inexpressibly shocked and horrified by the thought that it might have lost a treasure of inestimable worth, utterly irreplaceable, the priceless heritage of all lovers of the beautiful. It is not yet time to fix the blame, nor can we yet know exactly how great the damage actually is. But if it should prove, as is alleged, that no less than fifty German shells entered that glorious structure, it will be hard indeed to acquit those responsible of deliberate and wanton vandalism. Certainly the official German statement that everything possible was done to avert the catastrophe is not borne out by other dispatches. A wanton destruction would fearfully injure the German cause, for it would be reprobated by the entire civilized world. The matter is, moreover, only made worse by such attempts to sneer it away as Mr. Ridder has made, by referring to acts of vandalism of our own in the Civil War. No just man condemns those outrages, or the water-cure torture in the Philippines in 1901-02, a whit less than he does wrongdoing by Turcos or Japanese or Belgians or any one else.

Ambassador Gerard's communication to the President, giving the substance of the remarks made to him by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, cannot be regarded as indicative of what the position of Germany would be towards any concrete proposal of peace conditions, or even towards any specific offer of mediation. To say that, as a first step towards such an offer, "the United States ought to get proposals of peace from the Allies" is but another way of saying that Germany does not propose to take the first step in the matter. Nor could any different answer possibly have been given at this stage of affairs. Neither side can be expected to propose, even upon the vaguest lines, a settlement of the conflict while it is in its present phase; for any basis that could be regarded by it as satisfactory must in the nature of things be held by its adversary to be out of the question so long as the situation in the field is what it now is. But to say this is not to say that the suggestions which have been put before the German Government, or similar suggestions which may be put before that of any of the Allied Powers, must prove fruitless in the end. Certainly, the fact that the Government at Washington is anxious to be of help in bringing the conflict to a close whenever it may become possible to obtain the assent of the belligerents to any form of mediation is one which it is of the highest importance to keep to the front. To push this disposition on our part to the point of senseless importunity would do harm instead of good; but we feel sure that President Wilson's judgment, and his sense of the fitness of things, can be trusted to prevent our being placed in such a position. On the other hand, he can be equally trusted to avail himself of any opening which may occur to be of service in hastening the close of this most terrible of wars.

The greatest enemy of Germany to-day is not France nor Russia, nor Japan nor England, but the public opinion of the United States. This we have on the unquestioned written authority of the "German-American Literary Defence Committee." According to this valuable organization, now appealing to the public for funds, it has carried on the fight on this, the fourth "front," in the "most unselfish way possible and in most complete activity," with results with which it is apparently satisfied. "The poison distributed by the Anglo-American press against us German-Americans" must be overcome by counter-efforts, the Committee insists. We trust, however, without the use of Prussic acid on their part. We are glad to report, in any case, that if this is war against the most dangerous enemy now facing Germany, it can be carried on at a considerably slighter financial sacrifice than the war against the European nations, for the Committee appeals for only $100 a week. This modest sum it may well raise, but neither that nor a very much larger amount would suffice to overcome the hostile American public opinion—which is hostile, however, only to the spirit of Prussian militarism. When the war is over, we undertake to say, no nation will be more concerned in preserving German civilization and German idealism in every field except the military than will the United States.

Much as the swift Prussian advance in 1870 had a negative effect in halting any thought of interference by Austria, so the qualified successes of Russia, in Galicia, are operating positively upon Rumania. The report that M. Diamondy, the Rumanian delegate to Italy, has declared in Rome that his country, "though neutral for the present, could not let slip this opportunity for realizing its national aims," receives a color of probability from accounts of popular sentiment at home. A great patriotic enthusiasm is there reported, and there is little doubt as to its motive. The "national aims" to which M. Diamondy must have referred, if he spoke as asserted, centre in the acquisition of Bukovina, in southern Galicia, whose inhabitants are in part Rumanian. The country of King Charles proved in the second Balkan War, in its virtual blackmail of Bulgaria, that its acquisitiveness is not likely to be limited by a sensitive fear lest it be accused of cynicism and self-interest. But the mission to Italy, to be sure, may concern nothing more than the curbing of Turkey. In any case, the lesson to be drawn from the present attitude of the Balkans—Bulgaria is now reported pro-Russian—is of the

strategic value of early victories in influencing wavering or lukewarm neighbors.

The excellent suggestion has been made by Miss Mabel Choate that on Sunday, October 4, the day set apart by the President for prayers for peace, collections in all the churches in the country should be devoted to the immediate use of the Red Cross in its work of humanity in the war-ravaged countries of Europe. It is sincerely to be hoped that the ministers of religion, of all creeds and sects, will pay heed to this most admirable suggestion and act upon it promptly and earnestly. Usually it is extremely difficult to centre upon a given benevolent purpose the attention of millions of people throughout the country, with sufficient effectiveness to bring about immediately a great material result. But such is not the case in this instance. The President's designation of the day will undoubtedly result in a general observance of it for the purpose he named. The thoughts of all our people will on that day be fixed upon the idea of America's peculiar duty and opportunity as a representative of humane endeavor in this time of fearful trial for the nations of Europe. Unless that sentiment is wholly insincere, there must be millions of men and women who will be glad to attest its genuineness by contributing from their means, great or small, towards works of mercy for which, however generous the response, the resources cannot begin to be as great as the need.

The accession of Great Britain and France to the ever-widening group of nations which have given their adhesion to the plan of submitting to investigation by a permanent international Commission any dispute which may arise between them and this country offers cause for profound satisfaction to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. To get a method like this formulated in a definite treaty constitutes a gain far beyond that attaching to the concrete applications of it which may be expected to arise—though this gain is by no means one to be despised. The plan formulated is, in point of fact, but the crystallization of a policy the spirit of which has in practice governed nearly all of our dealings with foreign nations for the better part of a century. Yet if this plan had been in operation during that crisis which came to a climax with the destruction of the Maine, it is highly probable that there would have been no war with Spain; the interval allowed for investigation would probably have been so utilized as to effect a settlement of the Cuban trouble without armed intervention on our part. But over and above any specific cases of this nature in which these treaties may prove useful in the future, their mere existence must exercise a silent but steady pressure on the disposition of nations in general to take recourse to methods of discussion and delay when war seems imminent. It would be childish to imagine that any treaty understanding of this kind could, of itself, operate as a preventive of war in the face of mighty passions and desires such as are at the bottom of the present vast struggle; but to familiarize the mind with the possibilities of such methods is to reinforce in some measure the agencies which tend to stay the hand of rulers, and fix the responsibility for the awful issue of their decision.

If there has ever been a case of a great European Power having a diplomatic representative on this side the Atlantic so preposterously insolent to the United States as Sir Lionel Carden has been, we fail to recall the instance. The interview concerning Mexico which was published last week as coming from him may be repudiated; but it differs only in the unbridled offensiveness of its language from previous utterances with which he has been credited and which, so far as we know, have never been denied. A mere denial on the part of Sir Lionel Carden—unless it should take the shape of an assertion that the whole thing was a fabrication, and this it is hardly likely to do—will not by any means suffice to satisfy the requirements of the case. It is to be hoped that the British Ambassador at Washington will make it plain to the Foreign Office at London that the conduct of this evidently unfit representative of the British Government is deeply resented by the American people, whether or not our own Government at Washington may think best to make any representation on the subject.

It is reported that the protest of the British Consul at Rio Janeiro against the transfer of the steamship Robert Dollar from British to American registry has been withdrawn; and it is difficult to see where England had either practical interest or legal justification in preventing it. In the first place, the vessel had been American-owned for two years, carrying the British flag only to evade our harsh navigation laws; so that in equity it did not come under the British declaration against transfer of ship-ownership during war. Secondly, such transfer in no wise affected any belligerent nation hostile to England. But the protest shows how jealously suspicious England is of any potential precedent for the transfer of the Hamburg-American liners or the North German or Austrian Lloyd liners, giving millions of dollars to her enemies. The proposed shipping bill not merely authorized American registry of ships owned by Americans before the war, but of all bought during the war. England will evidently not sustain her objection to the first class of registrations. But the difficulties ahead of us if we attempt to begin the second are obvious; and they are emphasized by the refusal of the Brazilian Government to permit the Robert Dollar to leave port until the whole merits of the case are made plain.

The American army and navy officers who have insisted on promotion by selection and by aid of plucking boards in order that young men may reach high commands when still in their prime, will find nothing in the ages of the leading German generals to support their contentions. In the German army there is no fixed retirement for age applying to all officers, but there is rigid retirement at any time that an officer appears unfit for his position or fails to do well in his duties, or in any way is unable to measure up to the high physical and mental standards of the service. Let an officer be overslaughed in a marked way, and his resignation or application for retirement is tendered forthwith. Never was there, as a whole, more rigid selection—though not wholly uninfluenced by court favor; yet what do we find? Gen. von Emmich, the capturer of Liège, is sixty-six, and Gen. von Kluck is sixty-eight—the one two years and the other four above the compulsory American retiring age. Gen. von Hausen, who has just given up the command of the Saxon army, because of real or assumed illness, is sixty-eight; Gen. von Heeringen is sixty-four, and Gen. von Einem sixty-one. Gen. von Bülow is also sixty-eight, and Gen. von Moltke, upon whose shoulders rest the heaviest burdens, is sixty-six. Nearly all of these officers are campaigning in France for the second time, having been young ensigns or lieutenants in 1870. Gen. von Hindenburg, whose success on the Russian boundary has made him famous, is sixty-seven. On the English side, Kitchener is sixty-four, Smith-Dorrien fifty-six, Sir John French sixty-two, and Gen. Grierson, who died in France the other day, was fifty-five; while the three French generals, Pau, Joffre, and Gallieni, are all approaching seventy. Plainly, among the generals of this war the Osler theory does

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not apply, nor the American military belief that you must have middle-aged men for the highest positions.

Not often is a campaign of filibustering in the Senate viewed with so friendly an eye by the people of the country, without distinction of party, as is that which has been waged against the pork-barrel—*alias* the River and Harbor—bill. From the way in which public opinion looks upon the matter, it ought to be plain to the Democratic leaders that their party will suffer severely in the Congressional campaign if it identifies itself with that idea of profligate expenditure with which River and Harbor bills built on the log-rolling plan are so conspicuously identified in the public mind. Of course, what gives the case such unusual point at the present time is the circumstance that at the very moment when the majority party seemed bent on forcing this expenditure through until compelled by the determined opposition of a few Senators to think of dropping it, that same majority party was engaged in constructing an emergency tax bill to meet the needs of the Treasury due to the cutting off of revenue by the war. The Democratic leaders had better lose no time in taking up a more desirable position than that of a party putting an unusual tax on the people and at the same time refusing to cut off expenditures that are not only unnecessary but in large part scandalous.

Because of the wholly unprecedented conditions which surrounded our export and import trade in August, the Government's report on the month's total results in the country's foreign commerce is of particular interest. There had, for instance, been very great curiosity as to whether our inward trade or our outward trade had suffered most severely by the varying phases of the war embargo. On that question depended largely this market's position in the matter of international exchange. The figures show that, notwithstanding an export of cereals never equalled in any previous August, the month's total export trade decreased $77,500,000 from 1913, while the decrease in imports was only $8,200,000. As a consequence, imports exceeded exports by $19,000,000, as against a $50,200,000 excess of exports over imports in August, 1913. Not in a generation has so considerable an excess of imports resulted during August.

This result cannot yet be accepted as a full and fair indication of the effect of war on our foreign trade. For one thing, the temporarily almost complete embargo on ocean service, in the first fortnight of August, hit our export business disastrously, because even the vessels in our ports were unable or unwilling to sail. But meantime, merchandise which had been shipped from abroad to this country before the war broke out, and which was on the water during those early weeks of complete uncertainty, continued to come in. Neither fear of capture nor inability to draw exchange against the cargoes could affect those deliveries. When the position in these regards had improved, towards the middle of the month, export business increased, as the weekly grain trade figures have already demonstrated, while the arrivals of imported merchandise correspondingly decreased, because they then reflected the chaotic conditions at the opening of August. But the greater part of the month was governed by the circumstances which cut down exports without greatly affecting imports. Our weekly grain exports in September have increased enormously, as compared both with August and with September of last year. On the other hand, however, our cotton exports, which last month were only $1,300,000, as against an average of $16,000,000 for August in the four preceding years, have been running, even this month, at a weekly total barely 10 per cent. of last year's figures.

"Remarkable" is none too strong a word for the series of inquiries conducted by the Federal Commission, on Industrial Relations, which are now to be embodied in a report to Congress. That report, it is safe to say, will constitute a work of unique value in the field of labor discussion. The issues involved have been especially clear-cut in the Western portion of the investigation, where it is plain that there is a gross lack of understanding by both employers and employees, especially the former, of the fundamental causes of industrial unrest. Another fact that stands out in the entire investigation is that all of the agencies devised and set in motion for bringing about justice in industrial disputes have in one place or another broken down. The report will doubtless deal with the causes of these failures, and will have some suggestions to offer for rendering them less likely; but its chief value will lie in the mass of information it will assemble for use by students and legislators.

It is just like Connecticut, which gave Roosevelt in 1912 only half as many votes as it gave Taft, to stick to the "obsolete" convention system. But how are we to explain the results of its Democratic State Convention? For the party's candidate for the Senate it chose Gov. Baldwin, and for a platform it selected such planks as one declaring for the short ballot, another favoring the direct primary, and others pledging the party, against the Governor's wishes, to submit a woman suffrage amendment to the State Constitution, and urging legislation "that will cure the free-pass evil and eliminate the professional lobbyist from legislative proceedings." A Progressive primary could hardly do more than this! Gov. Baldwin wins the Senatorial nomination at a fortunate moment. Had he been a candidate before the last Legislature, he might in the end have been elected; but as no party had a majority on joint ballot, six Progressives holding the balance of power, a deadlock would have been likely, as was the case in Illinois and elsewhere for some weeks. Now, with Senators chosen directly, his election is highly probable.

Illinois Democrats, who gave Champ Clark a majority of 140,000 over Woodrow Wilson in the Presidential primary of 1912, are the first to endorse Wilson for renomination. For the first time within the memory of living men, their State Convention had nothing to quarrel about. Indeed, the delegates to all three conventions of the Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives, which met at Springfield on the same day, might have assembled under the same roof, so far as the platforms go. All three declare for the extension of the merit system and for a corrupt practices act, even the scandal of the Lorimer election not having induced the Legislature to pass such a measure. The Republicans and the Progressives favor complete woman suffrage, and the Democratic platform includes the question as one of those with which a constitutional convention should deal in the near future. The most important matter before the conventions was that of the amendment of the State Constitution, a problem that has long been troubling the State. The Constitution contains the peculiar provision that only one article may be amended at a time, unless by a constitutional convention; as the advocates of various amendments can never agree upon which one shall be first submitted, the provision usually operates as a prohibition against amending the instrument at all. As a corollary to this confusion, the advocates of amendments differ upon the best way of getting rid of the obstacle to amendment, some desiring a constitutional convention, others preferring a change in the peculiar article defining the process of amendment.

THE WORK OF THE GERMAN "MACHINE."

At the end of the first week of mobilization the German Chief of Staff, Gen. von Moltke, announced to the country that not a hitch had occurred; not even a single inquiry for further instructions, or a complaint, had been received at General Staff headquarters. For seven days four millions of men had been turning soldiers, a peaceful nation was being transformed into one in arms, and not in the slightest detail had it appeared that anything had gone wrong. At the end of the second week the record was the same; the operation was complete. Millions of reserves had joined their commands, and long-planned organizations had sprung into being. Each man had received his orders, picked up his kit, and gone to the front. For, while mobilization was going on, concentration, the *Aufmarsch*, was taking place as well. At the end of two weeks the machine was complete, was massed on three frontiers, and to the west was ready for that forward stroke of which we now know. Whether that is to end in disaster or not, the fact remains that in all history there is nothing to surpass this triumph of human planning and organization. With all respect for Russian and French achievements along the same line, the palm must be awarded to the German thoroughness, for it made possible that triumphant march through Belgium and France which never stopped until it was seventeen miles from Paris.

Few Americans can appreciate the extent of the advance planning involved in this mobilization, or the labor expended to keep it up to date. The French went to war in their historic red-trousered uniforms; the Germans appeared in their gray khaki, the existence of which was hardly known abroad. Each soldier had new shoes, new underclothing, had received his written instructions what train to take, and what seat to occupy. Food for the journey was given to him, and when his train reached certain stations hot drinks were served to him. He had no thinking to do, only to read his order. Nowhere was there the slightest confusion, or a mix-up of any kind, and everywhere the most spontaneous enthusiasm and determination, due to the fact that, strange as it seems to us, the German nation feels that it has been sadly put upon; that war was not of its seeking, or in the slightest degree due to the Kaiser or his Ambassadors. But mobilization means far more than moving troops, for telephones, telegraphs, and railways were taken over by the military, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of factories ceased work instantly on civilian contracts and began to labor exclusively for the General Staff, making biscuits, clothing, shoes, munitions, etc. Every pound of copper was seized at once and reserved for military purposes. For this, as for everything else purchased for the army, the Government is paying in cash.

More than that, on the sixth day of mobilization, August 7, while the process of calling out and concentrating was going on, and the army was thus being enormously expanded, Gen. von Emmich captured Liège with only three divisions, and those still at peace strength. For this we now have the official word of the Quartermaster-General of the German army, von Stein, who states that the reserves did not overtake the Hanover troops led by von Emmich before Liège fell. One of its forts succumbed after three shots from one of the new siege guns. The Germans insist that there was no delay at Liège whatever; that the time spent there was the regular and expected waiting for the mobilization and the concentration to be completed. The minute the mobilization period of fourteen days was over, the forward movement began, with its tremendous early successes.

And yet this incredibly efficient machine, whatever the final outcome, has failed to accomplish its purpose; it has neither taken Paris, nor surrounded the Allied armies with a ring of steel, nor held its ground in France. The policy of blood and iron has for the present been blocked; for the first time in 101 years a great German army has met with a real check. The supreme test of the greatest of machines is now before us. How will it stand up under defeat? Will the defects of its qualities lead to its undoing? It is a wonderful thing to have the heads of the machine do all the thinking and planning and to reduce the soldiers merely to pawns. But when the parts of such a machine begin to crack and break, sometimes it appears that the more perfect the machine the greater the damage. For one thing, the pawns are not apt to know what to do when their thinking is not done for them. The very fact that theirs has been a perfect machine has deprived them of the experience acquired in meeting unforeseen emergencies. It is more than questionable whether his training does not make the German soldier less versatile and adaptable than those of other nations. Again, the point of view of the officers that the men are merely pawns, and that their plans are to be carried out without regard to the blood spilt, may prove a great source of weakness, if not of undoing; it may appear that more was expected of the machine than could be accomplished by one which is, after all, composed of human elements. Physical exhaustion may prove to be the real explanation for the failure of the tidal wave to engulf Paris.

By this we do not mean to imply that this wonderful machine has already collapsed; he who thinks that, errs gravely. The thoroughness of the German General Staff must have provided for every contingency. The fortifications in Alsace-Lorraine and along the Rhine were built for defensive purposes; even the overweening self-confidence of the General Staff must have reckoned on a possible defeat, and made its plans accordingly. In East Prussia we have seen what a defensive-offensive can accomplish; two severe defeats are admitted by the Russians. No one can assert, moreover, with the facts thus far before us, that the German retreat in France was anything like a rout. Their army chiefs are now fighting for the preservation of the Empire, and under that stress the machine will still accomplish wonders—provided that the human element does not fail it. They must not carry their blood-and-iron policy too far, lest their machine collapse from over-strain and their resources be wantonly wasted. And they must not forget that the deciding factor may be the plight of those Germans, men, women, and children, not included within the scope of the military machine—those who suffer at home and may ere long face starvation.

MEXICO.

In more ways than one, the withdrawal of the American troops from Vera Cruz, now ordered by the President, will be the end of a notable chapter of history. What story the new chapter in Mexico's annals will tell remains matter open for conjecture—conjecture which must take its color as much from the temper of the observer as from the record that lies behind us. Some look forward with confidence, others with hope, still others with rooted distrust that anything good can come out of self-rule in a country that has so long a history of turbulence and revolution behind it. But, whatever the future may bring forth, some things stand clearly accomplished for the present—things that absolutely give the lie to predictions of failure and predictions of evil, which, not many months ago, were given out without hesitation or qualification, and found very wide acceptance.

First and foremost, Mr. Wilson's order stamps indelibly upon the whole course of the President and of our country, in this

extraordinary episode, the seal of absolute good faith. That his intentions, and ours, were true and upright, was never open to honest and intelligent doubt; and it is long since any doubt of them has been expressed in a responsible quarter. Yet between intention and fulfilment there is always a gap; and now that gap has been filled. That in the actual march of events to this happy end he has been favored by fortunate developments upon which he could not have counted with certainty, is true enough; he ran a great risk when he sent the troops to Mexico, and the outcome might easily have proved far different from what it has been. But the real saving factor in the case, whether aided by adventitious circumstances or not, was the rectitude of the President's purpose from first to last. If his sending of troops to Vera Cruz carried with it the danger of a needless war, his unceasing vigilance, the constant exertion of every resource of his mind to shape results towards a peaceful settlement, was the force that averted that calamity. Not for a moment did he admit the insistent and insidious plea—to which few men would have failed to succumb—that war was bound to come, and therefore the best plan was to push on with vigor; he trusted to the resources of diplomacy and persuasion, and to the countless possibilities that time might develop. He was prepared to appeal to the *ultima ratio* of nations; but it was really and truly as a *last* resort that he contemplated the abandonment of the resources of reason in favor of those of war.

But the chapter of history which the President's order has brought to a close did not begin with the landing of the troops at Vera Cruz. It had its beginning in the very first days of his Administration; and it is characterized, with a fidelity rarely to be found in a mere label, by the catchword "watchful waiting" which has so universally been used in referring to it. That policy has succeeded beyond the most hopeful expectations, we venture to say, of the President himself; certainly beyond those of the majority of his supporters in it. As for those who treated that policy with ridicule and contempt, it is worth while at this moment to say something more about their view than that events have falsified their judgment. This might be—indeed, in part it doubtless has been—the result of favoring chance; the only way to avoid the danger of judging falsely of the future is not to judge of the future at all. But the truth is that the critics of the President made two real mistakes in their weighing of his programme. In the first place, they seemed to think that by watchful waiting the President meant simply looking on while Carranza and Villa knocked Huerta out, and then letting the mess work itself out as it might; whereas they ought to have known that he was counting on the exercise, in a score of ways, of influence that would so shape affairs after Huerta's downfall as to satisfy the needs of a stable order in Mexico. And secondly, they failed to make allowance for the existence of factors in the situation that might furnish the means by which such a policy could be carried out.

Of these overlooked factors, two have played a signal part in bringing about the actual result. The first is the potent interposition of the South American mediators. The bringing in of their participation was a stroke of statesmanship whose efficacy in unravelling the Huerta-Carranza tangle is hardly more notable than is its value as a precedent in the future relations of our country with the republics to the south of us. And the second factor is to be found in the conduct of the Constitutionalist leaders themselves. Neither Carranza nor Villa has proved to be one-tenth so black as he had been painted. Carranza is neither a mass of trickery, nor, as was sometimes asserted, a mere figurehead and nonentity; Villa, whatever may have been the beginnings of his career, is something very different from the purely selfish and utterly ignorant cutthroat and robber that we were led to picture him. President Wilson has utilized the possibilities of aid from friendly Powers kindred in feeling and origin to Mexico, and he has utilized the possibilities of reason and good will that were to be found in the Constitutionalist leaders themselves. The easy way is to sweep aside all such possibilities, and hack one's way through to a solution; Mr. Wilson chose the more difficult but infinitely the better way. And he has his reward in a victory of peace and of sagacity which will ever inure to his own honor and his country's.

WHY IT IS SO WITH THE PROGRESSIVES.

The Maine election, with its meagre showing of Progressive strength, was not a surprise to the country, and Col. Roosevelt is reported as saying that it was not a surprise to him. Since that election, there has come the report of a conference between the Colonel and Mr. Perkins on the one hand and leaders of the Progressive party in Maryland on the other. The interesting feature of this report is to be found in a long extract which Mr. Roosevelt—as a simple method of stating his position in regard to fusion—read to the gentlemen in conference from a letter which he had recently written. It winds up with this statement of the existing situation:

> As things are now, it is worse than useless to support the few Republicans who announce that they are for me, but that they intend to remain in the Republican party, for this merely means that if elected they will strengthen the great mass of Republicans who not only intend to oppose me, which is unimportant, but to oppose all the things for which I stand, which is very important.

Now, as a matter of form, this is a stout enough assertion of party integrity. No alliance, it says, with the enemy; no surrender of the party's identity or its purposes. But when we look through the whole document for any sign of real vitality we find it wholly absent. There is much about the Colonel's "purposes," and about "everything I represent," and about "good government," and about "decent Republicans," and about "the worst policies and practices of the Bourbons two years ago"; but not a syllable that carries the impress of a splendid fight in a great and inspiring cause. This in itself would, of course, show nothing; the trouble is that what is lacking in this particular utterance has likewise been almost completely lacking in the Colonel's talk generally since his return from his travels. The difference between the ring of what he and, for that matter, Progressive spokesmen generally are saying now and the ring of that outburst of militant enthusiasm which marked the early days of the party is all the difference between a party which feels itself alive and growing and a party which hardly knows whether it is worth while to go on living or not. There is no "Onward, Christian Soldiers," there is no "New Nationalism," there is no "Social Justice"; there is little more than the cry against bossism and the tiresome repetition of the stereotyped epithet "reactionary." The party is barely two years old, but it seems to be suffering from a clearly marked case of premature senility.

Nor is the reason far to seek. The Progressive party came into being upon an insubstantial basis. It would not be correct to say that it was solely a one-man party—a personal following, and not a political organization at all. It is of course true that both its genesis and its ability to cut a large figure in the Presidential election were clearly due to the extraordinary hold of Col. Roosevelt upon a large fraction of the American people; but it is not this fact that we have in mind when we say that the party had an insubstantial basis. What we mean is that its principles were sentimental rather than rational, its policies vaguely and

hastily conceived, its aims shadowy, its pretensions unreal. It has not had the courage of its convictions, because its convictions are not made of the stuff that can endure the wear and tear of political realities. It does not stand by "The New Nationalism," because it had never thought out—nor its leader before it—what it meant by "The New Nationalism." It does not stand by "Social Justice," because the social justice for which it was ready to fight differed very little, when it came to be examined, from that which pretty much all of us were perfectly willing to promote, though perhaps we wished to go about it with less noise and with more deliberation. For that kind of social justice—be it good or bad—which involves anything like a fundamental change in the existing economic order it never even thought of fighting. In a word, it raised a tremendous racket over issues which were not substantial enough to create a party; and it mistook the hectic fervor of a camp-meeting revival for the advent of a new religion.

All this is pointedly illustrated in the history of two things—two closely related things, as it happens—which have figured very conspicuously in the Progressive crusade. The type of measure which Mr. Roosevelt's programme of "Social Justice" contemplates is that represented by Workmen's Compensation acts; so much so, that a very large part of what he has said on the subject relates expressly to the need of such acts. Now if one were to get one's impression of the prospects of such legislation from Mr. Roosevelt's speeches of a couple of years ago, one would inevitably believe, first, that the old parties were so reactionary or corrupt, and the power of capitalistic interests so supreme, that it was next to impossible to have any such measure enacted; and secondly, that if it were enacted, the judges were so fossilized, and Constitutions so impossible to amend, that unless we introduced the "recall of judicial decisions" the people's will, even if it prevailed in the Legislature, would be hopelessly nullified by the courts. Now, as a matter of fact, a Workmen's Compensation act was passed in this State, without any special difficulty, about four years ago; and the very moment it was declared a violation of the Constitution, steps were taken to amend that instrument so as to permit the enactment of the most liberal measure that the Legislature might choose to pass. And in the short time that has since elapsed, the amendment has been passed (as the Constitution requires) by two successive Legislatures, ratified by the people, and followed up by the enactment of the most liberal measure of the kind in the world. "Social Justice" is a fine mouth-filling phrase; but the things that the Progressives mean to cover by it are things that belong in the ordinary field of progress without a capital P; and the means by which they can be attained are in our hands without resort to any happy-thought inventions that fly in the face of the fundamental principles of our governmental system.

THE NEW HEARING ON RAILWAY RATES.

Responding to the petition of the Eastern railways—that the rate case decided at the end of last July be reopened for possible modification of the Interstate Commerce Commission's order of that date—the Commission on Saturday agreed to this reopening, and fixed October 19 for the initial hearing. The railways are asking for a larger increase in rates than was granted by the July order. Under the terms of that order the railways were allowed to make advances ranging from 5 per cent. down to 1½, instead of the general average of 5 per cent. which they had asked for.

Their request for reconsideration the railways now base chiefly on the ground that since the issuance of the July order, "facts and circumstances have arisen which, taken in connection with the facts already before your Commission, your petitioners believe will justify the relief." Those facts and circumstances are obviously the effect of the European war upon our industries. The law under which the rates were fixed provides for continuance of duly ordered rates "for such period of time, not exceeding two years, as shall be prescribed in the order of the Commission"; but it limits this provision by the words, "unless the same shall be suspended or modified or set aside by the Commission." This modification is now to be considered, in the light of the new situation caused by the foreign war.

Foremost among the conditions created by the war has been the complete derangement of the market for home and international capital. When refusing, last July, the full rate increase asked by the railways, the Commission thus referred to the argument of increased cost of capital:

> The principal danger suggested was that the carriers would encounter great difficulty in renewing their maturing short-term notes and other obligations unless investors were assured that the carriers' revenues would be increased immediately. Subsequent developments have shown that there was little foundation for any such view.

During the world-wide financial stringency prevailing in 1913 the railroads, in common with States, cities, and the industries, found it difficult to secure loans, however good the security, but with the growing ease in the money markets this difficulty has largely disappeared.

The petition of the railways last week now points to the war's "unparalleled destruction of wealth and dislocation of capital." It reminds the Commission that, with the certainty that "competition for capital will be keener and interest rates higher, for some years to come, than in any corresponding period within living memory," and with enormous sums of railway obligations maturing within that period, the emergency is for the railways extremely serious. This is the new question for consideration of which the case has been reopened.

There are two reasons why this particular phase of the situation vitally affects the railways, and through them the interests of the community at large. With borrowing power so unexpectedly and so violently curtailed, the normal recourse would be, to depend more largely than heretofore on current revenues for improvement of railway facilities. This is one fair argument for higher rates. Quite aside from that consideration, the prospect that the railways can renew, on possible terms, their maturing obligations, is bound to depend on the extent to which such loans are based on an enterprise whose surplus revenues are sufficient to inspire confidence. Under existing circumstances, we regard this second consideration as paramount. It affects the whole financial position of this country, whose dislocation, as a result of the European war, is at the moment engaging the most anxious emergency expedients of the banking community.

Our foreign exchange market stands at virtually prohibitive rates, because of the difficulty of financing our present maturing obligations to Europe without draining our banking reservoirs of gold. Our stock exchanges are kept closed because no one feels sure, in case of their being reopened, how large would be the consequent sale of American securities by European investors—a movement of liquidation which, if it were to be as large as some estimates suppose, would complicate infinitely the problem of adjusting the country's position on international exchange. In advance of any such liquidation, on a reopened Stock Exchange, the banks of the whole country are being called upon to draw on their gold reserves pro rata, in a concerted movement to meet our other foreign obligations and maintain our international credit.

That the achievement of this task, through inducing foreign investors to renew their loans to American corporations or to refrain from selling back the stocks and bonds they hold, would be greatly simplified if the question of earning power were cleared from obscurity, through some further advance in rates, it is hardly necessary to argue. We are perfectly well aware that the argument is dangerous, for the reason that it might be applied with even greater force to a sweeping increase of rates. But no one expects such action as that, and no one has asked for it. The question really hangs on the Commission's withholding, in its July order, of the full 5 per cent. increase applied for by the railways.

Two of the seven Commissioners dissented, on grounds which were carefully and vigorously set forth, from the decision of the majority of their colleagues. At best, the decision rested on certain presumptions whose correctness could be established only by experiment, and on certain suggestions of economies whose effectiveness could be tested only by time. But months of time and experiment, in doubtful and disputed questions, where the facts may eventually not bear out the Commissioners' contention, are precisely what cannot be awaited, in the present extraordinary juncture. And if they could, there would still remain the immense dislocation which has been brought upon the financial world by the European war—some of the urgent problems arising from which call for immediate solution.

HARVARD'S FRESHMAN DORMITORIES.

To our mind, no more interesting experiment has been undertaken in any Eastern university in recent years than the establishment of the freshman dormitories which go into service at Harvard when the College opens next week. It is, as our readers are aware, an effort to democratize Harvard, to mix more thoroughly the diverse elements which once a year are cast into that academic melting-pot. More than that, it introduces certain features of British undergraduate life into our college world, and will tend to emphasize the difference between Harvard College and Harvard University. It is by all odds President Lowell's most important undertaking, and, if successful, is certain to be imitated elsewhere. Already this group of noble buildings has set Harvard men to asking why the upper classmen should not have similarly attractive quarters instead of the run-down and in part hideously ugly dormitories that detract from the historic buildings in the "Yard" at Cambridge.

During the later years of Mr. Eliot's presidency Harvard was singularly indifferent to the housing of her students. A couple of modern but prison-like dormitories were built in an unfortunate situation, but for years the College neither modernized its old dormitories nor attempted to regulate the investments of private capital. It was held to be the affair of the capitalists if they put up more and more luxurious buildings on what soon became known as the "Gold Coast." The result was that Harvard not only got the name of being a costly college to attend, but of encouraging luxury and pandering to the sons of the idle rich. If this was wholly unjust, it is undeniable that these expensive private dormitories gravely emphasized the cleavage in the undergraduate body between those favored by the gods as to worldly possessions and social position and those who were not; and thus did grave injury to the College. The administration of Mr. Lowell, deeply impressed with the lack of a cohesive class-spirit, the continual breaking up of classes into cliques and groups, which scarcely knew one another, and were almost in the frame of mind to regard one another as enemies, found that it was not necessary for the College to sit by helpless and do nothing to counteract the evil tendency. Hence came the decision to put the entire freshman class on an equality as to living accommodations, and to see to it that groups from the big preparatory schools and large cities did not flock by themselves.

The group of nine buildings which is to house the freshmen is situated on the banks of the Charles River, near the bridge to Soldiers' Field. They are singularly successful architecturally, being the handsomest structures that have gone up at Harvard within the memory of man, and are an adaptation of the early Colonial style, from which Harvard, like Yale and others, should never have departed. The credit for their planning belongs to Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, the Boston architects. There are three divisions, Standish and Gore Halls and the Smith Halls, each consisting of three buildings, in the centre one of which are the commons and living-room. There is one great kitchen, from which the three commons are served, and the occupants are required to take their meals there; the board will be about $5 a week. What this departure alone will mean to thousands of men it would be hard to exaggerate; but there are multitudes of Harvard men who will recall with a shudder their plunge into college life by way of Memorial Hall, or unfriendly boarding places, and the hopeless loneliness of the early days, without friends or ties, and a bedroom in some cheap frame boarding house. After these new buildings are initiated it will no longer be possible to tell the old story of the Harvard professor who accosted a wistful freshman and asked if he were looking for some one. "Not I," was the apocryphal response; "I don't know anybody this side of the Rockies."

Still another interesting feature of the dormitories is that each suite, however cheap, has its bathroom—something long frowned on by Harvard as an effeminate luxury—and that all the rooms are furnished by the College. Rents range from $35 to $225, which will materially bring down the cost of the average freshman's bill of expense. The furnishing is uniform, but in excellent, simple taste, and the whole effect is such that most graduates who visit these halls will, we are sure, wish they might go to college all over again, not only because of the quiet of the groups, which ought speedily to have a genuine academic atmosphere, with their fine lawns, their flower-beds, and their new-planted ivy; but because of the opportunity to meet and know all sorts and conditions of men from all quarters of the United States, and daily to break bread with them.

Of course, so unusual an experiment has had its critics. For instance, some think the accommodations too uniform; some complain that it will be a hardship on the very poor boys, who will no longer be able to shrink into remote quarters and hide their poverty. The answer to this is that the poor boy may learn in the cheerful air of comradeship, which should prevail here, that poverty implies no disgrace, and is nothing to apologize for. To us the criticisms are hardly worth considering in comparison with the high aim, the democratic results, certain to be achieved, and the scholastic benefits to accrue. The only real objection we have heard is that the freshman class is going to overflow the new buildings at once, and that some unfortunates will have to go elsewhere. Defects and disappointments may develop, but to-day President Lowell and Harvard are heartily to be congratulated on the new departure; every one who hopes for real democracy in our colleges must join in wishing for its complete success. For the coming of true social democracy at Harvard may presage the day of a genuine intellectual democracy within its walls as well.

Chronicle of the War

The past week has been the least spectacular one since the war began, but it has probably seen more severe fighting and heavier losses than any other. Since September 13, when, as we saw last week, the German armies in the west stayed their retreat from the Marne, and took up a strong position along the Aisne River, there has been in progress a tremendous struggle, which is still, as we write, undecided. From Noyon, west of the River Oise, to Verdun is some 125 miles, and from Verdun southeast to Nancy is another fifty. To visualize a modern battle along such a line as this, where it would take an express train three hours to go from the extreme right wing to the extreme left, is utterly impossible. We can only see it as a series of individual battles, isolated yet coördinated, and this is exactly what the battle of the Aisne has resolved itself into.

On the whole, the course of events, if not the progress of the actual fighting, is in favor of the Allies. For them even a severe defeat, unless it involved, as is extremely unlikely, the cutting off of an army, would be by no means an irretrievable disaster. It would mean merely that they would retreat again, if necessary, as far back as their line on the Marne, where, doubtless, strong defences have already been prepared, and they would be in the same situation that they were in three weeks ago, when the long retreat from Belgium came to an end. For the Germans, on the other hand, defeat would mean the failure of their whole campaign in northern France. They would be driven back on the line of frontier fortifications between Maubeuge and Sedan. Their offensive movement would be definitely terminated, and the whole precious month, since the attack at Mons began on August 23, would have been wasted.

It is needless to reiterate what has already been emphasized in these columns—the importance of time to the German strategic plan; but it may be pointed out that, even apart from its ultimate result, this long-drawn-out battle on the Aisne is to the advantage of the Allies. If the Russian successes in Galicia have not been quite so overwhelming as dispatches from Petrograd ten days ago would have had us believe, they have been sufficiently great. The Austrian armies are still capable of offering a stern resistance at Przemysl, but it seems probable that only time is required for the Russians to complete the victory that was begun at Lemberg and continued at Krasnik and Tomaszow. Meanwhile the position in the west renders it out of the question for Germany to detach more troops for the relief of the situation in the east.

Still another point should be noted. Modern warfare, at least if we may judge by the course of events in the present war, is largely a matter of mathematics. In the end the greater battalions win. Germany, almost beyond any question, has now put into the field every man that she can command. France also has reached the limit of her resources, as has Servia, and, probably, Austria. There remain Great Britain and Russia. The latter is supposed to have at the moment a force approaching 2,000,000 men in the field, and can raise 3,000,000 more if required and if time allows. Great Britain has on the line of battle some 165,000 men, and should still have over 100,000 more regulars on whom she can draw, besides the territorial force, ninety battalions of which have volunteered for active service, and the new army recently raised, which is fast approaching the half-million, if it has not already reached that figure. These numbers are exclusive of the Indian and colonial troops, who are now on their way, and some of whom may have already reached the front. Clearly, the Allies will ultimately have more men to send to the shambles than will Germany.

Even in the actual fighting on the Aisne, however, the Allies have had by no means the worst of it. The German position on the low hills around Rheims is one of exceptional strength, and has been strongly intrenched. We know, too, that considerable reinforcements have been sent to the support of the army of Gen. von Kluck on the right wing. Yet against this wing the Allies seem to have gained at any rate some eight or ten miles since the battle began. The line of battle has been from Noyon, on the right of the Oise, to Craonne, north of the Aisne, thence to the hills north of Rheims, to Souain (the capture of which by the French was reported on Monday), and through the wooded Argonne to Montfaucon. Here the line bends around Verdun, on which the army of the Crown Prince was reported to have begun another attack on Monday, and follows a southeasterly direction to Nancy.

The principal interest has centred, as throughout the campaign, on the operations of the left wing of the Allies. Their superiority in numbers has enabled them to persist in a turning movement here which has constantly threatened the flank of von Kluck's army. We read of their having taken Lassigny, eight miles west of Noyon, where they must overlap the German right wing, and on Tuesday the London *Times* reported the appearance of fresh forces around Péronne, which is thirty miles northwest of Noyon and seventeen miles in the same direction from St. Quentin. The expression "fresh forces" is rather mysterious, and there has been, up to the time of writing, no official confirmation of the *Times* dispatch. Nevertheless, it is a natural supposition, in line with the general strategy of Gen. Joffre, as we have seen it, to assume the presence of a force of the Allies in the neighborhood of Péronne, which may either consist of fresh troops recently landed at Dieppe, or may be the same army of Paris which played so effective a part in the battle of the Marne. At all events, the danger to the German right wing is obvious.

On the German side, it is doubtless to counter this danger and to relieve the pressure on the right that the army of the Crown Prince has again desperately attacked Verdun. We learn, however, from the same dispatch from Berlin, that at this point there are eight French army corps, and if these numbers are correctly represented, there should be no danger of the line giving way. A similarly desperate attack was initiated on Tuesday against the Allied centre, following the heavy bombardment of Rheims, and from Berlin came the official announcement of the capture of strong hilly positions at Craonne and of the village of Bétheny, three miles to the north of Rheims. Evidently the Germans are renewing their attempts of last week to pierce the Allies' centre, but there seems no reason to expect that this attempt will be more successful than previous efforts.

Lack of trustworthy information makes it difficult to tell exactly what has happened in the eastern campaign. Much of our information comes by way of Rome, a source which has constantly proved itself untrustworthy; accounts from Petrograd have a tendency to exaggerate the extent of Russian victories; Berlin confines itself principally to reporting German successes in East Prussia and Poland; Vienna, when it speaks at all, is usually content to issue sweeping denials of everything that has come from Petrograd and to assert the invincibility of Austrian armies. Comparing these accounts, it is possible only to sum up the situation in a general way. As we suggested last week, it seems probable that Russian attention has been almost wholly concentrated on Austria, and that the excursion into East Prussia was intended as little more than a feint to lighten the pressure on the Allies in the west by compelling a certain diversion of German troops to meet the raid. This object has been accomplished, although at severe cost. It is probable that the Russians have now been entirely cleared out of East Prussia, for dispatches received as early as Friday of last week from Petrograd and Berlin agreed on this point, the former stating that the army of Gen. Rennenkampf had frustrated the attempt to outflank him and had fallen back on the fortresses on the Russian side of the border, the latter declaring that the German advance had penetrated to Grodno.

In Galicia the retreating Austrian armies, though badly shattered, have nevertheless succeeded in joining forces and, as we write, appear to be offering battle on the left bank of the San River, on a line between Przemysl and Jaroslau. Dispatches from Petrograd on Tuesday declared that the latter position had already been taken. Behind these places, and extending to Krakau, which has been prepared for resistance, is a strong line of fortifications. The Russians, therefore, have a heavy task in front of them before they can take the road to Berlin by way of Breslau. Much, of course, depends upon the condition and morale of the Austrian armies, but the fact that these were able to extricate themselves from the extremely perilous position in which they were after the defeats at Lemberg and Tomaszow, would seem to indicate that they have rallied, and in a strong position resting on Przemysl should be able to offer a stubborn resistance. The Russians, however, undoubtedly outnumber them, and presumably have sufficient forces to be able with safety to leave Przemysl, with its garrison of 60,000, invested in their rear. In this connection, it should be noted that the Servian army, probably consisting of some 200,000 men, which is now said to be threatening Sarajevo, is performing a service of extreme value to its Russian allies. For the operations in Bosnia, which is a Slav and presumably hostile country, it is probable that not less than half a million Austrian troops are detained.

The British official war bureau announced on Tuesday that the armored cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy had been sunk by submarines in the North Sea. Apparently not more than 700 men out of the 2,200 composing the crews were saved.

Foreign Correspondence

THE WAR IN RELATION TO THE CHURCHES AND THE SCHOOLS—UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE BOYCOTT OF GERMAN MANUFACTURES.

LONDON, September 10.

One day last week the Earl of Jersey, as High Steward of Banbury, was to have unveiled the "completed" Banbury Cross. The ceremony was abandoned "in consequence of the war." But why should the war, with all its dislocation of government and trade, have prevented a simple celebration of this kind? The explanation presumably may be found in the fact that the present Banbury Cross was erected in 1859 to commemorate the marriage in the previous year of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Germany—the marriage, that is to say, of the parents of the present Kaiser! No wonder the Earl of Jersey decided to evade the problem of speech-making on such an occasion.

There has been no other so piquant instance of the upsetting of prospective arrangements. But programmes of all kinds of meetings have been revised or cancelled. The Church Congress, due for October, has been called off, as have been the autumnal sessions of the Congregational and Baptist Unions respectively and the quinquennial Assembly of the various Methodist Churches. The decision to cancel these meetings was reached early last month, when it was believed that the Government's use of the railways would prevent the transportation of delegates. The regular passenger service has now been so far resumed that there would be no difficulty on that score. But the decision is still recognized as necessary, for the two reasons that many members are too busy at home, with relief committee work, etc., to be able to attend, and that in similar circumstances adequate local hospitality could not possibly be procured.

By their zealous approval of England's intervention, the religious papers have kindled a fire that is blazing more fiercely than they intended. Some of the younger clergy have caught the flame, and are asking why, if this is a holy war, they should not themselves enlist. This martial ardor seems to burn most fervently in Scotland, where it is seriously proposed that a number of ministers not over forty years of age should form a battalion. In England, similar sentiments have found expression in a correspondence in the *Guardian*, where a country rector suggests that, if a clergyman takes up arms and is killed on the field, he is only obeying the words of his Master: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, is not convinced by such arguments. He declares plainly that, in his judgment, "the position of an actual combatant in our army is incompatible with the position of one who has sought and received Holy Orders." The clergy, he says, have a calling of a quite specific kind, and "those who have been ordained to the ministry of Word and Sacrament ought, even in time of actual warfare, to regard that ministry, whether at home or in the field, as their special contribution to the country's service."

Many well-known ministers will be serving at the front as chaplains, probably including the Bishop of London, who is chaplain of the Rifle Brigade. The acceptance of a chaplaincy in time of peace carries with it the duty of serving in the same capacity in time of war under penalty of being court-martialled, no matter how strong the claims of a man's home parish may be.

A great many school buildings in various parts of the country have been commandeered as barracks and military hospitals, with no little consequent disturbance of the educational routine. Besides this, no less than 1,000 able-bodied teachers in the public elementary schools have gone to the front or joined battalions for home defence. This is in addition to the large number of masters in secondary schools who are now on active service. In these conditions the Board of Education will be compelled to relax the rigidity of its regulations.

It is proposed that in some instances two schools shall use the same building, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon, and that the school staffs shall be pooled. In any case, the orthodox time-table will have to be made more elastic. In his patriotic ardor, the head-master of the venerable foundation of Merchant Taylors School is suggesting some quite novel modifications of the curriculum. One would like to know what J. R. Green, with his dislike of "drum and trumpet history," would have said of the proposal that senior boys should be taught elementary tactics and strategy, and junior boys naval and military history. According to the same scheme, some of the time out of school is to be allotted to ambulance work, drill, shooting, scoutcraft, trench-making, and the like. If the war only continues long enough, we may expect by and by to see the most advanced pedagogical theory of twentieth-century England approximating to the unique standard of ancient Sparta.

The arrival of fresh supplies of paper-making material from Scandinavia has enabled some of the daily papers to give their readers a page or two more than the scanty allowance to which they have been reduced by the war. Advertisements, too, are slowly picking up. But one hears of several weeklies and monthlies whose publication is "suspended," as the euphemism goes. A really hard case is that of the *Liberal Monthly*, which, after eight years' steady labor, has acquired a regular circulation of 250,000. But its entire *raison d'être* is Liberal party propaganda. As all party conflict is now stilled, the Liberal Publication Department had no option but to suspend the issue of this monthly for the time. Whether it will collect all its quarter of a million readers again when it resumes, may be doubted. The *Liberal Magazine*—which, although a party publication, is mainly useful as a record of current events, for present and future reference—is still to be published.

Cool reflection is modifying some of the enthusiasm with which the "trade war" with Germany was started. The original proposal for an immediate boycott of all articles of German manufacture produced an indignant outcry from British wholesale and retail traders, who had already bought German goods to the value of millions of pounds, and were faced with the prospect of having these wares left on their hands. The attack on "the pipeline of British gold to Germany" has also met an unexpected obstacle, the discovery of which would be of special interest to Norman Angell. For several days the papers were giving particulars of manufacturing concerns in England whose shares were largely owned by German capitalists. These, too, should be boycotted, for if you bought any of their products you were putting money into the pockets of the enemy.

Presently it occurred to some one that the success of this campaign would increase the evil of unemployment at home, against which it is especially necessary to guard. One petroleum company, mainly owned in Germa employs in its British works 3,000 persons. A German tube company similarly employs 1,750, and a German electric lamp compa 1,500. These conditions are the direct result of recent legislation which compelled German owners of patents, in default of forfeiting their patent rights, to manufacture the patented article in this country. This law was passed for the express purpose of enabling British workers to derive employment from British purchases of the article in question.

H. W. H.

THE INTERVENTION OF JAPAN—HER GRIEVANCES AGAINST GERMANY—NO RETENTION OF TSING-TAU.

TOKIO, August 28.

No sooner had the international rupture occurred in Europe than Japan began to contemplate the possibility of being asked to take a hand, should Great Britain be involved. That Japan was bound by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to participate, if required, there was no manner of doubt in the public mind, but whether to await the request was the question.

There were, and are, many Japanese who long to "get even" with Germany, but there was much speculation as to waiting for an invitation to initiate operations in that direction. Suspense was more or less relieved when a note came from the British Government on August 4 asking what Japan could do in the way of safeguarding British shipping in the Far East. An Imperial council was called and the reply at once went back to London that Japan could not guarantee the safety of British shipping so long as the presence of Germany at Tsing-tau existed to menace it.

Japan would undertake the responsibility only on condition that she be allowed to remove the German occupation of that part of China. In this suggestion the British authorities acquiesced, on condition that the place be subsequently returned to China and the integrity of that republic be in no way threatened. I may add that all here set down I have received from the highest Japanese authority.

On receipt of consent to the condition from Great Britain, Japan sent her ultimatum to Germany, demanding the evacuation of Tsing-tau, the disarming of the warships there, and the handing over of the territory to Japan for ultimate reversion to China. As communications with Europe were very uncertain, Japan gave seven days for an answer. From the first it was very widely believed that Germany would treat the ultimatum with silent contempt, which she did.

The time limit for a reply was set at twelve o'clock of August 24. The moments preceding the firing of the noon gun in Tokio on that day were charged with the utmost anxiety. Newspaper men and others crowded the allotted waiting-rooms of the Foreign Office, waiting for the report of the gun and the

news from the Foreign Minister as to whether Germany had sent a reply.

As the sound of the gun reverberated over the city a messenger immediately appeared and handed to the journalists a piece of paper with this inscription: "No reply!" At once thousands of newsboys and men, with their "extras" already printed, swarmed over the city streets. The Cabinet Council, then in session, continued until 2:30 P. M., when the German Ambassador was handed his passports and war was declared.

No news of naval or military movements is permitted to be published at present; but it is supposed that as soon as the declaration of war was issued, if not before, the Japanese fleet was in readiness for necessary activity off Tsing-tau. Whether there is to be the landing of an army at once seems uncertain, as there are reports of a joint action of troops representing Russian, British, and French from the land side.

Though the Germans at Tsing-tau have been making great preparations for a state of siege, it is not expected that the place can long hold out against an attack by Japan. There are said to be no more than 3,000 soldiers, including a small force of cavalry, at Tsing-tau, with three aeroplanes and a few guns. In the harbor there are four small gunboats and an Austrian cruiser, but most of the guns were removed from the boats to arm the big North German liners that have been equipped for destroying British shipping.

A peculiar aspect of the situation is that a large proportion of the fighting personnel at Tsing-tau consists of Germans who, until called away a few weeks ago, lived in Japan, where many of their families still are. The Japanese Government, however, has issued instructions that all German subjects within the Empire are to receive the same protection and courtesy as heretofore, and the newspapers are happily backing up the official advice with apparent sincerity.

There is no doubt that the war with Germany is immensely popular with all classes of the Japanese population; and for several reasons. Although there is a widespread feeling of gratitude among the Japanese for all that Germany has done for their country in the way of training in law, medicine, science, and war, there is yet a still more insistent conviction that most of Japan's troubles during the last few years have been the outcome of German influence in Europe and America.

It was the Kaiser who started the cry of the "yellow peril," and Germans have acted consistently with that slogan in most of their relations with Japan. The Japanese blame the Germans for a good deal of the anti-Japanese movement in the United States. They hold Germany in even greater resentment for her attitude to Japan in East Asia. On Germany is laid the responsibility for the Russo-Japanese war, which has brought so much suffering and loss to Japan.

The Japanese say that Germany was at the bottom of the scheme to force Japan's evacuation of Port Arthur after the war with China, France and Russia playing but a minor part. This is proved by the memoirs of the late Count Hayashi, of which, it will be remembered, the Imperial Government prohibited the publication, but which somehow got abroad. In those documents Count Hayashi states frankly that when the three Ministers came to him with the demand to evacuate Port Arthur, the French and Russian Ministers were content to make the request that the place be handed back to China, but that the German Minister acted quite differently, speaking in an objectionable manner, threatening Japan with war, and assuring her that she could never face Russia, France, and Germany combined. Herein was an insult the Japanese have never forgotten.

Not only so, but in addition to the expense and suffering of the Russo-Japanese war, which was the outcome of Germany's attitude at that time, the German mailed fist in Europe has compelled Japan to undergo endless expense in naval and military expansion. Indeed, it may safely be said, as I am assured by the best Japanese authority, that the nation holds Germany responsible for all the millions wasted on naval and military armaments in Europe, America, and Japan during the past ten years. This is certainly the belief of the Japanese Peace party; and it is affirmed that China's extravagant expenditure is also due to German influence.

After Germany succeeded in ousting Japan from Port Arthur, on the score of insuring the integrity of China, within three years she went in herself and took Tsing-tau, thus creating a deadly hatred of all white people among the Chinese and giving rise to the Boxer rebellion. That the Germans were the objectives in that uprising is seen, the Japanese say, in the fact that the first person they made a point of killing was Herr von Ketteler, the German Minister in Peking.

While these causes go far to make the war with Germany an affair in which all Japanese will assist with all their might, the Imperial Government is careful to insist that it has no desire to take revenge for Germany's ill-treatment, but is prosecuting the present war simply and solely in accordance with the conditions of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Japan's attempt to take Tsing-tau from Germany is regarded with much suspicion in certain quarters, a suspicion that Japan feels and resents keenly. A leading Japanese authority, who may be taken as speaking for his Government, assures me that Japan has not the least desire to retain Tsing-tau. The only reason, he says, for its retention would be as a naval or military base; but, while it is invaluable as such to Germany, it being her only base in East Asia, it has no such value to Japan, which has much better bases in Port Arthur and in Korea. Therefore, its retention by Japan would be a wholly unnecessary and tactless action.

It would be especially tactless at a time when China is cut off from loan sources in Europe and will have no money to pay her soldiers, making probable a revolt which would react unfavorably on Japan, involving as it would the interference of other nations and giving rise to fresh international complications, for which Japan has no desire.

As Japan, in her usual prompt way, has already fired the first shot of the war, and will follow up her plans with ceaseless assiduity, the forts at Tsing-tau cannot hold out long, and the end will soon be reached.

The bombardment of Kiao-chau was commenced on August 24. But the Germans have strewed the whole region with mines, using, it is said, as many as 10,000, and naval approach is very difficult. The Japanese are dragging the waters for mines, but the operation is regarded as extremely hazardous. Three squadrons are in operation, with two vice-admirals and two rear-admirals to each squadron.

DR. J. INGRAM BRYAN.

Emerson's Savings Bank

("This Book is my Savings Bank."
—"Emerson's Journals,"* III, 246.)

By BLISS PERRY.

THE DISPERSED MEDITATIONS OF A MAN OF THE RAREST POETIC AND PHILOSOPHIC TEMPER.

I.

The phrase used by Emerson to describe his life-long persistence in keeping a diary is characteristically modest. His mental habits, like his physical endowments, necessitated thrift; a rigid economy and investment of his resources. The college notebooks of the boy of seventeen, and the last jottings of the practiced rhetorician, whose memory for words had begun pathetically to lapse, are alike dominated by the impulse to conserve for future need. At the beginning of his academic training he sets down in his Journal a list of poetical phrases "for use." He composes paragraphs "in the manner of Chateaubriand," loving for a while, like Stevenson, to play the sedulous ape. He quotes resonant passages from Edward Everett; constructs boyish discourses on the Drama, on Reason, on Benevolence; endeavors to analyze himself and his associates; but all this is chiefly the elaborate exercise of an ambitious boy, a rhetorician by inheritance and training, who feels himself destined to sway his contemporaries through public speech.

As he grows older, and enters upon and then terminates his brief career as a minister, the character of the writing changes a little. There are fewer of the futile exercises in mere composition—like a golfer's preliminary swings at an imaginary ball. The experiences which he records are sometimes grimly real, though they are still set down "for use." As the years go by, there is an increasing tendency to record mere mood—in the manner of Amiel—but there is also a rich deposit of local and provincial fact: racy sayings of Concord folk, shrewd judgments upon contemporaries, accounts of walks with Hawthorne, Ellery Channing, and Thoreau, and of conversations with "Margaret" and Alcott. More significant still are the deliberately garnered thoughts of Emerson himself, gleaned from saunterings in the upland pastures or from the wind-blown eddies upon Walden Pond. They are the dispersed meditations of a man of the rarest poetic and philosophic temper, who was not always capable of complete functioning either as poet or philosopher. He knew this well enough, and it was one reason for the careful gathering of every possible material—wood heaped for a bonfire that might one day blaze.

The multitudinous manuscript volumes of the Journals were carefully indexed as to topics, by Emerson's own hand. It was a

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Ten vols. $1.75 net per volume.

kind of perpetual balancing of his bank-books. From them he drew the substance of his public lectures, and these became in turn—somewhat stripped of anecdote and other platform adornments—the Essays as we know them. Sometimes, too, the first rough draft of a poem—like "Each and All," "The Two Rivers," "Days"—appears in the Journal, although such efforts were more commonly inscribed in a separate verse-book, to await elaboration. The manuscript volumes occasionally contain prosaic accounts of expenses, income from lecturing, charitable contributions, and miscellaneous almanac information which have not been reproduced by the editors. But they have had nothing to conceal, and the ten stout volumes which now complete their labors are essential to a full realization of Emerson's character. More completely than he could have imagined, his diaries have thus become his Bank. His patient thrift is justified.

II.

The quality of the writing, from first to last, is one of sustained excellence. Like Emerson's penmanship, it varied but little during his long career of authorship, and even when his sentences were intended for no eye but his own, he wrought them carefully and felicitously. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he composed habitually not for the eye but for the ear. The oral impulse was strong in this descendant of eloquent sires, the admiring auditor of Everett and Webster, the unwearied searcher and practitioner of the mysteries of the spoken word. Yet even in his college days, which fell in our brazen age of Oratory, there was singularly little buncombe in the young Emerson's style. He was captivated by the extravagant declamation of some of his Southern classmates, and forty years afterwards used to recite specimens of it for the amusement of his children, but his own ear remained unspoiled. Like his master, Montaigne, he was always talking on paper as to the first man he met, but it was the talk of an observer, a quester, a poet—not the orotund banalities of the "spellbinder." There is no doubt a certain oral diffuseness upon many pages of the Journals. Some of his spiritual experiences were overwritten. These Solitaries and Recluses, imprisoned in their temperament, as Emerson said of himself, will still be talking! But Emerson's Journal is less repetitious than Thoreau's, and it never grows really garrulous. The rhapsodical passages of Nature-description have that perfection of "tone" which Emerson thought more essential to poetry than the presence of fine lines, and the more introspective pages are often marked by a startling incisiveness and spiritual passion. The great words of the Phi Beta Kappa Oration and of the Divinity School Address vibrate in the Journal long before they thrilled the ear of the actual hearers. In the crises of his professional life no less than in these crucial public utterances the Journals prove that Emerson crossed his real bridges long before he came to the overt act of crossing. Hence the tranquillity with which he notes the acceptance of his resignation by the Second Church, and the "averted faces" at the Harvard commencement of 1838. The actual event presented itself to him as a twice-told tale: the precedent spiritual drama is written in the Journals. Familiarity with Emerson's published writings thus heightens one's sense of the freshness and reality of his private diary. The editors have done wisely to reprint here the first draft of many a well-known passage of the Essays, believing the unelaborated words to be no less golden, and perceiving that the cadences have "that other harmony" of unpremeditated talk.

Selections from the multifarious topics touched upon by an alert and brooding mind during a long lifetime must of necessity be arbitrary. Perhaps the student of Emerson is first arrested by the presence, in the earlier volumes of the Journals, of the word "sin." That word, and the aspect of evil which it denotes, can scarcely be discovered in the Essays. But the young Emerson finds—or has been trained to suspect—"a huge and disproportionate abundance of *evil* on earth" (I, 246). "Love has an empire in the world, but Fear has an empire also" (I, 295). In a long and fascinating passage of self-assessment (I, 367), he proposes to devote his nights and days "to the service of God and the War against Sin." The call to the Second Church came just as he had become aware of his love for Ellen Tucker: "This happiness awakens in me a certain awe: I know my imperfections: I know my ill-deserts; and the beauty of God makes me feel my own sinfulness the more. . . . Will God forgive me my sins, and aid me to deserve this gift of his mercy?" (II, 261).

A new stage in Emerson's development is marked by his ingenious endeavor to reconcile the acquired vocabulary of Transcendentalism—which proclaimed the supremacy of the "Reason" over the "Understanding"—with the traditional vocabulary of his forebears. "Jesus Christ was a minister of the pure Reason. The beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount are all utterances of the mind contemning the phenomenal world. . . . The Understanding can make nothing of it. 'Tis all nonsense. The Reason affirms its absolute verity. . . . St. Paul marks the distinction by the terms natural man and spiritual man. When Novalis says 'It is the instinct of the Understanding to counteract the Reason,' he only translates into a scientific formula the sentence of St. Paul, 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'" (III, 237).

When Emerson wrote that passage he had already abandoned the ministry, and within a year, in 1834, he was confiding to his diary: "If I were called upon to charge a young minister, I would say, 'Beware of Tradition'" (III, 420), and a few pages later: "The Teacher that I look for . . . will not occupy himself by laboriously reanimating a historical religion, but in bringing men to God by showing them that He is, not was, and speaks, not spoke" (III, 434). Four years afterward, those words became the dynamite of the Divinity School Address.

Traces of Emerson's revolt against historical Christianity are clear enough throughout the Journals. Sometimes they take the form of rebellion against "official goodness" and the restraints of the ancestral profession. Again, it is the moral constitution of man which seems to the prophet to be weakened by reliance upon dogma: "Christ's great Defeat is hitherto the highest fact we have, . . . but we demand Victory" (VI, 189). The final volume gives a whimsical and delightfully boyish turn to this life-long restlessness against compulsion: "The Bible wears black cloth. It comes with a certain official claim against which the mind revolts. The book has its own nobilities—might well be charming, if it was left simply on its merits, as the others; but this 'you must'—'it is your duty,' repels. 'Tis like the introduction of martial law into Concord. If you should dot our farms with picket lines, and I could not go or come across lots without a pass, I should resist, or else emigrate. If Concord were as beautiful as Paradise, it would be detestable at once" (X, 101).

Yet the note of loyalty to the representatives of the old order, like Mary Moody Emerson and Dr. Ripley, is eloquently sounded upon many a page, and the virtues of this disappearing type are seen to be rooted in their "unpainted churches, strict platforms, and sad offices." This recalcitrant son of the Puritans remained a Puritan in every fibre of the body and of the memory; it was only his questing mind which went voyaging towards new worlds. As with Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, accomplished antiquarians all, his passionate attachment to the older New England survived every change of creed and of philosophy.

III.

This fidelity to the spirit of the soil gives the Journals their extraordinary interest as a local document. Judge Sewall's Diary is equally veracious in reporting certain aspects of the New England temperament, but Emerson's capacity for detachment, as well as his experiences in European and Western travel, give his pictures of the everyday life a perspective such as Sewall could not compass. The "cold gentleness" of New England women in church; "the iron-grey deacon and the wearisome prayer rich with the diction of ages"; what perfect phrases are these! With what delight, too, did this fastidious scholar record the savory sayings of his unlettered neighbors! There are relatively few entries dealing with the more intimate life of his own household, although the editors have preserved the poignant sentences written after the deaths of his brothers Edward and Charles and of his son Waldo. But of objective depiction of the villagers of Concord there is no lack, and the humor and tartness of the portrai-

ture will surprise many readers who know Emerson only through his poems and essays. Thoreau's Journal, it is true, gives us more meticulous fact about Concord; more exact measurements of acreage and weather, more fauna and flora; but even Thoreau does not surpass Emerson in conveying the very aspect of the hour and the place. Thoreau himself, and Alcott and Ellery Channing, are sketched in many moods and attitudes. Alcott is by turns an Olympian, a "tedious archangel," a "pail without bottom," until we reach the climax in Emerson's plaintive "I do not want any more such persons to exist." Such is the Journal's tardy revenge upon one of the notable devastators of the day.

National figures, likewise, cross from time to time the decorous local stage. Edward Everett and Daniel Webster, Garrison, John Brown, and Lincoln are viewed with eyes only less "portrait-eating, portrait-painting" than Carlyle's. During each of his three visits to Europe, Emerson had met on intimate footing some of the most distinguished personages of his day. He knew a man when he saw him, and he employed inflexible standards of moral measurement. The whole story of Webster's dominance in New England, and of his tragic alienation from his constituents after 1850, may be gathered from the successive descriptions of him in the Journals. At first we read of his "awful charms," for Emerson had heard him deliver the famous eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson. After the reply to Hayne, Webster becomes to Emerson a synonym of "the beauty and dignity of principles." The first word of dispraise is in 1835, when Webster seems to be concealing his opinion of slavery. In 1841: "I saw Webster on the street; but he was changed since I saw him last—black as a thunder-cloud, and careworn. . . . The canker-worms have crawled to the topmost bough of the wild elm, and swing down from that." Early in 1843 Emerson is still capable of exact, passionless description of the colossus; but later in that year he notes: "Daniel Webster is a great man with a small ambition"—the verdict which Hawthorne had already uttered in "The Great Stone Face." After the speech of March 7, 1850, Webster seemed to Emerson a mere traitor to Liberty: "Every drop of his blood has eyes that look downward." As for the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted through Webster's influence, Emerson enters this oath in his Journal (VIII, 236): "I will not obey it, by God." Looking across the hazy water from Plymouth to Marshfield on the day of Webster's death in 1852, he mourns the passing of the "completest man" since Napoleon, yet this did not alter the terms of his terrific indictment of the dead statesman in his New York speech of 1854.

In fact, the eighth and ninth volumes of the Journals, covering the critical national period of 1849 to 1863, reveal an Emerson startled out of his preoccupation with his own thoughts and alive to every issue of citizenship. He was indeed the perfect villager in his natural response to every claim of wont and neighborhood, but in the dark days he learned to feel nationally when other men were still arguing in the terms of their own section. To read his Journals now, when his views have been tested by the event, is to perceive the clearness and soundness of his tone upon the great public questions. His frequent lecturing trips to the Mississippi and beyond, journeys whose discomforts and humors were duly set down in his diary, helped him, no doubt, to think continentally.

It is impossible here to make more than an allusion to one of the most delightful aspects of the Journals, namely, their judgments upon books and authors. They reinforce the impression conveyed by the Essays as to the range and inconsecutiveness of Emerson's reading. That he should ever have held himself faithfully to the task of reading Goethe straight through in the original German is an amazing proof of his respect for Carlyle's opinion. He knew the "complete works" of few writers except Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Plutarch. He preferred, as everybody has surmised and as the Journals now demonstrate, to saunter and angle in one author after another, and to say his own say about fragments: confessing good luck with Rabelais to-day and poor luck to-morrow, as a fisherman does with his favorite stream. Emerson's judgments of literary art—as of all the arts of expression except oratory—were often fallible enough. "The poor Pickwick stuff" was not for him; neither was Jane Austen nor Hawthorne. Shelley "is never a poet." Yet he catches the odor of Alfred Tennyson's "musky verses" by 1838; and he was early and always faithful to Wordsworth, though he shared Jeffrey's astounding incomprehension of the finest lines in the "Ode to Duty." More significant, however, than the oddness or the justice of any single verdict of this inveterate skimmer of books is the perfect candor and sense of security with which he deposits his opinion in the Bank.

IV.

Many readers of the Journals, no doubt, will not concern themselves primarily with the phases of Emerson's development, with his judgments upon men and books and public events, or with his daguerreotypes of the daily life of Concord. They will seek, rather, an escape from the daily life—whether it be Emerson's or their own—into those regions of ecstasy of which the Poems and the Essays long ago gave glimpses. Such readers will not be disappointed. All the old magic is here. The day-long reverie in a sunny hollow of the woods at Mt. Auburn (III, 270), when the man of thirty-one, then without a profession, "heeded no more what minute or hour our Massachusetts clocks might indicate" and "saw only the noble earth on which I was born," is scarcely to be matched save in a few passages of Sénancour and Amiel and in a few lines of Andrew Marvell. The morning meditation in the newly furnished house in Concord (IV, 335) is the Emersonian reply to one of the ultimate questions: "I said when I awoke, After some more sleepings and wakings I shall lie on this mattress sick; then, dead; and through my gay entry they will carry these bones. Where shall I be then? I lifted my head and beheld the spotless orange light of the morning beaming up from the dark hills into the wide universe." The mysteries of the night are in this invocation to the Earth Spirit (VI, 347): "Earth Spirit, living, a black river like that swarthy stream which rushes through the human body is thy nature, demoniacal, warm, fruitful, sad, nocturnal." Yet the day-time magic is the more characteristic of the man: "The sky is the daily bread of the eyes. . . . No crowding: boundless, cheerful, and strong." "The sum of life ought to be valuable when the fractions and particles are so sweet." Or, finally, take this enchanting affirmation, written, apparently, after reading Balzac's story (VI, 273): "*Le Peau d'Ane.* You *can* two things at a time; and when you have got your pockets full of chestnuts, and say I have lost my half-hour, behold you have got something besides, for the tops of the Silver Mountains of the White Island loomed up whilst you stood under the tree, and glittered for an instant; therefore there is no *peau de chagrin.*"

V.

For those who do not care for these enchantments of Merlin, but who welcome fresh material for the valuation of an historical and literary personage, it remains to be said that the Journals offer a new basis for the critical assessment of our most distinguished man of letters. The requisite biographical, physiological, and psychological data are here. The temperamental inconsistencies, so often hinted at in the Essays, are set down in plain figures in this bank account. Its analysis of the author's body and mind and environment proceeds steadily from youth to age. Emerson makes open confession of the impossibility of his achieving a philosophical reconciliation of the oppositions which he perceives. The Journals, like the Essays, are full of paradoxes, but they furnish more keys of fact wherewith to unlock their parables. The volumes will prove to be the natural corrective of partial and distorted views of Emerson. The main outlines of his towering personality are, it is true, unaffected by the revelations of his private diary. He remains the austere, benignant figure so familiar to his countrymen: a radiant, serene vision against the morning or the evening sky. Some of the angles are curiously sharpened, as one looks at him through the Journals, but the figure as a whole is softened; it becomes richer and more human; the granite and the cloud are suffused with life. The next generation of readers will utilize the Journals for a new criticism of Emerson.

Books and Men

ABOUT OSCAR WILDE.

Stuart Mason is the compiler of a "Bibliography of Oscar Wilde" (London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.). It would almost be correct to say that Mr. Mason is the author of the book, for a bibliography so inclusive, so well illustrated with quotations, facsimiles, and pictures, has in it something of the nature of creative work. How accurate it is as a bibliography could only be determined after long study (the book has over six hundred pages) by some one who was at once an expert in the dreary science of bibliography and an authority on Wilde's writings—on what are sometimes sappily called "Oscariana."

Mr. Robert Ross, who furnishes the introduction, refers to "this astonishing and ingenious compilation"—language not too strong—and says that while he cannot pretend to have read the book through, he has turned over the proofs for ten minutes and thereby learned more about Wilde's writings than Wilde himself ever knew.

"To those versed in the science of bibliography," writes Mr. Ross, "Mr. Stuart Mason's labors require no praise or commendation from me. But I want to assure those, such as myself, who are entirely ignorant of enthusiasm for fourteenth editions or of the æsthetic excitement over a misprint of twenty years ago, that there is an enormous amount of diverting reading under these heavy-looking headings, and that Mr. Stuart Mason's book is not nearly so dull as it looks."

This is true enough, though it was unnecessary to say that the book looks dull. After the reader has once proceeded beyond the word "bibliography" on the cover, the pages vary in interest. At their worst they usually contain something readable; at their best they are highly entertaining. The caricatures, facsimiles, letters, verses, and parodies are genuine additions to the volume. The arrangement seems to me to be a mistake. It is, first, periodical publications in alphabetical order; secondly, works issued in book form, chronologically by the first editions; thirdly, biographies, studies, criticisms, etc. A straight chronological arrangement of all Wilde's own writings, followed by the books and articles about him, would have been easier to consult and more interesting. But here I am venturing too much into technical criticism.

In a discussion of it as a literary work, it may be noted that the general idea of the book is admirable, and that it furnishes a model for bibliographies of authors. For the use of a collector, and for mere purposes of reference to verify dates, and the like, the plain catalogue or check-list is enough. In bibliographies of such wildly delightful subjects as sanitary engineering and municipal ownership of gas plants (and a shoal of such things are printed every year), brevity would seem to be a virtue. Professional bookmen of all kinds, librarians, writers on technical subjects, and others, have been a little mad on the subject of bibliography. The word has a mouth-filling and learned sound, the compilation of a bibliography calls for a deal of meticulous puttering—as much in the useless as in the useful work—and the thing appeals immensely to the owlish. To make the bibliography of an author a pleasing and human book is not original with Mr. Mason, of course, but he has done it well and, it is to be hoped, has helped to set the style. The "enthusiasm for fourteenth editions" and the record of twenty-year-old misprints are both here, for those who can get up "æsthetic excitement" over them. So, also, are many more vital matters.

To turn from this particular book and to consider the fast flowing stream of books about Oscar Wilde is enough to arouse a wonder how long it will be before the fad dies out. How long will it be before the extravagant homage ceases, and Wilde takes the place—the minor place—in literature, to which a few of his writings entitle him? The excess of condemnation, the wholesale taboo, not only upon the name of the man, but upon all his writings, even the most innocent (like "The Happy Prince"), which followed his imprisonment, may have been absurd, but it was no more absurd than the present attempt of his worshippers to exalt him to the skies.

On one occasion, in his verse, Oscar Wilde forgot himself for a few hours, and wrote in apparent sincerity. That was when he composed "Ave Imperatrix"—a poem of especial significance to-day, with its noble opening stanzas:

> Set in this stormy Northern sea,
> Queen of these restless fields of Tide,
> England! what shall men say of thee
> Before whose feet the worlds divide?
>
> The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
> Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
> And through its heart of crystal pass,
> Like shadows in a twilight land,
>
> The spears of crimson-suited war,
> The long white-crested waves of fight,
> And all the deadly fires which are
> The torches of the lords of Night.

Such stanzas, and the sonorous one a little further on—

> The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
> To tell how he hath heard afar
> The measured roll of English drums
> Beat at the gates of Kandahar—

make one regret that a man who possessed such power should have chosen to dabble with things like the wordy and conscious "Sphinx," and still other verses of the "faint lilies" variety. Yet the "Sphinx" is printed and reprinted, Wilde's devotees acclaim it, and it is, apparently, known to hundreds who never read "Ave Imperatrix!"

In speaking of Oscar Wilde's poetry it is unfair to deny that one of his conscious efforts is also, in certain places, grim and great. This, of course, is the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," an extraordinary *tour de force*, somewhat marred by its unnecessary length.

As he composed one or two fine poems, so he wrote one amusing short story, "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and one brilliant play, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The European furore about "Salomé" leaves me, unluckily perhaps, unimpressed. But "The Importance of Being Earnest," with its rapid fire of epigram and paradox, too rapid for any audience wholly to grasp, is a delicious thing—the one nonsense play for grown-ups in the history of the English drama. It is an "Alice in Wonderland" amongst plays.

There are two pieces of modern prose, curiously alike as to rhythm, and written by two men as dissimilar as any that ever lived. The first is this:

> Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside of, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no forests know of, birds that no woodland possesses. She makes and unmakes many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread. Hers are the "forms more real than living man," and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. . . . She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond tree blossom in winter and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thickets as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side.

The other is this:

> The true historian will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt, and the war-worn spearmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the Low-Dutch sea-thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. . . . Beyond the dim centuries we shall see the banners float above armed hosts. . . . Dead poets shall sing to us of the deeds of men of might and the love and the beauty of women. We shall see the dancing girls of Memphis. The scent of the flowers in the hanging gardens of Babylon will be heavy to our senses. We shall sit at feast with the kings of Nineveh when they drink from Ivory and gold. . . . For us the war-horns of King Olaf shall wail across the flood, and the harps sound high at festivals in forgotten halls. The frowning strongholds of the barons of old shall rise before us, and the white palace-castles from whose windows Syrian princes once looked across the blue Ægean. . . . We shall see the terrible horsemen of Timur the Lame ride over the roofs of the world; we shall hear the drums beat as the armies of Gustavus and Frederick and Napoleon drive forward to victory.

The first is from "The Decay of Lying" by Oscar Wilde; the second from "History as Literature" by Theodore Roosevelt.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE LEIPZIG BOOK EXHIBITION.

The United States is practically the only civilized nation still not officially represented at the great International Book Exhibition at Leipzig, which, though formally opened on May 6, was not really ready until quite recently. The English Government took action rather late, but has erected a handsome national building in the Tudor style; and there may be seen interesting exhibits of the university presses, chief English publishers and bookbinders, a strictly English collection of Shakespeare, many fine illustrated books, including a copy printed on vellum of the famous Kelmscott Press Chaucer, and a small exhibit to show the historical development of English printing. But the English libraries and bibliophile societies are not represented at all in this building, which thus gives the general setting for the English part of the Group Bibliophily.

By far the most interesting building in the whole exhibition is the large concrete Halle der Kultur, showing the progress of civilization, Eastern as well as Western, from the earliest crude scratchings on the walls of prehistoric caves to the latest productions in the most modern style. The number of admirably arranged groups and exhibits in this building is indeed legion, and they include ancient illuminated manuscripts, silhouettes, prints, caricatures, periodicals, etc.—much besides mere books. Here, too, is an interesting exhibit of Byron—manuscripts of "Childe Harold" and the "Waltz," and many editions of "Childe Harold," all lent by Mr. John Murray, the grandson of Byron's publisher, supplemented by a large number of early editions and translations (from my own collection). Among these is also a copy of the extremely rare facsimile made for Goethe just before he reluctantly returned the original manuscript of the dedication to him of Byron's "Sardanapalus." One small room of this building is devoted to fine specimens of modern books, and here America is represented by the famous Riverside Press folio Montaigne, the Merrymount Press Ordinary and Canon of the Mass, and the Pierpont Morgan Catalogue of Paintings, three volumes, handsomely bound in green morocco. This Morgan Catalogue was, however, printed in London at the Chiswick Press. The others, lent also by Mr. Morgan, are shown in the Group Bibliophily, where the German Emperor exhibits his copy of the Catalogue.

The very large building of the Publishers, Printers, and Bookbinders contains also the library exhibits, which are more interesting than extensive. Chief among these in space occupied, and no doubt also in general interest, is the excellent collective exhibit of the American Library Association, got together by a committee, under Dr. Hill, of the Brooklyn Public Library, and placed in position by Dr. Koch, the well-known Dante scholar and librarian of the University of Michigan. The exhibit certainly gives a strikingly clear idea of the outward form and general organization and management of our chief public libraries and library systems, including even the travelling libraries on wagons; and it contains also a number of library publications, notably those of the Library of Congress; but, unfortunately, those two great landmarks of bibliography in America, the famous Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army, and the Index Medicus, are both very conspicuous by their absence.

Thus the only general American exhibit in the whole exposition is that in the Group Bibliophily, situated in the centre of the large building just mentioned. The group fills the following four rooms:

(1.) Private library of the German Emperor, including interesting exhibits of the libraries of Kings Friedrich Wilhelm II and IV and Queen Louise.

(2.) Musical collection of W. Wolffheim and P. Hirsch, unusually complete, especially in its early literature.

(3.) Library of Frau Ida Schoeller, mostly early German illustrated books, shown in appropriate old bookcases in a tasteful room (later to be incorporated in her house in Düren).

(4.) General exhibit in a room fitted up as a sort of ideal library for a private bibliophile.

(5.) A passage-way, containing mainly the valuable catalogues of important private collections and also the publications of bibliophile societies.

The American and English books are shown of course in these last two sections (4 and 5), in four special cases.

It is, of course, impossible to mention each book in both collections, but a sufficient number of concrete examples may serve to give some idea of the whole:

ENGLAND.

The place of honor in the chief English bookcase is occupied by the "Trinity College Apocalypse," worthily representing the Roxburghe Club, the oldest and most select of all book-clubs, ever since it was founded as a result of the enthusiasm aroused by the record-price brought by the first edition of the Decameron at the Duke of Roxburghe auction in 1812. The handsome folio Apocalypse is flanked on one side by the auction-catalogue, with a photograph of this very Decameron (now in the John Rylands Library, Manchester), and on the other by the first edition of Dibdin's inevitable "Bibliomania," 1809, accompanied by the catalogue of the 1817 sale of that ecstatic dilettante's own library. Baskerville's Catullus, Bodoni's "Castle of Otranto" (printed for Edwards of London), are shown next, and are followed by "Lady Willoughby's Diary," 1844, with which Whittingham's Chiswick Press reintroduced Old English type. The Doves Press Faust, famous in Germany, comes next; and then a copy of Scott's translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," 1799, with the very rare original title-page reading "*William* Scott"—which thus explains the reference by William Taylor, of Norwich, that seemed to Scott himself inexplicable, and hence aroused his ire. Here are also a unique (?) perfect copy of the anonymous "Tales of Terror," London, 1801, with all three of the blood-curdling colored illustrations; an undescribed little brochure, "History of Dr. Faustus" (prose narrative, Leicester, without date—end of eighteenth century?); Ouvry's private reprint (1867, twenty-five copies) of the earliest English "Eulenspiegel," of which no perfect copy is known; Fletcher's "English Book Collectors" (on Japanese vellum). Several characteristic English bindings are shown, including specimens by Roger Payne, Bedford, H. Faulkner, and Riviere; and then (from my collection) a couple of French bindings, *e. g.*, one for Girardot de Préfond, with his bookplate, and one by Thompson, of Paris.

In addition to the Roxburghe Club (seven volumes, lent by Mr. John Murray), the Bannatyne Club (catalogue of Scott's library at Abbotsford, 1838); Philobiblon Society (Unpublished Letters from Coleridge to Estlin, 1884, fifty copies); Sette of Odd Volumes (Parker, "How to Write a Play," 1813); Bibliographical Society of Lancashire (reprints of Caxton's undated Comm. Lament. s. Compass. Beate Marie, and DeMorgan's "Essay of the Description of Books"—since reprinted less accurately!), and the Bibliographical Society, all represent England. Mr. T. J. Wise, that insatiable bibliographical bibliophile, who has alone done more valuable work than many a society, exhibits his recent Bibliography of George Borrow. And then there are really valuable catalogues of important private collections, *e. g.*, Grenville (1842, Vol. I, privately printed); Huth Bequest (fifty treasures selected after his death—both these now in the British Museum); Earl of Crawford (four thick folios); C. Fairfax Murray (Breydenbach, early German and French books, mostly illustrated), and H. Y. Thompson's Illustrations from his sixteen Early English Manuscripts.

As stated above, these English books are intended to supplement, but not to repeat, what is shown in the English National Building.

AMERICA.

Similarly, the American place of honor is given to the Grolier Club's standard corpus of Whistler's Etchings; flanked by Mansfield's Catalogue of Whistler's Etchings and Dry-Points (Caxton Club, Chicago), and two Whistler volumes printed at the Merrymount Press, Boston. The centre of the case is worthily occupied by a fine copy of Benjamin Franklin's masterpiece as printer, the famous "Cato Major on Old Age," Philadelphia, 1744 (mine—recently acquired for $2!!). It is surrounded by other Franklin books, including one of the *six* large-paper copies of Renouard's beautiful edition (1795-96) of his "Way to Wealth," etc., in English and French, which is notable as containing reprints of now lost editions of Franklin's Bagatelles, printed at his private press in Passy. The first edition of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" (1855) illustrates the get-up of many American classics, but is somewhat inferior in this respect to Jones's "Historical Sketch of Tomo-Chi-Chi" (Albany, 1868), which stands next. This handsome bookcase contains also the Grolier Club's editions of Milton's "Areopagitica" and Carlyle's "Two Note Books," and the translation-volume of its standard edition of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon" (the text and commentary volumes are in the Club's main exhibit), accompanied by Dowden's copy of the first English version, 1832 (by J. B. Inglis). Two famous German books (from my collection) are also shown here: The "Nürnberger Trichter" ("Poetischer Trichter," Nürnberg, 1647-48, by Harsdörfer), and the first German translation of Dedekind's Groblanus, 1551.

A large case (in the passageway adjoining part of the German Emperor's library) contains a large number of interesting books, including a set of the famous Pierpont Morgan catalogues (one on vellum!), all the chief publications of the Grolier Club (thirty volumes, including the valuable bibliographies), the best publications of the Caxton Club, and

Philobiblon Club (Philadelphia); Odd Volumes (Boston—Nichols on Isaiah Thomas, 1912, loaned by Mr. D. B. Updike), and the sole book of the short-lived New York "Odd Sticks" (reprint of Dibdin's Bibliomania, 1864), as well as most of the important publications of the extinct Historical Printing Club of Brooklyn (fifty-four numbers, loaned by the New York Public Library, which now sells the remainders!), and a set of the Bibliographical Society of America and its predecessor, the Bibliographical Society of Chicago. American private collections are represented by a few really valuable catalogues, *e. g.*, Church-Huntington Library (very rarest Americana and Engl. Lit., elaborately described by G. W. Cole), Hoe manuscripts (both lent by Mr. Seymour de Ricci, Paris), Gen. Hawkins's collection at Providence (first books from earliest presses, described by A. W. Pollard), Henry Walters (mainly Italian incunabula), G. A. Plimpton (early arithmetic), and W. A. White, list of his Early English literature, mainly Elizabethan.

In closing these notes, I may call attention to the fact that almost all of the above books are of real value to scholars and bibliographers, apart from their mere appearance. All in all, these exhibits are probably as nearly adequate and satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances.

LEONARD L. MACKALL,

Hon. Secretary for America and England of the Group Bibliophily of the Leipzig International Book Exhibition.

Jena, Germany, August 1.

Correspondence

GERMAN SCHOLARS AND "TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Americans leaving Germany during the second fortnight of August received as a farewell gift a substantial pamphlet entitled "Truth about Germany: Facts about the War." This publication seems worth bringing to the notice of other Americans, especially of American scholars, not because of its actual contents, but because of the relation between its contents and the profession and character of several of the persons with whose endorsement it was issued. The pamphlet was prepared by a board of editors which included Dr. Drechsler, director of the *Amerika-Institut;* Count Reventlow, Professor Dr. Francke, several professional authors, members of the Reichstag, and others; and it was issued with the sanction of an "honorary committee" comprising, besides many figures of the highest distinction in German public life and in finance, such eminent scholars as Harnack, Kühnemann, Lamprecht, von Schmoller, Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, and Wilhelm Wundt. The document was manifestly designed, not for historians or publicists, but for the enlightenment of the many educated Americans who had hitherto known little of European politics and diplomacy; and the impressive list of great *savants* attached to the pamphlet was evidently intended to give weight to the opinions expressed and to inspire confidence in its statements of fact. Of what sort, then, were the statements of fact, to gain credence for which these scholars lent their names and their scientific credit? I give a few out of many examples; italics are mine:

I. On the responsibility for the murder at Serajevo:

This assassination is the real cause of the present European war. Austria-Hungary *was able to prove* to a shuddering world a few days after the murder that it had been prepared and planned systematically, yea, *that the Servian Government had been responsible for the plan* [p. 16].

II. On the contents of the Austrian note to Servia and the nature of the Servian reply:

Austria-Hungary addressed to the Servian Government a number of demands which aimed at nothing but the suppression of the anti-Austrian propaganda. Servia was on the point of accepting the demand, when there arrived a dispatch from St. Petersburg, and Servia mobilized. Then Austria had to act. Thus arose the Austro-Servian war [p. 16].

III. On the violation of the neutrality of Belgium:

Great Britain *asked that Germany should allow French and Belgian troops to form on Belgian territory for a march against our frontier* [p. 19]. . . . *England and France were resolved not to respect the neutrality of Belgium.* . . . [They] did not give up their plan of attacking Germany through Belgium [p. 44].

IV. On the attitude of the British Government during the crisis preceding the war:

England aims at being mistress of the Old World in order to occupy either an equal, or a menacing, position towards the New World. *For this purpose she has encouraged this war.*

Every American recipient of the pamphlet who subsequently took the trouble to examine the entire published evidence in the case must have speedily discovered the statements of specific historical fact in the passages cited to be either direct falsehoods or *suggestiones falsi;* to readers of the *Nation* it can hardly be necessary to give the proof of this. But it should be added that the publication in question is marked by a yet more singular *suppressio veri;* it contains no hint of what are perhaps the two most decisive of the "facts about the war." These, since they seem to have been less emphasized in America than they deserve to be, should perhaps be indicated specifically.

It is a fact undisclosed in the pamphlet that on July 30, and again in a modified form on July 31, the Russian Government communicated to the German Government an undertaking to "stop all military preparations" (or "to maintain a waiting attitude") if Austria would consent to "stay the march of her troops on Servian territory and, recognizing that the Austro-Servian conflict has assumed the character of a question of general European interest, to admit that the Great Powers may examine the satisfaction which Servia can accord to the Austro-Hungarian Government without injury to her rights as a sovereign state and to her independence."

It is a fact equally undisclosed in this repository of information about the causes of the war, that on the morning of July 31 Sir Edward Grey declared to the German Ambassador in London that "if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it," he would "support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences." The most illuminating "truth about Germany" is that, on the same day, with these two pledges before it, the Government at Berlin sent to Russia and to France *ultimata* which were certain, and therefore were manifestly designed, to render war within twenty-four hours inevitable.

Thus is contemporary history written in Germany for Americans, under the patronage of eminent German historians, economists, philosophers, and philologists. Put forth by irresponsible journalists, or even by a Government press bureau, such a publication would not be surprising. Put forth in the name of a committee including several of the greatest scholars in Germany, it is an astonishing and, because astonishing, a singularly revealing document. Even in men of science there is, perhaps, something pardonable in a perversion of judgment by patriotic sentiment. But it is not pardonable in men professionally dedicated to the ascertainment and promulgation of truth that they should lend the authority of their names and their professional standing to an attempt to give currency to untrue accounts of matters of fact, in relation to an issue about which all mankind is deeply concerned. We have learned much from German scholars about historical "objectivity" and the niceties of historical criticism; what we receive, when we look for an application of these principles to contemporary events, is a clumsy compilation of fictions, irrelevancies, and vulgar appeals to what are apparently conceived to be American prejudices.

This is not the place for an examination into the conditions in the intellectual life and academic organization of Germany which have made possible this scandalous episode in the history of the scholar's profession; but the incident has in it too much of instruction and warning for Americans of the same profession, to be allowed to pass without notice. In connection with other circumstances it seems, for one thing, to show that the professional class, in the country where it has played the greatest part, has signally failed, at the most critical moment in German history, to perform its proper function—the function of detached criticism, of cool consideration, of insisting that facts, and all the relevant facts, be known and faced. It appears to be shouting with the rest for a wholly avoidable war of which, in nearly all non-German eyes, the moral indefensibility seems exceeded only by its fatal unwisdom from a purely national point of view.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

[Professor of Philosophy, Johns Hopkins University.]

London, September 9.

THE POLISH QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me, as a Pole, to lay before the impartial judgment of the American public the situation of my fellow-countrymen in the light of the Czar's recent ukase promising the Poles, in case they shall be loyal, religious freedom and the free use of their own language? In writing these lines, I do not attempt to express my own opinion on the issue, nor will I attempt to write Polish history. I should like, however, to lay before your readers facts known not only to every intelligent Pole, but to anybody who has ever been in Poland and has seen actual conditions in that unfortunate country.

The crookedness and perverseness of a few Russian scoundrels, who are guiding a weak-

minded ruler, have subjected Europe to the rage and fury and desolation of war and deprived millions of women and children of their supporters. Archbishop Rozdestvenski, formerly a member of the second Duma and leader of the Russian Black-Hundreds, at present head of the Russian Orthodox Churches in the United States, predicted, a year ago, in his official paper, the *Russian Orthodox American Messenger*, that in a short time the Russian flag would be hoisted upon the Austrian Carpathian mountains and that Austria would meet the same fate that Turkey met after the Balkan war. Now, a year after these predictions, Russia has started war, and in Poland, and there is being enacted a drama unique in the history of nations.

To-day 700,000 young Poles are murdering one another, fighting for the cause of Russian grafters, or, rather, because the unspeakable Russian wants it. In 1793 a harlot woman, by the name of Catherine, after murdering her husband, caused the destruction and subjection of Poland as an independent nation. Since that time Poles have risen three times against Russian barbarism, but Polish mutinies, riots, and revolutionary outbreaks have always been suppressed in blood and fire by hordes of Russian barbarians, just emerging from a condition of semi-savagery.

Can anybody in this country, which is the bulwark of freedom and the refuge of oppressed peoples, understand how Poles, who love liberty better than life—Poles who had a republican form of government in the eighteenth century, who built universities in the fifteenth century, whose union with Lithuania and Ruthenia, in 1569, was the first voluntary confederation of independent states in Europe, and whose sons, Kosciuszko and Pulaski, fought at the side of George Washington for American independence—have been for more than a century the prey of a bloodthirsty foe?

Under Russian government we Poles are deprived of our physical freedom, of our freedom of conscience, of our freedom to move from one place to another. Many tens of thousands of Poles have been and are now working in chains in Siberian mines under the most revolting and inhuman conditions, digging gold for a crooked Russian Government, and their only crime was that they belonged to some educational alliance or other organization not permitted by Russian satraps. The Russian Government keeps us Poles in constant poverty, and hundreds of thousands of Polish girls from the age of twelve years have been equipped by the Russian police with yellow tickets and sent on the streets as licensed prostitutes, while our boys have no chance to get education, either in public schools or privately, and any attempts to educate children in private houses are punished with long terms of imprisonment.

To enumerate all the crimes Russian officialdom has committed against Poles is impossible. To those, however, who would like to read about Russian cruelties, prosecution, and oppression, I commend the book ("Memories") of the Russian Prince Kropotkin. At the time of the war between Russia and Japan, while the Poles were gone to fight Russia's battles, their country was almost prostrated by the stoppage of productive labor and trade, and thousands of Poles literally starved to death. The year 1863 was the most terrible year for the Poles. More than 100,000 of them, the best of the nation, perished on the scaffold or were sent to Siberia, all their possessions were confiscated, women and children were put to death by starvation or were forced to lead a life of shame. Can all these crimes, committed against them, be obliterated in the minds of Poles?

Now, can anybody assert that the three and one-half millions of Poles in the German Empire shared the same lot as their 12,000,000 brothers under the Russian Government? Have not Poles in Germany been just as successful in trade and industry and agriculture as the Germans themselves? All the trouble that Poles in Prussia ever had, has been brought upon them by agent-provocateurs, sent from Warsaw. I wish only to recall the criminal agitation conducted in Posen by the Russian agents for many years—agents who finally landed in jail, but succeeded in troubling the minds of peaceful citizens. Of course it was a tremendous mistake, even a crime, for the Prussian Government to force through the so-called Polish Expropriation law. But this law has not been put into effect, and will never be.

As to the conditions of the Poles in Austria, there is no necessity to prove that the Poles are the real and exclusive masters of this part of Poland, which is inhabited by Poles. The entire Government of Galicia is in the hands of Poles, beginning from the Governor and ending at the lowest office messengers. More than twenty Poles have been in the last ten years members of the Austrian Cabinets. I will only quote the names of Count Badeni, Prime Minister; Count Goluchowski, for many years Minister of Foreign Affairs; Zalewski, Minister of Finance; Bilinski, Minister of Finance of the Dual Empire; Count Dzieduszycki, Professor Glombinski, Professor Dr. Rittner, Korytowski, Morawski, Abrahomowicz, Jedziejowicz, etc., all members of the Austrian Government, and there have been many hundreds of Poles holding high governmental positions in Vienna. What liberty Poles enjoy in Austria is evidenced by the fact that Galician Poles have succeeded in the last few years in building up cadres of a small Polish national army.

There are now in Galicia four different organizations of Polish sharp-shooters, recognized by the Austrian Government as legal military organizations, and these organizations embrace all able-bodied Poles in Galicia who are not serving in the Austrian regular army.

As to the attitude of the Poles in Russia, I may be permitted to quote a proclamation, issued in March, 1909, by the Central Committee of Polish Labor Organizations, in Warsaw:

For the first time in a century the common interest of the Powers, which have dismembered Poland, will dissolve. At this time we shall not permit the fate and future of our country to be decided without a voice. We don't want to be serfs and we shall be able to safeguard our interests, the interests of the Polish people, during the approaching events. The Russian Government did not succeed in breaking down our rebellious spirit, in killing our desire for liberty, and in forcing us to renounce all hope of a better future. The Russians have in us unconciliable enemies, prepared to fight to the last drop of blood.

We are preparing for this fight now.

The Polish monthly paper, *Przedswit*, recommended the publications dealing with military instructions, and the labor journal, *Robotnik*, published in Warsaw, printed particular advices to its readers how to collect exact information about the situation of the Russian army forces, and instructed Polish laborers as to what they should do while being put into the Russian army, etc.

All these proclamations and articles have been accepted by the Polish nation, and even those Poles who have been looking for an understanding with Russia had no answer to give to the proclamations of the Polish people.

More than one prominent Austrian, German, and Russian writer has in the last years declared openly that an independent Poland could not in any way menace Austrian, German, and Russian national interests and aims. The Russian Prince, Uchtomski, and Professor Sobolwski and others have sympathized with the struggle of the Poles for national existence.

To-day the German and Austrian armies have joined to erect an independent Poland.

ALEXANDER SZARSKI.

New York, September 15.

A REPLY TO VERNON LEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Vernon Lee's letter, in your last issue, is particularly grateful to those of us who have long seen in the sensitive critic an accomplished publicist as well. It is also a satisfaction to see the hectic Mr. H. G. Wells properly brought to book. With his suggestion that, while maintaining an official neutrality, we should aid the Allies by starving Germany out, there will be no sympathy here. It is not our American way.

Yet it is well that thinkers of Vernon Lee's type should understand the nature of our neutrality. Our judgment as a nation approves neutrality, but we maintain it despite our hearts, which are with the Allies. In about the only good poetry evoked by the war Percy MacKaye writes—

> How shall we keep an armed neutrality
> With our own souls? Our souls belie our lips,
> That seek to hold our passions in eclipse
> And hide the wound of our sharp sympathy.

That is the attitude of nine Americans out of ten. In deed we will be loyal to the neutrality that judgment dictates, but our sympathies are our own. The sentiment is deeply rooted as an instinct among our people generally, and is held as keenly by our *intellectuels*, for the following sufficient reasons:

We believe Germany could have prevented the world war, and should have so done. We believe that she not merely let things drift, but actually precipitated war by issuing ultimatums to Russia and France at the moment when the Servian trouble was in hopeful process of diplomatic adjustment. We note that Germany, departing from her honorable precedent of 1870, began war by breaking faith with Belgium, and since has prosecuted hostilities with a ruthless barbarism repugnant to civilization.

These are entirely disinterested reasons for America's desiring the defeat of Germany. They are powerfully reinforced by a motive of policy. It is the sober conviction of most of us that for the United States to live peaceably in the same world with a dominant Germany would be impossible.

So much should be said lest our European friends confuse the official utterances which our judgment approves with our intimate feelings as men and women.

Of Mr. Wells's eulogy of Russia as a great liberal force, Vernon Lee makes good sport, and legitimately. Yet it seems to me almost as unwise to raise issues of absolute national value, always an abstract appraisal, at the moment of a death-and-life alignment. It is enough for me that at this moment Russia is the indispensable bulwark of Western civ-

ilization. What she may do in the future I do not know. I do know that but for her France would be prostrate, England imperilled, Belgium an annex to Prussia. Here is ground enough for enduring gratitude to Russia. There may or may not be a Slavic peril at some future time—personally I do not anticipate it—but meanwhile the world faces a very urgent Prussian peril which must be dealt with. One peril at a time is a very good rule.

When Vernon Lee describes Prussian militarism as so much cleverly invented mythology, she surely abuses the wit that has made her famous. Indeed, her own freely expressed hope that southern Germany might gain as against Prussia is a virtual acceptance of the reality that lies behind the alleged myth. Few Americans who have lived in Prussia doubt that Prussian militarism is a fact of portentous order. For more than two centuries has been preparing the rigid, arrogant, one-sidedly efficient temper that brooks no difference of thinking and envisages the world solely in military terms. If Vernon Lee still suspects that Prussian militarism is merely a sophistical form of words, let her descend from the seclusion of Shooters Hill and interview the refugees from Aershot and Louvain.

Prussianism is the cause of the war, and the cause of its worst inhumanities. Accordingly, Prussia must pay the penalty. Should the war stop short of her abasement, the whole sacrifice will have been in vain. To crush Prussia is to aid Germany. The liberal, intelligent, and kindly Brunswickers, Hanoverians, Saxons, Silesians, Württembergers, Bavarians, who are falling by thousands, are victims not of the Allies' arms, but of Prussian ascendency. It is indeed well that we should hold clearly in mind the distinction between Deutschland, which is likely to be regenerated through defeat, and the maleficent kingdom which has made Europe a shambles, and is itself marked for extinction.

In this matter I am sure that I speak for thousands of Americans who know their Europe and know their history. Such is our neutrality—confessedly a somewhat grim variety. On the main issue that we will not starve Germany out while pretending friendship, I am heartily with Vernon Lee. If the time came to make an issue with Germany, the first move would not be the locking of our granaries, but the opening of our recruiting offices.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

Princeton, New Jersey, September 24.

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The gift of prophecy is often ascribed to great men, and to none with more propriety than to Goethe. "Unser tiefsinniger Dichter," as he is still admiringly called in Germany, undoubtedly had in view the present Kaiser when he wrote the following lines in his immortal drama of "Faust":

> Weh! Weh! die schöne Welt!
> Du hast sie zerstört mit mächtiger Faust;
> Ein Halbgott hat sie geschlagen.

One notices that the prudent poet wrote "with *mighty* fist," not "with *mailed* fist," for fear of prosecution for *lèse majesté*. It is remarkable that this striking prophecy has escaped the New York *Staats-Zeitung*.

AN OLD LEIPZIG STUDENT.

New York, September 19.

Literature

A TENACIOUS CREED.

Buddhist China. By Reginald Fleming Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton. Illustrated. $5 net.

A reader familiar with the literature on China published since the Opium War notices an endeavor within recent years to interpret the spiritual side of Chinese life with tolerance for all forms of religious expression. The contrast to the attitude assumed by writers fifty years ago is significant. The old view that morality and good citizenship were impossible unless allied with the definite formulas of Christianity has been so far abandoned as at least to concede to the China of the past a considerable culture and happiness attained without any knowledge of the creeds of Christendom. Mr. Johnston, a student of Buddhism, who recognizes its present as well as its past hold upon the people of China, goes further than this. He is desirous of convincing his countrymen that "even if Buddhism collapses as a religious system, it may still continue to wield an immense though perhaps impalpable influence over Chinese thought. Indeed, it may actually regain some of the influence which it has been gradually losing over cultivated minds when it shakes itself free from the worthless superstitions with which the need of satisfying the crude religious instincts of an ignorant populace has forced it into more or less grudging alliance." Not only has Buddhism in the past been the chief inspiration of artistic and imaginative efforts in China, it has been a source of comfort to its adherents and a safeguard to the state; nor is it advisable to assume that, "even as a religion in the ordinary sense of the word, Buddhism has run its course."

All this differs *toto cælo* from what we used to read in books written a generation ago. Whatever may be thought by adherents of the old missionary policy of unyielding opposition to everything "heathen," this change in the posture of Christian writers has the advantage of introducing our half of the civilized world to less prejudiced views of the condition of a country which, despite the attacks of other faiths, has held consistently to Buddhism as the religion of its common people. Like Christianity in the West, Buddhism was adapted as well as adopted by a race foreign to the land of its origin, and though its followers all regard the canon as their ultimate authority, its interpretations have accorded more and more as time elapsed with the spirit and temper of the Chinese mind. It is often said, indeed, that the complexities of Mahayana Buddhism have carried the Chinese so far from the teachings of Sakyamuni as to have resulted in a new creed. The same charge is brought against Christianity to-day; it is actually true of neither. Buddha, like Confucius, was discreetly silent upon many questions because he thought that their solution had no necessary relation to the great problems of life and a hereafter. The accepted doctrines of Buddhism that stagger the Western mind are those denying the existence of a personal deity, the soul, and a continuing individuality after death; but the author finds that even here the disagreement is mainly one of metaphysics, the Buddhist view of the ego being not unlike that of a good many thinkers in Europe; for, he adds, "there is a close association between the Buddhist idea of a personality liberated from the phenomenal ego and the belief of Western mystics and others in a transcendental self freed from the limitations of temporal individuality."

Here, then, are two points suggesting possibilities of an interaction between the two great creeds, at which the stern propagandists of Christianity in the East would have recoiled half a century ago; what may result from them time alone will show. The first of these is the development in terms of Chinese thought of some of those metaphysical questions which Buddha left unanswered. If Buddha discouraged their discussion they have not been disregarded by Mahayana Buddology, for not only has Amitabha become God, but Buddha is mystically associated with him "through being his earthly embodiment, or rather reflex." Personal merit, the only and sufficient means taught by Buddha for securing salvation, is now subordinated to the necessity of faith, for "the Chinese commentators do not hesitate to assert that no amount of virtue will insure a rebirth in the Western Paradise if unaccompanied by invocations of the name of Amitabha." A personal deity, a saviour, heaven and hell and justification by faith have been accepted by the adherents of a religion which began by denying them all. As to the second point: while Buddha himself began by rejecting all soul theories, because the inexorable law of retribution was incompatible with the idea of an individual soul, out of the fine distinction drawn between the impermanent ego and the transcendental self has arisen a belief in the continuing identity of a man's soul that is confidently maintained by the vast majority of Buddhists in northern Asia. A creed that has wandered so far from the precepts of its founder is capable of wandering further, even to absorbing the fundamentals of Christianity, while yet calling itself Buddhism.

But whatever may become of Buddhism in the future it has been in the past a supreme influence in Chinese standards of life as well as in literature and art. Mr. Johnston, whose studies during a long residence in China entitle him to consideration as an authority, esteems it a force too deeply seated ever to be wholly eradicated, and he does not seem to wish it to be otherwise:

> Those of China's foreign friends who long to see not only the political regeneration of this great country, but also a brilliant revival of creative activity in arts and letters, can hardly fail to take a keen and sympathetic interest in the fortunes of that wonderful creed, or system of creeds, which for at least fifteen centuries has exerted so pow-

erful an influence—artistic and philosophic no less than religious and ethical—over the heart and mind of China.

These are the reflections of a man who approaches his subject in no controversial spirit, but who recognizes an elemental character in Buddhism—jejune though it may be in its modern estate—deeply ingrained in the soul of a people. As we began by saying, the author's point of view is the most significant though by no means the only remarkable feature of his book. More than half of it is devoted to a description of Chiu-hua and Pu-to, two of the holy places of the cult in China. They are each sacred to a Bodhisat associated with the idea of Amida's mercy, but here, as in other religions, dedication to a particular saint does not preclude the worship of all the deities in the pantheon at his temple. Of Ti-tsang, the Sanskrit Kshitigarbha, patron divinity of the former place, it is related that he has vowed to devote æons of time to rescue humanity from punishment and bring all living beings safe to the heaven of Buddhahood. He is the Japanese Jizo, only less famous in northern Buddhism than Kuan-yin, patron of Pu-to Island, whose female form, though only a matter, apparently, of a few centuries, has made the name familiar over the world as the Chinese Goddess of Mercy. Both these sacred spots have been completely devastated in quite recent times, revealing to the visitor that sad paucity of ancient monuments so characteristic of storm-ridden China despite her great antiquity, but their sanctity remains. There is much to reward the student of Buddhism in the numerous monasteries clustered about these two sites, and Mr. Johnston's account of them furnishes abundant material for an understanding not only of local observances, but of the broader subject of comparative religion.

The wanderings or transfer of a deity from one race group to another are sufficiently familiar to students of religion everywhere, but few divinities appear to have travelled so far afield as the popular Kuan-yin. There is reason to suppose (though Mr. Johnston does not make much of the evidence) that the original "Looking-down God" was transferred from the mountain region of southern Arabia, the primitive Semitic deity of Mopla sailors which they brought first to Ceylon and later to the Far East. From Ceylon his worship passed into India and was merged in Indian Buddhism under the title of Avalokitesvara, the "Lord who looks down" in mercy upon mankind, one of a triad ruling the Western Paradise and acting as saviours of the world. There seem to have been two cults associated with his Bodhisat, one coming to China through Tibet and the other probably brought by sea, whereby comes its association with ships and the ocean and Kuan-yin's sanctuary on the island of Pu-to. The womanhood of Kuan-yin may date from the seventh century, but it does not appear to have been universally recognized before the Sung period, from which time, as the embodiment of divine mercy to erring mortals and as bestower of children to the barren, she has assumed the first place in the affections of the people of China and Japan. As to the worship accorded to images by Buddhists, the author declines to believe that the Chinese are any more idolatrous than the mass of Roman Catholics:

> It is only the most ignorant of Buddhists, as it is only the most ignorant of Christians, who regard the images before which they kneel in prayer or adoration as the real and ultimate objects of their pious devotion. To the enlightened Buddhist, as to the enlightened Catholic, the image or sacred picture is merely a symbol of divinity.

Education, then, and a return to the high standards of Buddhism in its prime would seem to be Mr. Johnston's cure for a demoralized China—not the propagation of the creed which goes forth to destroy. It may be so, but Buddhism has fallen so far from its former high estate that upon the evidence of those who know the country best, as Christians and for its own good,

> Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

CURRENT FICTION.

Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Perch of the Devil" was the original and colorful name of Butte, Montana. Its adoption by a son of Butte as the name of the mine where much of the action of this story takes place gives the title double fitness. The leading young man, Gregory Compton, is the tall, lean, dark, silent, indomitable gentleman whom, like some other heroes, one meets somewhat more frequently in fiction than in truth. For her beauty, he has married Ida, an ultra-American maiden, with a mouth full of chewing gum and double negatives, and an inherently vulgar mind, but a great soul. Her sudden conversion into a person of elegant speech and manners does not violate the canons of romance. Ida presently moves into the best circles abroad, and becomes an object of pursuit by persons of rank. Meantime, Gregory has become involved with a lady to the manner born, his wife's most intimate friend, and wife of his most intimate friend.

Mrs. Atherton keeps insisting upon the fact that Ora is a lady, and, accepting Mrs. Atherton's ruling that to be a lady does not imply anything as to mind or morals, we may as well admit her ladyship as deny it. Otherwise she is a selfish neurasthenic who does her best to play the devil with the lives of Gregory and Ida, and almost succeeds. Involved with this story of the familiar triangle are the fortunes of Gregory's mine, and his successful defence of it against the open or subtle tactics of Amalgamated Copper. Gregory becomes immensely rich, and, finally escaping the evils of the perfect lady, Ora, finds unexpected happiness with the now refined but not denatured Ida. The most interesting and genuine motive in the story is the discovery by that cold and calculating beauty that she has a real passion for her husband, and that in some mysterious and changeless way they have come to belong to each other.

The House. A Novel. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Duffield & Co.

This account of the simple, laborious, high-idealed life of the provinces is precisely what it purports to be: history of a family and a home. There are few vicissitudes and fewer incidents; the author's art is expended upon portraiture of the father, a conscientious physician; the mother, and the six brothers and sisters of the narrator. The result is a certain lack of color, especially as the point of view is personal and subjective. The reader will be confirmed in a conjecture that Mr. Bordeaux lacks ability to construct a plot by the similarity of the central action to that of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People"—the physician condemning the water mains of a neighboring resort, and suffering the public displeasure in consequence. But this is only a ripple in the slow full stream of the story. Its deliberateness, its realism in the best sense of the word, antagonistic to passion and extravagance, its attempt to depict in its sober strength the peasant and bourgeois earnestness, give it at first glance the effect of a mere exposition of French country life. But it is surcharged with a poetry that rounds it with narrative effect. When the home ends with the death of the father and the passage into various avenues of the children, we feel—though the teller is but eighteen—that the book has lost its protagonist.

The Charmed Life of Miss Austin. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

Edith Austin is by no means an uncommon type in fiction. A more adventuresome girl, with a better capacity for getting in and out of serious troubles, could not well be imagined. American girls are proverbially dissatisfied under restraint, and Edith is no exception to the rule. Travelling in the Far East with her uncle and aunt, she contrives to elude them—their chaperonage being anything but strict—and, of course, gets into all sorts of trouble, generally serious, which puts her "charmed life" to the severest tests. Beginning with a visit to the Chinese district of Shanghai at night, unattended, whence she is rescued by a young Frenchman, but not until she has been forced to act as second in a prize fight between him and a drunken sailor, champion of the fleet, for her possession, she passes through adventure after adventure, in which she falls in love many times, upsets well-planned *coups*, and confounds dishonest politicians, pirates, thieves, and rascally merchants. She leads her relatives a hard chase in their efforts to extricate her from her difficulties, but they always arrive too late, for the inevitable young man has turned up. After each rescue, however, she falls out of love as easily as she fell in. One is inclined to sympathize with her uncle's deep and fer-

vent "Thank God" when he receives word that she is married to her latest rescuer.

The Bird-Store Man: An Old-Fashioned Story. By Norman Duncan. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Norman Duncan has left Labrador and the big woods for the nonce, to give us a quaint little idyl of city life. To the sub-title we may be allowed to take exception. Thomas Twitter, the Bird-Store Man, is frankly Dickensian, with his chorus of canaries—reminiscent of the way in which Nature is so often made to act as chorus to the great Victorian's characters in their moments of stress or exaltation. But the Bird-Store Man, the Little Girl, and the dog Alexander form a triangle as novel as it is refreshing. And while the Bird-Store Man and the Little Girl have figured in fiction before under aliases, there is nothing old-fashioned about Alexander, who, having come to the rescue of his family in its extremity, finally "loses his job" in the most approved modern style. Tom Twitter's Academy for the Higher Education of Canines claims a place among the institutions of higher learning, if only for the culmination of its curriculum in the "college yell" on "graduation day." The story is slightly sketched, but the minor characters do their little parts on time, and, having done them, vanish as they should. An altogether delightful hour's reading, and not without suggestions of the more serious sort which he who runs may read.

A BENEFICENT LOBBYIST.

The Life-Work of Edward A. Moseley. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This work is the record of an ordinary man who did extraordinary things. In his birth, education, native wit, and contact with life he resembled hundreds of thousands of other Americans. But a happy conjunction of circumstances and a zealous spirit enabled him to put a mark on our economic policies that will never be effaced. Perseverance did for him what far more brilliant qualities have failed to do for others.

Moseley was the first secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. At the start there were five Commissioners, and an effort was made to obtain one of the appointments for him. Geographical conditions precluded this, but President Cleveland believed that the secretaryship would be an important post, and asked Moseley to accept it.

The Commission has undergone a great change in the last twenty-seven years, but its assured position of to-day is in no small measure the result of the efforts of its original members. No path of duty had been blazed for it in 1887. The law creating it was an experiment in a new field of Federal activity, and it was yet to be tested by experience and interpreted by the courts. Its methods of procedure remained to be devised. The Commissioners were strangers to one another. Their executive officer, the secretary, was unknown to them; they had taken him on President Cleveland's faith; and it is admitted that he had no special experience and no natural aptitude. In such circumstances, licking the Commission into shape was a difficult task. Yet it was performed in a way that enables us to trace the intellectual parentage of the present body back to the original appointees.

Moseley's most distinctive work was as a humanitarian. From the start he was an indefatigable worker for the safety of railway employees. The Federal Government, in adopting the Interstate Commerce law, had asserted its power to regulate commerce between the States, but not the instrumentalities of that commerce, the cars in which it was carried. In 1888 the Legislature of Massachusetts memorialized Congress on the subject, but without waiting for Congress to act, Moseley, with the sanction of the Commission, called upon the railways to report the number of persons killed and injured in coupling cars.

The first mention of the subject in the annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission was in 1889, but the Commissioners confessed that they were not prepared to recommend a national law because the difficulties of formulating and enforcing a statute of this kind seemed to them great, if not insurmountable. The secretary, however, went on with his work of collating the casualty reports from the railways, the totals of which constituted a staggering argument, and he employed every available means of driving the argument home. The obstacle to success was the expense. There were 1,200,000 freight cars, and very few of them had automatic couplers and airbrakes. The cry went up that it would cost the railways $100,000,000 to comply with such a law as was demanded.

Moseley knew no rest. He supplied the committee's reports in both the Senate and the House, the material for speeches of Senators and Representatives, as well as that for the messages of President Harrison, who three times commended the measure to Congress. He marshalled the forces of railway labor for the first time in Washington, and skilfully "pulled the wires leading to the seats of influence at either end of the Capitol." He brought such influence to bear on both national conventions in 1892 as to cause the subject to be mentioned in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. In short, "he steered and pushed the bill with all the adroitness and efficiency and with more than the ardor of an experienced lobbyist." His efforts were rewarded in 1893.

He was equally incessant in seeing that the Safety Appliance law was complied with. The first test case was in the courts of the State of Utah, and the employee was the loser. Moseley adopted a course unknown to our system of jurisprudence. He urged Mr. Knox, the Attorney-General, to intervene and file a brief on behalf of the Government in a case between private parties, and when Mr. Knox agreed, he went to work preparing photographs and making a model of cars with automatic coupling devices, to say nothing of compiling statistics, all of which were presented to the court, with the result that the employee obtained a favorable verdict.

The Employers' Liability act was another measure to which Moseley devoted himself body and soul. Still others were the act requiring railways to report all collisions and accidents, with their causes and surrounding circumstances; the act compelling the establishment of the block signal system; the act to regulate the hours of labor on railways, and the Arbitration law of 1898, commonly known as the Erdman Act. It was he also who, in 1894, urged upon the leaders of the brotherhoods of railway employees the necessity of having a "good man" at Washington "to push things."

Moseley's career was identified with so many transforming policies that it is of necessity a matter of interest to students of our industrial development. If it were asked who of all those connected with it from the start has best typified the Interstate Commerce Commission, it would probably be safe to answer, Edward A. Moseley.

A GUIDEBOOK OF JAPAN.

Terry's Japanese Empire. Including Korea and Manchuria: A Guidebook for Travellers. By T. Philip Terry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

This, the second of the Terry Guidebooks, deserves a warm welcome, for it is a marvel of condensed information such as the tourist demands and appreciates. Nearly 300 pages of general introductory matter precede the 800 pages of the actual itinerary; and the whole treatment reveals close acquaintance with travel conditions in Japan and with the best authorities on special subjects. The preliminary hints are well chosen and judicious. More ambitious than anything of the kind yet published, the Guidebook includes Korea and Formosa and has a serviceable chapter on Manchuria.

A few blunders crop out here and there. On page 133 occurs the term *Yoshiwaras*, but there is only one Yoshiwara, as the paragraphs on pages 221-3 indicate, the other "red-light" localities found in outlying parts of the city being known as *yujoba*. Indeed, the two passages contain evident discrepancies. Although the book is so up-to-date as to mention the eruption of Sakura-jima in January of the present year, yet it does not take notice of the complete destruction just three years ago of the Yoshiwara, nor the strong efforts that were thereupon made to abolish the institution.

Educational details need some revision. The Imperial University at Tokyo took the name Teikoku Daigaku in 1886, not in "1897, to distinguish it from the sister institution at Kyoto." Its present name, Tokyo Teikoku Daigaku, dates from 1897. There is no statement, in the description of Sendai, that this northern city is the home of three colleges of the Tohuku University—Science, Medicine, and Engineering. And in the de-

scription of Fukuoka, there is a failure to note that this city of Kyushu, where a College of Medicine was founded some years ago and attached temporarily to the University of Kyoto, is now the home of two colleges of the fourth, or Kyushu, Imperial University.

Dates in the Bibliography and elsewhere should also be revised. "The Mikado's Empire," by Griffis, should have "12th edition, 1913," in place of 1899, and Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," "1910" in place of 1893. Capt. Brinkley did not assume control of the *Japan Mail*, which has done such excellent service for the Empire, till 1881—not 1885 (as stated at p. clx).

In the description of the native horses (p. xc) we are told that "in certain districts (N. Japan) mares only are used for beasts of burden, while in others (Tokyo, Yokohama, etc.) one rarely sees anything but stallions." This requires explanation: there are horse (stallion) and mare provinces, as those know from awkward experiences who have lived near the dividing line. Again, it is stated at page 135 that "Yedo was changed to Tokei (then Tokio and later Tokyo)." But these three forms are merely ways of transcribing the same character. Tokei represents an old-fashioned pronunciation, appearing on Government publications until the 'eighties; while Tokio, a Roman variant of Tokyo, is still in general use.

In the historical part of the introductory matter, the account of Xavier's wonderful career in Japan, based on Griffis, and with a strong anti-Roman Catholic bias, might be rewritten with attention to later and better authorities. The heading, Early Tokugawa Time (1573-1603), prefaced to paragraphs dealing with Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, is misleading. These two dictators, neither of them Shoguns, had nothing to do with the wonderful centralizing system which we associate with the Tokugawa rulers. The period is essentially pre-Tokugawa. In the Korea section there is too outspoken a bias against Russia, sarcastically termed "holy, peace-loving" (p. 712). While Japan must be credited with excellent administrative work in the Hermit Kingdom, yet her record there is by no means stainless; and we look for reticence and strict impartiality in a guidebook.

THE GAP BETWEEN FROUDE AND GARDINER FILLED.

A History of England from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth. Vol. I. By Edward P. Cheney. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Professor Cheney says in his preface: "The task of this book is twofold, first to give a narrative of the events of English history during the last fifteen years of the reign of Elizabeth; secondly, to give a description of the form of government and society in England at the same time." He is too modest to say that it will fill the gap which has long existed between the histories of Froude and Gardiner. Yet this is essentially what it does, and it does it successfully so far as we can judge by the first volume. In workmanship it naturally resembles Gardiner rather than Froude. Professor Cheney has a wide and sound acquaintance with all the printed sources, and he has also made good use of manuscript records. England on the eve of the settlement of America is a field in which he has ploughed and harrowed thoroughly—as one might guess from his dedication "To the students past and present in my Saturday seminar in English History." He shows no prejudices, no attempt at dramatic writing, and no effort to establish novel theses. He refrains from telling over again interesting matters which are already easily accessible in other books, in order that he may have more space for the less known but equally interesting and important facts and figures which he has gathered from the Calendars, the Acts of the Privy Council, and other sources. His style is sober but not dull; it often has much of the dignity of the Elizabethan writers in whom he has steeped himself and from whom he gives many picturesque and humorous brief quotations. It is to be hoped that the second volume will contain an index of the whole work which shall be worthy of the author's accuracy in regard to detail.

The subjects which Professor Cheney chooses to treat in the first volume he groups into four parts: (1) Royal Administration; (2) Military Affairs, 1588-1595; (3) Exploration and Commerce; (4) Violence upon the Sea. Of these the first and the last are of greatest interest and value to students. The last gives a striking impression of the great number of "tureble pirats" even on the seas adjoining England. Piracies were practiced on Englishmen, sometimes even with the connivance of the very authorities whose duty it was to suppress them. In addition to these, of course, were the legally recognized reprisals on foreigners to make good English losses, and the constant and very irritating English practice of seizing from ships of neutrals anything going towards Spain which could possibly be considered as contraband of war. To all this violence off the coasts of Europe is to be added that which was constantly practiced by English sailors against Spanish and Portuguese off South America and in the East Indies. Well might the Governor of Zante write of the English: "I myself am firmly convinced that there is not a sailor of that nation but is a pirate."

In Part I, Professor Cheney gives an excellent account of Elizabeth herself in her later years, her household, her ministers, the usages at her court, and the administration of justice in her courts of law. He inclines to a less harsh opinion of the "Star-Chamber proceedings" than tradition and common belief have assigned to them, showing that they were neither more secret nor more arbitrary than the other courts of equity; the penalties inflicted, however, were somewhat more whimsical and humiliating: a cozening lawyer was required to confess his fault and wear a paper on his hat declaring his offence as he walked past the law courts in Westminster Hall; others were made to ride in public with faces towards the horse's tail; and an unfortunate false accuser, "after long punishment, lost both his ears on the pillory, was slit in the nose, branded on the forehead, and condemned to further imprisonment for life." It is characteristic of Professor Cheney's collection of statistical data to note that more than thirty thousand cases came before the Star Chamber during the reign of Elizabeth. They included all sorts of charges. The three most common were riot, forgery, and libel. For this was a libellous age, as might be suggested by Falstaff's threat, "An have I not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison," or by the somewhat inconsistent intention which Sir John Harrington set down in his diary:

> I will write a damnable storie and put it in goodlie verse about Lorde A. He hath done me some ill turnes. God keepe us from lyinge and slander worke.

Notes

The Century Company announces for publication to-morrow "The Old World and the New," by Edward Alsworth Ross.

The following volumes are included in Frederick A. Stokes Company's October list: "The Man of Iron," by Richard Dehan; "Through Siberia," by Fridtjof Nansen; "Chats on Old Copper and Brass" (Collectors' series); "The Sport of Collecting," Sir Martin Conway; "The Women of Egypt," by Elizabeth Cooper; "German Masters of Art," by Mrs. C. Dickinson; "A Woman in the Sahara," by Helen C. Gordon; "Seven Champions of Christendom," by F. J. H. Darton; "The Kewpie Kutouts," by Rose O'Neill. In the Library of Irish Literature the same house announces: "Thomas Davis," "Wild Sports of the West," "Legends of Saints and Sinners," "Humours of Irish Life," "Irish Orators and Oratory," "The Book of Irish Poetry."

A partial list of the autumn publications of the Yale University Press includes, in poetry: "The Song of Roland," translated into verse by Leonard Bacon; "Mother of Men, Old Yale," by Brian Hooker; "Poems," by Brian Hooker; "The English Poems of Henry King, D.D., sometime Bishop of Chichester," edited by Lawrence Mason. English literature: "The East I Know," a translation of Paul Claudel's "La Connaissance de l'Est" made by Mr. and Mrs. William Rose Benét; "Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," by Charles D. Stewart; "Essays on Milton," by Elbert N. S. Thompson. History: "The Department of State of the United States: Its History and Functions," by Gaillard Hunt; "Cicero of Arpinum," a political and literary biography, by E. G. Sihler; "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," a biographical study of student life and university influences during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by Anson Phelps Stokes. Science: "The Problem of Volcanism," by Joseph P. Iddings; "Science and Religion: the Rational and the Superrational," by C. J. Keyser; "Water Conservation by Storage," by F. H. Newell; "Problems of American Geology" (Dana commemorative lectures delivered on the Silliman Founda-

tion); "Conservation of Water by Storage," by George F. Swain. Public affairs: "Concerning Justice," by Lucilius A. Emery; "Municipal Citizenship," by George McAneny; "Trade Morals, their Origin, Growth, and Province," by Edward D. Page; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, Ph.D., revised with additions by William H. Price, Ph.D.

Macmillan's autumn list, in addition to the volumes announced last week, includes, in religion: "Social Redemption," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "The Christian Life in the Modern World," by Francis G. Peabody; "Live and Learn," by Washington Gladden; "The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy," by Henry C. Vedder; "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar; "The Development of the Christian Religion," by Shailer Mathews; "Vital Elements of Preaching," by Arthur S. Hoyt; "Social Christianity in the Orient," by John E. Clough; "The Bible and the Religion of the Spirit," by F. C. Porter; "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," by Arthur C. McGiffert; "Paul's Doctrine of Redemption," by Henry Beach Carré; "The Man of Nazareth," by Frederick L. Anderson. Medicine: "Infection and Resistance," by Hans Zinsser; "The Cancer Problem," by William Seaman; "Operations of Surgery," by W. H. A. Jacobson, new edition, revised by R. P. Rowlands and Philip Turner; "Diseases of the Arteries and Angina Pectoris," by Thomas Clifford Allbutt; "Tuberculosis of the Bones and Joints in Children," by John Fraser; "Essays on the Surgery of the Temporal Bone," by Charles A. Ballance; "A Short Manual of Diseases of the Nervous System," by Edwin Bramwell; "Radiography, X-Ray Therapeutics, and Radium Therapy," by Robert Knox; "Tuberculosis and Consumption," by A. J. Jex Blake; "Pasteur, and After Pasteur," by Stephen Paget; "Medical Entomology," by William B. Herms.

For colleges, teachers, and schools Macmillan publishes the following: "Forms of Prose Composition," by Frank W. Scott; "College Life—Its Conditions and Problems," by Maurice Garland Fulton; "English Composition for College Women," by Elizabeth Moore and others; "Handbook of Exposition," by R. A. Jelliffe; "Aspects of Modern Drama," by Frank Wadleigh Chandler; "Representative English Comedies," Vol. III, the Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others, edited by Charles Mills Gayley; "A History of England and Greater Britain," by Arthur Lyon Cross; "Readings in Political Philosophy," by Francis W. Coker; "Introduction to the Science of Ethics," by Theodore de Laguna; "Principles of Secondary Education," edited by Paul Monroe; "State and County Educational Reorganization," "State and County School Administration," by Elwood P. Cubberley; "Problems of Child Welfare," by George B. Mangold; "Economics of Efficiency," by Norris A. Brisco; "International Trade and Foreign Exchange," by Henry Gunnison Brown; "Food Products," by Henry C. Sherman; "College Physiography," by Ralph S. Tarr; "An Introduction to the Study of Fossils," by Henry W. Shimer; "The Germ Cell Cycle of Animals," by Robert W. Hegner; "Geometry of Four Dimensions," by Henry Parker Manning; "Handbook of Practice for Teachers," by Charles A. McMurray; "Child Discipline," by William Chandler Bagley; "Handbook of Vocational Education," by Joseph F. Taylor; "Lessons in Appreciation," by F. H. Haywood; "A Fundamental Study in the Pedagogy of Arithmetic," by Henry Budd Howell; "A Method of Teaching Primary Reading," by B. L. C. McMurray; "Ancient Civilization," by Roscoe Lewis Ashley; "American Literature for Secondary Schools," by William B. Cairns; "Farm Crops," "Farm Animals," by George F. Warren; "Soils," by Franklin Stewart Harris.

Dr. Clare Howard has achieved the distinction of a readable dissertation in her "English Travellers of the Renaissance" (Lane; $2.50 net). Those were days when anybody who was or who aspired to be anybody travelled, for travel afforded the only effective means of studying modern languages, history, and institutions. To the young courtier the Continent offered the chance of sharp discipline amid men and cities, and a glimpse of a humaner civilization than that of his island home. Though there were some, like Ascham, who questioned not without reason the benefit of promiscuous travel in view of the many risks to manners, morals, and religion—the "Italianate Englishman" passed into a proverb—there grew up an enthusiastic literature in praise of travel. Appropriately enough, these manuals of instruction have their beginning in the fatherland of Baedeker, but unlike his indispensable volumes, they attempt not to describe the things which the traveller will see, but in a spirit of didacticism, which is the peculiar possession of no one age, they address themselves to the task of arousing in the traveller's mind a lively appreciation of his high calling, his duty to himself and to the State. The gist of these books, without prolixity and vain repetition, Dr. Howard sets before the reader, with copious illustrations from the lives of real travellers. She clearly traces the gradual relaxation of the old ideal of erudition, the Tudor traveller's primary concern, in the seventeenth-century courtier who preferred to learn his dancing, fencing, and riding the great horse at one of the French "academies," and the still further degeneration in the fashionable gentleman and his Grand Tour after the days of Charles II.

That Napoleon was fortunate to escape from Russia with any troops at all is the conclusion to which Lieut.-Col. R. G. Burton's analysis of the causes of his failure leads a reader of "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia," the latest volume in the Special Campaign series (Macmillan; $1.60 net). Nor was this due primarily to the Russian winter, as most historians will have it, influenced, no doubt, by a commendable affection for poetic justice. Napoleon had the winter to face because he lingered in Moscow, uncertain of his next move. He had surmounted great obstacles in order to gain the ancient capital, only to find that Russia still eluded him. Yet if he made mistakes in details in his operations, no skill less than his could have extricated the army from the trap into which he had thrown it. He was aided also by mistakes on the part of his enemies. In a word, he had undertaken an impossible task, which nothing but his genius could have made appear possible. The invasion and the retreat are traced by the author with care, but without much imagination. Six maps and plans accompany the volume.

The timeliness of Theodore Clarke Smith's "The Wars Between England and America" (Holt; Home University Library; 50 cents) is sadly shattered by a convulsion that has put the centenary of peace quite out of men's minds. Yet this is true in a narrow sense only. The interest of the period from the Peace of Paris in 1763 to the Treaty of Ghent in 1815 is perennial. And it is the history of this period, political and diplomatic and not merely military, as his title would suggest, that Professor Smith gives us in one of the most interesting volumes of the rapidly growing series of which it is one of the newest additions. The distinction and charm of the book are its following of the developments at Westminster along with those in the colonies or States, so that one sees, as one ought to see but seldom has been permitted, both sides of the shield, not now and then merely, but continually. The influence of George III on the current of American affairs has long been taught to schoolchildren, perhaps overtaught, but the effect of Whig and Tory politics is not so familiar. Professor Smith sets us above the contending countries, and bids us view the game on both sides at once. Any one who fears that this must make the guide less of an American should read his account. As an instance of the author's impartiality as well as range of knowledge of his subject, we may cite his quiet noting of the not generally remembered fact that the burning of Washington in 1814 was an act of retaliation, if an extravagant one, and not the unprovoked barbarity it is usually represented as being. "The Growth of Europe," by Grenville A. J. Cole, is not political, but geographical and geological. It traces the comparatively recent changes that have made the surface features of Europe what they are. These changes consist less in the wearing away of rocks and the deposit of continental waste than in upheaval and depression. The volume is a bit technical for the ordinary reader, whose interests are usually consulted with more care in this series. "Sex," by Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson, joint authors of "The Evolution of Sex," is a sensible handling of what is in our time a most mishandled subject. The authors are at once scientific and human, showing thorough appreciation of the need of delicacy in approaching the matters of which they treat, but, on the other hand, not taking refuge from plain speaking in the mysteries of physiological and psychological terminology. The range of the little volume is such as to include a consideration of woman's place in society, which is performed with an admirable combination of historical and scientific knowledge, absence of dogmatism, and sound judgment.

"Chaucer and His Times," another of this series, by Grace E. Hadow, would be more accurately named "Chaucer and His Influence." It is a careful study of the work of the poet, with due recognition of his limitations as well as his gifts. In successive chapters on his treatment of his sources, his character-drawing, his humor, and his descriptive power, we review the traits that have given him his place in English literature. The book is the work of a scholar, and pleases by its nice discriminations and power of analysis; at the same time, it is anything but pedantic, as is particularly evident in its opening chapter on Chaucer's Life and Times, in which the uncertainties of chronology and other biographical data are not allowed to carry us afield. Of a very different tone is A. Clutton-Brock's "William Morris: His

Work and Influence," which is a defence rather than an impartial account. The author is seldom able to state a fact in his hero's life without comment. When he has an adverse criticism to make, he is apt to qualify it away or to end by presenting it as a virtue. Morris must be accepted as a prophet who was superior to most prophets because he was not content to preach, but worked also. He saw exactly what was the matter with the world, and did his best to make everybody see it. The volume has a tendency to discursiveness, which is especially out of place in this series, but is well informed, and marked by a crispness of style that is occasionally epigrammatic, as: "Some men rebel against society because they are unhappy; but Tolstoy and Morris put away their happiness to rebel," and: "Not knowing precisely what they wanted to do, they [Morris and his friends] naturally determined to start a magazine."

Elizabeth Washburn's "Colour of the East" (Stokes: $1.25) is a sheaf of Oriental sketches that have found their way into American periodicals during the last two years, and are now assembled in a volume with an effective cover. Her attitude towards the peoples of the East appears to be one of benevolent attention, but we fail to catch the note of sympathy and understanding which is necessary to bring the reader into real contact with them. The impressionist in travel-literature acquires the trick of carrying you through a filmy cream of tropical sunset to the drab ooze of the morass, or to "a topaz-tinted, fire-edged group of ice-clad crags, detached and hanging in mid-air"; yet on reaching these highly ornamented places the heart of man craves companionship. Miss Washburn submits occasional samples of native life. At the Shway Dagon in Rangoon, the supreme test for a descriptive artist in Asia, we see "round girls in little coats of rose and cherry-red, shrill in high key and hang chains of jasmine buds about the thick gold neck of Buddha. Naked babies at their side crouch on fat brown knees and lisp in little whispers, while their round eyes follow fearfully the shrinking outline of a pariah dog creeping to an unwatched altar." At Singapore the author stayed long enough to rent a house and study the ways of an old Javanese k'bun, or gardener, promising material for the artist that no one has thus far exploited; but the visitor is too aloof from the natives of that other world of the East—the devious paths they keep and pass and turn again—to interpret them in a manner altogether satisfactory and convincing. Many of these papers are deftly done, but the cumulative effect of a considerable succession of them is cloying. They were more valid as literature in their magazine setting.

As the title indicates, "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," by Sigmund Freud, translated by A. A. Brill (Macmillan; $3.50 net), embodies an attempt to apply to familiar experiences the principles of explanation developed in connection with the author's method of so-called "psycho-analysis," and in this attempt, as one might expect, Dr. Freud displays unusual skill and ingenuity. So far as he emphasizes the close relation between normal and abnormal mental states he does good service; but his general mode of thought, as indicated in his earlier works, is here again exemplified. Being by nature a special pleader, he is willing to go to unwarranted lengths in his efforts to bring the facts of observation into line with his theories, his tendency to look for erotic influences constantly warps his judgment; and although his insight is penetrating, and his hypotheses highly ingenious, these latter cannot be convincing to the psychologist who looks at all the facts and at all possible modes of interpretation, and who makes the attainment of truth his sole aim. In fact, were our author better versed in the work of contemporary psychologists he would realize that not a few of the observations which he thinks original with himself are in truth commonplaces to the thorough student of this subject; as, for instance, where he naïvely remarks (p. 149), "The tendency to forget the disagreeable seems to me quite general." This fundamental fact he treats quite incidentally, and fails to observe that it in itself suffices to explain an enormous proportion of the cases which he laboriously interprets in terms of his quasi-Herbartian conception of repression.

To prove that Bacon wrote "Shakespeare" is, using the methods generally employed, to prove of necessity that he wrote pretty much everything else that belongs to the period, say, from 1569 to 1626. Not a few of the sumptuous volumes that treat these high matters are borne along triumphantly on this horn of the dilemma. Among them "Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon" (London: Constable; 16s. net), by Edward George Harman, C.B., is simply one more impressive piece of erudition misapplied. Just as we have grown familiar with the distinction between Shakspere the player and "Shakespeare" the pseudonym, we are here introduced to a dichotomy of the "poets' poet" into Spenser, the Irish official and settler, and "Spenser," one of the many impersonations of the myriad-minded author of the "Essays." The mass of solemn assertion and flimsy "parallels" on the basis of which, beginning at the age of seven or eight with the translations in Van der Noodt's "Theatre," Bacon is put forward as the author not only of Spenser, and, of course, Shakespeare, but also of such a gallimaufry as the chief works of Sidney and Gascoigne, parts of the Harvey-Nashe controversy, bits of Daniel and of Raleigh, of "Tarletons Newes out of Purgatorie," and Robert Laneham's famous letter, has scarcely the saving grace of ingenuity. Mr. Harman does not deal in ciphers; his sole criterion is his literary tact, the delicacy of which may be judged from the following examples: "The only difference (not an essential one) which I can perceive between Spenser and Shakespeare is that the former ransacks books more obviously for his examples and writes in the trammels of an elaborately rhymed stanza, whereas the latter draws his material more directly from life, through a maturer self-knowledge, and is less hampered by difficulties of form."

Major-Gen. Greely's "Hand-book of Alaska," first published in 1909, appears in a new edition (Scribner). A prefatory chapter has been added, devoted chiefly to material development during the past five years, but the author regards it as inadvisable to attempt a thorough revision of the book until Congress shall have taken some definite and decisive action with reference to the handling of transportation and coal deposits.

Science

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND GARDENING.

Experimental Domestic Science. By R. Henry Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Principles of Cooking. By Emma Conley. New York: American Book Co. 52 cents.

The Kitchen Garden and the Cook. By Cecilia Maria Pearse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two. By C. W. Earle and Ethel Case. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Gardener's Pocket Manual. By F. F. Rockwell. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. 75 cents net.

Epicures and all other persons who recognize the importance of a good digestion will rejoice to know that so able a chemist as R. Henry Jones has joined the ranks of those who believe that science can be directly and adequately taught in the kitchen, and that domestic subjects form a wide field for scientific and utilitarian experiment. His book on experimental domestic science is intended primarily for girls' schools, but appeals also to housewives who use their brains. Happy the husband whose wife has mastered and practically applies the lessons of this little book, either personally or in guiding her cook! He will feel better, sleep better, do better work, and, in general, enjoy the pleasures of life more than others less fortunate. Mistakes in cooking and eating habits are made in most families. How to avoid them is told by Mr. Jones in lucid language, even where technicalities are unavoidable. He does not merely give rules for the different culinary processes, but impresses them on the learner's memory by giving the reasons therefor, with the aid of experiments which are fully described.

Here are two examples of the questions which are asked and answered: "Which method of cooking fish have you found less wasteful: boiling or frying?" "What is the object of the fat in frying fish or potato? How would you find out whether it is more economical to use a little fat or immerse in fat?" The philosophy and importance of basting are explained in a way no pupil is likely to forget; and how much more tender and juicy our roasts would be if basting were more generally indulged in! But it is on the subject of steaming that the author has the most important message to deliver. He maintains that nobody knows what the finest flavors of foods—particularly potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables—are until after tasting the steamed varieties. Steaming makes it almost impossible to overcook food, and it preserves the valuable mineral salts which are usually lost in boiling. Cheap steam cookers are now on the market, and there is no possible argument against steaming, except that it takes a little more time than plain boiling.

Among other topics discussed is vegetarian-

ism. Only a few pages are devoted to it, but the conclusions arrived at are the last word on the subject and the most rational; it is the best brief consideration of this mooted question we know. Equally satisfactory is the treatment of the vexed question as to the nutritive values of different kinds of bread. Here, again, the author shows that it is unscientific to dogmatize. Circumstances alter cases, and what is best for one person is not so for another. We cannot too urgently recommend a perusal of page 137, where the arguments for and against white bread are summed up. Culinary and dietetic questions do not, however, take up all of Mr. Jones's space. Some of his chapters discuss such topics as ventilation, water, soap, laundry work, frost and sunshine, etc., and the last pages consider some popular everyday misnomers as well as domestic fallacies.

Emma Conley's "Principles of Cooking" is another excellent little book intended for schools. It is not merely a cookbook, but attempts to present the principles underlying all cooking. The author rightly maintains that if an intelligent study is made of these principles and their application, "preparing foods will no longer be a work of uncertainty, but an interesting scientific and comparatively easy process, and the preparing of nutritious, wholesome, and balanced meals will be a pleasure." Why cooking is taught in schools is explained; a list is given of the utensils for general use and those for the individual work table. Twenty rules for dishwashing precede a description of the parts of a stove or range; fire and fire-making are discussed, and in speaking of the temperature of the oven, the writer is obliged to confess the surprising fact—a hint to manufacturers!—that no oven thermometer that is even fairly accurate is on the market as yet! After these important—but usually neglected—preliminaries the different classes of foods are considered, with the best ways of cooking and serving them. Beverages are not overlooked, and the final sections discuss school lunches and the teaching of cooking in rural schools.

About eleven American families in every dozen do their own domestic work without the aid of servants. What proportion of them also raise their own vegetables is perhaps not known, but it must be very large. To such families "The Kitchen Garden and the Cook," by Cecilia Maria Pearse, makes a special appeal. Though written in England, it is quite as useful in this country, making climatic allowance here and there in the cultural directions, which, it is well to bear in mind, differ also for our own States. Though English, this book is by no means insular. Judging by the attention given to corn, one might fancy it was written on this side of the ocean. Considerable space is given to Italian dishes; and when one finds a dozen pages devoted to artichokes, one cannot but think of France, too; but the author treats of both the Jerusalem and the French (globe) artichoke, and in the recipes mixes them somewhat awkwardly; for these vegetables have no more in common than potatoes and endive. Young carrots and lentils receive more attention—and deservedly so—than they usually do in American books. Asparagus, which we monotonously see nearly always prepared in the same way, yields itself, as these pages show, to a variety of culinary manipulation; and the same may be said of several other featured vegetables. The author emphasizes the superiority of wrinkled peas over the smooth kinds which, though earlier and hardier, are distinctly inferior in tenderness and flavor. In her directions for cooking green peas she betrays her nationality in advising the addition of a sprig of mint, and blunders, furthermore, in advising the cook to "put them into a saucepan of boiling water." French cooks, in order to retain the flavor of the peas themselves and preserve the mineral salts, eschew the mint and use as little water as possible; cooking them, in fact, often on lettuce leaves.

Another English book for vegetable eaters is "Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two." The contents are as odd as the title. Mrs. Theresa Earle wrote a book called "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden." Miss Ethel Case saw this, and was determined by it to give a diet without meat a trial in the hope of improving her health. She succeeded surprisingly. The two women also had a common interest in gardening, and this led to their planning a volume in which Miss Case was to give an account of her work in her garden, while Mrs. Earle's contributions were to consist of letters concerning things that interested her when they were separated. These include accounts of a walking tour in Germany; a trip to Italy, and one to Kashmir. Camping in the Himalayas she found wonderful: "the glory and beauty of it are quite beyond description." Among the wild flowers she found many that are carefully cultivated in European gardens, including acres of the orange wallflowers so much liked in England. Miss Case, in her articles on gardening, laments, among other things, that at flower shows prizes are so often given for size. Sweet peas are bigger now, but not so fragrant, while in the case of Brussels sprouts and celery the small old kinds are infinitely more delicious to eat than the "improved" varieties now almost universally sold in our markets. She gives a number of tempting vegetable dishes, and places much emphasis on the fact, unknown to most cooks, that "good vegetarian cooking cannot be done in iron pots." What you want is crockery.

Mr. Rockwell's "Gardener's Pocket Manual" gives in less than ninety pages a great deal of condensed information. It is intended to serve as a reminder, suggester, and general "pocket memory" for those actively engaged in gardening. It can be carried in the pocket and will save many a trip to the library to hunt up information regarding planting, pruning, spraying, hotbeds, handling the soil, fertilizers, insects and diseases, weeds, irrigation, and a hundred other things. It is a useful book, by an expert.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Drama and Music

"THE ELDER SON."

"The Elder Son," which William A. Brady presents at the Playhouse, adds another to the growing list of importations which have been a feature of the present theatrical season. This is a French play, by Lucienne Nepoly, adapted by Frederick Fenn, and played by a competent English company. We are not familiar with the French original and cannot, therefore, say whether the piece has lost in symmetry by its translation to an English setting, but from its uneven quality we should guess that it has suffered in the process. At the same time it would have profited in parts by even more radical changes than must have been made, since one character, in particular, George Burdon, remains in essentials a French youth violently translated to an English atmosphere.

The plot is plausible and promising—the difficulties that are likely to arise in a heterogeneous family that is made up of "my children, your children, and our children." Charles Willoughby, a widower with a son and a daughter, has married, eight years before the play opens, Mary Burdon, a widow with two boys, and the result of their own marriage is a little girl. The elder of Mrs. Willoughby's sons, Richard Burdon, disapproving of his mother's marriage and revering the memory of his father (who, we are given to understand, was not quite the admirable person that filial piety believes him to have been), has avoided the spectacle of his mother's *secondes noces* by absenting himself in China, and the play opens when he returns for a visit to the old home of the Burdons now occupied by the Willoughby family. Everybody, including his younger brother, George, has been perfectly happy, but Richard, who has all the cocksure priggishness of youth, finds things not at all to his liking, and manages to set the two families by the ears. To arrive at this situation, where the dramatic interest really begins, has taken the whole of the first act and part of the second, and even the excellent acting of the company as a whole barely makes this long preamble tolerable. In the second act, however, is developed a crucial and intensely dramatic situation, which goes far to redeem the whole play. That is where the mother and the two sons are together and fall to exchanging reminiscences of the father, whom Richard has idolized. The spirit of the dead man pervades the scene, so much so that on the entry of Charles Willoughby his wife, as it were in a trance, addresses him as "George." Jealousy of the dead, long smouldering, leaps up, and Willoughby, in a powerful scene, frankly confesses it. This is real drama, a perfectly human situation, developed with admirable art and excellently managed. The crisis is precipitated, the families are definitely divided into two camps, and an effective curtain is the forlorn figure of poor little Betty, the child of the second marriage, on the stage alone. The question propounded is, Where is her place? and the natural solution of the play is through her.

Nothing but an ignoble craving for the unexpected and a desire to surprise the audience into a cheap laugh can explain the conclusion, particularly as the third act opens legitimately by developing a theme already suggested—the proneness of arrogant youth, as

exemplified by Richard, to assume that the maternal are the only emotions that may with propriety be experienced by the person who has enjoyed the privilege of bringing it into the world. The conclusion manufactured by the author, or the adapter, reveals no touch of humor which may conceivably make step-families kin; instead, it simply turns an interesting play into rather cheap farce. The children of the two families, busily engaged in quarrelling, conceal themselves—for no apparent reason—behind furniture in time to watch Willoughby stealthily approach his wife's door. Mrs. Willoughby comes out, and it transpires that they have been making an elaborate pretence of an estrangement as the only means of pacifying their children. Anything more absurdly inconsistent with what has gone before can scarcely be imagined. The play is well acted—although on the night on which we saw it some of the characters were noticeably not word perfect—and the delicacy and restraint of Miss Cynthia Brooke, an English actress of established reputation, in the part of Mary Willoughby, is a genuinely clever performance. S. W.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE."

The stage, having this season removed from the red-light district, is still preoccupied with matters of sex, and it is a question whether the present refinement is not more pernicious than the old way. The very crudity of last season's exhibits was bound to produce nausea, whereas the respectable settings of certain sex-plays now performing offer an attractiveness to excesses which is dangerous. In a word, a Frenchified stage is the last thing which an American audience is prepared to accept with equanimity. In place of the French method of viewing suggestive situations with a measure of intellectual stimulation, an American audience appears to experience an exultation of the snickering sort.

We do not say that "The Beautiful Adventure" puts the strongest emphasis on the suggestive. The broad outlines of the theme do not belie the title, and at times they even brought to mind the adaptability of the story to a lovely dramatic poem. André is in love with his cousin, Hélène, who is living at the home of André's father, a Count. But owing to the intrigue of the Countess, who wishes to make a brilliant match for her niece, the two have been kept apart, their letters intercepted, and a full-grown misunderstanding has been created. After having received no direct word from André for two years, Hélène has consented to a conventional marriage with the rich Valentine, a pleasant, matter-of-fact fellow. The bride is in her gown, the guests have arrived, and the ceremony is to begin, when in comes André, back from his diplomatic post at Vienna, and finds Hélène for a moment alone. Of course, the misunderstanding is soon removed, and the two are reconciled. A precipitate flight ensues, in which André takes Hélène to her own little cottage in Périgord. Arrived there, she finds her grandmother (delightfully played by the aged Mrs. Whiffen) awaiting her, and, through a misunderstanding plausibly contrived, mistaking André for the groom. We need not explain in detail how naturally the two, in spite of their efforts, are forced into the most compromising of situations. The facts are revealed the next day when the Count and Countess and Valentine appear on the scene.

The chief difficulty in such a play for an American audience is the mixing of types. The play, according to our wont, should be a tragedy or at least a serious drama. And indeed one-half of it is so acted, but in putting the remainder in a relief of high comedy the author gives offence by juxtaposing the sacred and the trivial and thus rendering the "beautiful adventure" a bit of naughtiness which excites curiosity rather than deeper sentiment. It is a return to Restoration comedy, from which we had supposed that England and America had long ago escaped.

As played by Ann Murdock, Hélène is an ingenue with a capacity for deep feeling, which is somewhat impaired, however, by the lack of variety in Miss Murdock's voice and a little affectation. Otherwise, she indicated the possibilities of the rôle, and at times was charming. Charles Cherry's André was not wholly convincing, though his conception, save in two or three instances, had the required seriousness. A word should be said for the talent of Ernest Lawford, whose impersonation of Valentine, judged as a bit of detached comedy, was excellent. Let the most precise of men be put to the inconvenience of an eleventh-hour jilting, and the possibilities for humor speak for themselves. F.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

One brisk act emerges from the rather faltering three-act comedy now playing at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. In more skilful hands than George Scarborough's the subject of this piece might have been worked into a play as light and airy as "A Scrap of Paper," which indeed the second act somewhat resembles. "What Is Love?" asks Lucy Gordon as wistfully as the propounder of "Who is Silvia? What is she?" And those who before were so eager to help her to pick between her two suitors and to smooth out her "slight" trouble retire blustering and stammering, each one a fool in his characteristic way. Here the play rose to some of its manifest opportunities and showed gayety and sparkle. But the final act, despite several good situations, sorely dragged, just as the first act was slow and repetitious, and in addition silly.

The cast was in the main well picked. Alice Brady, as Lucy, combined prettiness and daintiness with a wistfulness which only lacked depth. But the play is unfair to her in making the test of love depend upon the quality of a kiss, which in the case of true love is said to produce the effect of "apple toddy." This feature, which is in accord with the present-day clamor for sensation, might easily have been replaced by something capable of giving the play dignity as well as prettiness. Jerome Patrick as the jilted fiancé was excellent, and Charles Balsar barely missed the requisites of his part as the boyish lover. Theodore Friebus gave a good exhibition of a brother supposedly matter-of-fact but having underlying sentiment. F.

"PRETTY MRS. SMITH."

This production, in which Miss Fritzi Scheff is starred at the Casino, narrowly misses being a very remarkable event. If it were a musical comedy instead of, in the more recent refined fashion, a "comedy with music," and if the plot did not fizzle out altogether in the last act, it would be that *rara avis*, a musical comedy with a plot. As it is, simply for sake of the construction, it is almost worth taking seriously, despite the fact that there is nothing particularly original (as how could there be with the usual galaxy of authors, producers, lyricists, and composers?) in theme, lyrics, or music. But there is a plot that hangs together, at any rate until the last act; the words and lyrics are not meaningless, but bear some relation to the general theme, and the principal characters do something to assist in the development of whatever story there is to tell. It is doubtless, as long and bitter experience shows, a mere snatching at straws, but when we see a musical comedy, or a comedy with music, that has these elementary dramatic qualities, and see them appreciated by an audience, we persist in wondering whether it is possible that one day some combination of librettist, composer, and producer may appear to follow, even *longo intervallo*, Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyley Carte.

Those responsible for "Pretty Mrs. Smith" must not be confounded with the people of this absurd dream, but the production is thoroughly amusing and enjoyable. Miss Fritzi Scheff, as the lady in question, is her usual piquant self, and is quite capable of managing the three husbands with whom an unwonted concatenation of circumstances has embarrassed her, and Miss Charlotte Greenwood is a comedienne of rare talent and refreshingly original methods. The rest of the cast is exceedingly competent, and the production is excellent. S. W.

"THE DRAGON'S CLAW."

It was not to be supposed that the stage would remain unaffected by the war. Before the war is over we shall no doubt see a sickening amount of theatric carnage. But in so far as it has prompted a revival of frank melodrama, its influence is not without some advantage. The latest piece of the sort is "The Dragon's Claw" at the New Amsterdam, which sets forth with a brave flourish the story of the Boxer attack upon the legations at Peking. Were our minds not filled these days with the big happenings in Europe, the stage fight put up by the small company in the British compound would be laughable enough. But over these childish sorties and momentary privations hangs that graver European picture and serves to conceal manifest weaknesses.

The play contains, of course, a love story and a smiling villain and a certain amount of comedy, but sadly lacks incident and surprises. Greater care in construction might have transformed this bit of history into a thrilling play, for it has rare possibilities. Yet out of such experiments there will come, we feel almost certain, one substantial war play, which is all that is to be expected. The principal parts in "The Dragon's Claw" are taken by Charles D. Waldron, Gladys Hanson, and Frederic de Belleville. F.

Loudon Charlton gives the comforting assurance that the Flonzaley Quartet is all right and will begin its American tour sooner than expected. The Kneisels have been rehearsing at Blue Hill, Me., with a pupil of Mr. Kneisel, Samuel Gardner, in place of Mr. Letz, who is serving in the German army.

As an accompaniment to the present European war, nothing could be conceived more appropriate than the music of the "futurists" who not long ago gave two concerts in London. Concerts is not what they called them,

their descriptive name for the entertainments being "noise spirals." The "orchestra" consisted of twenty-three "noise tuners," subdivided into nine separate classes, called buzzers, exploders, thunderers, whistlers, murmurers, gurglers, rattlers, crackers, and roarers. Some of these instruments are worked by electricity, there being a number of electric buttons which, when pressed, emit all sorts of picturesque noises. One of the pieces played was called "The Awakening of a Great City." First came the breaking of dawn, followed by a realistic reproduction of the numerous kinds of noises heard about the time when shutters are opened and the sidewalks swept. The roar of the increasing traffic is heard, with the strident sound of the motor-horn. The factory whistle adds its shrill sound, and we hear also the bell calling the workmen to their tasks. Another piece played was called "A Meeting of Motor-Cars and Aeroplanes." Two Italian cities had been visited by the "futurist orchestra" before London's turn came. In Milan, the band was received "with unbounded enthusiasm"; whereas at Genoa it "aroused a spirit of the bitterest hostility, culminating in a battle worthy of an Irish political meeting of the olden times." The inventor of this new "art of noises," as he calls it, is Luigi Russolo. Perhaps he is only a humorist poking fun at Schönberg, Ornstein & Co.

During the worst part of the French Revolution, when sixty or seventy persons were guillotined per day, no fewer than twenty-three theatres were open every night in Paris. From this fact the London *Musical News* argues that musical artists are not likely to suffer to a very appreciable extent, as history has proved again and again that, in times of stress and anxiety, the public seeks momentary forgetfulness in entertainments. This optimistic view is not sustained by the announcement that during the first three weeks of the war the receipts of the Moody Manners Opera Company diminished steadily, on which account the season has been cut short, while the Quinlan Opera Company has cancelled its tour of the provinces entirely. In London, the Albert Hall Sunday concerts are to go on, as will the Promenade concerts by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. The second concert of the Promenade series was to have been devoted to Wagner, but a French and Russian programme was substituted. This attempt to boycott German music met with greatest disapproval, in consequence of which the management announced that the original scheme of these concerts, as set forth in the prospectus, would be adhered to, with the exception that living German composers and artists are to be excluded. Regarding the Albert Hall Sunday concerts, Landon Ronald announced that only British artists will be engaged, not because of so-called patriotic motives, but in order to give native musicians a chance to support themselves and families.

"William Tell," which has been revived this week at the Century Opera House, is Rossini's masterwork—an opera as melodious as any he ever wrote, and, at the same time, more dramatic than its predecessors. It shows that, if he had not preferred to idle away the remaining thirty-nine years of his life, he might have anticipated some of the later developments in operatic style. Rossini was far from being a mere writer of tunes; he had it in him to do for Italian opera what Verdi, after him, did for it. Indeed, for his time, he was a good deal of a reformer. He refused to write for male sopranos and contraltos; he insisted on composing his own embroideries instead of leaving them to the singers; he was the first Italian to write arias for the bass voice; he paid much more attention to the orchestral score—particularly in "William Tell"—than the other Italians had done; and for this same opera he composed an overture which, to this day, is exceeded in popularity only by Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

Under the title "Bayreuth 1914" Friedrich Wild publishes the twentieth volume of his guide to the Wagner Festivals. It is a sumptuous book of 464 pages, with forty-eight portraits of artists, accompanied by brief biographic sketches. In addition to useful information for musical pilgrims, this guide has provided in each issue several articles by experts on various episodes in Wagner's life and on his works. The volume for 1914 has one which explains Meyerbeer's attitude towards Wagner in Paris. There are two articles on the Nibelung's Ring, one on the "Flying Dutchman," and three on "Parsifal," one of these being entitled "'Parsifal': An Attempt at a Union of the Christian Religions." Another is devoted to the "Parsifal" scenery in general, while the third explains the technique of the Grail miracle. The guide is printed in English and French editions as well as in German.

Art

ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

An Introduction to English Church Architecture, from the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century. By Francis Bond. New York: Oxford University Press. Two volumes. With 1,400 illustrations. $14.

Mr. Bond is an indefatigable student of English mediæval architecture and ecclesiastical art, and an industrious writer on these subjects. His "Gothic Architecture in England," which appeared in 1905, is a standard work, generally recognized as the fullest and best of one-volume treatises on the subject. His "Westminster Abbey" and "Cathedrals of England and Wales" are well known, and he has also written extensively on the furniture and accessories of English churches. To these he has added within the past year, as the crowning result of his many years of study in this field, the present elaborate and sumptuously published work. It is a monumental study, occupying 960 pages; or, deducting the space devoted to the numerous admirable illustrations, the equivalent of 400 pages of text, or nearly 200,000 words. It is thus much more than a mere "introduction"; it is, within its own field, the most elaborate and complete treatise on English church architecture that has yet appeared. The qualification "within its own field" is necessary, however, because the author, for reasons of his own, has limited the scope of his discussion in a somewhat singular fashion, as will be presently explained.

English church architecture is a subject of perennial interest, not to the architect alone, but also to the historian, the antiquary, the ecclesiologist, the clergyman, and the still more numerous "average reader." England is extraordinarily rich in fine mediæval churches, especially in parish churches of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and while her cathedrals are fewer than those of France, they are in their way fully as interesting, and her abbey-churches form a large and impressive class of edifices scattered through the kingdom. These churches, large and small—parish churches, abbeys, and cathedrals—exhibit an intensely national phase of the architecture we call Gothic. In spite of the tremendous influence of the Norman conquest and of French monks and priests previous to the Hundred Years' War, it early swung away from its French exemplars, ignored the French striving after loftiness and lightness of supports, and created new models, devices, forms, and constructions of its own, no less logical than the French, but controlled by a logic of form and decorative effect rather than of structural economy. It is thus fundamental divergence from the French ideals of structural logic that has misled even so intelligent a writer as Professor Moore to insist with much reiteration that the English mediæval builders ignored logic and produced no "true" Gothic architecture. Yet the English multiple-ribbed vault was the product of a perfectly logical extension of the structural device of vault-ribs exhibited in the simpler French quadripartite vaults; the superb hammer-beam "open-timber" roofs of English churches and halls are as logical structurally as the flying buttresses of Chartres or Amiens; and the chapter-houses of York, Wells, Salisbury, and Westminster are perfect embodiments of the same principles of structural design which produced Notre Dame or Rheims.

This aspect of his subject, as a whole, Mr. Bond ignores. For its discussion, the reader is referred to the author's "Gothic Architecture in England." The author's approach to his subject is not from the side of construction nor of historical style-evolution, but of ecclesiology. Mr. Bond, though an honorary member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, is not a practicing architect, but an architectural *savant*, an *érudit*, as the French would say, whose knowledge of and interest in architecture have sprung from precedent antiquarian and ecclesiological enthusiasms. The author's primary interest, in this treatise, is not to show how, out of various sources, influences, and conditions, English church architecture as a whole developed its plans, structural methods, and characteristic forms; but rather to explain how certain types were developed to meet particular ecclesiological requirements, and how, in this process, each constituent element of church design was handled. The differences between the requirements of the secular and the monastic clergy, between the different orders of monks, between various forms of church organization and government—these are the considerations with which he starts his investigation. Thus Chapter II deals

with these among other topics: Lay Use of the Nave; Number and Position of Altars; Relics, Shrines, and Pilgrims; Processional Ritual; Chantry Chapels, etc. Nowhere is the historic evolution of the English types of church plan taken up in the broad and comprehensive fashion in which, for instance, it is handled in Sir Gilbert Scott's "English Church Architecture," or in which Viollet-le-Duc discusses the evolution of French church plans in his "Dictionnaire Raisonné." To this important topic Mr. Bond gives only four pages at the very end of the book. The planning of monastic and parish churches is treated in Chapters III and IV from the purely ecclesiological point of view. The subsequent ten chapters are devoted to architectural details: vaulting, abutments, walls, arches, piers, lighting, bay-design, clerestory, protection from rain, towers and spires. The treatment of these subjects is generally excellent, and more interesting to non-clerical readers than the detailed, learned, and lengthy discussion, in the earlier chapters, of the planning for procession-paths, feretories, north-and-south alignment of chapel-altars, and like topics.

These earlier chapters display a remarkable extent and patience of research, and are, of course, of great interest to scholarly ecclesiologists; but other readers will generally skip the greater part of these 278 pages for the more strictly architectural portions following. The discussion of English vaulting is full and detailed, and is accompanied by a really extraordinary series of illustrations, comprising both photographic views of unusual excellence and diagrams. The chapters on tracery, on the abutment system, and on towers and spires are also admirably done, and that section of the chapter on Protection from Rain devoted to the timber ceilings is also worthy of special mention. The two volumes constitute a most valuable storehouse of information on the subjects which they discuss.

The deficiencies which prevent complete satisfaction in the perusal of this notable work lie implicit in its plan. Upon the plea of having already in other volumes treated of the history of Gothic architecture in England and discussed the great cathedrals which it produced, Mr. Bond entirely omits both these subjects from the new work and refers the reader to the two books mentioned at the beginning of this review. Not only is this unfair to the reader to whom those books may not be immediately accessible, but the entire omission of any broad historical conspectus of English church architecture as a whole is in itself a grave mistake, fundamentally impairing the completeness of the discussion even of the topics most elaborately treated, and disconcerting to the student who wishes something more than details.

The omission from this work of any study of the cathedrals, both secular and monastic, is even less defensible than the preference of the ecclesiological to the historical method. A few of the cathedrals are, it is true, casually mentioned here and there, but always in connection with some detail which one or another happens to illustrate. In such a treatise one would expect to find at least a list of the secular and of the monastic cathedrals, and some explanation of how it happened that in England abbey-cathedrals were numerous, while in France bishops and abbots were arrayed against each other in bitter hostility; but—unless tucked away into some corner as an *obiter dictum* which has escaped the reviewer's eye—this significant topic is ignored. And in spite of the author's interest in monastic matters, one looks in vain for descriptions, with plans and views, of any even of the great abbeys (St. Alban's, Waltham, Tewkesbury, etc.), as a whole. The author's love of details prevents his giving the larger, unifying aspects of his subject. Details he treats fully, minutely, *con amore*, with a fulness of knowledge and a wealth of erudition derived evidently, not merely from books, but also from personal study of the buildings themselves. The amount of information he conveys is prodigious, its value incontestable. But of such general subjects as figure-sculpture, carving, decorative design, iconography, choir-screens, and choir-stalls, he gives us no systematic account. Mention of these occurs only in the course of the discussion of particular details of design. The English chapter-houses are hardly mentioned in the text, and do not appear in the Table of Contents, yet they are the most distinctively English products of the Gothic period, absolutely original and absolutely logical in design and detail. Neither does Mr. Bond discuss the cloister, although one would imagine it deserved an important place in even an "Introduction" to English church architecture. For all these matters Mr. Bond expects his readers to turn to his earlier books.

The text is preceded by two glossaries, of which the second, devoted to French terms used in the text, is regrettably full of errors of spelling and definition. Copious indexes at the end of the second volume make easy the looking up of any desired topic. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon the illustrations; they are abundant, well selected, and admirably reproduced and printed. The presentation on the same page of plans drawn to different scales is a minor defect.

Almost simultaneously appeared in 1907 the Rev. H. W. Macklin's "The Brasses of England" and Herbert Druitt's "Costumes on Brasses," the former surveying from an antiquarian and historical point of view the broad subject of English monumental brasses, of which nearly four thousand, inlaid in church floors and elsewhere, have survived the ravages of time, puritanism, and the restorers; the other giving the results of an exhaustive study of several centuries of changes in civil, military, and clerical clothes, traceable in these monuments. An inexpensive compilation which combines the essential features of the information in the two works, together with results of more recent research, is now published in "Ancient Memorial Brasses" (Oxford University Press; 3s. 6d. net). The author is Edward T. Beaumont, member of the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society. The book should be useful to designers, those particularly who need to know European costume; students of English literature and history, to whom the brasses offer a rich mine of documents; churchmen, who will find in it data which may or may not confirm present practices in vestment and ceremonial; antiquaries and genealogists, to whom the inscriptions thus preserved are hardly less important than the parish registers. The author very properly hopes that an effect of the publication will be to increase a public disposition to "abstain from treading on, or in any way damaging, these quaint 'cullen plates,' for they have become valuable heirlooms."

Finance

REOPENING OF THE STOCK EXCHANGES.

To be confronted with a problem surrounded with very grave possibilities; where action in the matter would at once open the door to dangerous results, and yet where action, sooner or later, must be taken; all this without any clear precedent in financial history to suggest beforehand what the immediate consequences of such action would be—this is the interesting position in which the stock exchanges stand.

Not only in New York, but in the great financial centres of Europe, pressure to reopen the stock exchanges—which have now been closed seven weeks—is being quietly but strongly applied. In New York, the Exchange authorities have to meet, not only the discontent of their own membership, whose livelihood has been cut off and who are growing restive, but also the investing community, which claims the right to a market on which to invest its savings or to sell its holdings when it needs to raise the money. Yet, equally at New York, at London, and on the European Continent, stock exchange governors shrink from taking the step.

To clear the question up, it will be worth while to set forth just what dangers would surround reopening, and then to see how far they are real or unreal. The hazards of that action may be thus summarized: First, resumption of official trading would give opportunity for European liquidation of American securities, on any scale suggested by the fears or necessities of the foreign investors, who hold American securities running in amount into hundreds of millions of dollars. Secondly, as a consequence, a great increase in our immediate European indebtedness might ensue, with a heavy outflow of gold to meet it. Thirdly, prices of stocks might be forced so low as to compel wholesale closing out of collateral loans at banks, thus jeopardizing the credit of Wall Street brokers and operators, and breaking prices still further. Fourthly, bond prices might decline so far (in response partly to necessities of foreign holders, and partly to the impending European war loans, which may bear high rates of interest) as to affect rather

awkwardly the balance sheets of institutions holding such bonds as assets.

What is to be said in answer to these arguments? There are offsetting considerations which have at least some force—the question is, how much? One is, that prices on July 30, when the Stock Exchange shut down, not only represented enormous foreign liquidation, based on expectation of the very things that happened later, but were the prices of world-wide panic. No relief measures had been introduced; no Lombard Street banker, loaded with German obligations against which no remittances were possible, yet against which his own notes were outstanding in the London money market, knew or imagined that the British Government would declare a moratorium; but in default of such relief, it was a question of individual solvency. But the situation now, in those regards, differs as widely from July 30 as our market's situation in November, 1907, with foreign gold rushing in and the banks on their feet again, differed from that of the Stock Exchange panic day, October 24.

Another consideration which must be recognized is that wherever, in August or in the present month, trading in stocks and bonds has been conducted for cash on an "outside market," the declines from the July 30 prices have been inconsiderable. Even at London and on the Continent, such trading has elicited prices with no greater declines than might have occurred after a harvest failure or an oppressive act of legislation. This is exactly what happened when the New York Stock Exchange closed for ten days in the panic of 1873. When that market reopened—relief measures having in the meantime been applied—official prices were only a point or two below those of the panic day, and they recovered moderately afterward. It is true that, in the "outside trading" of the seven past weeks, there was no opportunity for European bankers to "unload" their holdings of American securities. It is also true that, in 1873, Europe was in a position to buy heavily in the New York market. But the question would still remain, Why, if very much lower values are an eventual certainty, should any one have paid such prices as have actually been established on the curb since the European war broke out?

These considerations do not dispose of all the dangerous possibilities. Europe might sell heavily, even with actual panic ended and with home investors willing to buy at current prices. On the other hand, it may be argued that, with its own home industrial companies largely paralyzed by war, the foreign investors have a motive for buying rather than selling our securities. That is a possibility; the New York city loan subscription will throw some light upon it.

The most impressive argument of all is that the Stock Exchange must reopen some time. Is there reason to believe that the potential dangers now surrounding the resumption of business would be less three weeks from to-day, or three months from to-day, than they would be this week? Would the prospect of heavy European liquidation disappear if the war were actually to end? It is not altogether easy to get an affirmative answer to these inquiries. If there were positive ground for saying that, at a given date, the hazards would disappear, few people would object to fixing that date, even though distant, for the Stock Exchange reopening. No one has yet suggested any workable plan for averting possible foreign liquidation. But meantime, the one fact which experience teaches is that, at junctures of this sort, apprehensions invariably run beyond what turns out, later on, to have been the truth of the situation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, S. H. The Clarion. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.
Allen, E. S. Afterwards. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Allen, F. N. S. Her Wings. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Bower, B. M. The Ranch at the Wolverine. Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.
Brinkman, L. H. The Breath of the Harroo. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Crump, Irving. Jack Straw in Mexico. McBride, Nast & Co. $1 net.
Deeping, W. The King Behind the King. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.
Dell, Ethel M. The Swindler and Other Stories. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Dix, Beulah Marie. Maid Melicent. Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Girardeau, Claude M. The Scarlet Wagon. Holt. $1.25 net.
Hurst, F. Just Around the Corner. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hutchinson, A. S. M. The Clean Heart. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.
Jones, Alice. Flame of Frost. Appleton. $1.30 net.
McEvoy, C. Private Affairs. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
MacManus, S. Yourself and the Neighbours. Devin Adair Co. $1.25 net.
Mordaunt, Elinor. Bellamy. John Lane Co. $1.35 net.
Napier, R. Tess Harcourt. G. H. Doran Co. $1.30 net.
Oppenheim, James. Songs for the New Age. Century. $1.20 net.
Orczy, Baroness. The Laughing Cavalier. G. H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.
Oxenham, John. Maid of the Mist. John Lane Co. $1.30 net.
Scott, J. R. The Duke of Oblivion. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Sidgwick, E. A Lady of Leisure. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.
Smith, S. K. The Three Furlongers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1914.

Summary of the News

In the western field of operations the battle of the Aisne has continued and there has been little change in the situation during the past week. In the east the Russians have made further gains in Galicia, and in East Prussia and Poland there have been advance and retreat, with no decisive gain for either side. We deal elsewhere with these events.

The position of Italy continues to be the subject of agitated comment in the foreign press. There is no doubt that among at any rate a large section of the population there is a decided sentiment in favor of entering the war on the side of the Allies. On the other hand, a considerable number of the more sober-minded of the people of Italy have, at all events until recently, supported the Government in its efforts to preserve neutrality. The Government has undoubtedly made a strong effort to prevent the country from being forced into war by popular clamor and to avoid the invidious appearance of taking a part only in order that Italy may have a share of the spoils should the Allies prove victorious. So far as that goes, if there shall be a division of plunder, Italy's neutrality alone will probably be considered sufficient to entitle her to repossession of the Italian territory occupied by Austria, and it is possible that the Government may be able to preserve its present attitude; but there is no doubt as to the cause that lies near to the hearts of the Italian people, and it looks as if only a small pretext would be needed to make them take up arms in its behalf.

That pretext may not impossibly be afforded by complications in the Albanian situation. Unaided, certainly, by happy chance or, apparently, by natural adaptability, Prince William of Wied, we may presume, has definitely laid aside the Mpretship of Albania. At any rate, the Albanian Senate has elected Prince Burhan-Eddin, a son of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, to the vacant throne of that turbulent country, thereby flying in the face of the Powers. Simultaneously Essad Pasha, with twelve thousand troops, has prepared to march on Durazzo to overthrow the interregnum. Here is a situation which might afford Italy an opportunity to intervene in Albania "to protect her interests," and intervention by Italy would most probably mean a declaration of war on the part of Austria.

The ultimate fate of many of the oversea possessions of the contending Powers will naturally be settled not in those possessions themselves, but on the battlefields of Europe and in the North Sea. Meanwhile, however, the colonies of Germany are gradually being appropriated by her enemies, and already territory amounting to more than half the size of the German Empire in Europe has been lost. In addition to the seizures of German colonies already made, it was announced last week that a South African Union defence force on September 19 occupied Luderitzbucht, in German Southwest Africa, and that a French gunboat on September 21 took possession of Coco Beach, in Kamarun, the German colony in Western Equatorial Africa. On Monday official announcement was made that Duala, the official seat of the Government of Kamarun, had surrendered to a British force. It was stated last week that Gen. Botha, the Premier of the South African Union, would personally command the force that is being organized for offensive purposes in German Southwest Africa.

The War Revenue bill, comment on which will be found elsewhere, was passed by the House on Saturday of last week by a vote of 234 to 135. Only one Republican voted for the bill, and eleven Democrats voted against it.

The Trade Commission bill was signed by the President on September 26. As previously announced by the President, the members of the Commission will not be appointed until the session of Congress in December.

The Senate substitute for the Rivers and Harbors bill, limiting the amount of appropriation to $20,000,000, was agreed to by the Rivers and Harbors Committee on Monday.

According to dispatches from Washington, the President has let it be known that he has no intention of dropping the bill providing for the Government ownership of shipping at this session of Congress unless he can be convinced that new circumstances have arisen to make the postponement of action at this time necessary.

By order of Secretary Daniels, the Marconi wireless station at Siasconset, Mass., was closed at noon on September 25. This action was taken in consequence of the failure of the company to give assurances that it would comply with the regulations of the naval censorship.

In an interview with President J. F. Welborn, of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, on Wednesday of last week President Wilson made it clear that he insisted upon a three years' truce in the strike situation in Colorado as laid down in his original plan for a solution of the difficulty. Objection has been raised by the mine operators to some of the details of the plan suggested, and these objections were formulated in a letter, published on Monday, which has been addressed to the President by the presidents or chairmen of forty-eight Colorado mine companies. Further comment on this matter will be found in our editorial columns.

By a considerable majority in the election on September 23 the State of Virginia declared in favor of prohibition.

As we write, the returns from the primaries held in New York State on Monday are not absolutely complete, but organization candidates appear in each case to have won and the following nominations are indicated with fair certainty: For Governor—Gov. Martin H. Glynn (Democrat), Charles S. Whitman (Republican), Frederick M. Davenport (Progressive). For United States Senator—Ambassador James W. Gerard (Democrat), James W. Wadsworth, jr. (Republican), Bainbridge Colby (Progressive; unopposed).

According to figures cabled by Sir Edward Grey to the British Embassy in Washington, 387 German merchant vessels have been seized since the beginning of the war, having a total tonnage of 1,140,000. Eighty-six British vessels have been lost, the tonnage of which amounts to 229,000.

After the hopefulness which has been felt by the Administration concerning the Mexican situation, the breach between Villa and Carranza, which came to a head on September 22, is the more disappointing. The differences between the two leaders were summarized in a statement given out by Gen. Carranza on September 26. Villa, he declared, demanded that the general conference, which was to have been summoned on October 1, should pledge itself to reëstablish the national and state civil régimes within thirty days after the conference concluded its discussions; that no present army officer should be eligible as a candidate for any elective office; that the Federal State Legislature should be convoked immediately, and that the electoral college should be chosen for the election of a permanent President. To these demands Gen. Carranza replied that only the conference itself was able to take up these questions.

The first clash in the new revolution proclaimed by the State of Sonora took place at Santa Barbara, on September 25, when Carranzista forces under Gen. Benjamin Hill were routed by the troops of Gov. Maytorena, and, finding themselves outnumbered, retreated in the direction of Santa Cruz. On Friday of last week Brig.-Gen. Funston, commanding the American forces at Vera Cruz, was ordered to postpone the evacuation for ten days, the official explanation being given that the order was caused by a delay in the adjustment of many details incident to the transfer of funds and the custom house.

The gist of the quarrel between the Constitutionalist leaders is that Villa demands the total elimination of Carranza, and officials of the Administration express the hope that an agreement may be reached on this basis. Efforts have been made to arrange for a conference of representatives of Villa and Carranza. The latter has signified his willingness not to become a candidate for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency if Villa will do the same, and on Monday Consular Agent Carothers made a report to the Administration containing assurances from Villa that he would not be a candidate for either office. The attitude determined on by the Administration is one of strict neutrality as between the two factions; the embargo on the importation of arms will not be restored, and it is stated that the order for the evacuation of Vera Cruz will stand, except for the delay necessitated by the change in the situation.

The deaths of the week include: Ex-Representative William S. Knox, September 22; Dr. John McGraw Woodbury, September 24; Dr. John Lanson Adams, Right Rev. Franklin S. Spalding, Sir James P. Whitney, September 25; Hugo Reisinger, Col. Franklin J. Moses, David M. Levett, September 26; ex-Representative John M. Wever, September 27; Richard W. Sears, Prof. William K. Gillett, September 28,

The Week

The Administration's somewhat hopeful view of the break between Villa and Carranza is based on a belief that, while their distrust of each other has been long smouldering, they are by no means yet irreconcilable. The immediate rupture was apparently caused by a difference over the basis of representation in the approaching Constitutionalist Convention. It is Villa's conviction that Carranza was attempting to pack the meeting with his adherents; while Carranza seemingly looks with suspicion upon the field commander's desire to apportion seats according to units of 1,000 soldiers. But if both men are fundamentally sincere, adjustment of such a disagreement should be possible. If both hold to the principles for which they fought side by side through bloody and discouraging months, there can be no genuine reason for their turning upon each other. And for the present, there is no proved ground for believing either a traitor to the cause. The danger is that a factitious misunderstanding will lead to fighting and permanent bitterness. In any event, President Wilson can only continue his policy of watchful and hopeful waiting. The Mexicans must be left to adjust matters among themselves, and they must understand by this time that a renewal of their bickerings will simply defer American recognition of the provisional Government. Surely, too, there are responsible elements in Mexico that will make their influence felt towards a settlement.

The narrowness of the Democratic Senate majority increases the hope that the emergency revenue bill to raise $105,000,000 may be amended in the upper chamber. A long delay is surely before it. As it passed the House Friday, eleven Democrats lined up with the solid Republican opposition; a defection of half so many votes in the Senate would defeat the measure, and defeat must be guarded against by making the bill more nearly satisfactory. In its present shape it is a mixture of good and bad, the objectionable items being mainly those in which it exceeds the scope of the Spanish War measure. For all the silliness of the Republican attempt to read into the emergency a condemnation of the Underwood tariff, the broader Republican contention that economical government would have saved the country from the special taxes commands respect. There is much insincere party manœuvring on such an issue, and it will be recalled that Mr. Underwood and other Democrats made party capital by opposing the Republican Spanish War tax. But the Democrats need a severe lesson in economy, as their predecessors did before them. They should be eager to make the measure, already freed from its two most preposterous proposals, as inoffensive as possible.

By linking together the Philippine and Porto Rico bills, and bringing in special rules for their consideration, the House approaches in a businesslike way an essential part of its programme. To the Porto Rico bill not the slightest opposition has been advanced, while the opponents of the Philippine measure have yielded their ground by evading the question. The Japanese bogey, that served so well the interests of those who preached a larger navy and the fortification of the Canal, is brought forth for this last service to the Republican forces. Certain Senators ask if it would be prudent to force a debate on our relations with Japan at a time of general sensitiveness in international affairs; but they fail to explain why it will be necessary to bring Japan into the matter at all. To this measure the Filipinos have ardently looked forward for six months, and the insular Administration has already paved the way for its liberal provisions. A public interest in the bill will be helpful in stimulating certain even of the Democratic members of Congress, who would be glad to see the House partially carry out the party platform, but who will have less concern in pushing it through the Senate. Congress has accomplished so much during the past week, in making law the Rivers and Harbors bill, the General Leasing bill, and the Massachusetts-Connecticut Boundary bill, in reaching a conference report on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, and in passing the War Tax bill through the House, that it has the less excuse for delaying the two new measures.

Senator Shafroth's name gives force to the opposition to the Alaska Coal Leasing bill; but adherents of the measure, which was drafted under Secretary Lane's supervision and bears the approval of the Administration and of Alaskans, have successfully resisted his attacks. Its intent is to prevent monopoly of coal lands, and yet allow for their development by offering leases under strict limitations; thus ending a condition by which the people of the Territory, with their huge fields excluded from entry, now pay $18 per ton for British Columbia coal. Senator Shafroth's main objection is that the leasing system constitutes a moral violation of the compact between the States, putting those in which there are public lands, and which may therefore have to accept the system, in a position of inferiority. But this hardly applies to a Territory; while since a Supreme Court decision of 1840 the right of Congress to lease public land in the States has never been denied, and has repeatedly been exercised. The opening of Alaska coal lands to indiscriminate entry in 1901, again, produced so many abuses that leasing seems the only practicable method of obtaining fair development. The proposal to regulate prices by a certain amount of Government mining is obviously objectionable. Another contention of the opponents of the bill is that leasing is unfair to the Territorial treasury. This contention is unsound, even in the abstract; and as the proceeds from coal lands are to go for the construction of the Alaskan railways, and not to the national Government, it falls entirely to the ground. The bill is a necessary part of the Administration's programme to further mining, land, and water-power development, while promoting general conservation, and should be passed.

It is not hard to account for the dissatisfaction which has led Postmaster-General Burleson to propose to the Senate Post Office Committee a scheme to save $20,000,000 annually by turning the rural free delivery over to contractors. The immense growth of the R. F. D. since 1896 has given it 40,000 routes, with an army of carriers that is a definite factor in Congressional politics. The salaries of these carriers have been raised eight times in fourteen years, and stood in 1913 at $1,100 per annum. A careful consideration of the conditions of the service convinced the Postmaster-General that such a figure was then adequate, especially as an enormous number of applications were regularly received for employment at the prevailing rate. Nevertheless, the maximum salary was raised again this summer to $1,200. It was freely charged in Congress that this was largely in consequence of the activities of a lobby, supported by the *R. F. D. News*. At the same time, the Postmaster-General was left to remedy a state of things under which some carriers of 20,000 pieces of mail monthly received no more than some who carried 3,000. The whole subject evidently needs close looking into. The Department now pays $53,000,000 for a service which annually returns less than $10,000,000. If Mr. Burleson can show that

$26,000,000 of the Government expense is waste which could be avoided under the contract system, there will naturally be a strong demand that that remedy be speedily adopted.

Secretary McAdoo has conducted the Government's side of the "emergency expedients," since the war began, with promptness and judgment. His attitude towards certain unsound suggestions—notably that which would have had the Treasury issue currency against the whole cotton crop—was entirely statesmanlike, and was very useful in stopping the progress of a number of inflation schemes before they had been pushed long enough to be dangerous. It is these very creditable actions which cause the greater regret for the recklessness with which the Secretary has more recently been hurling at various banks and groups of banks charges of extortion and deliberate misuse of the emergency facilities. Blunders are made by banks in matters of this sort, and, in special cases, the cause may be selfishness as well as excessive fright; but nothing could be simpler, for a firm executive officer, than in a quiet and dignified way to apply direct personal pressure to such institutions, and insist on the abandonment of such policies. The alternative of rushing into print with hasty accusations, imputing evil motives and threatening condign punishment, is not only highly undignified, but is certain to land the accuser in the kind of position in which the Secretary found himself last Monday, when he had to withdraw a charge of extortion, publicly made against certain New York institutions, with the explanation that the man (unconnected with the banks in question) who had given the incriminating information had admitted that he was mistaken. No such incidents ought to be allowed to happen, and nothing of the sort would happen if the Treasury abandoned in these matters the practice of snap judgment and premature publicity.

To the great problem of disarmament—absolute or relative, in the near future or the remote—which is bound to engage the attention of the world when the terrific struggle ends, Hamilton Holt contributes a suggestion well worthy of study. His article appears in the current number of the *Independent*, under the title, "How to Disarm: A Practical Proposal." The argument is based on the history of federal unions, and especially of the United States; the proposal itself is that of the formation of a "League of Peace," founded on the following five principles:

(1.) The nations of the League shall mutually agree to respect the territory and sovereignty of each other.

(2.) All questions that cannot be settled by diplomacy shall be arbitrated.

(3.) The nations of the League shall provide a periodical assembly to make all rules to become law unless vetoed by a nation within a stated period.

(4.) The nations shall disarm to the point where the combined forces of the League shall be a certain per cent. higher than those of the most heavily armed nation or alliance outside the League. Detailed rules for this pro rata disarmament shall be formulated by the Assembly.

(5.) Any member of the League shall have the right to withdraw on due notice, or may be expelled by the unanimous vote of the others.

That the world should go on, after the appalling experiences which it is now undergoing, upon the old basis of mere blind competition in preparedness for general destruction, is a prospect to which no thinking mind can reconcile itself. When the bloodshed and devastation come to an end, the best thought in every nation must be centred upon the possibilities of remedy. And it is not improbable that it will be along some such lines as those which have been indicated by Mr. Holt that the remedy will be sought.

There is one feature of the war situation upon which we believe it is safe to say that opinion throughout the world is unanimous. Briton and German, belligerent and neutral, militarist and pacifist—all must agree that the present attitude of the Boers in South Africa is a magnificent vindication of the good policy—we say nothing of the righteousness—of the broad-minded and humane course adopted by the Liberal Government in England towards the people of the vanquished South African Republics. The British Imperialists were aghast at the folly of such treatment of men who were not only fresh from the carrying on of a war that had strained the resources of the Empire, but had been life-long enemies of British power and British influence; they could not find words strong enough to characterize conduct whose pusillanimity they regarded as matched only by its peril and its ineptitude. And now all the world finds that magnanimity and far-sighted humanity have achieved what no amount of rigor or force could possibly have accomplished; that respect for the rights of men and for the principles of free government has converted into an element of strength what would have been a source of danger in this time of trial. No more impressive lesson of the potency of right and justice has ever been given than is furnished by the loyalty to the British Empire now being shown by the brave and sturdy people who, so short a time ago, were its bitterest and most determined enemies.

There is a passage in Dr. Eliot's fine letter in the New York *Times* which is liable to misinterpretation. Dr. Eliot quotes Goethe's remark that he was longing for the day when the national spirit in Germany should be "ready to rise in all its might, when the day of glory dawns," apparently as proof that even the greatest of Germans thirsted for military glory. As a matter of fact, Goethe has often enough been reproached by his countrymen with indifference on this very point. He has thus defended himself, in a well-known passage in "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," against the charge of not having taken part in the War of Liberation: "How could I take up arms without being impelled thereto by hatred? And how could I hate at my age? . . . War is foreign to me, and I am without military ambition." And in pointing out to Eckermann why he could not ever write martial poetry, as Theodor Körner had done, Goethe said, in a still loftier strain:

> I have never written love songs except when I loved; how, then, could I have written songs of hatred without hating? Between ourselves, I never hated the French, although I thanked God when we were rid of them. How could I, to whom the question of culture and barbarism alone is all-important, hate a nation which is among the most cultured of the world, and to which I owe so great part of my own culture? National hatred is indeed a peculiar thing. It is always found more pronounced and violent where civilization is lowest; but there is a stage of culture where it vanishes altogether, where one stands, so to say, above all nations, and feels the happiness and the sorrows of a neighboring people as much as if they were a part of one's own.

No one knows better than Dr. Eliot how vast was the horizon over which Goethe's vision swept, in the course of his long life, and that the subject of his nation's greatness, like so many other subjects, presented different aspects to him at different times. Dr. Eliot must therefore recognize in Goethe one of the world's tranquil masters to whom all nations will turn to lead them once more in the path of civilization, after the "glories" of the present war shall have ceased to trouble us.

Among services of this war to letters, we must not forget the fresh material it should offer Henry James in the satirizing of ex-

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patriate Americans. The resources of spleen demonstrated by some luxurious souls given their first taste of hardship—spleen vented upon the President, Ambassadors, and Consuls, relief committees, railway, steamship, bank, and hotel officers—are most extraordinary. One woman, convinced up to August, 1914, that the universe was primarily ordained for American millionaires, has risen in London to heights of sarcasm "about what she asserted was the beautiful treatment accorded to her by Ambassador Gerard, Major Ryan, and others in Berlin, and by Minister Van Dyke at The Hague." While a prominent financial writer abuses our Government for not sending army transports in fleets, returning scores curse the fate that humiliates them with second-class passage. Why did not Europe, facing a life-and-death struggle, stop everything to coddle her guests to safety? Why did not transportation agencies show a clock-work efficiency in dealing with so easily foreseen a crisis? Fortunately, the shield has its obverse in a majority of travelling Americans who are uncomplaining and considerate, and in Americans resident abroad who are lending every energy to succor the wounded and distressed. Such persons, together with the Government officials who have wrought so bravely in the emergency, can only echo Horace to the malcontent: *Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?*

The primaries in New York State on Monday furnished no surprises. In all parties the organization won, as expected. Any other result would have been truly surprising. Experience with the direct primary is more and more showing that the skilled practitioners can use that political tool as successfully as any other. As a rule, we must count upon the carrying of the primaries by the men who organize for the purpose of carrying them. This simply means that, in politics as everywhere else, close attention and discipline and work day in and day out will get the better of scattered and disunited efforts. Cool-headed advocates of the direct primary recognized all this from the beginning. The disappointment is only for those who dreamed that, somehow, the direct primary would be a device to give us automatically high-grade and independent candidates, and to defeat the bosses and smash the machines. But the truth is that you can't smash the machine simply by more machinery. A given piece of machinery is better than another; and the really sound argument for the direct primary is that it is a great improvement over the old system. This means only that it can be used with greater ease and effect, if the determination to use it exists. But short of some great and exciting issue, some outrage of boss nomination, this weapon will not be seized upon eagerly by the rank and file of the party, and the consequence is that the leaders will generally have their way. They had it on Monday in New York.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, a thick-and-thin protectionist newspaper, and the leading daily in that citadel of protectionism, is fighting vigorously against Penrose. This is a pleasing development when one recalls the long history of the old Pennsylvania Republican machine. What made the continuous rule of the Camerons, and Quay, and Penrose possible was that, with extremely few exceptions, even the best of Philadelphia Republicans drew the line, in their resistance to it, at the point where their action might in any way imperil the sacred edifice of protection. The *Ledger* itself does, indeed, insist that protection is not practically involved in Penrose's election, or the reverse; thus it devotes a leading editorial to proving, by a survey of the prospective vacancies in the Senate, "that it would be practically impossible, unless there is a Republican tidal wave in 1916 and 1918, to overcome the Democratic majority in the United States before 1920," and that therefore "the future of the protective system" is not "in any way contingent upon the defeat of Senator Penrose." But that is not the good old Pennsylvania way of thinking about protection. In season and out of season, with danger near or remote, with expectations reasonable or unreasonable, the one supreme duty was to stand by protection and to knock free trade in the head. How are you going to have a tidal wave if you don't work for it? And what is a little thing like Penrose's corrupt organization in comparison with winning a victory for protection? That was the old-time Pennsylvania way of thinking, and it is encouraging to see evidences that it is being outgrown.

The report upon the timber barons of the United States and their immense holdings which the Bureau of Corporations has just published reveals a condition that must seem very serious to all friends of equitable national development. We have within our own borders estates which the most opulent Mexican landholders would regard with respect; they were in some cases acquired unfairly, if not illegally; and they are in many cases administered without regard for the common good. Briefly, the report shows that "1,694 timber owners hold in fee over one-twentieth of the land area of the United States"—105,600,000 acres, or an area two and one-half times the size of New England. Sixteen owners hold 47,800,000 acres; three railways have enough to give fifteen acres to every adult male in the nine Western States where their holdings lie; while in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan 45 per cent. of the land is held by 32, and in Florida one-third of the entire State by 52 timber owners. The cause of all this is lavish land grants and loose, ill-enforced land laws. Lands that in the early days of the Republic were granted in expectation of quick redistribution to small holders are still intact. Of 82,500,000 acres granted to three Western railways in the 'sixties, the roads still retained 40 per cent. in 1910. These figures should give the country a new interest in Government suits like that instituted last year to recover millions of acres from the Southern Pacific Company, the Southern Oregon Company, and others. They should also stimulate the belated movement to revise the public-land laws.

A round million dollars will be paid by Chicago this year for the elections it will hold. As the offices to be filled number 153, the cost of filling each office will be over $6,500. This sum strikes some citizens as disproportionate. An Alderman receives $3,000 a year; ought it to cost more than twice that to select him? A State legislator is paid $2,000. The officials whose salaries come nearest to equalling what it costs to elect them are the Municipal Court judges, who receive $6,000 a year. There is, however, no necessary relation between the salary of an office and the expense connected with the election by which it is filled; the cost of elections is merely part of the price we pay for self-government. But voters in Chicago seem to have a real grievance in the cost of their elections. For one thing, in every period of six years there are five years in which there are at least two elections a year and a primary for each. The sixth year has only one election and its corresponding primary, but this is offset by an occasional year that brings three elections. This is surely too many voting-days, but not only or even mainly because of the expense they involve. The real objection to so many elections is that they ask of the voter more than he will grant, which means government by professional politicians. The expense of unnecessary elections can, however, legitimately be used as a strong popular argument against them.

SLAVERY AND MILITARISM.

The praises of militarism, still sounded in certain quarters, are strangely like the laudations of negro slavery which were heard in this country on the eve of the Civil War which was to abolish it forever. In both cases, that is to say, what was at first apologized for as temporary evil is held up later as the highest good. We know that it was so with slavery. Washington and Jefferson groaned over it and were ashamed of it. But Toombs and Davis exalted it as the ideal form of human society. The late Professor von Holst, in a telling monograph, brought together a striking body of quotations from Southern writers and statesmen, setting forth the successive changes in the way of viewing slavery. From being thought of as a reproach and a crime, it came to be ecstatically described as the divinely ordained means of bringing society and government to perfection.

This is an old story, as respects slavery. But is it not being repeated to-day in the defence and glorification of militarism? The parallel can hardly fail to be noted by one who attends to the new ways of looking at militarism. In the beginning, nobody had a word to say for it except as a matter of dire necessity. Compulsory service for two or three years by every youth physically fit; the immense money sacrifices that were involved; the crushing burdens of taxation that resulted; the constant imperilling of peace that went with the rest—all these things were originally represented as a duty laid upon citizens, but a confessedly grievous duty. It was hard to be borne, and everybody hoped that the time would come when it might be got rid of altogether. But little by little the point of view changed. The time came when the nation in arms was declared to be the model of modern civilization. Nothing like the life of a soldier for mental, moral, and spiritual discipline, it was said. Nothing so uplifting as the completest possible preparation for war; nothing so glorious as war itself. The consummate flower of civilization was *das Volk in Waffen.*

We have not exaggerated the language used by the enthusiastic champions of militarism. And we do not refer to the fanatics for armaments and for war—men like Bernhardi, whose writings have injured the German cause more than two hostile army corps could have done. Ideas like his have permeated all classes. They are adopted—or, at least, uttered under the stress of war—by clergymen and university professors of moral philosophy. There is no need to mention names. Nor do we assert that the cult of militarism is confined to Germany. The thing has become a terrible obsession lying upon all Europe. One can perhaps see its growth, and the reasons for it, more clearly in the German Empire than elsewhere, but the spirit of militarism has shown itself everywhere. And our present point is that it has distorted the vision and confused the judgment of men just as slavery did. Sober men, educated men, finally embrace the evil which they at first thought frightful.

This process of subtle change, by which men came to look upon evil and say to it, Be thou my good, is not so absolutely unintelligible as it might seem. In the instance of slavery, the historian and the moralist have shown us how it came about. Even good citizens were insensibly caught in a moral mesh. They could not see where self-interest and greed had blinded them to immutable truths. And a fair and calm study of the rise and spread of militarism in Europe would reveal distinct causes definitely at work to produce the state of affairs which is now distressing the world. The phenomenon is in part the old one of a plausible argument being worked to death. Because Stein and Bismarck drilled and organized, thereby succeeding, everybody must be given over to a passion for drilling and military organization. That this should have finally resulted in the elevation of the soldier above all his fellows, and the apotheosis of war, is a fearful thing, no doubt, but one can understand it. So could one understand the domination of slavery in this country. But that did not lessen the hatred of it which our truest-souled patriots felt. Nor will clear-eyed men to-day be less resolute in hoping and working for the destruction of the noxious growths of militarism simply because they perceive in what soil it is rooted.

One long and bloody war made an end of slavery. May we faintly trust the larger hope that another will rid the world of the curse of militarism? We cannot at present see far into the maze. How the great good desired can come out of the awful evil now pressing down upon the heart of all mankind, no man will undertake to say. But it may be that in the high designs of Providence this murderous war is to make men shudder hereafter at the very thought of war, and to loathe those who prepare for it and praise it; in such a way that militarism may expire on the battlefield as slavery did. Such a result would make the torrents of blood now being shed seem not altogether in vain. Hopes like these may well be in the minds of those who at President Wilson's bidding will next Sunday pray for peace.

THE SUBMARINE VICTORY.

If ever pride went before a fall it was Mr. Winston Churchill's. On September 11, in a speech in London, speaking of the German policy of conquering the British fleet by attrition, he boasted that the "attrition has been on their side and not on ours. The losses they have suffered have greatly exceeded ours." Since then four valuable British cruisers have been lost, perhaps without the slightest cost to the Germans, three by the submarine attack in the North Sea, and one in a fifteen minutes' engagement in the harbor of Zanzibar; and the boot is now on the other leg. The growing uneasiness of the British public over the inability of their fleet to get at the Germans Mr. Churchill has tried to meet by saying contemptuously that, if necessary, the "rats" would be "dug out of their holes." To this language of the hustings the Germans have made their answer, and Mr. Churchill will be further embarrassed by the fact that two stray German ships have sunk twenty big British merchantmen in Indian and South American waters, just after he had announced that they had only taken twelve merchantmen all told.

This debit balance may be upset by later news. Moreover, the loss to the British navy of seven cruisers since the beginning of the war is in itself trifling to a fleet which has about 120 to call upon, in addition to all the auxiliary cruisers, converted merchantmen, it has at its disposition. The German submarines must needs repeat their terrible victory many times before there is sufficient attrition to make a serious numerical showing. With the psychological factor, however, the situation is different. There can be no doubt that the German achievement will not only increase the unhappiness of the British public, but that it will enormously increase the strain upon the blockading British fleet. While the exact situation of the lost vessels is unknown, they were plainly not far distant from the Dutch coast; but that these German under-water boats have shown amazing daring and gone long distances from home is apparent. It is now officially admitted that it was a submarine and not a mine which sank the Pathfinder, September 5, on the east coast of Scotland, roughly 400 miles from the nearest German harbor. The Germans assert that they laid mines through submarines at the outbreak of the war at the very mouth of the Thames; it is beyond dispute that they deposited some quite near the east coast of England. A letter from a German sailor just published tells of a long voy-

age to England for reconnaissance purposes, and of passing unseen under a British squadron off Scotland.

That this is not impossible appears from the fact that a submarine built at Kiel in 1908 is known to have had an ordinary range of action of 1,000 miles, coupled with the ability to make nine knots under water for a period of three consecutive hours. Since then improved vessels have been built—Germany has thirty-nine submarines built or building—indeed, it has been stated that the newest British submarines have a cruising radius of 2,000 miles, with an above-water speed of twenty-one knots and a submerged speed of not less than fifteen. The French submarine Mariotte has a radius of 2,200 miles at ten knots. One of the ninety-six English submarines built or building has already accounted for one small German cruiser, the Hela, and others took some slight part in the battle off Heligoland. But no submarine feat in naval history is comparable to this disposal in twenty minutes of three great cruisers. What anxiety, what nervous strain this will cause in Jellicoe's fleet no one can overestimate; but those of our officers who were with Sampson in the weary vigil off Santiago can well understand. Rear-Admiral Mahan, writing in the *Academy*, says that the heavy British blockaders must remain out of sight by day, and shift their positions every night, as the only possible safeguard against attack; and he rightly anticipated this latest news by saying that "in this war we may look for fairly decisive tests of the actual value of these new means of warfare; for the opponents are skilled, enterprising, and trained, which was not the case with the Russians in the naval war of ten years ago."

The nerves of Jellicoe's crews may be further tried by aircraft. Berlin insists that no Zeppelin has been injured or lost; Sir John French reports that not a single one has been sighted by the British troops. If they are being saved for some spectacular raid, might it not be for an effort to fly over the decks of the great British battleships quite as much as the coast of England? With the advent of winter the Zeppelins will become almost useless; this fact must steadily be before the British commander as the autumn wears away. But the submarine must remain the fleet's greatest danger. If there is luck, it may be smashed by a gun, as one of the German boats was recently sunk; if conditions are favorable to the attacker, the best of ships may go down like a stone, for some of these boats can fire eight torpedoes at a time. Altogether, if German daring succeeds further, Sir Percy Scott, who so recently announced the retirement of the battleship by reason of the submarine, may find his prophecy verified far sooner than he could possibly have expected. It is interesting in this connection to note that another British officer, Brig.-Gen. G. F. Stone, declares that submarines are preferable to heavy guns for purposes of coast defence.

SUPERSTITIONS OF COMMERCE.

The development of German industry and commerce during the past few decades has been no less impressive than that of her military power. In both the Kaiser has borne a notable and highly influential part. But, strange to say, the attribution to him of an almost god-like power and efficiency is very much more marked in relation to the advancement which Germany has made in her economic activities than in the domain of war. The Kaiser, says Mr. Carnegie, "has built up a great foreign commerce and a marvellous internal business." The special correspondent in Germany of one of the New York newspapers, speaking of the futility of all talk of a downfall of the Hohenzollerns as a possible consequence of the present war, writes as follows:

> Germans of every class have a worshipful admiration for the Kaiser. He is the greatest business man they have ever known. He has built German prosperity. It is to his leadership they owe that commanding position they have until this war occupied in the commercial world. He has not only encouraged mercantile and manufacturing enterprises, but he has almost created their over-seas trade. The marvellous development of commercial chemistry—in which field Germany stands easily foremost—is solely due to his initiative, and almost to his direct command.

That these statements represent the feeling and opinion prevalent throughout a large part of the German population, and especially in the high circles of finance and industry and commerce, we have no doubt. And that there is a certain degree of foundation for the feeling, we would not dispute. But in the main it is a striking instance of a phenomenon by no means rare in the history of commercial opinion—the tendency to cherish superstitious instead of rational views concerning the causes of material prosperity.

With the founding of the German Empire in 1871, the people of Germany entered upon a new era in their history—an era in which the ambitions and the energies of the nation were directed in a vastly augmented measure towards material advancement. The extraordinary thoroughness which had long been recognized as preëminent in their scientific work was sure in this modern day to tell with overwhelming effect in the development of their manufacturing industries, if once it was directed towards that end. As a manufacturing country Germany, at the time of the foundation of the Empire, was in its infancy. With a large and growing population, with the tradition of universal education two generations old, and with this great domain of human enterprise almost a virgin field before it, there needs no recourse to the hypothesis of a superman to explain what happened. The time had come for just such a development as we have seen, and the development followed. A very similar thing has happened in our own country; the causes underlying the enormous industrial growth of the United States in the past thirty years, though different from those operating in the case of Germany, are like them not only in being perfectly natural, but in the one particular which is essential to them both. A vast opportunity was open to a great, energetic, and enterprising people; and the time had come for them to take hold of it. There was no more reason why Germany should remain indefinitely a minor factor in the enterprises of modern industry than there was that the United States should. In the case of Germany this expansion has been in large part —though by no means completely—coincident in time with the reign of William II; and while it is not to be denied that he has exercised a considerable influence in stimulating it, the idea that it would not have been essentially of the same nature if he had simply stood by and looked on, is not worthy of a moment's consideration.

Even in the matter of rapidity of growth, a certain amount of illusion is prevalent among those who stand agape at the Kaiser's miracle. Thus if we look at the trade statistics in the latest volume of the Statesman's Year-Book we find that in the eight years 1905 to 1913 Germany's exports grew from £292,000,000 to £495,000,000, while those of the United Kingdom rose from £330,000,000 to £525,000,000. But it would be absurd to belittle in any aspect the achievements of Germany in manufactures, commerce, or finance; all that we are saying is that they are the achievements of a nation of 65,000,000 people equipped with the most efficient educational system the world has ever known, and highly endowed in ability, diligence, thoroughness, and thrift. To ascribe what they have done, except in an altogether subordinate degree, to the interposition of a divinely gifted ruler, is to adopt, but with far less excuse, the attitude

of the Japanese commanders who piously attributed their victories to the virtue of the Mikado. "With far less excuse," we say, because, of course, Nogi and Togo knew perfectly well that it was only in some symbolic or mystical sense that they owed their victories to the Mikado's excellence. The extravagance and obfuscation of the idea is more like that which underlay the protectionist superstition in this country, when millions of otherwise intelligent Americans really seemed to think that had it not been for the tariff this great nation, with opportunities unparalleled in the history of civilization, would have been a poverty-stricken people grubbing along on pauper-labor wages. Or, to go a little farther back in history, it is on a par with that state of mind —now so difficult to realize, but which it required the genius of Adam Smith to dispel —when the whole mercantile world was obsessed with the idea that the great object of national commercial policy was to get, and to keep away from other nations, all the gold that it was possible for a country to lay hold of.

THE COLORADO PROBLEM.

The letter addressed to President Wilson by J. F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, made the prospect for a speedy return to normal conditions in the mining region of that State less promising than had been hoped. Some days later, a communication was presented to the President on behalf of forty-eight other Colorado coal-mining companies, taking essentially the same position as that expressed by Mr. Welborn, and going into fuller details as to the reasons for it. The first impulse of many, doubtless, will be to condemn out of hand the attitude assumed by the companies. But the case is one calling for calm and earnest consideration, and not for the passing of hasty and sweeping judgment. Let us endeavor to see, then, what the essential points in the situation are, and what may yet be done to bring about not, indeed, an ideal settlement, but a working solution, of the difficulty.

First and foremost, it must be recalled that the plan worked out by the Federal Commissioners, and submitted to both sides by President Wilson, was put forward not as a definitive, but as a "tentative" proposal. While, therefore, it was generally hoped, and indeed urged—as it was by the *Nation*—that both sides should accept the proposal, the making of objections to particular features of it, coupled with the expression of a desire to discuss the question, cannot be regarded as fatal. This is what the operators have done. Secondly, it is stated that the President does not consider the question closed, that he is working for further negotiations, and that he still looks for a favorable settlement. In a matter of this kind, so much is possible as a result of face-to-face discussion, with the public interest represented by a man of Mr. Wilson's clearness of mind and strength of purpose, that we can but regard the outlook as hopeful so long as the President does not himself give up the effort.

As for the points in the proposed *modus vivendi* to which the operators object, the essence of them is easily stated. They object to the requirement that *all* miners who have not been found guilty of violations of law shall be reëmployed; and this for three separate and distinct reasons. First, that many men who have not been so found guilty are nevertheless well known to have been guilty of fomenting and committing violence, and that their hostility to the men who continued peacefully at work will make their working alongside these latter in the mines a constant source of friction and of danger. On this head, the letter of the forty-eight companies particularizes as follows:

> In six of the counties of the State 332 of the strikers, including officers of the United Mine Workers of America, are under indictment for murder and 137 for other felonies. None of them have been tried, therefore none have been found guilty, and much time may elapse before they are tried.

Secondly, that the requirement is incompatible with retaining the men who have stood by their employers throughout the time of trouble, and such desertion of faithful workmen would be disgraceful and against public policy. And thirdly, that the requirement in any case ignores the practical limitation of the opportunities for employment, especially at this time of diminished demand.

In addition to these broad considerations, relating to fundamental questions, the operators object to certain other points upon which we feel that they would have been better advised to show a more conciliatory spirit. These relate to functions of the proposed permanent Grievance Commission. They object to the proposal that mines shall not be closed down more than six days without permission of the Commission, on the ground that this would make the working of the mines dependent on the will of the Commission instead of on the conditions of business; but is not this rather a theoretical than a practical objection, when the Commission is to be composed of one representative of the operators, one of the miners, and a third impartial person? In like manner, the objection that the assessing of penalties by the Commission must be inequitable, because unenforceable upon the workmen while enforceable upon the companies, seems to us not to allow for the resources of common-sense and a just purpose on the part of the Commission. And the objection to the payment of half the expenses of the Commission by the miners seems to us hardly of sufficient importance to be put forward as a difficulty.

What we find regrettable in the letters of the operators, however, is not so much the substance of them as the failure to indicate such hearty and sincere desire to bring about a settlement as would comport with a realization of the serious nature of the situation. With their unwillingness to sacrifice the rights of non-union miners we are in the most hearty sympathy; all the more, therefore, do we regret the stressing of objections of a less vital nature. Nothing is plainer than that, if a settlement is to be reached, both sides must concede something. We believe that President Wilson is quite open to conviction, and ready to make any modification of the original proposal for which sufficient reason can be assigned; and we should feel it to be particularly fortunate if the operators shall succeed in impressing upon him the necessity of making any change which is necessary in the interest of the upholding of the rights of workmen who refuse to submit to trade-union despotism. And for that very reason we hope that the operators will show the most reasonable and the most liberal possible spirit, consistent with the maintenance of those rights. The manifestation of an obstinate disposition—any conduct which shall have even the appearance of indifference to the public sentiment so strongly desirous of bringing the long struggle to a close—would not only be deplorable from the standpoint of the public, but would prove in the end even more so from the standpoint of the operators themselves.

ATLANTIC COASTAL WATERWAYS.

In his welcome to the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, Mayor Mitchel, of New York, protested against the "unwise economy" of certain cuts in the Rivers and Harbors bill. For seven years the Association has labored for the improvement of inland navigation routes, its special purpose being to obtain a continuous inner way for ships along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from Galveston to Boston. The undertaking is as huge as it is generally worthy. By rea-

son of the expense involved, it must wait many years for realization; its accomplishment depends on steady progress, which is now interrupted. Against a drastic economy the Association cannot protest, nor against the almost sweeping condemnation of the original bill because of the abuses in some of its parts. There was little time for discrimination, and good provisions had to suffer with bad. The Mayor objected to the dropping of the items for a 35-foot channel in the East River, and for removing the dangerous reefs which prevent full access to the Brooklyn, Queens, and East Manhattan waterfronts. The Association will feel more keenly the postponement of Government acquisition of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal for conversion into a ship canal. For the time being, the members must put their main hope in the future.

Yet what has been done in the last few years in obtaining Government support and enlisting public interest in a safe and standard inland waterway from Maine to Florida, connecting with the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, is highly encouraging. Last year found the Association in possession of reports by United States army engineers upon every section of the enterprise. Some were condemned, but the principal ones were supported on both commercial and humanitarian grounds. Gen. Bixby endorsed the Chesapeake and Delaware link as worthy of immediate improvement to a depth of twelve feet, at a cost of $8,000,000, in addition to the purchase price of $2,500,000. This direct connection of Philadelphia with Baltimore and Annapolis would open an old route —a relic of 1829, so limited in width and depth as to be almost unused by modern vessels, and owned by a corporation whose tolls approximate the charges by rail—to a traffic almost comparable with that of the Panama Canal. With the construction of another link from the Delaware to the Raritan and New York Bay, approved by the army engineers and by Woodrow Wilson when Governor of New Jersey, New York would have a channel to Newport News by a route far shorter and less dangerous than formerly, and serving in a new way Philadelphia, Wilmington, and a score of other cities south to Norfolk. This Delaware-Raritan Canal would cost $20,000,000. Finally, the army engineers approved a seven-foot passage from Beaufort, N. C., to the St. John's River, inside Cape Lookout, Cape Fear, and the dangerous shoals beyond, at an estimated cost of $14,400,000. Not only coastal cities, but people along rivers like the Connecticut, Hudson, Potomac, James, and Savannah, should understand the potential benefits of these waterways.

The amount of traffic predicted for them is not a more forcible argument than the loss of life resulting from the passage of barges and other coastal vessels upon the high seas. In ten years (1900-1910) the disasters to such ships are stated to have numbered 5,700, with a loss of 2,200 lives and of $40,000,000 in property. The urgency and the assured profit of some of the proposals are seen in the attention paid to them by non-Federal agencies. With every reason why the Government should build the Cape Cod Canal, it has been constructed by a private company under two State boards. It will yearly handle 12,000,000 tons of coal alone, and is expected to develop a huge barge traffic. The State has laid plans to build still another link in the intracoastal route, that from Narrangansett Bay to Taunton, and possibly to Boston Harbor. New Jersey is considering a similar work. While such enterprise is to be encouraged, the field is properly the national Government's, which has already spent $700,000,000 upon our rivers and harbors. And the two considerations of the extent of Atlantic coastal commerce —more than three-fourths of the whole country's—and its dangerousness, lend support to the contention that Congressional appropriations have discriminated against the Eastern littoral. Congressman Hampton Moore states that Maryland and New Jersey have together received but $17,000,000, while the comparatively new States of Oregon and Washington, with far less commerce, have had $33,000,000.

The Atlantic Association and the bodies working for a solution of the Mississippi flood problem have aims so practical and worthy that they should be active in opposing projects of another sort—those which have for years viciously drained the Treasury. Theirs are not the only sound projects, but they are the most powerful of the internal improvement organizations. One of their aims should be to repress the unworthy schemes which cling to the commendable ones—schemes for improving little rivers of the East and Middle West. Another should be to have instituted a responsible and permanent agency for carrying on rivers and harbors work in a scientific manner. Temporarily, it has been entrusted to the army engineers. If it were given over to some adequate commission, as has been frequently proposed, there would never again be any necessity to cut the appropriations to an absolute minimum to prevent unjustifiable waste.

Chronicle of the War

A fresh enemy, more deadly probably than bullets or shrapnel or even than the Krupp siege guns of which we have heard so much, has appeared to menace all the armies of Europe impartially. Disease is the inevitable concomitant of every war. In the Boer War, it is said that 55,000 British troops were attacked by enteric or dysentery, and in our own Spanish War the figures of those who were disabled by disease have been put as high as 60,000. In the present war the appearance of disease has been postponed longer than could reasonably have been expected. Three weeks from the beginning of a campaign is the usual time allowed for this enemy of armies in the field to make itself felt, and the fact that it has not assumed serious proportions until recently is a high tribute to the efficient organization of the sanitary, medical, and commissariat arrangements of the various armies.

Of the Germans this was expected, for meticulous attention to the minutest details of campaigning is their particular province—and in spite of this it is to be remembered that when Metz surrendered in 1870 half of the besiegers were on the sick list—but the British have obviously taken to heart the lessons of the Boer War in this as in so many other respects, for we hear on all sides of the remarkable efficiency of their commissariat and sanitary corps, and the French and Russians cannot be far behind them. The most serious outbreak of disease is reported to be among the Austrian troops, where it is said that Asiatic cholera has appeared, and for the defeated forces of the Dual Monarchy this may well prove a subtle form of revenge, since the Russian troops, going over the ground vacated by the enemy and taking prisoners, will find it difficult to escape infection. In the west dysentery and enteric are the two enemies, but other infectious diseases, such as measles, may appear, as smallpox, the danger of which is now happily minimized by vaccination, did in the Franco-Prussian War.

More than ever, then, we see that war is a matter of endurance. The fittest will survive, and calculating that the average of resistance to disease will be pretty much the same in the armies of all the combatants, the problem still resolves itself, as we pointed out last week, into a matter of battalions, in which the ultimate superiority must rest with the Allies. Meanwhile, we learn that feverish efforts have been put forth to provide against the spread of disease. Large quantities of quick lime—grewsome intelligence—have been sent to the front for use on battlefields, and extraordinary precautions are being taken to insure that the drinking water is not got from contaminated sources. This latter precaution will be difficult to enforce, as the rivers in northern France must by now have been thoroughly contaminated, and in addition, as experience in the Boer War showed, it is next to impossible to induce a dry-throated Tommy Atkins to refrain from slaking his thirst wherever opportunity offers.

The battle of the Aisne, now approaching the end of its third week, may be likened to a wrestling match, in which two combatants, well matched in strength and skill,

stand poised on the mat for seconds at a time, apparently at rest, only the taut muscles indicating the terrific strain under which each is laboring. The relative positions of the two armies differ but little from what they were when we wrote last week, yet the fighting that has taken place since September 12, when the retreating Germans turned at the Aisne and a general engagement commenced, has been more severe than any other thus far.

The fighting during the past week has resolved itself into a race between the left flanks of the opposing armies, the French and British pressing their efforts to turn the German right wing and envelop the army of Gen. von Kluck, and the Germans on their own centre and left making desperate attempts to penetrate the line between Verdun and Toul. The success of either of these movements would give temporary victory to the army that accomplished it, and the result of the battle of the Aisne, unless there should occur a total and unexpected change in the whole situation, will be determined by whichever movement is first completed.

Should the Germans succeed in breaking through the Verdun-Toul line of fortifications, they would accomplish a twofold object. First, Verdun would be isolated and could be reduced at leisure, as was Maubeuge, and heavy reinforcements would have to be rushed to the support of the French line on the Meuse, thereby lessening the pressure on the German right wing and frustrating the turning movement to which the Allies have devoted more than two weeks of constant effort and have sacrificed an enormous number of troops. Secondly, a new and shorter line of communications would be opened to the German armies by way of the eastern frontier; the lines through Belgium could be abandoned, and the troops, probably not less than 300,000, that have been guarding them, would be released for the more immediate business in France. These considerations account for the desperate and persistent nature of the attacks on this barrier. The army of the Crown Prince narrowly escaped disaster there at the battle of the Marne, and only extricated itself by a hurried retreat from Ste. Menehould to Montfaucon. In this second attempt the Germans have had a certain amount of success, the Bavarians having succeeded in occupying St. Mihiel, on the east bank of the Meuse, and thus cutting the railway along the river to Verdun. French reinforcements, however, were rushed up, and the German advance has been checked.

On the other hand, should the turning movement of the Allies succeed, the whole of the German campaign in France would break down. Only a hasty retreat could save the army of Gen. von Kluck, and with it that of Gen. von Bülow, from annihilation or surrender. With these armies it would be necessary for the entire line to fall back. The essential features of the battle of the Marne would be repeated, and the German invaders would be compelled to retire on the line of the Belgian frontier, which, according to reports, has already been fortified in anticipation of this emergency. The pressure on Verdun would naturally be automatically relieved.

The net result of the week's fighting has been small. The official announcement from Paris on Tuesday gives a clear idea of the line occupied by the Allies and also indicates that some ground that had been gained a week previously has since been lost. Lassigny, which, as we recorded last week, was occupied by the Allies, has now been reoccupied by the Germans, and the Allies must have been driven back a short distance on their extreme left, as we read that their line now, instead of starting in the neighborhood of Péronne, starts some ten miles to the northeast, between Albert and Combles. In the desperate fighting, then, which was reported on Friday of last week as having taken place between Tergnier and St. Quentin, when we heard that the Germans had been heavily reinforced, we may assume that the Allies were forced back a short distance. On the other hand, near the centre, between Verdun and Rheims, the progress which was reported on Friday must have been continued, for we read that the French line runs to the north of Souain, where German troops were reported to be early last week. The whole line, as given in the French official dispatch on Tuesday, runs from west to east: Albert and Combles, Roye, Lassigny, the region of Soissons, Berry-au-Bac, north of Souain, through the heights of the Meuse, the region of St. Mihiel, Apremont, Pont-a-Mousson.

In the eastern campaign the Russian armies have made considerable progress. The easy capture of Jaroslav, which we recorded last week, would seem to indicate some demoralization among the Austrian forces. It is a strong fortress, fully equipped, standing astride the River San, with three forts in a four-mile line on the right bank and sixteen forts in a five-mile line on the left bank. Following the occupation of this place, the efforts of the Russians were directed to the capture of Khyroff, twenty miles south of Przemysl, which is the key to the railway communication with the fortress. Khyroff was reported taken on Saturday, and Przemysl is doubtless now isolated. The line due east from Jaroslav to Cracow, on which the Austrians are retreating, and which has been put in a state of defence, is some 120 miles. On the way are the fortified places of Rzeszow and Tarnow. At both places we may expect stands to be made, although the former has already been repeatedly taken by dispatches from Petrograd, and Russian forces have been reported at Debica, which is betwen the two and nearer to Tarnow. These forces, however, are probably only skirmishing Cossacks. Russian troops are also reported to have crossed the Carpathians and to be in occupation of Uzsok.

In East Prussia and Poland the situation appears to have changed in favor of the Russians. Accounts have been, as usual, conflicting, and even the Russian reports have been contradictory, as when a victory over the German forces in Suwalki was announced immediately after the statement had been made that they had evacuated South Poland. Apparently, however, the German advance on Warsaw, which in any case was probably only a feint to relieve the pressure on their Austrian allies, has been definitely checked. At Drusskeniki, the northernmost point of the German invasion, the attempt to cross the Niemen was repulsed with heavy loss, and near Kalisch, the most southerly point, the Germans also appear to have suffered heavy loss. As we write, the battle along this line is still in progress, the Germans bombarding the fortress of Ossowiecz, which they are reported to have failed to take in an attack by infantry.

Foreign Correspondence

A CRITICAL MOMENT—THE COST OF THE WAR—TERMS OF PEACE—A REMARKABLE FORECAST.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, September 19.

When Arnold Forster, in succession First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for War in Mr. Balfour's Administration, lay a-dying he penned for the edification of his former chief a lengthy memorandum on the army policy of his successor at the War Office. It was dated March 12, 1909, at which time Mr. Haldane, under a storm of party and professional criticism, was doggedly elaborating his great scheme of army reform. Writing of the reserve force in process of building up, Mr. Forster said:

The greater number are boys notoriously unfit for the army or who, being under standard, remain in the reserve until they have added on the necessary inches. Such is the real composition of this force. But no figures and no words that I can use will give you a conception what the force as I have seen it really is. The idea of pitting these children against the trained troops of a European army is as foolish as it is wicked.

Remembering that this unsparing critic was the representative of a Government which after nineteen years' (with brief interval) enjoyment of office was responsible for the dangerous plight in which the British army found itself when it landed in South Africa, there is a grim unconscious humor about the passage. That by the way. What brings pride to the heart of all Englishmen is the reflection that these "children," having in accordance with Mr. Haldane's scheme benefited by five years' training, finding themselves pitted against the trained troops of the most formidable European army, acquitted themselves in a manner that has extorted the admiration alike of friend and foe.

Since war began there has been no more desperate fighting than that faced by the little British army at the opening of the German attack which necessitated a memorable retreat by the Allies. When Gen. French took up his position at Mons he held the assurance from French headquarters that he was confronted by little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps. These were considerable odds. He was prepared to face them. Soon he learned that at least three German corps were moving on his position. Simultaneously came news that the French army on his right, upon whose assistance in the pending battle he had been taught to count, was retiring under pressure of the enemy's fierce sustained attack.

Thus overwhelmed and unsupported, the end seemed inevitable. It is easy to read between the lines of Gen. French's historic dispatch that he scarcely dared to hope. "If," he wrote, "complete annihilation was to be averted, a retirement must be attempted." It was not only attempted, but in face of what looked insuperable difficulties was accomplished, and a few days later the "children" of Arnold Forster's fevered fancy were driving the Germans back to their own frontier. In the glowing record of the British army the battle of Mons will ever hold a prominent place. But, as Wellington when talking about Waterloo confessed to the inquisitive Mr. Creevey, "It was a damned near thing."

The Revenue and Expenditure Return just issued from the Treasury shows that the war is costing this country five millions a week. Of course, our expenditure is a trifle compared with that of France and Russia, whose armies in the field are counted by the million men. Nor does it equal that of Belgium, which, in addition to weekly expenses drawing upon revenue, has suffered immense loss of capital in the way of ravaged town and country. Putting the amount at the extreme minimum average of five millions a week expended by England, France, Russia, and Belgium, here is a little bill of eighty millions a lunar month steadily running up to be in due time liquidated by Germany. Of course, such responsibility is incurred by the vanquished. Germany herself asserted the principle when as the price of her withdrawal from Paris in the war of 1870 she imposed upon France a money fine calculated to bring financial ruin on the top of subjection by force of arms. We have seen the principle reaffirmed and enforced within the last few weeks, when the invaders, counting confidently on a conquering march to Paris, drew heavy tributes from conquered Brussels and shattered Liège.

Germany will have to pay something more precious even than money as the cost of unresistingly bending its neck to the yoke of the military caste. Six years ago this very month, there was published an interview which the writer, a Frenchman, had had with one whom he described as "a high German personage." Looked back upon at this interval of time the article testifies to the remarkable perspicacity of the anonymous "personage." He stated that the General Staff calculated that five years must elapse before by diligent preparation Germany would be in a position to beat France on land, and England on the sea. As things turned out, they, by way of making quite sure, added another year before embarking on the enterprise. Among other particulars that with curious exactness forecasted events of the last seven weeks, the "personage" reckoned upon a blockade of the North Sea by the British fleet, invasion of East Germany by Russia, and the landing in France of an expeditionary British force of 120,000 men. He even named Sir John French as the general commanding.

Like the Kaiser on setting out from Berlin, he did not doubt that a smashing blow would be dealt to France in time for the German army to concentrate their forces in East Prussia and drive back the Russians. But, a businesslike man, he recognized the possibility of things miscarrying. It is here where in existing circumstances he becomes exceptionally interesting. He admitted that if the war lasted more than six months Germany would be ruined, and be forced to submit to the terms of the Allied forces. These, he reckoned, involved the restoration to France of Metz and Lorraine, with a war indemnity of a hundred millions and two German colonies; a war indemnity of 150 millions to Russia, a levy in whose provision Austria would share, and the surrender to England of German East Africa and Southwest Africa, half a dozen battleships, and a dozen cruisers. These seem generous terms from the German point of view.

Like the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, Lord Rosebery has two sons enlisted for the war. Lord Dalmeny, as newspaper paragraphs report, is at the front on the staff of Gen. French, and has more than once had bestowed upon him the distinction of bringing home dispatches from the front. Mr. Neil Primrose, M.P., has since the reserve forces were mobilized been encamped with the Bucks Yeomanry. Under yesterday's date he writes to me, "We are daily expecting command to start for the front." Among other Ministers and ex-Ministers who have gone on active service is the Marquis of Salisbury, who has for more than a month been serving with a regiment of Territorials to whom has been entrusted the important service of fortifying a certain port on the east coast, which is recognized as offering an attractive landing for a possible invading force. Time was when observation was made that "motley is our only wear." To-day it is khaki. The other day the Bishop of London, to the pained amazement of that pacific soul, the Bishop of Llandaff, looked down from the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons clad in the uniform of the London Rifles, with whom he has for some weeks been in camp.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ITALY—THE SOCIALIST ATTITUDE—THE BOGEY OF PAN-SLAVISM.

FLORENCE, September 8.

Two things appear generally agreed on here, and seem largely borne out by reports of persons coming from France as well as by published official documents: that France had no desire for war to the extent that the country at large had abandoned its desire for *revanche;* and that Germany did not foresee England's offensive. The first is given as part explanation of France's defensive weakness, and the latter as conclusive evidence that the war will be long and bitter.

The one uncertain element, affecting even the duration of the conflict, is France's ability —military and moral—to hold out. The opinion seems general that if the republic can steady her national nerves even at the loss of Paris, and hold the country and the army substantially together for three months or even less, the chances of Teutonic success are meagre. But as to France's power to resist so long against adverses, opinions are greatly divided. The dark uncertainty lies in the possibility of France being swiftly and hopelessly crushed despite her concentration of resources and the transfer, now accomplished, of her capital. Could England, in such an event, effectively help her, or could she rely on Russia? If further German penetration is as swift and irresistible as it has been, it does not seem as if even England's maritime supremacy could save France from being compelled to sue for peace at almost any price. And if such an event were to happen, is there anything to prevent Germany, as some ask, from making terms with Russia?

There are those who see in the tardiness of the Czar's army to concentrate its supreme effort on the campaign in Eastern Prussia a failure to strike where she could be of most service to France. It is maintained against this that Russia had to strike hardest where lay the most formidable danger for her—against Austria—and her success in Galicia, bought at heavy cost, would seem to be proof of her sincerity.

But it is to England, or rather to English grit and tenacity, that public opinion here looks for final success against the common enemy. It is an inspiring example of how much a nation's historical past and reputation count in the most critical of times, in the judgment of men who may have to decide the fate of their own country in the general alignment of the nations for or against Germany. England's great past in the fight for civil liberty is to-day the unvoiced but clearly felt assurance that she is fighting, irrespective of the great material benefits that may accrue to her, for the freedom of Europe from military tyranny.

As to the pan-Slavic danger as a justification for Germany's aggressions, Italians, despite the arguments adduced by Professor Münsterberg in America and other apologists here, have never given much weight to it. At all events the force of the German arguments on this score has been practically shattered by the meeting recently held between some Italian Socialists and a representative of the Socialist party of Germany.

It will be recalled that Continental Socialists are affiliated with, or are "citizens" of, the International Socialist party, an organization pledged to peace and the vigilant opposition to appropriations for military purposes. There is no question that the Socialist members of the Reichstag voted in favor of the German war appropriations, although it is asserted that they declined to attend a meeting of all party leaders called by the Kaiser before the commencement of hostilities. Italian Socialists have maintained that the action of the German Socialist Deputies "read them out" of the International Socialist party, and have, with much force, distinguished such conduct from that of the Belgian and French Socialists, who, in lending their aid to war measures, were defending what have been considered bulwarks of peace, such as the formal agreement of the neutrality of Belgium.

In order to meet the situation, the Socialist party, both in Germany and Austria, offered to send representatives to Italy to justify or explain their conduct. The Italians put two conditions to their coming, first, that minutes of the proposed meeting should be kept, and secondly, that the question of Italy's neutrality should not be discussed. Apparently, the Austrians thought it best to remain at home under the circumstances, but the Germans sent as their spokesmen Dr. Albert Suedekum, Socialist member of the Reichstag from Nuremberg.

At the meeting which took place in Rome Dr. Suedekum relied largely on the arguments made by his Parliamentary colleague, Deputy Haase, at the time the war appropriations were voted. But Herr Haase's speech had already been printed in full in the Italian press and its arguments discounted. The answer of the Italian Socialists was substantially that German hegemony represented to-day and in this conflict a greater danger than czarism and pan-Slavism; that the fact was that "czarism" was fighting side by side with France, the leader and the most advanced of the members of the International Socialist party. "The German flag to-day," said the Italian spokesman, "stands for the *Deutsche über alles,*" and this is a negation of International Socialism. "As we see it," he added, "Socialist civilization stands in opposition to war, but is to-day forced to oppose not civilization but regression, such as the forcible violation of Belgian neutrality without a protest from German Socialism." Irrespective of this, however, the "pan-Slavism" of some of the Balkan states need not be taken too se-

riously. What some of them might do in case they waxed strong at the cost of the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire through Russian successes, might not be at all in the spirit of pan-Slavic unity, but rather of a warlike attitude of independence from Russian control. GINO C. SPERANZA.

THE CONCLAVE—THE ELECTION OF POPE BENEDICT XV AND A REVIEW OF HIS CAREER—THE SPIRIT OF RAMPOLLA.

ROME, September 5.

The extraordinary importance of the Conclave of 1914 must have been perceived even by the most casual observer of modern history. The present war, which, whatever its outcome, is big with consequences and changes for all the states of Europe whether belligerent or not, and of which the repercussions will be felt, in some cases violently, all over the world, touches the nearest and most vital interests of the Roman Papacy.

The conditions in which Conclaves are held, so far as procedure is concerned—I mean the shutting of the Cardinals in a certain precinct of the Vatican, methods of balloting, and so forth—are so well known that it is useless to enter into them here. A common notion, however, that their Eminences are quite shut off from the outside world, is erroneous. They may receive letters and telegrams, which are first opened and read by the Marshal of the Conclave, and may even have visitors in the presence of the same officer. It only remains to add in this connection that the Constitution of Pius X, *De Electione Romani Pontificis*, which bears the date of December 25, 1904, made little difference in the procedure of election except the denial of all right of veto on the part of whatsoever person or power extraneous to the Conclave. In fact, the Bull *Commissum Nobis* of January 20, 1904, had already inflicted the major excommunication on any person in a Conclave who should merely report a desire or recommendation of outside parties, whether sovereigns, chiefs of state, or private individuals.

It has been one of the consequences of the reactionary policy of Pius X that there were in the Sacred College, before the late election, two opposite parties with a clearly defined issue, and with the inevitable compromise, or "moderate," party in between. One party, captained by the retiring Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and by Cardinal De Lai, represented the extreme reactionary tendency that prevailed in the reign of the late Pope. Other electors on this side were Sévin, Archbishop of Lyons; Dubillard, Archbishop of Chambéry; Billot, a French Jesuit living in Rome, and Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, who, however, did not arrive in time for the Conclave. The liberal party, whose candidate was Cardinal Maffi, the learned and enlightened Archbishop of Pisa, renowned among churchmen for his skill in the natural sciences, owned as its most vigorous exponent in the Conclave Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and counted among its members Cardinals Agliardi and Cassetta, of the Curia; Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna; Amette, Archbishop of Paris, and Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. The most prominent members of the central, or moderate, party were Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda; Serafini, Bishop of Spoleto, and the two resident Cardinals Ferrata and Pompili. Since of these Gotti on account of his great age, Serafini from being member of a religious order, the Benedictine, and Pompili by reason of his comparative youth and inexperience, were made less eligible, Ferrata, a man of wide diplomatic experience and mature judgment, was regarded as the most probable candidate of this group.

Side by side with this partition on ecclesiastical questions, and sometimes crossing it, was the division on political lines, now strongly accentuated by the European war. In the Conclave of 1903, also, when politics were much less fiercely agitated than now, there was the Franco-Spanish group, led by Cardinals Mathieu and Vives y Tuto, and the Austro-German faction, directed by Cardinals Kopp and Puzyna, the latter being the bearer of the Austrian Emperor's veto against Rampolla, who was the hostile party's candidate. Rampolla's defeat, however, was not solely due to this veto, as is commonly supposed, but also to personal and political opposition which he had aroused among his Italian colleagues, and which made his election doubtful in any case.

But this time the Conclave, liberated from all interference, has at least partially vindicated the partisans and policies of Rampolla, although the four intransigent French prelates already mentioned probably voted against the successful candidate, and to this extent against the national cause. For Cardinal Della Chiesa, the newly elected Pope, served a complete apprenticeship under Leo XIII's famous Secretary. He was born in Genoa in 1854, of a noble and distinguished Genoese family. Shortly after his reception to the priesthood in 1878, he was admitted to the office of Mgr. Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, then Secretary for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. When Rampolla was made Papal Nuncio at Madrid, he took Della Chiesa with him as secretary to the Nunziatura. And finally, when, in 1887, Rampolla was elevated to the purple and appointed Secretary of State by Leo XIII, Della Chiesa was likewise recalled from Madrid and placed in this Secretariat, first in a subordinate position, from which he was steadily promoted through various grades to the post of Sostituto, or Assistant Secretary.

This important position he kept for four years after the accession of Pius X, until upon the death of Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, he was appointed to that see in December, 1907. There is no question that this appointment was made to remove Mgr. Della Chiesa from Rome and from an office where the presence of a disciple and friend of Cardinal Rampolla was displeasing to Merry del Val and his obscurantist entourage. The cardinalate regularly goes along with the archdiocese of Bologna, but Archbishop Della Chiesa, still on account of his loyalty to his friend and master, was not received to the Sacred College until last May, in the first Consistory that was held after Rampolla's death in December, 1913. So long as Rampolla lived, he was inevitably a candidate for the Papacy, and if Della Chiesa were Cardinal, could count upon his active support. No fears were entertained that the reserved and aristocratic Genoese might himself be a dangerous competitor, and indeed no other case is recorded of a Pope elected four months after being made Cardinal. It is true that a few persons who happened to predict his election are now triumphantly crying "I told you so." But, as every one knows, there are few Italian Cardinals that some "well-informed" speculator on the outcome of a Conclave does not enumerate among his favorite candidates. The fact is that Della Chiesa's election was a surprise to all. If the choice should not light upon Maffi, who was known to be strongly opposed, it was generally considered that the chances favored Ferrata, who seems indeed to have had a strong following. But that the haughty and indomitable spirit of Rampolla should thus, as it were, triumph from the grave, was quite unlooked for.

Of course, but little will be known in detail of what happened in the Conclave until Pope Benedict XV allows the seal of silence to be broken. It seems, however, that Maffi had a decided lead over all competitors in the first few ballots, until it was certain that the opposition to him was too strong to be overcome. Thereupon his followers—always according to the uncertain information now available—concentrated their efforts upon Mgr. Della Chiesa, also a member of the Left, though not of its extreme section. The opposition, on the other hand, almost as violent against the new candidate as against Maffi, united their forces in favor of Serafini, a member of the Centre. But it would seem that Ferrata, himself a strong moderate candidate, threw his support decisively to the side of the Archbishop of Bologna, a report that derives some confirmation from his choice as Secretary of State. How much international politics had to do with the result it is impossible to say now. But the French, Spanish, and English Cardinals must have rejoiced in the selection of a Pope who, though he will undoubtedly be cautious in every policy he initiates or continues, may be expected in some measure to follow the Francophile tradition of Rampolla. In fact, the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See is a consummation soon and almost certainly to be looked for, and will afford a criterion by which to estimate the abilities and tendencies of Benedict XV.

In the meantime, it is perhaps not in vain to speculate on what may reasonably be expected from a continuance, after an interruption of eleven years, of Rampolla's work by the mind and character he had so large a part in forming. Rampolla, though this was far from being the most important element in his political programme, is perhaps best known to the world as the uncompromising assertor of the Pope's right to the temporal power. But it is to be noted, in the first place, that the temporal principle is, in present conditions, almost a necessity of international politics; and in the second place, that, according to the few that were admitted to his intimacy in the last years of his life, Rampolla's opinions were considerably modified in consequence of the attitude of detachment he could assume after his retirement from the Secretariat of State. However this may be, it is certain that he was far from being a bigot in matters of pure religion, and that he disapproved of obscurantist anti-modernism. Therefore no slavish imitation of Rampolla's policies, some of which he himself would probably not follow now, or would materially modify, need be expected of Pope Benedict. Though he will certainly not renounce the Papal claim to the temporal power, it is hoped and believed that he will not pursue an anti-Italian policy. And although no one has ever cast a doubt upon his orthodoxy, he seems at least to be too fine and experienced a diplomatist to promote heedless and bigoted persecution. H. E.

Changed Temper of England

By L. P. JACKS.

THE CONTRAST OF ENGLAND'S ATTITUDE NOW WITH THAT REVEALED DURING THE BOER WAR.

OXFORD, September 15.

"The next world, whatever it may be like, can hardly be more different from this than the England of to-day is different from the England of two months ago. We are all living in another state of existence. The thread of continuity has been broken and nothing is the same as it was. The very buildings yonder—Magdalen Tower, for instance—are changed; for now I think of it as *menaced* by German shells and it wears quite a different look in consequence. And most wonderful of all is the way the past seems to live again. Alfred the Great and Edward III and Drake and Nelson and Pitt have all come to life again. I can almost fancy that the Barons who shook their fists in the face of King John at Runnymede are walking about among the people in the street."

This was said in conversation the other day by a well-known Oxford humanist, and allowing for the touch of exaggeration it may serve to indicate the extraordinary change which has come over the mind and temper of Englishmen during the last few weeks. No further back than last July the national life was in a state of extreme confusion. We were quarrelling among ourselves—aimlessly for the most part. We were breathing an atmosphere of mutual distrust and suspicion. To-day we are a united people with our loins girt up for a great enterprise. We have a difficulty in recognizing our world, or ourselves as the same persons who used to live in it. It is one proof of an incredible want of imagination in the philosophic chauvinists who have driven Germany into this conflict that they never foresaw the change which the shock of war would produce in England. They noted our unwarlike apathy; they knew that we hated war and longed for an assurance of peace; they saw us engaged in our national shopkeeping and our sports and apparently caring for nothing else; they were fully informed about our internal quarrels and rightly concluded that we were all at sixes and sevens; they had been told, and rightly told, by the experts of their Intelligence Department that the whole of our financial and business classes dreaded a quarrel with Germany, and that the Liberal party and the Government were entirely pacific. The unrest among the natives of India, the enormous difficulties of our administration in all parts of the world, the growing independence of our colonies—all this they had at their finger-ends. The picture of England given by Treitschke, the arch priest of German chauvinism, who hated and despised the English, is not altogether false. As a picture of the nation in times when no danger threatens the State, it does little more than slightly exaggerate the aimless, petty, sordid, unpatriotic elements of English life in its daily humdrum selfishness.

But what these wiseacres did not foresee was that under the shock of war all this would vanish as if by magic. They thought that, as we were divided in peace, we should be divided in war; that our pacificism would hamper our preparations and weaken our fighting arm; that we should go on thinking of nothing but our shops and our skins; that our middle class would never suffer any interference with their five o'clock teas; that Ireland would stab us in the back—as she has so often seemed ready to do; that India would seize the opportunity to revolt; that the ties with the colonies would snap under the strain. An intelligent child might have exposed these illusions. It required the "rigor and vigor" of the German intellect to overlook the certainty that, as Mr. Price Collier long ago warned them, England at war would not be the same country as England at peace. And so indeed it has turned out. Within a week of the declaration of war every labor dispute in the country was settled. Paid agitators rushed to the colors. Militant suffragism sank like a stone in the waters. The Ulster Volunteers, raised for civil war, offered their services to the Government. The Irish Catholics are enlisting in the King's forces. India, instead of revolting, sends us 70,000 of her finest troops: and seven hundred native princes spontaneously offer their wealth, their soldiers, and their persons. As to Canada and Australia, I need not describe what they have done. The poorest of the West Indies gives a cargo of sugar for the troops; and from the desolate Falkland Islands comes £3,000 for the relief of distress.

When war was declared there was no panic; but there was some bewilderment. The Government probably knew what was coming, but John Bull, who must never be confused with the Government, had been waked too suddenly from his afternoon nap and couldn't quite take it in. Of course, everybody was talking about the war and trying to get from his neighbor some light on the meaning of it all. Silly people rushed to the grocers' shops and laid in stores of provisions, and I heard of one old gentleman who ordered a new lock for his front door. But business and sport seemed to go on much the same as usual, and the outward aspect of things was not greatly changed. On August 10 I walked three miles to get an evening paper, and on turning to the column of "stop-press news" I found it filled with the reports of cricket matches! Plainly, John Bull was not going to be hurried; he would finish his game of bowls even though the Armada was in sight. There was something alarming in this "fat-headed complacency," and people who felt the gravity of the situation wondered and publicly asked how long it was going to last. It did not last very long. I think it was the news of the massacre and sack of Louvain that brought us to the first great turning point. Instantly a wave of wrath such as I have never seen in England swept over the land. For the first time we clearly saw what we were fighting with and what we were fighting for. Only one thing more was needed to turn us from a nation of shopkeepers into a nation in arms. It has been said by one who has studied the military history of England that the fighting spirit of the nation is roused more by disasters than by victories. In this case there has been no disaster so far, but it was avoided only by a hair's breadth. The story of the four days' battle of Mons—a desperate rear-guard action fought against odds of three to one—in which the army lost one-fifth of its men and was only saved from annihilation by superb generalship, was precisely the kind of news to put John Bull on his mettle.

Since then there has been no more talk about "fat-headed complacency." There have been no more complaints about the slackness of recruiting. On the very morning when the official report of the battle was published the workers in a large brewery not far from where I am writing laid down their tools and walked in a body to the recruiting office; and to-day I see them in a neighboring field learning their steps—big, heavy-faced, beer-fed, awkward-jointed Britons. "A clumsy lot, sir," said a bystander who was watching them. "Not one of them could jump over a straw. But mark my words; when those chaps have been licked into shape it'll take a lot of Germans to shift 'em." It is the same all over England. Birmingham, the most "shopkeeping" of our cities, has sent 30,000 recruits in a fortnight and has raised a local corps in addition. When the universities assemble next month half the undergraduates will have gone to the front, and of those who remain most will be under military training: many of us will have empty classrooms. We write long letters to our boys on their ranches in the Argentine or their farms in Canada telling them all about the war, and *next morning* we get a telegram from Liverpool, "I am come home: have a bed ready for me to-night." Last week I met three sons of the present Prime Minister; all three were in khaki. This morning the mail is delivered late by a young gentleman from a neighboring country house. "The village postman has enlisted: and I'm going in a few days."

I imagine there must be many of your readers whose memories will supply a parallel to much of this from the time of your Civil War. I wonder if the crisis brought that consciousness of a sudden leap from one world into another which people in England are now remarking. In many respects the conditions must be the same. The sense of solidarity under the stress of common danger and the call of common duty, the sense in which so much that is finest in a nation's life has its origin, must then have been present with you as it is with us. You will readily understand the mood of exaltation, the emotional stirring, the feeling of the greatness of life that comes to every citizen in times like these. "These are

wonderful times: after all, I am glad I have lived to see them," is a remark I have heard from a dozen different people, both men and women, during the last few days. But I think that with you the preparation for what was coming was longer and more gradual. Moreover, your temperament is less stolid than ours and much quicker to respond to changed conditions. You require less shaking to wake you up. With us there was a thick crust to be broken through and deep-seated mental habits to be abandoned before we could realize what had happened to us. And when the realization did come it came like a thunderbolt. The two shocks I have mentioned, following in quick succession—the shock of horror from Louvain, the shock of peril from Mons—brought us to our senses.

As to the righteousness of our cause, thinking men are content to await the verdict of history. Naturally, we believe in it, and that with a fervor and unanimity which are both surprising and impressive. But no Englishman writing on the subject now can escape the disabilities of a special pleader. It is, however, very remarkable that many pacificists who were recently denouncing war with Germany as "a crime against civilization" now admit that our participation in the conflict is both just and inevitable. The fact is that their eyes have been opened. Nor is their case peculiar in that respect. Until the other day the educated classes of England knew little or nothing of the propaganda which has been going on in Germany with ever-increasing vigor for the last twenty years. If by chance they heard of it they treated the matter with contempt as the mere vaporings of jingoism. Not one in a thousand had ever heard of Treitschke or Bernhardi. It is only *since* the war that Bernhardi's work, "Germany and the Next War" (published in 1911), has been made accessible. That the book is no freak of an irresponsible individual, but a serious statement of public policy, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the German conduct of the present war, in its initiation, method, and strategy, has exactly followed the programme of Bernhardi, though happily it has not so far fulfilled his predictions. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been an act of folly on the part of any German writer to "give away" the plan. But I suppose Bernhardi anticipated that the English would not be sufficiently wide-awake to pay much attention to the matter. If so, he was right. None the less, the book has served one purpose the writer did not anticipate. Now that we have it in our hands we see clearly enough that we are fighting against a *diabolism* that threatens the whole of civilization; the nation has become *one* in that conviction, and we are calmly waiting for history to confirm the verdict. At the same time we know very well that diabolism of this kind—or indeed of any kind—does not represent the true spirit of Germany. Germany may have temporarily fallen under its spell, but the obsession is too immoral in its inner nature to be anything more than a passing phase of the national mind. When its power is broken, the nation in which it originated will be the chief gainer and will condemn it utterly.

We mean to win through. But no sensible man among us is under any delusion as to the magnitude of the task. We know the high valor of the Germans, the enormous power of their military organization, and the ability with which their plans are laid and carried out. But we have our own sources of strength, and they are of a kind that give us more confidence the more we reflect on them. It is a healthy and a hopeful sign that our public men are not boasting, and that the populace is quiet. The tone of the press is measured; and in recording the doings of our forces at the front under-statement rather than exaggeration is the rule. There are none of the odious outbursts of public feeling that marked some of the phases of the Boer War—signs that the nation was *not* wholly convinced of the righteousness of its cause. There is, of course, as there must be in every war, an element of hatred at work; but it is directed almost exclusively against the system of Prussian militarism, and not against the German people. During the Boer War I was one of those who did not feel happy about England. But now it is altogether different. I have a deep conviction that we shall emerge from the crisis with something to the credit of our character as a nation.

Books and Men

EDWIN DROOD AGAIN.

A fatality has pursued the amateur novelists who have written continuations of Dickens's "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Four writers have tried it, and their failures have been complete and rather ignominious. A humorist once confessed, in a newspaper rhyme, that he owned a pen which once had belonged to Thackeray. When he tried to write with it, however, not only did no inspiration come, but the pen sputtered and scratched, and actually refused to form words. It had recognized, he thought, a donkey, trying to imitate its master.

No expert novelist has ever tried to finish "Edwin Drood," in spite of the widespread notion that Wilkie Collins engaged in such an attempt. Scores of solutions have been offered, in the form of essays and articles, and two or three plays (one of them by Comyns Carr) enjoyed brief runs. The volumes bringing the story to an end are four, according to Mr. J. Cuming Walters, author of the interesting book, "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood." Mr. Walters was the prosecuting attorney in the mock trial held in London last January, when he failed to convict Jasper of murder in the first degree for killing Drood.

The first continuation appeared the very year of Dickens's death—1870. It was by "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Richard H. Newell), and is said to be mainly burlesque and parody. The second and the third are also American productions. I have read, or have tried to read, both of them. Henry Morford's "John Jasper's Secret" was published in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* and in *The Chimney Corner*, 1871-1872. Morford went to England with his wife, lived in Rochester and London to study the scenes of the novel, and made a conscientious effort to prepare himself for the work. To my mind it is the most readable, or the least unreadable, of the three I have seen. "An offensive fraud," writes Mr. Walters, "was, however, associated with it. No name was originally placed on the title-page, but the insidious announcement was made that the real authors were Charles Dickens's eldest son and Wilkie Collins. The lying rumor has been hard to overtake, and is still occasionally revived in spite of Collins's prompt repudiation, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall's explicit declaration in a letter to the *Times*. . . ."

The book was republished, within about a dozen years, bearing the imprint of a New York publisher, and unblushingly professing on its title-page to be by Charles Dickens "the Younger" and Wilkie Collins. How very respectable the operations of a burglar or a highwayman look in comparison with this kind of cheat! Many persons are convinced that "Edwin Drood" was really completed by Wilkie Collins and by Dickens's son; the book is sometimes so entered in catalogues.

The third continuation was the famous "Spirit Pen" volume. In this country, at any rate, the existence of such a book is known to hundreds who have read neither it nor the genuine novel by Dickens. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete. Part the Second, By the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens, through a Medium," came from Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1875. It is one of the many painful disclosures that spirit pens are usually not only less gifted than physical ones, but are frequently not even able to write anything approaching commonsense. It must require great physical endurance to wade through the mass of bosh in the "Spirit Pen" continuation of "Edwin Drood."

The fourth, and apparently the last, continuation was by an English woman, Mrs. Richard Newton. She wrote (in 1878) under the pen-name of "Gillan Vase," and called her book "A Great Mystery Solved: being a Sequel to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'" This is now republished, with no important change of title, by McBride, Nast & Co. ($1.50 net). It is edited by Shirley Byron Jerons, who contributes a summary of the original novel. Only the author's pseudonym appears in the book.

Of "Gillan Vase's" original work Mr. Walters writes that it has many merits and also conspicuous defects. In the first place, he says, it is far too long. "What Dickens intended to conclude in six more numbers ought not to have been concluded by another author in three volumes of over three

hundred pages each, and containing in all forty chapters."

The editor and publishers of the new edition have been of the same mind, for one volume of about three hundred pages, and twenty-three chapters, suffices for them.

A second objection of Mr. Walters is that several new characters are introduced and allotted important parts, "as if Dickens had not a sufficiency of persons already for his purpose." Here again, the new edition agrees with Mr. Walters's comments:

> Gillan Vase's . . . luxuriant imagination led her not only to follow up the destinies of the characters which we owe in their inception to Dickens, but also to create several others. As rather detracting from the value of a sequel in which it seemed desirable that only known Dickensian characters should appear, these new ones have been eliminated.

So declares the editor's note.

In regard to Mr. Walters's third objection—that recorded against the irritating attempt to mimic Dickens's style—nothing can be done, and the new edition presumably appears in mueh the manner of the first.

It may be patriotism whieh impels Mr. Walters to find the "Gillan Vase" continuation "the best of a poor series." It may be the same noble motive which makes me prefer Henry Morford's. Or it may simply be that, having read "Gillan Vase's" book last, the irritation of it is fresher in my mind. Her version of the story is that Jasper had failed in his attempt to murder Drood. The latter escapes from the tomb, and hurries to London, where he finally appears, in the deep disguise of blue spectacles, seeking employment from Mr. Grewgious, the one man who knew him best. Grewgious, by the way, has little to do, but wanders in and out of the story with the ineonsequential manner of the Lawyer in Jerome K. Jerome's "Stage Land." John Jasper is still hounding Miss Rosa Bud, and at last springs overboard with her in his arms. She is saved, of course, by Edwin Drood—still in blue spectacles. Jasper eommits suicide in prison, and the book ends in a series of marriages —possible and impossible. The mysterious Datchery leads throughout the story a career dark and furtive. In the end he has discovered nothing of importance, for all his spying, and he turns out to be nobody in partieular. All his disguise was superfluous. Canon Crisparkle marries Helena Landless—perhaps as a reward for being invariably called "Revd. Septimus," or "Revd. Sir."

The book is relieved, here and there, by so complete an absence of any feeling for the ridiculous, that the reader can get more or less innocent amusement out of these passages. An example of this element oceurs in Edwin's narrative of his escape from the tomb—how he was led on and on, supported by the Hand of Providence, to London; how his faltering footsteps, still guided by the same all-powerful influence, finally led him to a street and to a house, and how when at last he raised his dim eyes to the window he saw therein the blessed inscription: "Lodgings for a Single Gentleman."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

PATER'S QUOTATIONS.

There are few things more unpleasantly pedantic than the scholar's enthusiasm for checking up and exposing the misquotations and incorrect references in an author, and it is not at all in this spirit that I wish to call attention to a remarkable characteristic that runs through the writings of Walter Pater and that can be related, not uninstructively, to the fundamental elements of his temperament and manner of composition. I mean his use and misuse of citations from various authors. I do not refer to passages that are confessedly centos of phrases—the discourse of Marcus Aurelius in the twelfth chapter of "Marius," for example, or the record of conversations between Gaston de Latour and Montaigne, skilfully patched together from the "Essays," or the great essay on Leonardo da Vinci, in which the facts in Vasari's Life have been assimilated and combined into a new and higher synthesis. I mean the separation of passages joined in the original, the junction of passages far distant in the original, unnoted omissions, and, in some cases, mistranslations. This does not imply dishonest or careless work; it is intentional, yet with no thought of deception, being closely related as a literary device to Pater's whole manner of composition. The remarkable thing is that it occurs so persistently that in hardly a single translated passage can one depend upon the accuracy of the translation. In some cases, as in one or two sentences in the essay on Sir Thomas Browne, quotations even from English authors have been slightly altered in being woven into the tissue of Pater's discourse. But it is in translation that this method is most apparent.

Pater was thoroughly familiar with French literature, and it was in the endeavor to verify one of his references thereto that I stumbled upon the phenomenon of which I am writing. From his French quotations it can best be illustrated. Note, first, however, the passage from Heine's "Gods in Exile," quoted at the beginning of the essay on Pico della Mirandola in "The Renaissance." The notion of the pagan gods who, after the fall of their religion, went wandering about the earth, is of frequent occurrence in Pater. Whether he was first attracted to the theme by Heine or by a passage in Gautier's "Musée du Louvre," to which he refers elsewhere, I do not know. The paragraph from Heine is translated with much grace, but an important clause is omitted, with no indication of the omission. (See Heine's "Sämtliche Werke," ed. Elster, VI, 78.) Pater translates (p. 32): "They had to take flight again, and seek entertainment in remote hiding-places, when those iconoclastic zealots, the black brood of monks, broke down all the temples." The first half of the temporal clause is omitted: "Als der wahre Herr der Welt sein Kreuzbanner auf die Himmelsburg pflanze"—a clause out of harmony with the humanistic neo-paganism of the essay.

The opening essay of this same volume, "The Renaissance," contains passages of considerable length from "Amis et Amile" and "Aucasin et Nicolette." The original of the former story may be found in Moland's "Nouvelles françoises en prose du xliie Siècle." To Pater's first quotation from the story there is no corresponding passage in the French; it is a summary of about two pages, though put in direct quotation in seven lines (p. 10). There follow nearly five pages translated with peculiar sweetness and perfect fidelity save for the unrecorded omission of several clauses of a didactic nature. Thus, to Pater's translation of the angel's reply to Amis, "Thou art the comrade of the heavenly citizens," must be added, "Tu es ensegu Job et Thobie per patience." Again, when Amile, weeping, says, "Shall I not keep faith with him who was faithful to me even unto death?" the original continues, "Abraham fu salvez per foi; et li saint vainquerent les reaumes per foi. Et Dex dit en l'Avangile: 'Ce que vos volez que li home vos facent et vos lor faites cele meismes chose' "—all of which is omitted, for art is not didactic. After the healing of Amis we are told that "cil renderent graces à Notre Seirnor à grant joie, et distrent: 'Benoit soit Dex, li pères Nostre Seignor Jhesucrit, qui salve ces qui ont esperance en lui,' " which is omitted, possibly, as too deliberately edifying. The narrative style is also improved; one sentence is left out because the substance of it is repeated farther on; another is changed from direct to indirect discourse; a third is shifted from the beginning to the middle of a paragraph. The conclusion of the story, to which Pater returns at the end of his essay, contains several lines intercalated from an earlier paragraph; and several lines are omitted—all with no indication of the liberties taken with the text.

The short and lovely excerpt from "Aucasin et Nicolette" has been even more tampered with. I have used Sucher's edition in verifying the references. In Pater's second paragraph (p. 21) his version reads: "She thought of the Count Garins of Beaucaire, who mortally hated her, *and, to be rid of her, might at any moment cause her to be burnt or drowned.*" For the words that I have italicized the original has, "Si se pensa qu'ele ne remanroit plus ilec; que s'ele estoit acusee, et li quens Garins le savoit, il le feroit de male mort morir." Not a word about burning or drowning! When Nicolette escapes by her window Pater tells how she "let herself slip down quite softly into the garden, *and passed straight across it, to reach the town.*" There is no equivalent for "quite softly" in the original, and the words in italics have been substituted for more than two quite different lines that need not be quoted. In the description of Nicolette, Pater characteristically omits "le nes haut et bien assis," as, I suppose, beneath the level of art. I am reminded of the article on the lack of poems in praise of the nose which appeared in the *Nation* some years ago, and which called forth a considerable anthology (or shall I call it nosegay?) of such verses.

The comparison of Nicolette's red lips to "cérisse ne rose el tens d'esté" does not appear in Pater, and needless prudery caused the omission of: "Et avoit les nameletes dure, qui li souslevoient sa vesteüre, ausi con ce fuissent deux nois gauges, et estoit graille par mi les flancs qu'en vos dex mains la peüsçiés enclorre." We scent Victorianism also in the omission of "et ses gambes" from the sentence: "the daisies . . . looked dark against her feet." On the other hand, the phrase, "holding her skirt high behind and before," and the description of the moon, "which shone quietly in the sky," have no warrant from the original. And there are other minor changes. A more remarkable, because more nearly dishonest, misquotation occurs a few pages further on, where Pater refers to the most famous passage in the

tale, Aucasin's expression of preference for hell, where the goodly scholars and fine horsemen and courteous ladies with their lovers are to be found. In this list Pater puts "the men of fashion," and in a note discusses the meaning of *parage*, with the evident implication that this is the word that he is rendering from the French. Now, this word does not occur anywhere near the lines which Pater is translating.

The essay on Du Bellay contains several extracts from the "Deffense et Illustration de la langue Françoyse." These are typical of Pater's manipulation of citations. Passages are tacked together that in the original are far apart; in two cases words are added; in one case sixteen lines in the middle of a paragraph are omitted, and in another case a clause is left out—all without remark. The two passages from Mme. de Staël's "De l'Allemagne" (Part II, chapter vi) in the essay on Winckelmann are correctly quoted.

So much for "The Renaissance." Pater's next volume, "Marius," does not well illustrate the peculiarity with which we are concerned. The version of Apuleius's "Cupid and Psyche" is quite faithful, save for a few omissions, and is perhaps nearer to the style of the original than Mr. Paul Elmer More is inclined to believe.

The famous essay on Style in the volume of "Appreciations" contains a good many passages from Flaubert's correspondence. I have to thank my friend Dr. A. Coleman, of the University of Chicago, an accomplished Flaubertist, for aid in running down these extracts in the edition Conard. The result of verifying them is really astonishing. Pater pieces together sentences, and even clauses, that, in the French, are many pages apart. Moreover, he says that several of them are addressed to "Madame X." (*i. e.*, Louise Colet) that are in reality addressed to other correspondents. Take this, for example: "'You talk,' he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X." (p. 32). The passage quoted is in part from a letter to his friend Du Camp, while the first two sentences I have been unable to locate at all; I am nearly certain they are in no letter to Madame X. But it will be well to consider the passages in order. The first and longest (pp. 28-9) is made up, according to the indication given by Pater's dashes, of four extracts, all from letters to Louise Colet. As a matter of fact, it is composed of six excerpts. The first paragraph is from a letter to Louise Colet (*Correspondance* I, 238-9); the first two sentences of paragraph two are from a letter to Alfred Le Poittevin (*ibid.*, p. 159); the rest of that paragraph from another letter to the same man (*ibid.*, p. 157); of the third paragraph, the first two sentences are from a letter to Louise Colet (*ibid.*, pp. 240-1), with the omission of about a dozen words; the rest of the paragraph to Le Poittevin (*ibid.*, p. 173), again with unindicated omissions; the last paragraph to Louise Colet (*ibid.*, p. 244). The short extract quoted by Pater on page 30 is from the same letter as the last, with the omission of part of a sentence in which Flaubert refers to his love for "Madame X."—an allusion perhaps not "objective" enough to do credit to the master, Flaubert, or to satisfy the disciple, Pater. The paragraph at the top of page 33 is an astonishing amalgam. The original of the first two sentences is found on page 292, of the next sentence on page 278, of the next two sentences on pages 213-14, of the first volume of the *Correspondance*—all addressed to Louise Colet. Then the last sentence is from a very early letter to Ernest Chevalier (*ibid.*, p. 39). Finally, the second quotation on page 33 is from a letter to Louise Colet (*ibid.*, pp. 290-1), with the omission of part of a sentence.

The second edition of "Appreciations" included Pater's review of Feuillet's "La Morte." This is one of Pater's least important pieces, and is made up largely of translated passages. Throughout these excerpts there are constant omissions, now of two lines, then a long sentence, then a paragraph, a clause, two sentences, etc. It would be needlessly tedious to give exact references. Note, however, in the last paragraph of the passage on page 229, Pater's phrase, "Then, after an interval." This is not in the original, and takes the place of two entire pages of theological discussion. So, also, on page 239, last paragraph of quotation, Pater omits Feuillet's description of the symptoms of Aliette's death. In both places, as in the case of the other omissions, Pater's manipulation of his material is a gain in art.

The description of Corsica, quoted from "Colomba" in the lecture on Mérimée in the "Miscellaneous Studies," is a good example of this selective method of quotation. To analyze it completely would take undue space, but any one interested in the matter may turn to the end of chapter iii of "Colomba" and compare it with Pater's version (p. 23). It will be seen that he has culled sentences here and there from the last two paragraphs, pruning and arranging as it pleased him. Briefly, it may be said that the first sentence is from the penultimate paragraph; then down to the word "nest" the cento is made up of passages from the last paragraph; and from thence to the end of the quotation Pater returns to the next to the last paragraph. And he gains the effect that he is after, as any one may see who compares the two descriptions.

My patience did not extend to the point of running down all the passages from Pascal in the essay on that writer. It is significant, however, that in the only passage that I verified (Pater here quotes the original French) two excerpts far removed in the "Lettres" are joined together.

I have already said that the chapter Suspended Judgment in "Gaston de Latour," in which Pater makes use of various thoughts in Montaigne's "Essays," is to be collated with the discourse of Aurelius in "Marius." It would be of interest to track these choice bits to their source, but for that I have not had time. In the unfinished last chapter of "Gaston" there is, however, an interesting reference to Brantôme. As usual, Pater "doctors" his quotation. He quotes from Brantôme that the Queen went to bed on the Eve of Saint Bartholomew, "having no knowledge of the matter" (p. 133), but leaves out the next quaint clause: "ny mesme senty le moindre vent du monde." Again for Brantôme's "Je te supplie et te requiers de luy vouloir pardonner" Pater puts simply, "O God, be pitiful!" (See Brantôme, "Œuvres" II, 530.)

In his excellent book, "The Masters of Modern French Criticism," Professor Babbitt has related Walter Pater and Anatole France closely in attitude towards life and art and in quality of workmanship. It is worth noting that a remark in M. France's preface to his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" serves partially to explain the manipulation of quotations of which I have given so many instances. He says that in no case will he give the exact words of his authorities, but will use the substance only. Direct quotation results in an unpleasant confusion of styles that makes a book well-nigh unreadable. "And I want to be read," says M. France. So, also, Pater has passed his material through the alembic of his imagination till it has become always an essential portion of his entire theme, in no case a crude break in the continuity of his discourse. But has the critic a right to do this? The function of style, says Pater himself in the lecture on Raphael, is selective, is the assertion of one's self in a transcript of the data presented. And so, when we find him transposing, omitting, rearranging, mis-ascribing, and in a few cases even apparently substituting his own for somebody else's ideas, there is needed but a generous interpretation of what Pater conceived to be the function of criticism, namely, that it has in it something of the creative art. "How does the work appeal to you?" the critic asks himself. "This is how it appeals to me," Pater replies, cutting down *longueurs* meanwhile, removing didacticism and over-frankness of expression, rearranging so as to produce a finer effect. One might push this explanation further and make it serve as a defence of Pater's absolute misinterpretation of the facts of history in his languid picture of a Lacedaemon of æsthetes and of an early Christianity with taste and opportunity for ritual as elaborate as that of the later stages of the Oxford Movement. This has been fully dealt with in Mr. More's essay in "The Drift of Romanticism," an essay stern, yet, I think, just.

Samuel C. Chew, Jr.

Correspondence

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a reader of the *Nation* for over forty years, I have come to entertain so high a regard for its fairness and ability in presenting and discussing the issues of the day that it pains me to see it depart from that course, even if only once. Thus in your last issue, speaking of "the actual steps in the formation of public opinion in this country concerning the war," you say: "In the beginning there was no anti-German prejudice whatever."

In this you are wrong. The prejudice manifested itself from the beginning, that is to say, from the delivery of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. If you are in a position to consult the files of the Chicago *Abendpost*, you will find there bitter complaints of the hostile tone and attitude to Germany of the American English press right from the start, and from my own reading I know these complaints to have been well founded. One paper, I remember, went so far as to charge, without producing any proof whatever, that the absence of the Kaiser from Berlin at the time of the controversy between Austria and Servia was intentional and merely a "blind" on his part, and that it was part of a prearranged plan.

There is nothing new in this. History repeats itself. The same prejudice cropped out in 1870 at the outbreak of and during the French-German War. In those days, the Germans in this country were universally called "Dutch," and it was not until the German victory that our American cousins began

to have some respect for the German nation and ceased applying to them the contemptuous epithet. PHILIP STEIN.

Chicago, August 29.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S PART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of the *Nation* to reach me there is a letter which expresses warm approval of your conception of two Germanys, the Kaiser's and, shall we say, Bebel's. May I quote three extracts and ask you to print them in fairness to the other side.

The first is from a letter by a German, "by blood, by intellectual affinity, and by sensibility," as he says. "For the constitution and actions of that state [the German] the German nation, and no one else, is responsible. That is why we are at war, not with the Kaiser, but with the German nation." "We can measure, in our small circle, the difference in spirit between the Germany of our grandparents and the Germany of our cousins and their children, and we can estimate the causes." "It is chiefly due to the persistent indoctrination among the most docile, the most long-suffering, and the most over-educated people in Europe of a false, wicked, and arrogant theory of human society and government, which has obscured for this generation . . . the great and immortal tradition of German idealism and tolerance."—Alfred Eckhard Zimmern.

The second is from a letter by Valentine Chirol: "Mr. MacDonald still, apparently, lays to his soul the flattering unction that a distinction can be drawn between Prussian militarism and German democracy. That is a terribly dangerous delusion, and I venture to speak on this point with some authority, as one who has had an intimate knowledge of Germany since the war of 1870, and who has watched for many years the steady poisoning of the wells of German public opinion against England, even in the days of Bismarck, though he was actuated solely by his detestation of British Liberal institutions and his dread of 'British influences' at court, and of 'the Englishwoman' who was afterwards the Empress Frederick."

The third is from a letter by Frederic Harrison: "The whole German military and *civil order* are responsible for this poisoning of the moral sense of the nation. We know that *nine-tenths of the German people* accept their leadership and adopt their infernal code that 'might is right!'" HENRY WINSLOW.

London, September 14.

SHAKESPEARE ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this time of England's heroic struggle many will doubtless be interested to turn to the picture of a similar national uprising, though with a different antagonist, in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth." Never, unless, perhaps, in the Persians of Æschylus, has patriotism been clothed in more splendid poetry.

One passage (Act III, scene 6) has a special significance as showing the moral tone, if not of a great King and heroic soldier, at least of the world's greatest dramatist, especially cherished in Germany: "We give express charge, that, in our march through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., September 25.

MAINE FIGURES TRANSPOSED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to an error in fact in your issue of September 17. It occurs in the article entitled "Maine Heard From," on p. 339 of that issue. The rectification of this error does not at all vitiate your conclusions in that article, with which I entirely agree; in fact, it strengthens them. In comparing the recent State election with that of 1912 you state that the Democratic figures were 71,000 in 1912 and 62,000 in 1914, a loss of 9,000; while the opposition figures were 68,000 in 1912 and 76,000 in 1914, a gain of 8,000.

You have transposed the 1912 figures. The Democrats received the 68,000 and the opposition the 71,000 in that year, for Maine went Republican in September, 1912. Thus the loss for the Democrats and the gain for their opponents in the two years is 6,000 and 5,000 respectively, instead of 9,000 and 8,000 as stated in your article. The evidence, therefore, on that basis, of any reaction against the Democratic party is reduced 33 1-3 per cent. A. H. WESTON.

Readfield, Me., September 21.

ROBERT FRANCIS HARPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Robert Francis Harper, who died in London on August 6, was born in New Concord, O., in 1864. He received his collegiate education at Denison and Muskingum Colleges and at the University of Chicago. His own tastes and the influence of his brother, Prof. William Rainey Harper, led him to take up the study of Semitic philology, and he spent the years 1884-86 at work upon this subject in the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. After attaining the degree of doctor of philosophy in Leipzig he returned to this country to become instructor in the Semitic languages at Yale. From Yale he was called to the reëstablished University of Chicago, being made professor of the Semitic languages there in 1892, and, with his brother and the other distinguished Semitic scholars whom that institution attached to its faculty, he took an active part in the development of that renewed interest in Semitic and Biblical studies which spread from Chicago as a centre over the whole country.

In 1888-89 he served as Assyriologist on the expedition supported by the Babylonian Exploration Fund of the University of Pennsylvania, and the knowledge which he thus gained of field work he was able at a later date to supplement as director of the school in Jerusalem, as director of the expedition to Babylonia, of the Oriental Exploration Fund, and as curator of the Babylonian section of the Haskell Oriental Museum.

He was editor of the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, and associate editor of the *American Journal of Theology*, and for several years of the *Biblical World*. Among his published works are "Assyrian Literature," 1901, and "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters," 1902. To the general public he is probably best known by his admirable translation of the "Code of Hammurabi" (1904), and to Semitic scholars by his "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum." He began publishing the letters of this collection in 1892, and Part I of the series containing them was the first work to bear the imprint of the University of Chicago Press. Since that time he had devoted all of his leisure from teaching to this work, and he was engaged upon it at the time of his death. Thirteen volumes have already appeared, and Part XIV is ready for the press. Probably four or five more volumes would cover the remaining letters in the collection. It is earnestly hoped that it will be found possible to bring these out, together with an Index, so as to bring to completion the great work to which Professor Harper gave so many years of his life. F. F. ABBOTT.

Princeton University, September 1.

VARIOUS ABUSES OF WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson's recent essay on "Remedial Legislation for Words," it seems to me that volumes might be written on the dearth among us of proper feeling for words, and—to use a word that has itself been overworked by many classes of people, ranging from the art critic to the advertising expert of a department store—their "values."

The wide-spread misuse of common words by people who ought to know better, general poor taste in their choice, illiterate pronunciations, and bad syntax are due chiefly to habit or fashion, and to inertia. It is, perhaps, only in the remoter provinces that our learned lawyers now refer, as one actually did in a speech to a jury, to the "Seezar" of Russia. Not every rural editor is like the one who compared something which held out well, something which seemed practically inexhaustible, to "the Widow Crucible's oil." Very few town oracles, even, can match that one—a physician in good standing and a pillar of the church—who gave his *ipse dixit* on the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government. Said he, "They are not a progressive people. They seem not to have advanced greatly from where they were when St. Paul indited his great Epistle to them."

We have, for the most part, learned to pronounce "dessert" so that, instead of calling up visions of sands and simooms, it suggests rather such things as belong to oases. "*Address*," however, is almost universal, at least here in the Middle West. And it has been but a few months since I saw and heard the citizens of the metropolis of one of our greatest States pointing with pride to their new "Municipal" Building—primary accent on the first syllable, secondary accent on the penultimate.

Of less common words persistently misused, a particularly long-suffering one is *internecine*. I think the better writers avoid it, for those who use it at all—chiefly journalists—seem almost universally to employ it to describe civil or internal strife. To them, an internecine struggle need not be deadly or even bitter, if only it be factional. They apply the word equally to a revolution and to a quarrel in a church choir. The prefix *inter* misleads them, and they do not consult a dictionary.

There are some common uses and combinations of words that are not incorrect, but only silly. An example of a combination which is both is "I hope he does," when one really means "I hope he will." The brand of culture that says, when giving an introduction, "Mrs. Blank, meet Mrs. White," is the same that, upon committing some slight breach of the social amenities, exclaims, "Excuse *me!*" It is of the same class as those novels in which the hero has the reprehensible habit of "swearing softly to himself," and the heroine, under stress of strong emotion, speaks with "a queer little catch in her voice."

The most overburdened drudge of a word just at present is "efficiency." It is not a word, either that naturally belongs in the class of drudges. It is a good, gilt-edged word, and aristocratic, as we of America are supposed to rate aristocracy. It is the essence of pragmatism, not to say commercialism. Being a gilt-edged word, it is not a golden word—not poetic or beautiful by sound or association. Such as it is, it is the word of the hour, and stands for that to which we Americans are reputed to say our prayers. It does represent an ideal, even if it is not an idealist's word, and there is no better thing to strive for than efficiency—in the best things. But it is the more reprehensible to overdo so good a word. There are people of sensitive nerves, no doubt, who in the last few months have duly vowed a vow never, never under any circumstances, to be efficient in anything. At the present rate of use, however, we shall soon have to find a new word for the idea it represents, because the word itself will be done to death, and its own efficiency a thing of the past. ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Ash Grove, Mo., September 9.

ELIMINATING THE UNESSENTIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to a recently published book, those futurists who have devoted themselves to the reform of literature propose to eliminate the unessential in language. The planks in their platform are six. I quote them from Mr. A. J. Eddy's "Cubism and Post-Impressionists," supplying illustration prepared by myself according to his rules.

I. "Use only the *infinite form* of the verb, because only the infinite mood gives the sense of the *continuity of life.*" Applying this principle to Tennyson's famous line, one gets: "To break, to break, to break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

II. "Abolish the use of the *adjective,* so that the noun *standing alone* may speak for itself with all its force"; as in this happy modification of Byron's well-known verse: "Roll on, thou ocean, roll!"

III. "Abolish the *adverb,* which is a *superfluous refinement,* a fastidious hampering of human expression"; as is clearly indicated when we change Lincoln's "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain," to "Resolved, that these dead shall not have died."

IV. "New *punctuation;* . . . . a living style . . . creates itself without the use of absurd commas and periods. To accentuate certain movements and indicate their directions, certain mathematical and unusual signs will be used." Gilding Lincoln again: "Four-score and seven years ago ← our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal now ⟶ we are engaged in a great civil war!" Or again:

"Cannon to right of them ☞
Cannon to left of them ☜
Cannon behind them ☟
Volley'd ****** and thunder'd ∿∿∿∿"

V. "Abolish the 'I' from literature, that is to say, *psychology;* replace the 'I,' the ego, by the *matter,* the essence of which must be appreciated by intuitions." To illustrate: "When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, water was taken and hands were washed saying, that which speaks is innocent of the blood of this just person; let that essence or matter which hears see to it." By consulting Matthew xxvii, one may see how wonderfully the elimination of the personal pronoun intensifies and clarifies literature.

VI. "Revolution in *typographical* appearance . . . employ on the same page three or four inks of different colors, and twenty different characters, if necessary; for example, italics to express rapid sensations; capitals for violent, etc., etc." How poetry gains by this device! Cleopatra speaks as follows in Shakespeare's famous play—small caps mean sharp commands, large caps a cry or shriek, diamond type a whisper, very large caps a climax, black letter a pleasing reminiscence—italics indicate "rapid sensations" and sensibility generally; the printer (who is a stand-patter) will not allow us the red, purple, and blue ink that might suggest still more effectively the sensuality, aspiration, and other perfervid emotions of the text:

GIVE ME MY ROBE, PUT ON my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
YARE, YARE, good Iras; QUICK. *Methinks I hear*
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. . . . HUSBAND I COME!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am FIRE and AIR; my other elements
I give to baser life; so; have you DONE?
COME THEN, *and take the last warmth of my lips.*
FAREWELL, KIND CHARMIAN, IRAS long farewell.

Now all this is simply and solely the logical development of journalism; the exquisite result of the pressure of exaggeration upon words. And how stupid of the journalists to lag so far behind their programme! They have debauched the adverb and the adjective, it is true, but they have not yet had the courage to throw the battered bodies overboard. They have snubbed the good old punctuation marks, but still meanly depend upon them in a pinch. Two colors and several types have appeared in their pages, but with what crudity. A yellow article full of scarlet lies dripping with purple sentimentalism, and with a black motive at the bottom of it, is printed in 8 point, with only a scattering of italics, or a black and red headline, to indicate its vivid and emotional mendacity.

A high-school psychologist knows that it takes a stronger and then a stronger stimulus to keep up excitement in a jaded nerve. Either the journalists and the advertisement writers must give up their struggle to divert us from dull truth, or devise a more compelling diction. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale University, August 21.

Literature

MR. GOSSE'S CRITICISM.

Collected Essays of Edmund Gosse. Five volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

Some time ago we had occasion in these columns (*Nation,* March 27, 1913) to review Mr. Gosse's latest and in some respects best collection of essays, his "Portraits and Sketches," and this volume has now come to us with four others, printed in uniform and attractive style. As we turn the pages of these successive series it is a pleasure to note the growth in charm and precision from the earliest (the "Seventeenth Century Studies," of 1883) to the later work, and to distinguish the persistent elements of strength and weakness in Mr. Gosse's criticism. The first series of essays was an attempt to do in a systematic way "for the rank and file of seventeenth-century literature what modern criticism has done, on a much larger scale, for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden." It was, to a certain extent, pioneer work. Among the authors chosen for study, Crashaw and Cowley had not then been issued in the admirable and cheap library of the Cambridge English Classics, nor had the "Matchless Orinda" appeared in Mr. Saintsbury's convenient collection of the minor seventeenth-century poets. But it cannot be said that Mr. Gosse was highly successful in his lucubrations. There is in his book no serious criticism of the great currents that moved through the age, and he failed to give vivid reality to so human a figure as Lodge. Some of his critical dicta are scarcely tenable, and he has never been impeccable in matters of pure scholarship. "Already," he says, for example, "in these Euphuistic romances we trace in embryo certain qualities which have always been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon fiction, a vigorous ideal of conduct, a love of strength and adventure, an almost Quixotic reverence for womanhood." It is a mighty word, this "Anglo-Saxon," but it would puzzle the most ardent advocate of racial distinctions to show how English Euphuism differed in these particular traits from its Italian original. And we should like Mr. Gosse to prove that "she [Julia] bore him [Herrick] one daughter, . . . to whom he addressed one of his latest poems." On the other hand, there are hints in this earliest volume of the sort of thing in which the critic was to show himself a master. The chapter on Captain Dover's Cotswold Games is a pleasant jaunt into one of the less-trodden byways of literature, and the sketch of Orinda needs only a little freer use of that matchless nymph's correspondence to be a charming portrait.

In such things Mr. Gosse was to display a skill and neatness by no means so common in English letters as one might suppose, or so easy to attain—in his light and facile handling of lesser and more curious topics. And his second volume, "Gossip in a Library," a series of very brief musings on the

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rarer books in his own possession, is Mr. Gosse at his best, a most human pedant and entertaining fireside companion. The key-note of the volume is struck in a paragraph of the Introduction, than which the author has never done anything better:

I have heard that the late Mr. Edward Solly, a very pious and worshipful lover of books, under several examples of whose book-plate I have lately reverently placed my own, was so anxious to fly all outward noise that he built himself a library in his garden. I have been told that the books stood there in perfect order, with the rose-spray flapping at the window, and great Japanese vases exhaling such odors as most annoy an insect-nostril. The very bees would come to the window, and sniff, and boom indignantly away again. The silence there was perfect. It must have been in such a secluded library that Christian Mentzelius was at work when he heard the male book-worm flap his wings, and crow like a cock in calling to his mate. I feel sure that even Mentzelius, a very courageous writer, would hardly pretend that he could hear such a "shadow of a sound" elsewhere. That is the library I should like to have. In my sleep, "where dreams are multitude," I sometimes fancy that one day I shall have a library in a garden. The phrase seems to contain the whole felicity of man—"a library in a garden!"

That "sober certainty of waking bliss" remained, so far as we know, not for the meritorious author of these essays, and was never set forth in suitable English speech save by the creator of "Dreamthorp." But Mr. Gosse was to become librarian of the House of Lords, acquiring thereby, as we have heard one of his cynical friends declare, association with the two things he most coveted, rare books and titles—not book titles. At least there is no harm in repeating a bit of innocent gossip, of the kind that might go into one of Mr. Gosse's own anecdotal essays. His particular "Gossip in a Library," of which we are now speaking, deals, however, not with the living but with the dead, although it ends with a few words about the authors of "Ionica" and "The Shaving of Shagpat," who have only since then gone to that land "without folios," dreaded by Charles Lamb and all other true worshippers of ancient print. A number of the essays in brief discuss men and books of the seventeenth century, but the most characteristic of them draw on that treasure-house of anecdote and entertainment which a recent historian has called the Age of Whigs and Wigs. Who but Mr. Gosse ever heard of "Amasia; or, The Works of the Muses; in three volumes; by Mr. John Hopkins"? Well, the author of "Amasia" "was no poet," as our essayist observes, "but he possessed the faculty of writing with exactitude about himself"—a most rare and virtuous faculty—and out of his three volumes we have here seven pages of well-woven anecdote which lift the veil from an obscure corner of life in the year seventeen hundred. One of Mr. Hopkins's numbers is entitled "To Amasia, tickling a gentleman":

It was no perfunctory tickling that Amasia administered:

While round his sides your nimble fingers played,
With pleasing softness did they swiftly rove,
While, at each touch, they made his Heart-strings move.
As round his Breast, his ravish'd Breast they crowd,
We hear their Music when he laughs aloud.

This is probably the only instance in literature in which a gentleman has complacently celebrated in verse the fact that his lady-love has tickled some other gentleman.

Like other true lovers, Mr. Hopkins had to console himself with the shadowy muse in lieu of the lady who was destined by a fateful papa to wed another—tickled or untickled—gentleman. But he, though least of poets, has his reward: in these pages of Mr. Gosse's he is still young, and Amasia is forever fair. We cannot follow Mr. Gosse as he picks one rare volume after another from his shelves. Occasionally he is too brief for virtue. Who would not relish a long study, with generous quotations, of that "Diary of a Lover of Literature" which, with Wesley's "Journal" and Crabbe's "Poems," was the *délices* of Edward FitzGerald?

Yet, if occasionally too condensed, Mr. Gosse might have done well to follow more strictly his own motto from La Fontaine:

> Bornons ici cette carrière:
> Les longs ouvrages me font peur;
> Loin d'épuiser une matière,
> On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

His next volume, the "Critical Kit-Kats," is made up of full-blown critical portraits, better altogether than the "Seventeenth Century Studies," but, to our taste, not so perfect as their shorter predecessors. Again we note the uncertainty of touch in critical matters of larger moment. Asking himself, for instance, why Keats lives among the English poets, he replies: "Originality of poetic style was not, it seems to me, the predominant characteristic of Keats. It might have come with ripening years, but it cannot be at all certain that it would. It never came to Pope or to Lamartine, to Virgil or to Tennyson"—and then an elaboration of this dictum. Most critics, we opine, would say that originality of poetic style was the one great native gift which Keats possessed when he wrote his "Endymion"—too licentious an originality if anything—and Virgil's style, beyond cavil, is one of the most individual and least imitable in the whole history of poetry. In some of the other essays in this volume Mr. Gosse proceeds more surely. From the "Walt Whitman," to name one of the best, a number of excellently judicious paragraphs might be quoted. There is at least matter for curious reflection in such a paradox as this:

Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality, something that maddens the judgment until the wisest lose their self-control. Therefore, I propound a theory. It is this, that there is no real Walt Whitman, that is to say, that he cannot be taken as any other figure in literature is taken, as an entity of positive value and defined characteristics, as, for instance, we take the life and writings of Racine, or of Keats, or of Jeremy Taylor, including the style with the substance, the teaching with the idiosyncrasy. In these ordinary cases the worth and specific weight of the man are not greatly affected by our attitude towards him. An atheist or a Quaker may contemplate the writings of the Bishop of Down without sympathy; that does not prevent the "Holy Dying" from presenting, even to the mind of such an opponent, certain defined features which are unmodified by like or dislike. This is true of any fresh or vivid talent which may have appeared among us yesterday. But I contend that it is not true of Whitman. Whitman is mere *bathybius;* he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface.

A better sentence than any of these, highly characteristic of the critic himself, and not in contradiction to what has just been quoted, though seemingly so, is the following:

When people are still young and like roughing it, they appreciate a picnic into Whitman-land, but it is not meant for those who choose to see their intellectual comforts round them.

But, after all, the real intellectual comforts (how beautiful the word "comfort," and how debased by its modern materialistic associations!) in these "Kit-Kats" are not the critical passages, but the more personal pages in which the author tells, always with gentlemanlike discretion, of his friendly relations with such men as Walter Pater and Robert Louis Stevenson and Lord De Tabley. We could almost wish that decorum had not restrained Mr. Gosse from relating more unreservedly the strange and vexed life of the last-named. But we must be content with hints at the deeper and more tragic aspects of that poet's career, while relishing fully the friend and book-lover in him. Who that has ever shared a treasure trove with a fellow-searcher will not delight in this anecdote that displays the collector's most honorable traits?

In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before. Too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume, namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run,

Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing,

originally stood,

The enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing,

"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound, and was so much better than the weak 'like glories.'"

Were it not for the fear of being too long, without Mr. Gosse's excuse of literary talent, we should like to comment on another anecdote which shows Lord De Tabley rebuking Browning for light treatment of a copy of Davenant's "Madagascar." "Oh!" exclaimed the irate collector afterwards, "I could not allow him to *patronize* Davenant." This, we think, the gift of happy personal reminiscence, whether of men he has known or

of rare books he has coddled, is the vein which makes of Mr. Gosse one of our most genial critics, and justifies the very comfortable (if we are not ourselves helping to debase that word) republication of his essays. The reader may discover for himself how far these qualities penetrate the "French Profiles," and the *Nation* has already pointed to their abundant presence in the "Portraits and Sketches."

CURRENT FICTION.

Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We have always respected Mr. Herrick for his seriousness, and admired him for his power of presenting character and episode. But we have had occasion to deplore a lack of restraint and concision in the use of his abundant materials. He has seemed to yield too freely to the spell of what he has recently formulated as "the state of flux of our life, the complexity and bigness of the American social background." That is an amazing thing to contemplate; an appalling thing to reduce as a whole to terms of art. Mr. Herrick's imagination did not prove big enough for the huge canvas he first chose to employ. He would produce a series of vivid groups, each drawn with well-nigh photographic distinctness, but it was hard to get the meaning of the composition as a whole. In the later novels, he has steadily narrowed his scene, and as steadily broadened his interpretation. The flux and the bigness of American life are felt in the atmosphere of "One Woman's Life" or "Clark's Field," as they were not in the mere dimensions of "Together."

Of "Clark's Field" we have the happy feeling that we cannot speak too warmly. Here is another story of "one woman's life," but the woman is very different from the exigent butterfly who has appeared so often in this writer's pages. To be sure, we find the child Adelle in that atmosphere of middle-class squalor from which so many beautiful and heartless heroines have emerged of late. Her aunt keeps a boarding-house in a village which is rapidly becoming a part of the Eastern city of B——. Clark's Field is a fifty-acre tract "tied up" for two generations by the disappearance of a part heir. Adelle's grandfather has tried to sell it for $5,000, but has failed for lack of a clear title. When Adelle reaches her majority and comes into the property, it is worth a thousand times that. The difficulty of the joint heir has been obviated by the skilful hand of the trust company which is her guardian.

But before the hour of her full inheritance she has come a long way from the boarding-house at Alton. Mr. Herrick has pictured her first girlhood as plain, dull, without attractiveness or promise. The fashionable boarding-school to which the trust company sends her does not educate her mentally or morally. Still, there is something sound at the bottom of her "dumbness," something unfelt but inviolable. She becomes a spendthrift, an idler, makes a foolish marriage, suffers for her folly. But all the time there is within her a germ of character, of goodness, and of strength. This carries her through the butterfly phase, this gradually rouses her sluggish intelligence, and when a horrible personal experience comes to her, this lifts her above despair or apathy. We leave her a triumphant figure, a figure of beauty and power wrought from the most unpromising materials. Goodness and beauty are also in the figure of the Clark cousin, Adelle's kinsman in nature as in blood, who comes into her life by a road which realism would have none of. Indeed, the whole conclusion of the matter may easily be disposed of as vague and sentimental by an unsympathetic reader. But we believe that Mr. Herrick will find many sympathetic readers for this sincere and imaginative study of human life.

"If Mr. Herrick were older," said Mr. Howells not long ago, "I should say that he had learned from life how patient people are with disappointment, in the larger rather than the smaller experiences, and how beautiful and pathetic their resignation to fate is." We have more than once commented on the elegiac, almost plaintive, strain in Mr. Herrick's work. Unless as a matter of style, there is nothing of that here. For firmness of structure, singleness of effect, vigor, and hopefulness of spirit, the book stands by itself among Mr. Herrick's novels.

The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is easy to understand the popularity of Mr. Chambers's novels. He writes usually a thoroughly readable tale of adventure, and long practice has made him a master in the art of mixing the ingredients that go to the composition of such a story in exactly the proportions that please the public taste. His latest work is an admirable example of his style. It deals with that period of the Revolution when the colonists were waging war against the great Indian confederacy of the Iroquois, and when the proud gentry of County Tryon, dispossessed of their estates by the Committee of Sequestration, had joined forces with the marauding Indians and were spreading terror through the countryside. The broad outlines of history are retained, but are diversified with the individual adventures of the hero, a young ensign in Morgan's Rifles. And the hero is all that he should be—young and brave and pure, modest withal, and just sufficiently unintelligent in some respects to make the reader feel pleasantly that he is, after all, of common clay, even as the reader himself. Sentiment is mingled judiciously with adventure, and the heroine has all the graces as well as all the virtues that the heart of man can desire. Due heed is paid to the romantic aspect of the Indian, and we find again with a rush of reminiscent gratitude the stirring ceremony whereby the hero and a noble red man forge the bond of blood-brotherhood. Altogether, this is a brisk story of adventure.

Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The color of this long and sustained romance largely rises from its setting—the Mississippi steamer Votaress, bound from New Orleans to Louisville with a crowd of immigrants on the lower deck, and on the upper the young hero, son of the line's owner, and the young heroine, daughter of a keen commercial rival. It is rich in character contrasts, and through the book, subordinated as regards interest only to the lovers, move the Senator, the gambler, the bishop, the backwoods actor, the farmer, the roustabout, and the merchant. Out of this motley world naturally rises a story of considerable complexity, which it more than taxes the author's power to handle deftly. Cholera breaks out upon the lower deck, and a panic threatens which calls forth an appealing exhibition of heroism on the part of two or three. There are, too, certain sequels to a previous river disaster, which involve the attempt to conceal an ex-slave. The climax comes when mutiny, fear, wrath, smouldering on every deck in an atmosphere of unreason, are averted through a theatrical performance planned by the young people of the boat and by the "play-actors." Next to the superfluous complexity of the plot, the chief blemish is the author's ill-success in portraying the heroine. She grows from a hoyden to a poised young woman, it is true—but it is as the hoyden, giggling in times of crisis, untouched in times of real emotion, that we think of her.

Tarzan of the Apes. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is hard to imagine how more elements of mystery and thrill could be assembled between a pair of book-covers. We have heard of human children reared by beasts, but Mowgli is a feeble fancy compared with this hero. Tarzan is not only adopted by a sheape, he is heir to an English title. He not only travels by preference through the tree-tops, with or without passengers, but he kills lions by jumping on their backs and carrying the double Nelson to its spine-breaking finish. He teaches himself to read and write English without ever having heard a word spoken, and learns to speak it clubmanly in the course of a week or two. In his character of naked savage he wins the love of the American maiden, and shows the result of Norman blood by his chivalrous treatment of her. He also finds a treasure chest for her indigent popper, rescues her from a forest fire, and performs other feats too numerous to mention in this place. The crowning bit of ingenuity with which the author is to be credited is the means of his identification as the true Lord Graystoke. At six weeks of age he has left infant finger-prints upon a page of his father's diary, and the diary has survived! Only persons who like a story in which a maximum of preposterous incident is served up with a minimum of compunction can enjoy these casual pages.

WHIGS AND PITTITES.

Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition. By D. A. Winstanley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.95.

This is a work of great merit, revealing care and thought on every page, and is probably the best account that has been written of a very chaotic and hence very difficult period. Since the appearance of von Ruville's Life of William Pitt, English scholars have turned eagerly to the old problem of interpreting the politics of the first half of the reign of George III. They have been inspired either by the hope of refuting von Ruville's aspersions on the character of that popular hero, William Pitt, or else by the scholarly results of the German savant's methods. The problem of Pitt had already engrossed the attention of Dr. Winstanley before the appearance of von Ruville's volumes; but he shows in the above work the German's influence by a more painstaking examination of the archival material and a greater care in the weighing of evidence. There is no indication of his intentional desire to take issue with von Ruville, although he by no means follows the latter's interpretations.

The theme of the book is politics; and no previous writer has shown an equal understanding of the "men and measures" of the period. Mr. Winstanley has made a careful study of the personality and the politics of each individual, so that he is able to give in brief pen-pictures the portraits of those politicians who have made the reign of George III so notorious. Here we find an excellent likeness of the Duke of Newcastle, with a rather more prepossessing countenance than is usually drawn. In spite of his many mannerisms and his suspicions, the old Duke was learned in the game of politics and his advice better than that of the younger men, like the Marquis of Rockingham, who were so eager to slip the mantle from his shoulders. The picture of Lord North is not less well drawn. His imperturbable good nature and his keen sense of humor made him a foe against whom the darts of sarcasm and invective were ineffective.

In spite of the title of the volume, we do not see so much of Chatham as might be expected. Naturally enough, the greater part of the book is filled with an account of the Chatham-Grafton Ministry, at which time the former was at home nursing his mysterious gout, the details of which Mr. Winstanley spares us. But Chatham is not left out of the picture, and the author brings him forward at the proper periods and displays him in all his majesty. Chatham is a favorite of Mr. Winstanley's, and he shows him off to the fullest advantage, although he is no blind worshipper of the inspired statesman.

The keystone of Mr. Winstanley's interpretations of the politics of the era lies in the conflict of two opposing theories of government: the one favored by the court was that of Bolingbroke, which disapproved of political parties; that maintained by the "Whig Opposition" was that party government was inevitable and salutary. George III believed that in Chatham he had found the ideal man to make Bolingbroke's theory a reality. Men were to be chosen by the Prime Minister, not for their party affiliations but for their fitness to govern. Mr. Winstanley shows how this plan completely broke down through the failure to persuade men to leave their political connections, through the sickness of Chatham and the weakness of Grafton, until under Lord North the King became the real master and the Whig party was broken.

The volume is so good that it is a pity that it is not perfect; but there is one fundamental error in Mr. Winstanley's interpretation for which the reader has to make many readjustments. Like so many English historians, he is infatuated with the name of Whig and reads back into the eighteenth century conditions which prevailed only after the death of George III. To him Whig generally means that faction which was formerly led by the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, but which, during the period under review, looked to the Marquis of Rockingham as its leader, and to Edmund Burke as its spokesman. He knows that there were other Whig groups, such as the Bedfordites, the Grenvillites, and the Pittites, and even Whigs among the court faction, but the fact that there are these other Whig groups has not led him, any more than it has other distinguished English historians, to modify his interpretation. For Mr. Winstanley the "Old Whigs" stand for the Whig party.

If Mr. Winstanley had considered more carefully the later history of this group of men, he would not have fallen into this error. They were those who made that "unhallowed alliance" with Lord North against Lord Shelburne; they formed the faction which divided at the period of the French Revolution, one group, the most weighty, showing their real colors by joining to form the new Tory party, the other becoming the centre of the new Whig party.

The period which Mr. Winstanley covers was one when there were no parties, only factions, which grouped themselves generally according to self-interest. Most of the groups were incompetent and self-seeking. Their leadership was in the hands of "standpatters," and that particular faction of the Old Whigs was of the most conservative character. Their philosophy was based upon the principle of *laissez faire*, and with Burke they gazed in awe upon the machinery of that "best of all constitutions" and would not mar its perfections by laying unhallowed hands upon it. It was this fundamental principle of theirs which prevented Lord Chatham from joining with them—and why he did not is a mystery to all Whig historians, including Mr. Winstanley. Lord Chatham and his following were most pronounced progressives, who believed that the Government should cure the evils existing in society. They would extend the suffrage; they would overhaul the civil service. They were expansionists; they advocated governmental control of East India and the development of the colonial possessions in the west of America. Thus the fundamental principles of the Pittites and the Old Whigs were irreconcilable, and they wouldn't unite. When they did, in 1782, it was only for a moment, and then they separated to renew their struggle.

If Mr. Winstanley had grasped this fundamental difference between the Pittites and the Old Whigs, he would probably have reached other interpretations of some events. When the Rockingham Ministry came into power in 1765, they tried very hard to induce Pitt to join them, but he said then, as always, that "measures not men" were what he considered; and during the whole of their brief period of power the Old Whigs never exhibited an interest in a broad progressive policy. They even nullified their repeal of the Stamp Act by passing the Declaratory Act, which was so contrary to the opinion of Pitt. When, in 1766, Pitt (or Lord Chatham) came into power, he persuaded individuals of the Old Whig faction to remain in his Ministry; but they soon left it, because, as they alleged, the Minister removed Lord Edgecombe from office; but before that was done, Alderman Beckford had announced what the new Minister's policy in East India was to be, and the Old Whigs showed by their opposition to the later measures introduced by the Ministry that they never could have stood on the same political platform with Lord Chatham. Did the Old Whigs use the removal of Lord Edgecombe as an excuse to leave a Ministry whose measures they could not support? Mr. Winstanley does not see the necessity even of asking this question; nor, because he identifies the Old Whigs with the Whig party which developed later, is he able to explain why Chatham turned always to the Duke of Bedford in his negotiations to gain additional strength for the Ministry rather than to the Marquis of Rockingham, even when the King expressed his preference for the latter.

THE NOBLE LECTURES ON DANTE.

The Spiritual Message of Dante. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

The six lectures contained in this volume are those delivered at Harvard in 1913 on the William Belden Noble foundation. Their purpose is primarily religious. "They are not intended as a contribution to the critical study of the 'Divina Commedia,'" the Preface states; "they are simply thoughts on religious experience as exemplified in Dante's poem."

The spiritual message of the "Comedy" is so clear and so compelling that it must remain deeply impressive in any faithful report, and it is impressive, indeed, in these lectures, which are enthusiastic as well as faithful. They are good in their exposition of the nature of sin as Dante conceived it; they are excellent in their insistence on the energetic quality of the divine love. Plain Dantesque truths are often plainly and effectively restated: "for ordinary mortals

the very sight of evil is bad, and may end in a paralyzed conscience"; "the readiness to bear the penalty becomes a remedial power"; "righteousness is as the salt of love, to preserve it from corruption"; "the power of evil is in the spiritual enfeeblement which results from evil indulged in."

The impressiveness of the lectures is, however, seriously impaired by their sentimentality. Human love is a fond theme with Bishop Carpenter; he treats phase after phase of it with zeal and zest, even to the rehabilitation of Rahab. Eight pages are spent in drawing and defending a wholly imaginary picture of the maternal love that Dante supposedly enjoyed in his childhood —this argument, among others, being offered in the defence: there is a story that before Dante's birth his mother dreamed that her offspring was a peacock; such stories do not circulate round an unwelcome child; *ergo*, etc. The Paolo and Francesca legend is set forth, like a favorite *novella*, in sweet phrasing and in full detail; the ugly historical facts are briefly told; and we are then bidden to forget the facts and remember the "pathetic romance" on the ground that the legend is what appealed to Dante!

Scarcely less unfortunate is the haphazard composition of the lectures. The Preface offers an apology: the book must represent the lectures as they were given, and they were not written out before they were given. But if the book was to represent the lectures as given, they should have been given in a form ready for publication. Dante held that the proper utterance of his supreme message required the most exquisite formal care. He who would report that message as Dante would have it reported should be systematic in plan, appropriate in detail, choice in imagery, and measured in diction. Bishop Carpenter's pages are repetitious in the extreme; certain ideas and groups of ideas are forced upon the reader with such frequency that resentment tends to cancel acquiescence. Irrelevant digressions and *exempla* abound, particularly in the first two lectures. The cold hands of William Pitt, Masson's portrait of Shakespeare, the disinterment of Rossetti's poems, the misfortunes of Jim Bowker, the "exercises" at Nauheim—what have these to do with the spiritual message of Dante? With regard to Dante's description of his emotion on first meeting Beatrice we are told that "it is all most true; but the emotion felt was emotion, as it were, in the cradle; the emotion described is emotion which is struggling out of the cradle, but the baby is the same." Elsewhere occurs this figure: "I am not attributing these thoughts to Dante, though they are the outcome of one of those pregnant fragments of thought which Dante has left hanging, as it were, on the hedges of the way along which his pilgrim feet have trod." Again we have: "The Florentine school rose to a higher level, and founded a school of love which bore the shield of a lofty purity"; "at the summit we meet those who are not so much sinners as those who lacked the help of Christianity." For phrasing such as this the "De vulgari eloquentia" has stern adjectives.

The student of Dante will be annoyed, moreover, by a considerable number of loose statements and downright errors. "There is a studied reserve in his writings: he does not darken sanctities with song." Darken, no; but did any other poet ever so illumine them? "The spirit of Dante's age saw woman as one might behold a glorious vision." Rather, the spirit of Dante and a very few poet-comrades. For the spirit of Dante's age, see the "Decameron." "It [the "Divine Comedy"] is not a work in which a great poet's vivid imagination plays over a theme of worldwide interest." But it is precisely such a work, and none the less so because at the same time "it is a personal record." Dante never watched the slow growth of Giotto's tower; the rise of the Provençal lyric is not the romantic movement; sins of impulse do not "grow into sins of wilfulness" in the Styx; Caina, not Caino, awaited Gianciotto; Aeolus did not cease to be a god when he let out the winds; there is but one angel in the boat of the redeemed; there was no local pride in Dante's inquiry if there were any *anima latina* among the envious; the two words "Agnus Dei" did not make up the whole prayer of the wrathful; it was not the *works* of Statius that Juvenal brought to Limbo; Guido Guinizelli was not a Provençal poet.

The book is well printed, and the illustrations are excellent.

THE NEW REALISM.

The Concept of Consciousness. By Edwin B. Holt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

The volume before us, from the pen of a Harvard professor, is the latest production of the school of philosophers known as the new realism. The present volume hardly disturbs the impression that the main purpose of the school is to administer a refreshing shock of scandal to a bored philosophical world by parading a contemptuous disregard for all existing philosophy, along with an obsequious deference to natural science and mathematics. Mr. Holt's special brand of realism belongs in general with the airy mathematical Platonism (in Mr. Holt rather Neoplatonic) of Mr. Bertrand Russell, whose magnificent manner he seems to imitate in his style. But he lacks the Jovian self-assurance of Mr. Russell, his tone is often petulant and shrill, and his repetitious emphasis upon the finally "neutral" character of all "entities" betrays a certain sense of hollowness.

Mr. Holt's theory of consciousness is an elaboration of the theory of James embodied in the essay "Does Consciousness Exist?" which may be said to have begotten the new realism. James's point (by no means new in the history of philosophy) is that when I perceive, say, a tree, experience reveals but one tree, which is at the same time a real tree, having an objective existence in the material world, and a subjectively perceived tree belonging to the order of ideas in my mind, each according to the order, or "context," in which it is placed. Thus the "entity" tree, in Mr. Holt's terminology, is "neutral"; and "consciousness," on the one hand, and "matter," on the other, are but different configurations of neutral entities. For Mr. Holt, however, consciousness is an order determined by the relation of these to the nervous system. It is "that cross-section of the realm of being to which the organism specifically responds." Consciousness is therefore a mere relation, and logically, it would seem, not a more significant relation (if we may now speak of significance) than a cross-section of the world determined by reference to the dog-star or to my lead-pencil. As for the fact of error, Mr. Holt boldly takes the bull by the horns and puts error into the objective world. He does the same with volition. Knowledge of the past *is* past, *i. e.*, knowledge of the first century is, as far as it goes, identical with the first century; in the character of knowledge, it is simply the first century mutilated. Here, for convenience, he assumes that the nervous system can get in touch with an object without the intervention of sense-organs, the contrary notion being relegated to "the mind of the hod-carrier" or of the idealistic philosopher. And as for knowledge of the future, well, "If most persons know more of the past than of the future, it is chiefly because they do not take the trouble to look at the future" (253). This sounds as if the relational theory of consciousness were in desperate straits; and the impression is confirmed by a number of passages (187, 202, 209) in which empirical evidence is offered to show that consciousness "depends upon" the nervous system. Such statements, if they mean anything, must mean that consciousness is not fully defined by the relation of dependence itself.

Not less remarkable than the concept of consciousness is the concept of the "neutral entities" which constitute the "being" of consciousness and matter alike. The stuff of which they are composed—rather, the stuff which they are—is something which Mr. Holt calls "logic." And "logic" is created by the simple expedient, borrowed from the mathematicians, of affirming without argument—as axiomatic, perhaps—the highly debatable theory of real classes, *i. e.*, that the classes of things constitute an eternal order which is independent of any purpose of classification. The neutral entities then form a hierarchy of "logical" classes. Their neutrality is secured by the equally simple expedient of attributing subjective qualities to objective things and objective qualities to subjective things. Thus a collision of bodies is called a "contradiction" of propositions, and propositions are said to be "active" (in a sense not defined) and, we might say, to "do things" to terms.

From this it would seem that the neutral entities, instead of being "neutral" and having the qualities *neither* of consciousness nor of matter, have all the qualities of both; and, further, that consciousness and

matter have each all the qualities possessed by the other. What becomes, then, of the relational distinction of consciousness and matter, is not at all clear. Nor, we imagine, is it clear to Mr. Holt. We have to thank Mr. Holt for much that is stimulating, some of it amusing. "Never," however, writes Mr. Santayana, with this book before him, "was a group of thinkers so sophisticated and so ill-educated"; and never, we might add, have academicians set before the world a philosophy so half-baked. In following the derivation of entities through the deductive order of being, algebra, geometry, mass, physics, chemistry, material things, life, mind, the social sciences, and value (a unified nomenclature seems unattainable), we are reminded at once of the fantastic gnosticisms of the second century and of the amateur systems of philosophy that sometimes reach us from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Notes

"A Modern View of Christ" is announced for publication early this month by Henry Holt & Company.

B. W. Huebsch announces the publication of "The Death of a Nobody," by Jules Romains; "Tales of Two Countries," by Maxim Gorky, and "Tid'apa," by Gilbert Frankau.

The Oxford University Press announces the immediate publication of the following pamphlets: "The Germans: Their Empire and How They Have Made It," and "The Germans: What They Covet," by C. R. L. Fletcher; "Just for a Scrap of Paper," by Arthur Hassall; "Bacilli and Bullets," by Sir William Osler; "A Reply to the German Address to Evangelical Christians."

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of the J. B. Lippincott Company: "A Woman in China," by Mary Gaunt; "The True Ulysses S. Grant," by Gen. Charles King; "The Life of Napoleon," by Major Arthur Griffiths; "The Celebrated Madame Campan," by Violette M. Montagu; "London," by Sir Laurence L. Gomme; "Colonial Mansions of Maryland and Delaware," by John Martin Hammond; "Our Philadelphia," by Elizabeth Robins and Joseph Pennell; "The Mystery of the Oriental Rug," by G. Griffin Lewis; "Stories from the Operas," by Gladys Davidson; "The Book Fancier," by Percy Fitzgerald. In fiction the list includes: "The Three Furlongers," by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "The Ward of Tecumseh," by Crittenden Marriott; "The Duke of Oblivion," by John Reed Scott; "Wild Mustard," by William Jasper Nicolls; "Betty's Virginia Christmas," by Molly Elliot Seawell.

The importations in the autumn list of the Macmillan Company include a new volume of "Essays," by Lord Cromer; "Joachim Correspondence," translated by N. M. Bickley; "Essays of Addison," chosen and edited with a memoir and a few notes by J. G. Frazer; "Enchanted Tulips and Other Verses for Children," by A. E. and M. Keary; "General Index to the Golden Bough Series," by James G. Frazer.

For reasons that need not be enumerated the Brontë sisters have recently become the chosen field for every kind of wild surmise, and there is a real place for so well-informed and, on the whole, so judicious a study as Mrs. Ellis Chadwick's "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" (Brentano's; $3.75 net). In construction her work is bad, sinning especially by continuous repetitions which render the book tedious reading. But her knowledge of the literature, a confused mass, is minute, and she has been able to correct Mr. Shorter and Miss Sinclair, to name the two most exalted Brontëists, in many less important details, and has brought a saner judgment to bear on the important matter of interpreting human nature. Since Miss Sinclair's rhapsody on "The Three Brontës" (see the *Nation*, January 30, 1913, p. 104), in which she uttered what may almost be called a shriek of protest against those who would hint that so wonderful a creature as Charlotte had fallen in love with M. Heger or so vast a feminine genius had been seriously influenced by a mere man, the four letters of Charlotte to her "master," printed in the London *Times* of July 29, 1913, have come like a thunderbolt to clear the air of murky conjecture. Mrs. Chadwick had known of these letters before their publication, and had even corresponded with the Heger family in regard to the propriety of publishing them. They are now used by her to substantiate her theory that Charlotte's work was all determined by that one profound experience in Brussels.

Possibly Mrs. Chadwick goes a little too far in her own thesis, and certainly there is slender evidence to suppose that Emily was strongly influenced by M. Heger. But the chief flaw in her estimation of the three sisters is one she shares with those critics with whom in other respects she so violently differs. Since Swinburne's heated eulogy of Emily, in 1894, there has been almost a conspiracy to exalt the author of "Wuthering Heights" at the expense of Charlotte. Now Mrs. Chadwick not only accepts this critical theory (in itself very doubtful; for there is reason to expect that taste will again swing away from the present hysterical praise of Emily's novel to a better estimation of the solid greatness of "Jane Eyre"), but she makes her literary task the occasion of belittling Charlotte's personal character relatively to that of the other two sisters and Branwell. Charlotte may not have loved children, and she may have been an uneasy person to live with, but she had, we think, more stability of character than her present biographer credits her with. For the rest those interested in the lives of the Haworth family will find all the details studied here with almost exasperating minuteness. But the book is for the reader who is already somewhat immersed in the recent Brontë literature. To such a reader it can be recommended very heartily.

To the general reader, the most interesting passage in "The Life of John Edward Ellis, M.P.," by Arthur Tilney Bassett (Macmillan; $2.50 net), will be the four pages of description of Gladstone's Home Rule speech of 1886. This was given in a letter of Mr. Ellis to his wife, and, without taking up the points of the speech in detail, it carries one along in such a way as to convey the impression of the speech, together with its effect from time to time upon its hearers. Mr. Ellis has an eye for the theatrical also, as when he notes: "The tension of mind growing at times almost painful was relieved just now by one of those incidents people might call ominous. Bringing his hand down twice with rapid gestures, Mr. Gladstone struck, not the familiar box, but the Mace, which emitted a ringing sound and seemed to totter on its supports. Men whispered to one another 'the bauble,' and tittered." The subject of this biography was a Friend, or Quaker, who represented Rushcliffe in Parliament continuously for a quarter of a century. In the course of this service, he declined to allow his name to be presented for Speaker, but was chosen by John Morley as his Under Secretary for India and became a Privy Councillor. Lord Bryce contributes the preface.

From some twenty thousand extant love-letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo, two or three hundred have been edited, with a biographical introduction, by Louis Guimbaud, and translated into English by Lady Theodora Davidson ("Love Letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo." McBride, Nast; $2.50). The letters cover a connection of fifty years' duration, throughout the course of which the beautiful third-rate actress, with a shady past and an illegitimate child, was faithful in thought and word and deed. Hugo put a stop to her career on the stage, where her good looks might have carried her far, secluded her from the world, never allowed her to forget her history, and, that he might know her every thought, ordered her to write to him at least twice a day, though they met almost as often. The letters give us the embarrassing spectacle of a grand passion. Juliette washed Hugo's shirts, forgave his infidelities, adored his "little feet," and was the humble servant of his wife and children. The biography is well put together, and the translation reads smoothly.

Belief that a problem is insoluble is an unusual reason for writing a book about it, but in the preface to "Democracy and Race Friction" (Macmillan; $1.25 net) Dr. John Moffatt Macklin confesses his conviction of the insolubility of the race question. Naturally, his book is in part a description, in part an explanation of the causes, of the situation. Its effect is that of a collection of essays rather than a unified volume. The same points appear in different chapters. The author has read widely and thought carefully, but gets nowhere. One of his best chapters is on The Philosophy of the Color Line, the conclusion of which shows his idea of the way things are going in this country: "It is doubtless true," he says, "that in spite of fifty years of freedom, the negro, especially in the South, enjoys as a race fewer points of contact with the white and is less an integral part of the social order than he was in the days of slavery." At another place he remarks: "The negro is on trial and the issue is largely in his own hands." But this view is contradicted by the whole tone of the book. Upon certain points he is illuminating, as that of the position of the educated mulatto, but the book, despite its scholarship, has an effect of superficiality.

"Voyage aux Etats-Unis de l'Amérique, 1793-1798," by Moreau de Saint-Méry, edited with an introduction and notes by Stewart L. Mims (Yale University Press; $2.50 net), now for the first time published in full, is an his-

torical document of considerable value. Upon the accession to power of Robespierre, in 1793, Moreau, who had incurred his enmity in the Constituent Assembly, fled to Normandy, and in November sailed from Havre for the United States, landing at Norfolk in March, 1794. Here he remained about two months as shipping agent for a French firm, and then went to New York, where poverty compelled him to work as a shipping clerk. At New York he made the acquaintance of De La Roche, a German nobleman, and in October the two opened a book-shop and printing-office in Philadelphia, where Moreau remained for nearly four years. The business was not prosperous, but the shop became a rendezvous for literary people and French refugees. Moreau himself published during this period his two well-known works on San Domingo, besides two lesser books, and was an active member of the American Philosophical Society. Here Talleyrand found him in May, 1794, and from October, 1795, until June, 1796, when Talleyrand returned to Europe, the two men saw each other daily. In 1798, however, the hostility to Frenchmen brought Moreau under the proscription of the Alien Act, and in August he set sail for France.

The manuscript now printed was prepared for publication by Moreau. Margry found it in the Colonial Archives, and Pichot used small portions of it in his "Souvenirs Intimes sur Talleyrand," published in 1870. Pichot's extracts have also been used by Moreau's biographers. In preparing the work for publication, Moreau added to the journal references to a number of later events, together with long descriptions of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island, and Philadelphia. Not much of importance escaped his notice, and the student of American manners, morals, trade, prices, and the like will find these pages entertaining and informing. Professor Mims has reproduced the original text entire, save for an unimportant and imperfect description of the Schuylkill bridge, which Moreau translated from an English account; and has added some useful notes, a sketch of Moreau's life, and an index.

Ireland has been generally neglected by the students of witchcraft. Indeed, it has enjoyed, and to some extent deserved, the reputation of freedom from the delusion which raged so long and fiercely in other parts of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant. But there are a few sparse records of trials and persecutions which show that the superstition was not unknown on the island, and that it exhibited there most of its familiar phases. These pieces of testimony Mr. St. John D. Seymour has undertaken to gather together, and they have furnished him the material for an interesting little volume, "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology" (Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co.; $1.50). Though the work contributes not much that is new to the theory or description of witchcraft, it is of value in piecing out the history of the superstition. In addition to the familiar case of Dame Alice Kyteler (of the year 1324), Mr. Seymour has collected about a dozen definite instances of witches in Ireland, most of whom were brought to formal trial. To eke out this somewhat scanty material he has included one Irish-American witch, the well-known Mrs. Glover, described in Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," who was hanged in 1688. Since she insisted on using the Gaelic language in her testimony, much to the inconvenience of the court, she has a special claim to be reckoned among Irish witches. Mather, it may be remembered, records his regret that he had not learning enough to understand her without an interpreter—surely one of the earliest expressions of interest in Celtic linguistics on the part of an American scholar!

Many matters not strictly to be included under the definition of witchcraft, though in a broad way germane to the subject, are treated by Mr. Seymour. Tales of magic and of prophecy, of compacts with the devil, of ghosts and other apparitions, and of spectral evidence, are all introduced to illustrate the state of mind of the Irish people at various periods, and to show that the scarcity of witches was at all events not due to any unreadiness to believe in the supernatural or the uncanny. Particularly interesting to folklorists, and perhaps rather peculiar in the history of "Sadducism," is the almost indistinguishable mixture of the conceptions of witchcraft with the native Celtic fairy-lore, of which Mr. Seymour gives ample illustration. While the book is not heavily *dokumentiert*, it nevertheless appears to be trustworthy in the presentation of records. The author, too, shows a sufficient general acquaintance with the history of witchcraft and kindred subjects, though his statements are naturally here and there open to discussion. His references to James I, "that keen witch-hunter," for example, suggest that he has not pondered Professor Kittredge's defence of the royal demonologist in the volume of "Studies in the History of Religion," dedicated to Prof. C. H. Toy.

Another volume of the Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia has appeared ("Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia." 1695-1696, 1696-1697, 1698, 1699, 1700-1702. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.), and it is presumed that one more volume will complete the series. The editor states that the text of these journals has been obtained from transcripts of copies in the English Public Record Office: "No copy of any one of these journals has come to light elsewhere." As is well known to those familiar with this publication, the work has been published chronologically backwards, so that, at last, we begin to see the end. "The journals *in their entirety* appear for the first time in print in the present volume. The spelling, punctuation, capitalization, etc., of the manuscript journals in the English Public Record Office have been faithfully followed, even in the abbreviations"; so that we shall soon have a complete printed record from the beginning. Can any State show a record comparable to this of the first State, which was settled in 1607? The journals in this volume extend from April 18, 1695, to August 28, 1702. Queen Mary died on December 28, 1694, and "for six years England had been engaged in that great war with France which England's allies—Holland, Spain, Austria, Sweden, Savoy, the Palatinate, Bavaria, and Saxony—had been waging since 1688." The contrast to the present condition of things is interesting.

The record of the session of April 18 to May 18, 1695, may be taken as typical. Virginia at this time consisted of twenty-three counties and one city, and the Assembly transacted its business by means of three standing committees—Elections and Privileges, Public Claims, and Propositions and Grievances. The Governor's speech at the first session of 1695 was concerned with the commands he had received from the King and Queen, namely, that he should send assistance to New York, should fit out vessels to see that the Navigation acts were not violated, that suitable salaries should be fixed by law for ministers, and that he should encourage the establishment of William and Mary College, which had been chartered in 1693. He also stated that, on account of Indian incursions, he found it necessary to continue the rangers on the frontiers, and he recommended that the money to be raised by the poll tax should be lessened by the imposition of a duty on liquors. The address of the House to the Governor argued that the Colony was in no condition to send assistance to New York; that the fitting-out of armed vessels to cruise along the coast was a question which the Lords of the Treasury expected the Governor to handle without recourse to the General Assembly; that the clergy were already sufficiently provided for, and that there was no occasion at that time for the Assembly to do anything further for William and Mary College. The promise was made that the law as to the rangers should be reenacted, and that the Governor's suggestion as to taxing imported liquors should be carried out. The address on the question of assisting New York did not please the Governor and Council, and they were able to persuade the members of the House to recommend £500 for the purpose. This act was made discretionary with the Governor and Council, the object of the proviso being to keep the money at home if, at the time of the application, Virginia's need appeared great. In general, the proceedings of the Assembly are characterized by similar disputes with the Governor and the Council, attended sometimes with more, sometimes with less, acerbity. The present volume, however, closes on a more placid note, for when we come to the final session here recorded, that of August 14-28, 1702, relations have been somewhat amcliorated—possibly because the Governor and the Council had differences of their own—and in the Governor's speeches and messages there is an absence of the rather irritable insistence on giving advice that marked many of his previous addresses. There was a change of Governorship in 1698, Colonel—later Sir Francis—Nicholson succeeding Sir Edmund Andros, but the disputes appear to have been inherent in the office.

The trip to western China and southeastern Tibet, which inspired F. Kingdon Ward's volume, "The Land of the Blue Poppy" (Putnam), was a commercial one, made in the interests of a horticultural firm; the area explored was very limited, a small rectangle at the junction of Burma, Yunnan, and Tibet, and the narrative is in the form of a daily journal, with the dates omitted. Instead, however, of combining to dull the interest of the reader, these factors unite in making the book one of the most enjoyable that have been produced on central Asian exploration. The author has a simplicity of style and directness of diction which produce very vivid pictures. In a word, this is a very well-written volume, pervaded by the pleasant personality of a Shanghai school-teacher, who, besides being a keen observer, has a sense of

humor, and displays tact and sympathy in his relations with the natives. The region is little known, and of especial interest, owing to its border position, which will make it the scene of much activity in future history. People and plants may be said to be the dominant subjects of Mr. Ward's book, and there are interesting discussions on the remarkable meteorological conditions of the region. Excellent photographs, and text on dull-finished paper make the volume attractive, and several botanical and other appendices and a full index add to its value for purposes of reference.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A figure of interest in the present upsetting wars is Paul Claudel, the French poet, whose work has been explained in several recent numbers of the *Nation*. At the outbreak, he was at his post as Consul-General of France in Hamburg. The sudden stop put to all railway and navigation service made it difficult for him to leave, and, as is known from other examples, the Imperial Government did not furnish facilities for travelling homeward to the representatives of the countries with which it was beginning war. His friends were becoming uneasy at receiving no news from Consul Claudel, when it was learned that he had made his way by himself into Denmark. He finally arrived in France, and at once took his place in the army. It must have been with a pang of regret that he shouldered this new enmity, for he had been greatly appreciated in Germany, where "Claudelian' societies existed for the study of his poetry, like the Browning societies of America. Perhaps his work is destined to the same cosmopolitan existence as himself.

Paul Claudel is forty-six years old, and is a native of that part of France "where the champagne chalk meets the ploughlands of Soissons"—the region now trampled by German armies. From a Paris college he went to prepare for the Foreign Office at the famous Ecole des Sciences Politiques, where there have always been American students. At twenty-one he published his first play—"Tête d'Or"—violent, mystic, and without a trace of the circumambient symbolism. He frequented Mallarmé, without enlisting in any of the literary schools which were then following each other kaleidoscopically in Young France. At twenty-five he left for his Consular service in the United States, of which there is a reminiscence in the American of his drama, "L'Echange"—the almighty dollar finding the unbuyable. Thence he was transferred to China, and was there for many years an authority in the international problems of troublous times. He came back to Europe at forty, for yet another race experience as French Consul in Prague and Frankfort, and last in the important post of Hamburg. All this exotic living has left its traces in his literary work, but his life has been that of a man, and not mere literature.

Paul Claudel's person breathes in air of robust health, with square head and clear, deep-sunken eyes, large-browed, and broad-shouldered. His haversack books are the Bible and a volume of Thomas Aquinas and "radiant Pindar." At Fou-tcheou, in China, he printed his translation of Æschylus's "Agamemnon," proof-read by himself from the hand printing-press of Widow Rosario—a curious pendant to Kipling's less difficult Indian editions. Paul Claudel has caught wonderfully the strong movement of

> The fire that from the height of Ida sent
> Its streaming light, as from th' announcing flame
> Torch blazed to torch.

Yet, when all this exotic quality has been allowed for in his work—Greek and Chinese, American, English, and German—its essential spirit is that which he promises to his child born out of due space:

> For thy baptism three bells wait in the tower where they rang for thy father—
> At ten of the clock when the garden is fragrant and every bird sings in French!

When the new Pope Benedict XV made his first apparition at the inner balcony of St. Peter's, to bless the myriads kneeling on the church pave below, it was visible that the sleeve of his white robe was pinned round his lean arm at the wrist. The Vatican tailor has explained. As the Pope's blessing is given immediately after the election, the tailor provides beforehand three robes in as many sizes, so that one of them may more or less fit the new Pontiff. Now the Pope is little and thin to a degree not foreseen even in the third and least *zimarra* of those prepared. The name of the robe, in varying orthography subject to Grimm's laws, may be traced through many centuries of our own literature.

Science

The subjects of the biographies in Prof. Howard A. Kelly's "Some American Medical Botanists" (Troy, N. Y.: The Southworth Company) have had their names associated with the generic or the specific name of some plant; and since the list runs from early times to the present, the author has had abundant opportunity to gather and present a great amount of interesting material. The work has evidently been a labor of love in the moments of relaxation in a busy professional life; hence the treatment is throughout sympathetic rather than critical. The illustrations are excellent, and will enrich the library of any botanist.

Professor Curtis, of Columbia University, in the "Nature and Development of Plants" (Holt), gives to the elementary student of botany an admirable guide to the subject. He has been successful in simplifying the terminology, and he has thus freed the volume from many deterrent features. Moreover, he has interwoven a good deal of practical matter which will prove both useful and interesting. The work is obviously to be used in connection with a thorough lecture course, supplementing the text, and with laboratory practice. Many of the illustrations are new and are worthy of high commendation, although a few of them need a little more explanatory text. Doubtless, this additional information would always be supplied by the teacher. It is gratifying to notice that this volume is now in its third edition.

In "Making Fences, Walls, and Hedges" (McBride, Nast; 50 cents net), W. H. Butterfield gives most useful information. Fences, whether of wood, iron, or wire, have a right and a wrong way of being made. Gates, correctly weighted, are a specialty in themselves. Walls of stone, brick, concrete, and a combination of two or more of these materials receive attention in a separate chapter. The author gives a valuable estimate of the approximate cost of the different materials used in both fences and walls. The last chapter, on hedges, is most interesting. It shows their advantages and disadvantages, tells how to plant them and how and when to prune them, and enumerates a large variety of hedges in tabular form with the characteristics of each.

For twenty years it was Professor Slingerland's work as assistant entomologist at Cornell University Experiment Station to make special study of the insect problems met by New York State fruit growers. Some of the results were published by the station in bulletins, but a mass of valuable material still remained unpublished. It was with the idea of getting this additional information into shape so that it could be read and used by farmers that Professor Slingerland in the last months of his life and in spite of rapidly failing health worked devotedly in a vain attempt to complete the volume before us—"Manual of Fruit Insects," by Mark Vernon Slingerland and Cyrus Richard Crosby, edited by L. H. Bailey (Macmillan, $2). After his death it fell to Professor Crosby to collect and combine into a consecutive whole the copious unpublished notes. The outcome is a volume of nearly five hundred pages in which the more important insects injurious to deciduous fruits are concisely described and the main facts given relative to their distribution, life-history, and habits, the nature and extent of the injuries they inflict, and the means of control. The numerous illustrations are mostly from Professor Slingerland's own photographs, and the various references at the end of the discussion of each insect indicate where the reader may find still further material bearing on this important study. When one reads that the minor pests have not had even honorable mention in this insect manual, and nevertheless finds that the destructive insects mentioned total something over two hundred, one is inclined to think that if kindly old Cowper had had an orchard he would not have written so sadly about dropping from his calling list "the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." In fact, even a cursory study of these pests in their various forms is sufficient to convert one to a Tackleton frame of mind towards all creeping and flying insects, and make one promptly "scrunch 'em, *so*."

Business men are beginning to find that "it pays" to safeguard the lives and health of workers, to give them light, fresh air, sanitation, education, incentive to better themselves, and many employers will welcome the appearance of Prof. W. Gilman Thompson's book, "The Occupational Diseases" (Appleton), as the first comprehensive treatise on this subject by an American authority. Dr. Thompson's book is plentifully illustrated, and quotes many authorities. Symptoms, treatment, and prevention of a long list of diseases are treated in detail, and the hazards of various occupations clearly stated. The general pathology and etiology of the subject are followed by a chapter on general remedial measures, in which the section on prophylaxis is very complete and of great assistance to all workers in this field. The various appendices summarize a large part of the subject-matter of the book in tabulated form, as well as the main provisions of existing laws relative to the reporting of occupational diseases by physicians.

Drama and Music

"THE MIRACLE MAN."

Mr. George M. Cohan's dramatization, now running at the Astor Theatre, of Frank L. Packard's novel, "The Miracle Man," is of interest mainly because of the comparison which it invites with a play on a similar subject by the late William Vaughn Moody. "The Faith Healer," like the present piece, attempts to set forth dramatically the work of a miracle man. Readers of the *Nation* will recall Mr. Moody's rich characterization of the young shepherd who wrought wonders in a household in the Middle West, how the author was concerned chiefly with the shifting moods of his central character—the doubts and fears of Michaelis concerning his power, his enthusiasm and despair, his temptation at the bidding of love to become an ordinary mortal, and his final triumph. One will not have forgotten, either, the wealth of contrast and variation which the theme receives from surrounding personages. There is the Rev. Mr. Culpepper denouncing from his stronghold of orthodoxy the miracles as blasphemous; there is Dr. Littlefield's explanation of them as merely the workings of natural forces, and there is the buoyant symbolism exhaling from eloquent diction. "The Faith Healer" is the product of an author possessed of fine subtlety, as well as an acquaintance with fundamental human traits. Though Mr. Moody could not articulate what his play signifies, even dramatically, he at least conveyed the impression that the theme was placed on a worthy dramatic plane.

Yet "The Faith Healer," for whatever reason, met with small success. Mr. Cohan has produced a play which, measured by most of Mr. Moody's standards, is almost laughable; and, if one may judge by the attitude of his audiences, has achieved a success. The reason for the success is to be found not in any accumulation of sensational material, sensational, that is, in the accepted sense today. The only emphasis upon sex is seen in a repentant Magdalen, who can be matched by Mr. Moody's similar Rhoda. Moreover, the setting is a peaceful little village. The plot is simple in the extreme. A patriarch of Needley, Maine, is skilled in the faith cure. A man of righteous life, he has only one sadness, a yearning to have by him his sole relative, a grandniece whom he has never seen. This is opening enough for a crook from New York, who summons two of his pals and arranges that the girl with whom he has been living shall pass herself off as the niece. The point of the scheme is this: The patriarch, who has refused hitherto to accept pay for his services, can be induced to take it for the sake of his niece. This duly happens, and, aided by the impostors, who publish throughout the country an account of the benefits which they and others have received, the business rolls up to enormous figures.

Now comes the surprise. Beginning with the girl, who even at the start was not insensible of the charm and love of the patriarch, all four rogues at length succumb and are regenerated. But the patriarch has suddenly died. Was he aware of their trickery? "Oh, I hope he was," cries the girl in anguish, revealing an unsuspected depth in her nature.

The patriarch himself is but a *motif*, and as played by William Thompson, is fleshless. Even with the empty lines assigned to him, an actor of Mr. Thompson's standing might have done more than he did, though it is clear that the dramatic interest has been intentionally centred in other characters. And therein undoubtedly lies the popularity of the work. To most audiences a study of a faith healer will seem a bit of special psychology—which would have been the case with even Mr. Kennedy's Servant in the House if he had not been richly set off by other characters—whereas the effect of the seemingly supernatural upon normal people is a phenomenon with which all are familiar. To do the one thing very significantly would require a Shakespeare; the other problem does not demand extraordinary powers.

With so much said, "The Miracle Man" may be dismissed lightly. These rogues are crudely drawn, though to our thinking they do not exceed the bounds of credibility. George Nash was well picked for the arch offender, "Doc" Garfield, and Gail Kane, save for an elongated slouch, was attractive as the girl.

F.

"THE HAWK."

William Faversham will undoubtedly score a considerable popular success at the Shubert Theatre with "The Hawk," the new vehicle with which he has elected to celebrate his return from Shakesperean rôles to the modern drama, in which he first made his reputation. "The Hawk," from the French of Francis de Croisset, translated by Marie Zane Taylor and adapted and staged by Mr. Faversham, is by no means a great play; indeed, though described as "a drama of modern French life," it might as well be a drama of contemporary life in any age or country, for it is simply old-fashioned melodrama, redeemed from the banal by a touch of novelty in the handling of the theme. There is our old friend, the gentlemanly adventurer, who lives by his skill with the cards, and, on being found out, reveals the real nobility of his nature, and there is the love interest centred in a somewhat etherialized triangle.

Count George de Dasetta, the Hawk, infatuated with his wife, first takes to fleecing his friends at the card table in order that he may provide her with the pretty gewgaws that her soul loves, and even leads her to act as his confederate. But Marina, the wife, meets a platonic affinity in the person of René de Tierrache, and is influenced by his high idealism to desire a better way of life. She appeals to her husband to end it all, but it is too late; they are on the toboggan and cannot stop. Then she tells him that René has caught them cheating, but will not expose them. This is a powerful scene, and the situations leading to the climax are well worked up. There is only one reason that could make René spare them, and, accused by her husband, Marina confesses that the love of René and herself, though still pure, has ceased to be platonic. De Dasetta solves the difficulty by disappearing, and in the last act we find René and Marina, assisted by a *deus ex machina* in the person of an American millionaire, Eric Drakon, searching for the absent De Dasetta in order that he may, in accordance with French law, give his consent to a divorce. Of course he turns up opportunely, penniless and addicted to morphine, and the surprise of the play, well maintained until the very end, comes when Marina, moved by his condition and his unselfish love for her, decides, after all, to cast in her lot with him.

The machinery of the play creaks badly; exits and entrances are arbitrarily arranged, but the psychology of the ending is interesting, and the admirable acting of Mr. Faversham as De Dasetta, and of Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat as Marina, ably seconded by Mr. Frank Losee's Drakon, are sufficient to insure the success of the piece. In Mlle. Dorziat Mr. Faversham introduces to the American stage an actress of unusual talent and technical finish that is delightful to see. Mr. Conway Tearle's Hamletesque interpretation of René might perhaps be a little less sombre, but it is adequate.

S. W.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE."

"It Pays to Advertise," by Messrs. Megrue and Hackett, now on exhibition at Cohan's Theatre, is an amusing and meritorious play in its kind—a farce of considerable point and sparkle, skilfully done. The central idea of the piece—a rich father inciting his lazy son to labor by entering into collusion with a girl whom the son loves and whom the father apparently opposes—does not sound particularly promising or new. But in the treatment it becomes fresh, enjoyable, and not without its novelty, because the authors have connected the motive with the psychology of advertising—which has much interest in a country where the art and business of advertisement is at home. Behind the story there is thus a thought about life; not a deep or big one, to be sure, but still a thought, and this is particularly commendable in a farce, in that it is just the type of play where an idea is most likely to be wanting.

The theme is handled with decided ingenuity as to construction. The situations are well managed, with an eye to proper gradations, and those who have an eye to technique will recognize the neat use of counterplot: the son, planning to get the best of the father, is in turn plotted against, and various changes are rung on this involvement. The final act—that particular danger spot to the dramatist—sustains the interest and contains some of the best work of the play. If act one seems a trifle long, it can hardly be said to contain superfluous material. The situations are cleverly effected, and the dialogue for rapid-fire idiom and the contemporary note is excellent. The characterization, too, is clean cut and happily contrasted, this being particularly true of the two young men whose attempts to boom the market with 13 soap as business rivals of the father of one of them furnish the action of the play. Rodney the son is slow, simple, uninventive; Peale, his advertising partner, quick, slangy, and resourceful. They make admirable foils to each other. The refreshingly clean tone and genial humanity of the drama make one regret all the more a lugged-in bit of telephone business in the third act; it is quite out of key and gets but a cheap laugh at the best.

The only character that perhaps transcends the justifiable license of farce is that of the alleged French Countess so capitally played by Louise Drew. One hesitates to say it when so much is done with the part, but this young woman is too much for credence when surrounded with such a believable group of people. But she is great fun as played by Miss Drew, whose fluent manipulation of French is good to hear. The playing of the others is expert, and a good all-round performance the

result. Notably is this true of Mr. Cope, as the irascible, shrewd, kindly father. Will Deming's Peale, the irrepressible genius of publicity, has the proper gusto and bonhomie, and Grant Mitchell's Rodney, which in the first act threatened at times to be underplayed, grew steadily in excellence as the character developed. A word of approval also goes to Miss Shepley for a very natural and vivacious performance as Ruth. R. B.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra seems to have been the only American organization seriously affected by the war, and even that not sufficiently to jeopardize its season, as was at first feared to be the case. The other leading orchestras of the country, such as the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, lost only two or three players each, and the New York Symphony announces that none of its members were liable for military service. Saslavsky will continue to be the concert master; Barrère, first flute; Langenus, first clarinet; Renard, first 'cellist. The only newcomer is Henri de Busscher, formerly first oboe of the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London, and, previous to that, of the Ysaye Orchestra in Brussels.

Louise Homer, Yvonne de Tréville, the New York Vocal Quartet, and Mme. Schumann-Heink will be heard in recital or concert before the end of the year under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, at the Academy of Music. Julia Culp will be heard in January, and Emilio de Gogorza in February. The Brooklyn Oratorio Society is expected to give "The Messiah." The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Carl Muck, will give its usual series of concerts, while the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, announces a series of four concerts, and another series of five for young people, both with prominent soloists. There will also be violin and piano recitals by prominent soloists and a series of lectures on musical topics, including five by Louis C. Elson, who will talk on the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

One of the leading Chicago critics, Glenn Dillard Gunn, has sheathed his pen and taken in hand the bâton, with the special object of popularizing American music. Last season he led the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (founded by Theodore Thomas) in two concerts with American programmes, and on both occasions Orchestra Hall was virtually sold out. Two more concerts will be given this season. At the first, on November 2, the principal work to be played is the first MacDowell concerto, in the revised edition published by Breitkopf & Härtel. The soloist is to be chosen by competitive examination, the winner receiving a cash prize of $200, awarded by Charles G. Dawes. There is an amusing significance in rule four for this contest: "Judges will be chosen from representative musicians of Chicago, *pianists excepted.*"

Maud Powell will begin her tour on October 12. It will cover the country from coast to coast, from North to South. Her success is the more remarkable, inasmuch as, like Kreisler, she makes no concessions to a supposed demand for trash. She has found that most audiences really do not like so-called "popular" programmes. At the same time, "American audiences do not care for long, introspective things. Some sort of poetic or dramatic point is necessary—the music must paint a picture."

Art

Prof. W. Dörpfeld continued during this season his excavations in the vicinity of the recently discovered Temple of the Gorgon at Corfu, and some important finds were made. Of these the most interesting are large red terracotta fragments which, apparently, formed the gutter ledge running along the temple roof above the metopes and triglyphs. There are traces on them of a continuous pattern of leaves and rosettes which resembles the pattern upon Etruscan terracottas. Two tiles have also been found inscribed "ΕΠΙ ΔΙΟΝ" and "ΕΠΙ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ." The theory is that they were baked during the Prytaneia of Dionysias and Asklepiodoros. Professor Dörpfeld has also been searching upon Cape Kephali for further traces of the prehistoric settlement found there last year.

The epoch-making discoveries of the Bronze Age sites of Crete have been of such absorbing interest both to archæologists and to the public that it is little wonder that the succeeding period—the early Iron Age—with its monotonous geometric style, should have been rather neglected. But this period, though artistically uninspired, is historically of great importance. For it represents the link between the Minoan age and that of classical Greece; and it is only by gleaning all the evidence at our disposal that we can obtain more knowledge of the series of Northern invasions which swept away the great Minoan power and resulted finally in the establishment of historic Hellas. A systematic excavation of a geometric site in Crete is therefore of great value, and we owe a debt to Miss E. H. Hall for having carried it out. The results of her work are given in the anthropological publications of the University of Pennsylvania Museum for 1914 (Vol. III, No. 3, "Excavations in Eastern Crete, Vrokastro"). Vrokastro, the place selected by her, is a steep, limestone spur, situated on the east side of the valley of Kalo Khoris, which had for some time been regarded as a promising place for geometric remains. The objects found, which consist chiefly of bronzes and vases, and were discovered mostly in ruined houses and in tombs, range from the Middle Minoan III period to geometric times. In the main settlement on Vrokastro three epochs could be distinguished: the late Mycenæan period, the period of quasi-geometric style, and the geometric period, corresponding, as the author tries to show, to the three great invasions of Crete from the north, those of the Mycenæans, the Achæans, and the Dorians. With regard to the objects themselves, though nothing of great note was unearthed, there are some fine specimens of vases and bronzes of the usual types. One of the most interesting pieces is a bronze tripod of a somewhat rare shape, of which specimens have also been found at Knossos and Athens, and in Cyprus.

A mildly encouraging exhibit appears in the Studio "Year-Book of Decorative Art" (Lane; $3 net)—one not wholly inimical to the hope that civilization may not always proceed on anti-artistic lines. It covers, as usual, a year's progress in several European countries. The exposition is mainly pictorial; the text, brief and perfunctory. The showing would certainly be improved by an American section, for in the applied arts workers resident here reach a very high standard. The tone of the compilation could not fail to be raised by examples of recent work by such artists as I. Kirchmayer, wood sculptor; Mrs. Robineau, potter; Frank Koralewski, iron worker; Arthur J. Stone, silversmith; Charles Connick, stained-glass designer, and others. One feels that, except possibly for the French, these craftsmen are far above the average of those admitted to the year-book. Despite this omission, the Studio's display of houses and their furnishings is impressive.

While in France the arts and crafts revival as a distinctive movement has been perhaps less prominent than elsewhere, the French designers and artisans are so well trained, and their attitudes so professional, that their section quite outclasses the other exhibits. Theirs is mostly serious, logical work in accepted styles; though E. A. Taylor, who writes the introduction, has reason for saying that "for a time art has danced to strains from the Russian ballet, leaving here and there lingering notes on dress, fabrics, wall papers, and cushions." One especially likes M. Chigot's stained glass, Mme. Fernande Maillaud's woollen tapestries, and Edouard Sandoz's wood carving.

British, German, and Austrian craftsmen are determined at all costs to be artists, and their efforts, by comparison with those of the French, often look self-conscious and amateurish. Yet they are doing interesting things. The pictures of English town and country houses give a sense that British architecture is to-day in a healthier state, is less feeble and affected, than at any period since George III. The accessories are not quite so good as the houses—a condition for which the letter-press blames the art schools, though it may be suspected that South Kensington is a symptom, not a cause. When a master like Frank Brangwyn designs a chest for reproduction in incised lacquer one gets, of course, something that is worth while. The Germans are shown by their arts and crafts to be, as of yore, a proud, energetic people, who allow no known style or artistic impulse to get by them. The Austrians and Hungarians are all this, and then prone to devise a few futurist notions of their own.

In "How to Make a Country Place" (Orange Judd Co.) Joseph Dillaway Sawyer writes "an account of the successes and the mistakes of an amateur in thirty-five years of farming, building, and development"; and gives the reader what he considers a "practical plan for securing a home and an independent income, starting with small capital." The author purchased a farm, which by good fortune happened to be in a position to meet a demand for suburban occupancy; and being an enterprising, and evidently an exceedingly capable man, he apparently turned his investment to very good account. He tells here the story of the resultant development with the enthusiasm born of success, and with an enticing optimism that is scarcely warranted by general experience. The book is crammed with all sorts of material relative to farming, horticulture, and building, all being treated in an amateurish fashion. Of the 412 pages, 50 are given to indices, and nearly 150 to photographic plates of the greatest variety, illustrative of the author's many interests, but often having little relevancy to the subject he professes to discuss.

Finance

THE "$100,000,000 GOLD POOL."

The consent, in a body, of the banks of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis to subscribe from their own reserves their pro-rata share in a fund of $100,000,000 gold, to which (also pro rata) banks at all other "reserve cities" are expected to subscribe, raises a number of extremely interesting questions. The purpose of this so-called "gold pool" is well known. It is designed to guarantee the meeting of the country's maturing dues on the international market.

To insure such payment (if export of gold should be required by the condition of the international account and the state of the foreign exchanges) this large amount of gold is to be collected from bank reserves, each institution contributing in the ratio of its own present gold holdings to the gold in all the reserve city banks. The fund, when collected, is to be administered by a committee of New York bankers, who shall decide when and to what extent the gold shall be sent abroad.

This is a most unusual operation. Except for the recent guarantee of exchange or gold, by New York city's banks, to meet the city government's $82,000,000 maturing foreign obligations, no concerted action, even remotely resembling this, has been witnessed in our financial history. The pledge by the banks and the international bankers, during the national Government's grave financial crisis in 1895, to provide $65,000,000 gold for the Treasury's redemption fund, and meantime to protect the Treasury against loss of its own gold through presentation of Government notes, was quite as unusual an event.

But the bankers of 1895 were undertaking to stop gold exports which were in active progress; they even promised to get half of the gold for the Treasury from abroad. The bankers of 1914 are doing almost exactly the opposite. They are engaging to provide the gold for export, if it is needed for that purpose, and they are doing this when actual gold exports seemed to have halted. Their action is approved, and the general coöperation of the banks is unanimously urged by the Federal Reserve Board. Just what was the situation which required such action?

Briefly, the situation is that the breakdown of international financial operations, which occurred when the war began, left the American market heavily indebted on current account to Europe. It was not merely a matter of the very large foreign holdings of American securities which might or might not hereafter be resold on the New York market. That part of the problem stands by itself. But a great mass of short-term indebtedness had been placed in London by our cities and corporations before the war, and its maturity was near at hand. In all, there was possibly three or four hundred million dollars thus involved in the next few months.

The expectation of the borrowers had been that, on the maturity of such loans, they could be renewed if it was so desired. But the worldwide financial panic at the opening of August, the derangement of banking and credit facilities on all great money markets, and the financial problems created by the war itself, threw the greatest uncertainty on the question of renewal. Our large grain exports provided for a good many London payments; but, unfortunately, while wheat shipments from America to Europe increased greatly beyond their usual value, cotton exports fell to insignificant proportions.

There were two alternatives—to pay our accruing foreign debts in gold, if ordinary exchange bills should not be created in sufficient quantity, or simply to sit still and apply to ourselves a sort of unofficial moratorium. The first threw into doubt the question of our own gold supply; it also foreshadowed irregular and conflicting policies by different banks. The second threatened grave impairment of our foreign credit. This was the reason why, after having insured, through joint action of the New York banks, the meeting of New York city's maturing foreign indebtedness, the plan of raising from all the reserve-city banks a fund of $100,000,000 gold, to be used for export if, when, and as required, has been pursued.

It remains to be seen how much will be required. Experience teaches that the surest way to get a loan renewed, when the borrower so desires, is to show that he can and will pay it off if the lender insists. The surest way to make the creditor implacable is to give him ground for thinking that payment is in doubt. This is the real ground of the present important move. The existence of such a $100,000,000 fund is fairly good guarantee that it will not have to be sent abroad *in toto*. And if it were to be thus sent, the banks can spare it. In the last compiled report (June 30) this country's national banks held $625,000,000 gold in their reserves; the State banks and trust companies possibly as much. Payment from their reserve by the New York city banks of their pro rata share in the $100,000,000 requisition ($45,000,000), would actually reduce their ratio of reserve to deposits from last week's 23½ per cent. to something like 20 per cent. —which would still be well above the ratio preseribed in the new banking law.

The comment of the Federal Reserve Board on the project is that "the evidence of the ability and desire of American bankers to furnish the means of discharging the foreign debts of the merchants and manufacturers of the United States will reopen avenues of credit, and facilitate the payment of this country's foreign indebtedness through the export of its products." This inference is altogether reasonable. The effect on our foreign credit of such an attitude must necessarily be very great. Its effect in bringing the foreign exchange market to a workable basis will be equally important. But, since our export trade, even to neutral ports, has been cut down substantially by the difficulty of arranging international payment, it is quite as certain that the success of the "hundred million gold pool" would instantly stimulate our foreign trade.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Backus, Mrs. Henry. The Rose of Roses. Boston: The Page Co. $1.25 net.
Baker, E. A. Fairmount's Quartette. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.
Biggers, Earl Derr. Love Insurance. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.
Bosher, K. L. How It Happened. Harper. $1 net.
Brown, Vincent. The Wonder-Worker. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Couperus, L. Small Souls. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.
Croker, B. M. Lismoyle. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Cullum, Ridgwell. The Way of the Strong. Phila.; George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.35 net.
Daviess, M. T. Phyllis. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Dudley, Robert. In My Youth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.
Fraser, Edward. Napoleon the Gaoler. Brentano. $1.75 net.
Freeman, M. E. W. The Copy-Cat and Other Stories. Harper. $1.25 net.
French, A. The Runaway. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Glyn, Elinor. The Man and the Moment. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Griswold, Latta. The Winds of Deal. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Jacobs, C. E., and Richards, L. H. Blue Bonnet in Boston. Boston: The Page Co.
Leblanc, M. The Teeth of the Tiger. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Pier, A. S. Grannis of The Fifth. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Piper, M. R. Sylvia's Experiment. Boston: The Page Co. $1.25 net.
Raine, W. M. A Daughter of the Dons. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Read, Opie. The New Mr. Howerson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co. $1.35 net.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. The Cost of a Promise. G. H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.
Stratemeyer, E. Dave Porter in the Gold Fields. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25 net.
They Who Question. Anonymous. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Tsanoff, C. S. and R. A. Pawns of Liberty. Outing Publishing Co. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Austin, Mary. California. Painted by Sutton Palmer. Macmillan. $4 net.
Baker, A. E. A Tennyson Concordance. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
Buffet, E. P. The Layman Revato. Douglas C. McMurtie. $2 net.
Cobb, S. The Real Turk. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Cowl, R. P. The Theory of Poetry in England. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Garritt, E. F. The Theory of Beauty. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gladden. W. Live and Learn. Macmillan. $1 net.
Slosson, Edwin E. Major Prophets of Today. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
The House of Deceit. Anonymous. Holt. $1.35 net.
Utter, R. P. A Guide to Good English. Harper. $1.20 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Gleason, A. H. Love, Home, and the Inner Life. F. A. Stokes Co. 60 cents net.
Rall, H. F. New Testament History. The Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Türck, H. The Man of Genius. Macmillan. $4 net.
Varisco, B. The Great Problems. Translated by R. C. Lodge. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Vedder, H. G. The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Wood, I. P., and Grant, E. The Bible as Literature. The Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Davies, E. Collectivist State in the Making. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Emery, L. A. Concerning Justice. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.
Fisher, Irving. Why the Dollar is Shrinking. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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Marot, Helen. American Labor Unions. Holt. $1.25 net.
Official Edition Law Reports and Session Laws State of New York. Albany: J. B. Lyon & Co.
Page, E. D. Trade Morals. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Ross, E. A. The Old World in the New. Century Co. $2.40 net.
Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration. 1913. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Anderson, Isabel. The Spell of Japan. Boston: The Page Co.
Crispi, Francesco. Memoirs of Crispi. Vol. III. George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.
Cust, A. L. Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke. Vols. I and II. John Lane Co. $7.50 net.
Fleischmann, Hector. An Unknown Son of Napoleon. John Lane Co. $3 net.
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Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society. No. 22.
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Stevenson, J. H. Heraldry in Scotland. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. Vols. I and II. 4 guineas net each.
Switzer, Maurice. Letters of a Self-Made Failure. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1 net.
Why We Are at War. Great Britain's Case. By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

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Francis, J. O. Change. Drama League Series. Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cents net.
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ART.

Northend, M. H. Historic Homes of New England. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.
Walsh, J. J. The Century of Columbus. Catholic Summer School Press.

JUVENILE.

Brooks, Amy. Dorothy Dainty's Visit. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1 net.
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Millikan, R. A., Gale, H. G., and Bishop, E. S. First Course in Laboratory Physics. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

Summary of the News

The battle of the Aisne, now in its fourth week, has continued without decisive result, the French left flank and the German right spreading in a northerly direction towards the Belgian frontier. In the eastern sphere of operations a severe battle has been fought on the River Niemen, and in Galicia the Russian troops have continued their progress.

Italy's attitude of neutrality has become slightly more defined during the past week, and prospects of her being able to avoid entrance to the quarrel are perhaps better than at any time during the course of the war. On September 30 meetings were held of the various Italian Parliamentary groups to discuss the situation, and at all of them resolutions were passed substantially approving the attitude of the Government, provided that the protection of Italian interests should be assured. In reply to the Italian note to Austria protesting against the laying of mines in the Adriatic, and the consequent destruction of Italian shipping, the Austrian Government has answered in conciliatory terms. The matter of the indemnity to be paid to the families of the victims, it is understood, will be referred by Italy to the Hague Tribunal.

The assumption that the Italian note of protest was intended to serve as a provocation to war is belied by the moderate terms in which it was couched—in contrast with the ultimatum which originally started the war. Furthermore, the impression has gained ground that Italian participation is not now desired by the Allies themselves. Italy, it is felt, would devote her chief attention to Austria, which is already sufficiently engaged with Russia and Servia, and complications between the latter country and Italy as to the division of the spoils might ensue at the end of the war. As we have pointed out previously, simply as the reward of benevolent neutrality, in the event of the Allies' success, Italy will no doubt recover Trieste and the Trentine.

Despite rumors of differences of opinion between King Charles of Rumania and his Cabinet, culminating in reports of a fictitious illness on the part of the monarch, in order to avoid a meeting with his advisers, it is probable that Rumania will be guided in the matter of neutrality by the attitude of Italy. A report from Rome was published on Monday stating that the President of the Rumanian Senate had arrived in Berlin on a political mission, and that, in an interview with him, published in the *Vossische Zeitung*, he was quoted as declaring that the last Privy Council presided over by King Charles had decided in favor of the preservation of neutrality.

There have been rumors that Italy had occupied or was about to occupy Avlona, the key to the Adriatic, and, while such action might, strictly speaking, involve no breach of neutrality, it would bring about a highly delicate situation. Up to the time of writing, however, none of these rumors have been confirmed, and it seems improbable that the Italian Government seriously contemplates such an action, more especially as its protégé, Essad Pasha, appears for the moment at least to be in the ascendant in Albania. According to dispatches from Rome on Monday, he has carried out his threat, which we recorded last week, and has entered Durazzo in triumph at the head of 12,000 men. The dispatch adds that he was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants and by the Italian colony.

The Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill, carrying a general fund of $20,000,000 for continuing present projects in the discretion of army engineers, which was approved by the House on September 30, was signed by the President on Friday of last week.

According to dispatches from Washington published on Tuesday, the President has informed the responsible leaders of the House and Senate that it will be agreeable to him for Congress to adjourn by October 15, providing that the War Revenue bill has been enacted by that time.

The Senate on Monday, by a vote of 35 to 24, adopted the conference report on the Clayton measure supplementing the Sherman Anti-Trust act. In the House on Tuesday consideration of the conference report was put over until the following day (Wednesday), when it was agreed that a vote should be taken before night.

Revision of the War Revenue bill was completed by the Finance Committee of the Senate on Monday. The proposed taxes on life insurance and on casualty insurance have been eliminated, and as completed the measure provides for the tax of $1.50 per barrel on beer, twenty cents a gallon on sweet wines, eight cents on dry wines, one cent a gallon on gasolene, fifty cents per horsepower on automobile sales, $2 per thousand on bank capital and surplus, the special taxes on brokers, tobacco manufacturers, and dealers, and the old Spanish War stamp taxes. It was decided that caucus action should be taken to expedite the passage of the bill.

The situation in Mexico does not appear to grow less complicated, and the status of affairs is not illumined by the rigid censorship that is imposed on news. Nevertheless, officials at Washington are understood to entertain hopes that the differences between Villa and Carranza may be composed at the conference of generals at Aguascalientes, which is to meet on October 10. According to the Constitutionalist agency in Washington, Gen. Carranza at the conference of Constitutionalist leaders, which assembled at Mexico City on October 1, submitted his resignation on the night of October 3, but the convention refused to accept it at the present time. On the same day Gen. Carranza was reported as having declared in his statement to the convention that it was his duty to "fix the responsibility of the rebellion of Gen. Villa, which is nothing but a plot instigated by the so-called cientificos and by all of our conquered enemies who have not received public offices, on account of incompetence and cowardice." In the meanwhile, fighting has been resumed at Naco, where forces under Gov. Maytorena have attacked those of Gen. Benjamin Hill.

The British statement of revenue and expenditure for the first half of the financial year, ending on September 30, tells a significant tale. The national revenue in that period amounted to $380,000,000, a decrease of $13,500,000, as compared with last year, while the expenditures aggregated $670,000,000, showing an increase of nearly $230,000,000 due to the war.

As a counter-stroke to the policy adopted by Germany the British official information bureau announced on October 2 that the Government had decided to lay mines in certain areas. For the protection of non-combatants the Admiralty announced that it would be dangerous henceforward for ships to cross the area between latitude 51.15 north and 51.40 north, and longitude 1.35 east and 3 east.

The question that arose between Great Britain and the United States over the importation of foodstuffs to Holland has been adjusted without difficulty. On October 1 the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, notified the State Department that Great Britain would not interfere with the shipment of foodstuffs from this country to Holland, and would release all cargoes as soon as it is established that their destination is Holland. The Dutch Government similarly has given assurances to Great Britain that it will prohibit the exportation of foodstuffs to Germany or to other countries now at war.

Undeterred by the protests of the Powers, the Ottoman Government appears to be carrying out its programme for the abrogation of the capitulations. It was announced on Monday that the new and increased custom rates proposed to replace the low arbitrary rates fixed in the capitulations were being put into effect. Washington officials are understood to have no apprehensions as to the security of Americans in Turkey, and Secretary Daniels announced last week that the Administration had no intention of sending more warships to the Mediterranean. The North Carolina is already off Alexandria, and the Tennessee is under orders to proceed to Brindisi.

As a result of negotiations between the Governments of Japan and China the Chinese authorities have informed the Japanese that they will not oppose the military occupation of the Shan-tung Railway, which the Japanese are using in connection with their operations against the German territory of Kiao-chau. The Japanese, in turn, undertake as soon as possible to replace the military by a civil administration of the line.

The deaths of the week include: Col. Horace A. Hutchins, September 30; Charles A. Schermerhorn, the Rev. James L. Goodknight, Earl of Clarendon, October 2; Gardiner M. Lane, Rear-Admiral Thomas Holdup Stevens, 3d, October 3; William P. Brown, October 5; Count Albert de Mun, October 6.

The Week

After all the hurling back and forth of charges of atrocities in Belgium, it is gratifying to note that one accusation by the Germans has now been definitely withdrawn—namely, that Catholic priests were guilty, with other Belgians, of outrages upon wounded soldiers, doctors, and nurses. It will be remembered that this charge was fathered by the Emperor William himself, in his protest to President Wilson. In it he referred to the "enormities" committed "even by women and clergymen." As it happens, this accusation was challenged by Germans themselves. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* of September 13 printed letters from correspondents lamenting the Kaiser's too hasty acceptance of what he had been told by army officers. One of the communications said that "the fearful charge against clergymen in the telegram of our Kaiser to President Wilson . . . cannot be received with indifference by the Catholics of Germany." The writer went on to admit that possibly some Belgian priests, "out of wrong-headed patriotism," had stirred up their parishioners to armed resistance; "but that a Catholic priest should have been guilty personally of horrible deeds committed upon poor wounded men and even nurses, that I regard as impossible. An error must have slipped into the report." This is plainly now the sober second thought of the General Staff and the Kaiser. At the time, however, the German authorities suspended the publication of the *Volkszeitung* for one day, as a punishment for having dared to print the criticisms of the Kaiser's telegram.

Dispatches from Washington indicate very clearly that the delicate questions which come up in every war concerning the attitude of belligerents towards the transportation of contraband, or "conditional contraband," goods in neutral vessels are not at all likely to make trouble between this country and Great Britain. The particular matter that carried with it serious possibilities of friction was that of the shipment of foodstuffs to Holland from this country, in neutral ships—the point being that this might be made a means of provisioning the German army, *via* Holland. The State Department last week issued an official statement declaring that there was no foundation for the report, which appeared in certain papers recently, that "the British Ambassador had advised officials of the State Department that Great Britain intended to seize goods listed as conditional contraband, which were destined for Germany or Austria, even if they were carried in neutral ships, and consigned to neutral ports." Mr. Lansing, Counsellor for the State Department, added that he had no doubt that an arrangement could be reached concerning the shipment of conditional contraband, which would be "satisfactory to all parties concerned," and later we are glad to learn that agreements were reached between Washington and the British Government and between the latter and the Dutch Government that justify Mr. Lansing's expectations.

Incidentally, the country rejoices that Wilson is President, not Roosevelt, whose recently expressed attitude towards disarmament confirms this judgment. The accumulating and increasing horrors of the European wars are creating a great tidal wave of public opinion that sweeps aside all specious reasoning and admits of but one simple, common-sense, humane conclusion—a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations.

The author of this just and proper sentiment is Robert M. La Follette, not so long ago a hero of Roosevelt's showered with praise by that dispenser of blame and of rewards. Mr. La Follette is nothing if not a keen observer of political currents and popular opinion, and in his *Weekly* he declares that President Wilson "to-day holds a supreme place in the confidence of the people of the United States," which is summed up in the simple phrase, "He is keeping us out of war." The praise Senator La Follette bestows upon him and Mr. Bryan is unreserved. Those who, like Mr. Roosevelt, mocked at Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy now offer up "prayers of thanksgiving" that we were spared a war in Mexico. As for the peace treaties, negotiated by Mr. Bryan, which Mr. Roosevelt scorns, the Wisconsin Senator declares that they constitute a "great service to the human race." From our observation of press and public, we believe that Senator La Follette is correct in his estimate of what the public is thinking. We cannot but feel that Mr. Roosevelt's re-hashing of his mistaken militaristic theories just at this time is as grave a political mistake as any of the many that he has recently made and that have caused his friends to wonder what has become of his once great political skill and intuitive knowledge of public opinion.

Not only do we believe that the public, suffering as it is indirectly because of the reversion to savagery in Europe, is in no mood to listen to such counsels as Mr. Roosevelt is now giving us, but we think that next winter there will be a strong demand that we begin to retrench in our naval armaments. Any attempt to add two or three battleships to our fleet next winter is certain to meet the stoutest resistance, thanks to the illumination which has come from the European struggle. If, when the hour for peace strikes, we are to use the great influence which is to be ours towards universal disarmament, we must at least be willing to set an example ourselves. It cannot be denied that we, too, have played an unhappy part in the general game of egging the other fellow on to build more ships. In the Reichstag, as in the Parliament at London, the growth of our fleet has been cited as a reason why the strength of England's and Germany's should be increased. Our own naval experts have insisted that we must not yield second place in capital-warship tonnage to Germany, and in Germany it has been demanded that she should be second only to England. It is time that we led the way towards sense and sanity and stopped the craze for warships which in about thirty years sent our navy appropriations up from $7,000,000 to $140,718,000.

It is highly satisfactory to learn that the President has given up the expectation of putting through any legislation for Presidential-preference primaries in the present Congress, either at the session now drawing to a close or at the short session ending March 4, 1915. The reason assigned for the postponement of this project is that it has been found, upon investigation, that the varied election and primary laws of the States have made it incumbent upon the framers of a Presidential-primary law to find some method of avoiding confusion and unnecessary expense. This has not yet been satisfactorily worked out. The reason is doubtless sufficient; but if it did not exist there would still be very strong ground for hesitation in the matter. It is very far from certain whether any machinery that could be devised would insure a choice of Presidential candidates, through the automatic process of the primary, which would reflect either the need of the country or the real will of the people as well as does the convention system. That is a rough and in many ways faulty piece of mechanism, to be sure; but it has the supreme advantage of bringing public sentiment to a focus at the critical moment, and of making possible alignments of kindred elements which, in the scattered movements of a nation-wide primary, would be working at random and without substantial result.

A resolution has been introduced into the House, calling on Secretary McAdoo to explain his deposit of $400,000 Government surplus with a New York bank, in return for that bank's consent to take up $1,400,000 one-year 6 per cent. notes of the State of Tennessee. The resolution unfortunately misses the real point to which inquiry ought to be directed; which is, the question whether the Treasury maintains the policy of using Government money in this way, in order to favor any single borrower. We have no doubt that the State of Tennessee had a right to immediate consideration. But if the Treasury is to pass on the merits of applicants, and to finance them, directly or indirectly, through use of the public moneys, we shall have created functions for that office whose scope may be dangerously wide. Operations of this nature are, in our opinion, wholly outside of the Treasury's proper powers. They have no relation even to deposit of public funds conditioned on their use to move the crops. In that expedient there was at least recognition of a national requirement. But precedent for dictating the precise destination of public money placed in banks will not easily be found, short of the period of unhappy experiments in Jackson's day.

The Treasury's revenue from customs for the month of September shows a decline of $9,000,000 as compared with the same month last year. It was on the probable falling off in this source of revenue, chiefly as a consequence of the war, that Mr. Wilson based his recommendation of an emergency tax measure. There is unfortunately only too much reason to expect that the showing for September in this regard will be repeated, month by month, for a considerable period. Accordingly, it can hardly be that the opposition set up by the Republicans to the passing of the emergency tax bill will show any great strength or persistence. There seems to be no serious difference of opinion as to the desirability of providing by taxation for whatever deficiency is in prospect; and as to the contention that if the Democrats had managed better there would have been no deficiency, this may be interesting, and even important, but has no practical bearing on the question of what ought to be done. However, the saying that there is no use in crying over spilt milk does not apply to campaign speeches—provided it was the other side that spilled it; and this particular milk will be cried over a good deal by the Republican spellbinders.

The "special memorandum of caution and warning" issued by John Barrett regarding the Latin-American commercial situation, and based upon cabled information from nearly three dozen cities in the twenty countries to the south of us, puts into official shape the conclusions already reached by those best informed. The idea that we could march into the markets of these countries as easily as Germany imagined she was going to march into Paris took no account of conditions that are becoming more and more evident. "What is needed at this hour in Latin America," in Mr. Barrett's words, "is not so much a supply of the manufactured products of the United States, although required in considerable quantities, but money, loans, and advances, credits on purchases, and markets at reasonable rates for raw products which usually go to Europe." The very catastrophe that has cut off sources of Latin-American imports and outlets for Latin-American exports has also crippled Latin-American financial resources and commercial machinery. Months will be required before conditions can be readjusted. The opportunity potentially offered may be judged from the fact that the Latin-American foreign trade amounted last year to three billions of dollars, of which two-thirds represented transactions with Europe. The encouraging feature is that our trade with the twenty nations has risen from an annual value of $450,000,000 to one of $850,000,000 in the past seven years.

The state of Mexican finances is disheartening enough; but no more so than our own outlook during the Revolution, when it required $40 in Continental paper to purchase one gold dollar. The economists and bankers who are studying the matter, moreover, can recall the uniform success with which Mexico has emerged from her financial difficulties in the past—she was on a fairly sound basis when the Madero revolution began. The country is at present flooded with counterfeit money; the issues of various chieftains are still in local circulation; and as the authorized paper money is worth about one-fifth of American money, while Mexican silver is worth about one-half, all metallic currency is being hoarded. But an article by Dean Fuller in the *Mexican Herald*, supported by editorial comment, still takes a hopeful view. Already efforts are on foot to rehabilitate the monetary system, and wild-cat banking is being curbed. It is generally agreed that the enforced liquidation of insolvent banks is to be avoided where they can be helped to their feet; while there is also general opposition to arbitrary attempts to call metal into circulation. The great goal from every point of view in Mexico is the resumption of industry, which, by giving the country a credit to meet foreign obligations, will bring about a readjustment of rates of exchange and call forth the silver. Like ourselves 125 years ago, Mexico's main need is of some one to smite the rock of her natural resources.

Now that President Wilson has made peace with Col. Harvey, and there seems a prospect that arbitration will yet reconcile the White House and Henry Watterson, no one need despair of the early conclusion of hostilities in Europe. No feud was apparently more destined to be lasting than this one between Col. Harvey and the President. That it has been ended is another striking sign of the steadily growing harmony of the Democratic party under the schoolmaster's leadership. Senator Chilton's change from an opponent to an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Wilson is notable. But there is an even more striking recognition of the fact that the people are behind the President than this. No less a boss than Nugent of New Jersey has declared that the people must stand by Mr. Wilson and give him unwavering support in the policies he has adopted. When one considers the malignant hatred of Nugent for Wilson in the past, and the character of the punishment Mr. Wilson has repeatedly inflicted on Nugent, this transformation is of great significance. Mr. Nugent's motives are open to suspicion; he has read the handwriting on the wall and acted promptly to save his skin once more. The outlook for an enthusiastic Democratic campaign in New Jersey is now of the best.

Compared with expenditures of millions daily for war, the annual budget of $450,000 for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is puny enough; but it maintains a varied work. A sum that would hardly pay for a good torpedo boat has made possible during one year assistance and coöperation for 511 international associations; the subvention of several American and four European periodicals; the arrangement of such speaking tours as that of Mr. Robert Bacon to South America, Mr. Hamilton Mabie to Japan, and Professor Sato to the United States; the distribution of thousands of copies each of pamphlets on the Panama controversy, and of books like "L'Enigme Allemande," Dr. Eliot's "Roads Towards Peace," and Baron de Constant's "Les Etats

Unis d'Amérique"; the collection and publication of treaties, the holding of international conventions of students, and the undertaking of a history of international law. The hard-headed American citizenship, not completely a citizenship of pacifists, and quite aware that the millennium is not yet, can only approve the spirit in which Drs. Eliot, Butler, John Bates Clark, and others declare in their report that they have approached their work. They have wished to lay "little stress upon those aspects of peace propaganda that are rhetorical and fleeting in character," but to organize throughout the world permanent "centres of influence and constructive policy." The aim is the upbuilding of "a sound international opinion that will rest upon permanent conviction," not the mere "denunciation of war and of armaments, however sincere."

"About this time look out for a deluge of mail bearing the Congressional frank." Thus would doubtless run a warning in a really candid political almanac, at the top of the October page. The old parties have become fairly expert at the process of getting leave to print, and then using the privilege to disseminate campaign speeches, but their best efforts must be surpassed by that of a Pennsylvania Representative who is sending out this letter:

> I am enclosing you copy of speech which I made in the House of Representatives several days ago, entitled, "A Great New Party." This speech contains a history of the Progressive party in State and nation; the platform of the Republican State Convention of 1912; the Progressive Convention, together with names of committee comprising Eastern, Middle, and Western divisions; history of the legislation of 1913, with measures that were promised, but not enacted into law; town meetings and conferences for organization for the future; the Washington platform; Gifford Pinchot's platform, and under paragraph entitled "A Patriotic Act," the withdrawal of William Draper Lewis and endorsement of Vance C. McCormick for Governor; and under paragraph "Mobilization," the united efforts of all candidates to clean the State of Penrose and Penroseism.

And he adds: "If you can send it out, I can have it printed for you at the rate of three dollars a thousand, and I will furnish franked envelopes so that it can go out under my frank." Why Congress should listen to platforms, lists of names, and other information more suitable for a campaign handbook is clear only when we reflect that probably the "speech" was never delivered, being merely printed, and that this is one of the cheapest ways of getting out such a handbook—if the cost to the Government is not reckoned.

The virtual blockade on cotton is raising once more the question of diversifying crops in the South. The *Florida Times-Union* recalls: "In 1860 the South was as much of a cotton plantation as it is in 1914, but at the call of necessity she made a quick change that amounted to transformation; she fed her armies, and from the fields untouched by the enemy she took a great surplus in 1865." In that same year "the herds and flocks of the South were notable for both numbers and good condition," but old habit and phenomenal cotton prices were too much for development in new directions. To-day "the land is cheap and the climate is more favorable than that which threatened the Western pastures with the necessity of feeding during the winter and the possibility of blizzard weather for weeks." The cotton fields, now suddenly become unprofitable, "can again be transformed into profitable pastures, and the old plantation become once more a stock farm, provided due care and knowledge be enlisted in the change." What prevents one from being very hopeful about this idea is that the wildest fluctuations in the cotton market have not led to any large abandonment of cotton-growing for other crops.

Congressman Mann has fairly outdone Hobson in his vision of war between the Orient and us. Where the Alabama Representative sees Japan menacing our peace, the Chicagoan catches sight of a still more horrible giant, "lying like a sleeping monster" now, but destined to awake and engage us in a tussle, at first commercial, but later military, for "a fight for commercial supremacy leads in the end to a fight with arms." According to this reasoning, the foe ought to be England. What strikes one, however, is not so much the substance of Mr. Mann's warning—it is not very novel—as its timeliness. He chooses for his prophecy of armed conflict the moment when we are doing our utmost to preserve our neutrality, real as well as formal, among the combatants of the greatest contest in history. The fine taste of this procedure is apparent. And yet perhaps he has in reality chosen better than he intended. To talk of war at a time when the very word is revolting, to drag out once more the notion of "inevitable conflict" between peoples and races at the hour when the whole world is feeling that in some way peace must be made the inevitable condition hereafter—this is scarcely an effective method of arousing suspicions concerning our neighbors across the Pacific.

There can be no denying the impressiveness of the registration figures of Columbia University. Twelve thousand students constitute a scholastic body whose numbers are unapproached by those of any other university in this country, or by many abroad. At the same time, certain qualifications must be made in any comparison of this number with that of even a few decades ago at Columbia or any other American university. No one will suppose that all of these twelve thousand are looking forward to a bachelor's degree in either arts or science. But how many persons realize that half of this twelve thousand are only Summer School students, who would not have figured at all a few years ago? Some of these are doubtless men and women who go to Summer School year after year, until they reach the goal at which others arrive more rapidly, but this can hardly be said of the great mass of them. Just as the Ph.D. is a fetich in some quarters, so is even the briefest attendance at a university in others. A teacher who feels the competition of younger and better-prepared rivals, circumvents them by spending six weeks at some well-known summer school.

This aspect of university registration is emphasized when we look at the departments at Columbia which show the greatest increase over last year. Excepting the Summer School, these are Teachers College and the Extension Teaching Department—divisions, that is, which did not exist until recently, and are still regarded as lacking the authority of the older departments. Other universities which follow the same policy of making a special appeal to teachers would show the same phenomena. The regular undergraduate department of arts and sciences has almost everywhere exhibited a continual shrinking in comparison with the other departments. Some of our universities, such as Yale and Princeton, have been inclined to shake their heads at this "popularization" of learning, and undoubtedly a danger exists in it. Chautauqua has become a synonym for superficiality. But it is well to recognize that there is another side to this policy of extending university opportunities as widely as possible, a side that can hardly be appreciated by persons who went to college as naturally and as easily as they went to public school. "University extension," whether undertaken by a new institution like Chicago, or by older ones such as Columbia and New York University, has demonstrated benefits that mark it as being worthy of a permanent place in the curriculum.

PATRIOTISM IN WAR AND PEACE.

That the German people, during the past two months, have made a wonderful display of unity, devotion, and exalted national feeling, no one can any longer question. The evidence is overwhelming. Some of the most striking parts of it come from Americans who were in Munich or Frankfort or Berlin throughout mobilization and the first days of the war. These foreign observers on the spot were impressed not so much by the precision and power of the military preparations as by the spirit among all classes of Germans. The fighting men went to the front enthusiastically, but those who stayed behind showed even a deeper loyalty and readiness to sacrifice all, if need be. One American lady who saw the drawing together of the whole population of one German city, and especially the great uplifting of soul on the part of German women in the presence of the awful losses and suffering which they knew they were facing, cannot to this day speak of the spectacle which she witnessed, without tears in her eyes.

Similar accounts of the marvellous effects of the war in uniting a whole people, and in quickening their patriotic impulses, have been given as to England and France. We dare say that the same thing has been seen in Austria, and on an even greater scale in Russia. The transformation which came over the French nation in the first days of August is notably testified to in the last number, pitifully shrunken by the war, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It contains a report of his military experiences, by Charles Nordmann, formerly a scientific contributor to its pages, but now signing himself merely "soldat de 2e classe." With restraint, yet with a vivid pen, Mr. Nordmann describes the swell of soul which he observed, not alone among the soldiers, but everywhere in the villages and cities through which he passed. We give a few sentences from his article:

> How that last sight of Paris calmed my spirit! I felt that a common peril had knit together hearts that we thought separated. It was a question of saving France: of giving the whole world liberty to breathe, to think, to progress. That was what everybody felt, more or less clearly, from the most lowly workingman to the most cultivated scholar; and it was for this reason that we saw all Frenchmen carried away by the same emotion, and made one, as it were, with the great hours of the Revolution. What a joy to have seen this miracle!

Such outbursts of national sentiment and of pride of country are, as we say, common to all the combatants in the European war. Each nation believes earnestly that it is in the right; that the war was forced upon it; that it is battling for righteousness and for civilization itself. Of course, these manifestations of the patriotic spirit in war prove nothing as to the ultimate responsibility for the awful conflict. That is to be fixed on far different grounds. But all that we are remarking upon to-day is the fact that the terrible emergency has called out, in a very extraordinary way, the resources of patriotic heroism, the sense of the true meaning of national life, and the willingness to do and suffer everything for the sake of country. No one can be so dull, no champion of international peace can be so indifferent, as not to be profoundly touched by these moving exhibitions of the grandeur of human nature under mighty stress. If only this universal and compelling rush of the souls of men to dare and meet any fate had been called out by some high appeal of humanity, instead of by the trumpet summoning to battle!

In a lecture on reform which he delivered in 1887, James Russell Lowell referred to the same kindling of the nation's soul which this country had gone through in 1861—"that great national passion, obliterating all lines of party division and levelling all the landmarks of habitual politics. Who that saw it will ever forget that enthusiasm of loyalty for the flag and for what the flag symbolized which twenty-six years ago swept all the country's forces of thought and sentiment, of memory and hope, into the grasp of its overmastering torrent?" But Lowell was too clear-eyed not to see that these "ecstasies of emotion" are necessarily "transient." Ennobling they may be for the time, but they pass. And Lowell pleaded for "a sedater kind of patriotism," less inspiring, but more serviceable, year in and year out. Anticipating William James, he hoped that ways might be found of calling out the unflagging zeal of patriots in the constant fight against ignorance and corruption, with an exaltation of spirit comparable to that with which we gazed upon the "image of our Country with the flame of battle in her eyes."

In the United States we are at peace; yet upon us, too, the war has made patriotic demands. And they have been met in fine ways. The wise and splendid stand of President Wilson has been heartily recognized and supported. Financial exigencies have been faced by bankers and others in the truest public spirit: we need but mention the way in which the New York banks came unselfishly to the aid of the city in meeting its maturing obligations held abroad. And the display of the humane spirit of America has been most gratifying. Flowing abroad, it can be counted upon if the problems of unemployment and the need of large plans of temporary relief become pressing at home this winter. The demonstration is complete that there are vast reserves of patriotic energy to be depended upon in this country. If only they could be enlisted, to-day and always, in the causes of education and human betterment! In them the noblest souls hear a clarion more urgent than that of war, so that in their devoted service, also, they feel that whatever their land and age ask of them they dare not refuse.

DESOLATED BELGIUM.

It did not require the graphic, yet sober, account of the condition of Belgium given by Mr. Whitehouse to establish the awful truth about the state of that ravaged country. Nobody denies it; nobody even pretends that the tale of woe, to which fresh chapters have been added day after day for two months, is exaggerated. We say nothing about causes; we say nothing about guilt; what we are speaking of is the fearful desolation and ruin, the heartrending distress, the unspeakable agony of hundreds of thousands of noncombatants who, a few short weeks ago, were dwellers in quiet and happy homes, and who are now wanderers on the face of the earth—fatherless, perhaps, or widowed; homeless and forlorn and almost hopeless, surely. Concerning their state, there is unfortunately no room for doubt or controversy; with cities and towns and villages given to the flames, and the whole countryside ravaged by the countless hosts of the invaders, no voice can be lifted up to say that the thing is not fully as appalling as it is imagined.

No, the trouble is all the other way. Imagination is all too feeble to body forth the truth. The mere extent of the misery defies realization; the individual horrors of the scene are too infinitely varied to permit of any attempt to grasp them; and over and above all this stand those effects of the paralysis of all the activities of the tiny country which we are not apt to think of, but which weigh down the population with a steady pressure of misery. Let a single passage from Mr. Whitehouse's statement speak to this point:

> The whole life of the nation has been arrested. Food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where there is a supply of wheat available, the peasants are

not allowed to use their windmills, owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian army.

We are, therefore, face to face with a fact which has rarely, if ever, occurred in the history of the world—an entire nation is in a state of famine, and that within half a day's journey of our own shores.

And unfortunately we must remember that if, as now seems probable, the vast German army is to effect its retreat through Belgium, the agony of her people will inevitably be made still more terrible in the process.

We are not saying these things for the mere purpose of harrowing up the souls of our readers. We are saying them because we feel that such a condition of distress, suffered by a nation like Belgium, lays upon the people of a country like the United States a clear and imperative duty. There are, in this terrible war, many just claims upon our help; there are suffering non-combatants in Germany and France as well as in Belgium, and there is the call of distress from the battlefields. None of these calls should remain unheeded; but in the case of Belgium something more should be done than the mere piling up of a modest contribution of one or two hundred thousand dollars.

It must be remembered that in the bigger countries there remains, and is bound to remain throughout the war, a very large part not directly affected by the military operations; that to the sufferers, many as they may be, hands will be stretched out to help by a vastly larger number of fellow-countrymen who have been left comparatively unharmed. The terrible thing about Belgium is that almost the whole of the little country has been prostrated or laid waste. Madame Vandervelde was not wrong in saying that she felt as though she could not go home without taking a million dollars from America for the succor of her helpless countrymen. We ought to send a million and much more. Not to do it would be for this rich country, the only great nation in the Western world which now enjoys the blessing of assured peace, to fail to rise to the level of a high occasion and of a plain duty.

There is no doubt that the peculiar and paramount claim of the Belgians for help in their affliction is realized by many of our people. The Belgian Relief Fund has been growing rapidly—as such things are usually reckoned—regard being had to the fact that Belgium has but a slight representation among our population, and that the contributors to the fund are evidently, nearly all of them, simply Americans to whom the call of her suffering appeals. This is due, of course, not only to the extraordinary extent of that suffering, but also to the sympathy that is felt towards a people whose land has been desolated without any fault of theirs, unless it be a fault for a people to defend their native soil from invasion. It has been pleasing to see that in a short time nearly $100,000 has been raised here in New York, every day showing a list of scores of contributors. But this should be regarded only as a beginning. Let the Belgian Relief Committee organize a campaign aimed at the procuring of a sum large enough to make something of an impression upon the mass of misery it is designed to alleviate. Let the work be pushed not only here in New York, but in every large city in the United States. Let the people of this great country have their imagination aroused to the extraordinary and appalling nature of the calamity that they are called upon in some small measure to mitigate. We feel confident that if this is brought home to them, as it can be, the country will respond in a manner worthy of its traditions of humanity and commensurate in some degree with its vast resources.

WAR EXPENDITURE AND THE MARKETS.

The estimate cabled last week from Berlin, that the cost to the German Government of conducting its campaign is averaging $5,000,000 per day, agrees closely with previous estimates of probable cost. Exactly that figure was named in a well-known Austrian calculation, so long ago as 1896, and was concurred in by the French statistician, Jules Roche, at the time of the Manchurian War. Those same estimates fixed $5,100,000 per day as the cost of its part in a European war to France, though Finance Minister Ribot last Saturday named $7,000,000 as the figure. Russia's daily outlay was scheduled in the estimate referred to as $5,600,000; it may easily be much larger.

Curiously enough, as it happens, the only fighting Government concerning whose actual war outlay we have official data is the one which earlier estimates seldom dealt with. The British Exchequer publishes weekly classified statements of public revenue and expenditure, and the item "supply services," covering army and navy expenditure, gives the necessary information. The statement latest at hand is for the week ending September 12. It shows an expenditure larger by £4,200,000, or $21,000,000, than in the same week of 1913, when army and navy were on a peace footing. This difference would average $3,000,000 daily.

That approximate estimate of cost of war to England is borne out by the total figures from August 1 to September 12; during which six-week period the Exchequer paid out for "supply services" £30,200,000 more than in 1913, indicating an average daily expenditure, for purposes of this European war, of some $3,600,000. Taking the above-mentioned estimates for Germany, France, and Russia, and assuming (as the 1904 calculation did) a daily outlay of $2,600,000 for Austria, the total per diem war expenditure of the five chief belligerents must be reaching the respectable figure of $21,800,000. From the declaration of war to the present date, the total would have considerably exceeded a billion dollars; and that, it will be observed, makes no account of the military expenditure of Belgium and Japan. Nor does it allow for the very considerable cost of protective mobilization, on the part of such neutral states as Italy, Switzerland, and Holland. If the war were to continue actively during only four months more, the apparent total outlay would run between four and five thousand million dollars.

It is not yet clear in precisely what way the five belligerents will finance this huge expenditure, or what interest rate they will have to pay, or how the absorption of capital on such a scale will affect the general investment market—as regards both securities already outstanding and securities of corporations, cities, or neutral governments yet to be issued. Thus far, the British Government has borrowed £51,000,000 on Treasury bills with six or twelve months to run. These were placed in Lombard Street at rates ranging from 2⅞ to 3¾ per cent.; but that is obviously no criterion of the eventual rate, which will have to be determined when these short loans are funded into consols or a permanent war loan.

The German Government's operations are not easy to understand. Cables from Berlin have reported an offer of a thousand million marks of Exchequer bonds (presumably short-term issues) and of three thousand million marks in regular Imperial bonds. It was stated that both had been promptly taken and the Exchequer bonds 25 per cent. oversubscribed. The net rate of interest paid is said to be slightly under 6 per cent.; but it is somewhat difficult to understand how, in any market, a loan of $1,000,000,000 could at any time be so instantaneously disposed of, unless unusual concessions were granted as to price, or interest rate, or time for paying subscriptions, or all three.

As to Germany's ability, however, to raise

enormous sums of capital at home, there can be little doubt. Even the Japanese people subscribed for upwards of $150,000,000 in its Government's loans during the Manchurian War. How Russia will finance its needs is not so clear; it had to raise more than half of the requisite capital in France to pursue its war with Japan. For France itself, experience teaches that it can rely on its own thrifty investors, who paid the billion-dollar Prussian indemnity of 1871, and who have now been hoarding money for three years, with an instinctive view to exactly the situation which has arisen. Austria is in a far more serious quandary; it was meeting great difficulty in its public borrowings, even before the war began.

What, then, will be the effect on the general investment market of these enormous impending war loans? This is a question of high perplexity. With all stock exchanges closed, it is not even possible to get the judgment of the investing community, expressed through the action of the market for older bonds. On the face of things, it would seem that the sudden creation of peremptory demands upon capital, on such a scale, must necessarily raise the price of investment capital substantially.

That conclusion would be emphasized by three other considerations—the fact that, unlike any other war in our time, this one has drawn nearly all the great lending nations into the struggle; the fact that accumulation of new capital in continental Europe has largely ceased, and the fact that needs for reconstruction purposes, even when war is over, will be exceptionally great. Against this may be placed the well-known fact that the existing capital of all the world has been hoarded, so to speak, during several years with perhaps this very state of affairs in sight. The question how long this costly contest is to be continued will also necessarily affect all inferences in the matter.

GERMAN CULTURE.

The question as to the peculiar distinction of German culture, which is frequently raised just now, is most interesting. We assume that the reference is, in a general way, to Germany's achievements in science and literature; even as to these, no categorical answer is possible. It is, however, safe to say that the really great minds of Germany have never made any professions for their country that seem to bear out what is so frequently asserted by chauvinist writers, and certain politicians and militarists. Great minds in Germany, as in other countries, have an international outlook, and to a Goethe, a Kant, a Lessing, and a Herder, any pretension to intellectual superiority based on national or racial grounds was unthinkable. It may, however, be admitted that certain characteristics have always been popularly associated with German culture, as distinguished from that of other countries, and it is this conception that has given German universities and other educational institutions the rank they hold in the estimation of the world.

Perhaps the chief trait of the typical German scholar is the union of a minute knowledge of his subject with a broad comprehension of general principles. This characteristic has stamped itself upon many German achievements. There are entire fields of intellectual activity in which some outstanding German name at once calls up a new era in scientific or literary research. The names of Winckelmann, Bopp, Karl Ritter, Johannes Müller, Virchow—to take only a few at random—suggest themselves as those of the founders of the sciences of classical archæology, comparative philology, physical geography, modern physiology, and cellular pathology. Niebuhr and Ranke established a new historical school, which Mommsen broadened still further; Ehrenberg's treatises on infusoria were epoch-making; Ewald and other German Orientalists blazed new paths in Bible criticism; Kirchhoff and Bunsen discovered spectrum analysis; Liebig and Wöhler conquered for chemistry a vast new domain; Savigny placed jurisprudence on a new historical basis. The bacteriological discoveries of Koch and Ehrlich are of supreme and world-wide importance. No country has produced a scholar like Helmholtz, who cultivated the most divergent fields of science, and was equally distinguished in physiology and in experimental and mathematical physics. Humboldt's grasp of the universe remains unrivalled to this day. Nevertheless, to name Pasteur, and Darwin, and Faraday is sufficient reminder how far Germany is from any claim to supremacy in all the highest achievements of science. Germany's preëminence in music is undisputed, and German translators and expounders have made Homer and Shakespeare live in another tongue than theirs. Kulturgeschichte—there is no precise name for it in English—may be said to be a German creation.

All this, and more, the world has always recognized, but it has long been felt—perhaps by none so much as by those who know the value of German teaching and can appreciate the charm of German life—that Germany has often been unfortunate in her public spokesmen—those injudicious patriots who have asserted for her an absolute superiority in every form of intellectual and moral endeavor. Literary historians and critics, in particular, have assigned to German writers a rank which, in the opinion of the most competent international critics, is not due them. German scholarship shows in this respect a certain inability—or is it unwillingness?—to conform to international standards, to evaluate German literature as a Sainte-Beuve or, let us say, a John Morley would have done. Goethe, Schiller, and Heine are indeed poets of the very highest order, but not every pleasing German lyrist is a Burns or a Shelley; not every Klopstock a Milton, nor—turning to prose—every Rabener a Rabelais or a Swift, every Spielhagen a Dickens. The fame of a Goethe surely needs no exaggeration, and no great writer, perhaps, had a saner view of his limitations than the greatest of Germans himself. Goethe thought Shakespeare as much above him as he believed himself to be above Tieck; yet so eminent a man of letters as Hermann Grimm could speak of "Faust" as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all nations."

It is curious to contrast the self-effacing modesty of the great scientists and men of learning who have made Germany illustrious, with the vociferous insistence of those literary critics who know so pitifully little of the difficulty of determining the relative rank of any man of real distinction. Rare indeed are the discrimination and the candor of a Huxley, who, immediately after the death of Darwin, carefully guarded himself against an overestimate of the great man whose life-long admirer and expounder he had been. "I am not likely," he wrote to Romanes, "to take a low view of Darwin's position in the history of science, but I am disposed to think that Buffon and Lamarck would run him hard in both genius and fertility. In breadth of view and in extent of knowledge these two men were giants, though we are apt to forget their services. Von Baer was another man of the same stamp; Cuvier, in a somewhat lower rank, another; and J. Müller another." Here is, indeed, an impressive lesson in international perspective, which critics of every nationality may well take to heart.

Germany is rich enough in literary treasures to dispense with idle self-glorification. Her achievements are *of* the highest, but they are not *the* highest. She has neither a Voltaire nor a Rousseau, neither a Montesquieu nor a Bossuet, neither a Molière

nor a Balzac. Can she do better than profit by the example of wise Sainte-Beuve, who, addressing himself to lecturers on French literature, said, warningly: "I should wish the lecturer dwelling on the beauties and the grandeur of our literature and national history to guard against repeating what is so constantly said, in colleges and even in academies, on solemn occasions—that the French are the greatest and most sensible of all nations, and our literature the greatest of all literatures. I should wish him to content himself with saying that it is one of the finest, and that the world did not begin and does not end with us"?

There is another aspect of German culture which it is well to bear in mind in these days. What is best in German thought and German life was all there before the days of Germany's military glory and political might. Goethe and Schiller wrote their masterworks in one of the smallest of German States, at a time when German unity was a dream. And even when that dream was realized, there arose, as we now recall, the warning voice of a Gervinus against the overshadowing influence of Prussia. He and others —not the least loyal of Germany's sons—feared that the civilizing influence of the individual centres of German culture, the smaller capitals, would be weakened in the new era that was about to dawn. Have their misgivings proved wholly groundless? German civilization, in its broadest sense, is now being tried as it was never tried before. Who will be the successors, one asks, of the great that made German culture the admiration of the world? Goethe, interested in all nature and all mankind and incapable, as he said, of hating any nation; Kant, who on his deathbed whispered: "I have not yet lost my feeling for humanity"—are they Germany's greatest glory, or is it the Bismarcks and Moltkes?

GOLF AND NEURASTHENIA.

The erstwhile complacent golfer has had to receive many rude buffets in recent months, but he must think that an assault is now being made upon the last bastion of his creed. We refer to late efforts to show that golf is bad for its middle-aged and older devotees. Some sufferers are dragged forward to tell of their sad experience, and certain medical authorities are cited to prove that the game is neither wholesome nor safe for those past forty. Such is the new Oslerism! The most specific statement of the case that we have seen is in the *English Review*, in which an apparently veracious writer affirms:

My doctor declares neurasthenia to be the pathological symptom of the game. The vexations, the constant irritations, the disappointments, the concentration demanded, the eye strain exacted, the nervous tension involved, the mental stress and "draw" necessitated by this battle between the imperfections of humanity and the mechanical perfection aimed at, the moral energy dissipated, the artificial passivity of temperament which is essential, the sheer egocentricity, egoism, egomania, set up automatically by a game dependent solely upon one's own skill, and the retroactive depression caused inevitably by failure at it—these things, my doctor asserts, conduce to a peculiar morbid action upon the nervous system, resulting in a more or less chronic condition of sub-acute melancholia—the idiosyncrasy of the week-end golfer. I have been nearer to an outburst of hysterical weeping on the links than at any other time in life's calvary.

Wanken auch die Berge? Must we give up the most deep-rooted convictions about the benefits of golf for those in advancing years? Has Rockefeller played and preached the game a deluded man? If we are to credit these new assailants of the game, then President Taft and President Wilson have been pitifully deceived, and their predecessor in office is vindicated who said contemptuously: "Golf is no game for a full-grown man!" It will be hard to give up fondly cherished beliefs, but neurasthenia is mighty and will prevail. We are to conclude, then, that all the rosy accounts of having discovered the fountain of youth on the links are vain imaginings. The whole army of gray-haired golfers who have been boasting of vigor renewed and spirit enlivened by their favorite pastime, are to be classed with the self-deceived cripples who throw away their crutches at Lourdes or Ste. Anne de Beaupré. In reality, though they have known it not, they have been rashly exposing themselves to nervous strain, egomania, and melancholia.

It looks like a desperate case, but a little consolation and possibly hope may be left the golfer who has come to forty year—and further—if he will stop and do a little discriminating. He will notice that the nervously wrecked player of the *English Review* holds to the intense and somewhat old-fashioned view of the way in which alone success is to be had at the game. This was the theory of tremendous concentration. You were to stand over your ball the world forgetting by the world forgot. Every thought, desire, and even instinct was to be shut out of your consciousness, except the one fell determination to remember all the rules and to hit that stroke perfectly. That way, it must be admitted, madness has often seemed to lie. Egocentrics of that sort yielding to melancholy have been seen on every links. But a new school of golf-teachers has risen. Their motto is relax. Instead of the old terrible gripping of your club and yourself, you are to cultivate a care-free air, to act upon the rules rather than ceaselessly repeat them to yourself, and to be calm and blithe instead of absorbed and intense. We do not allege that the children of this theory justify its wisdom any better than those of the older, but they have a much more comfortable time endeavoring to live up to it, and are certainly not in the way of becoming neurasthenic.

Another thing. This alarmist of the *English Review* is plainly a low-handicap man. Though getting on in years, he is evidently one who is bitterly disappointed if he cannot give his son three bisques and beat him. Of such a player we can well believe that failure to improve his game would plunge him into gloomy depression. If his handicap were one higher this year than last, he would think that the end of all things was at hand. For him golf is not a recreation, a diversion, a pretty device for cheating yourself into a five-mile walk in the open air, but the serious business of life. Not to succeed brilliantly in it is to write yourself down a miserable makeshift of a man.

But not such, we are glad to say, is the animating motive of the increasing numbers of middle-aged golfers. They like to play well, but if they must play ill, never mind: they play, and that is enough for them. There is always a glorious shot or two in the round to look back upon with joy. The eighteen holes may be done in shockingly high figures, but anyhow there was the wonderful eleventh miraculously made in one under par. Then there are the mischances and the freaks of the round; the "hard-luck" stories to tell, and the miraculous pieces of good luck so easily translated into terms of exceptional skill. And as for their handicaps, these light-hearted old men are unblushing in making them as high as possible. All the better chance that they may some day win something in a medal-score competition. To the new golfing gospel of relaxation, these veterans of the links take eagerly. Some of them carry their relaxed attention so far that they don't notice how many strokes they have made! But they are no prey to neurasthenia. Let the occasional nervously broken-down golfer say what he will, and let the medical faculty find new names and causes for what it does not understand, a great cloud of witnesses will hold them in derision. Golf bad for the nerves? What game do you play, the enthusiasts will demand, that gives you the nerve to utter such nonsense?

Chronicle of the War

The curious report, published simultaneously on Tuesday from Amsterdam and Paris, that Gen. von Moltke has been superseded as Chief of the German General Staff by Major-Gen. von Voights-Rhetz has not, as we write, been confirmed. It must be regarded with considerable suspicion, but, if true, it is an interesting piece of intelligence which may be interpreted according to the hopes and fears of those who read it. On the face of it, as English military critics have not been slow to point out, it would appear an extremely dangerous experiment to "swap horses in the middle of the stream," and in the English view there looms up immediately the sinister figure of the Kaiser with his detestation of Britain and a crazy desire for vengeance on perfidious Albion. According to this view the explanation of the change in leadership is ingenuously simple: the Kaiser has been anxious to invade England forthwith, and von Moltke, having resisted his imperial master's plans, and not having been overwhelmingly successful with his own, is in disgrace. The improbability of such an explanation is apparent. It is not necessary to regard the Kaiser as a heaven-sent strategist—which there is every indication that he is not—to give him credit for the possession of rather more intelligence than to consider seriously the withdrawal of a number of troops from France, where they are already sorely pressed, in order to dispatch them on an enterprise which baffled even Napoleon at the height of his success.

The whole progress of the battle of the Aisne, now in its fourth week, has tended to confirm the impression, early expressed in these columns, that this war will be a long one. The battle of the Aisne has resolved itself, as did the battle of Mukden in the Russo-Japanese war, into a siege of intrenched positions, and future battles are likely to follow this precedent. If the Allies are ultimately successful in the present battle, their success is likely only to repeat that on the Marne. When the time comes, the German forces may be expected to retreat, defeated, but unbroken, to a previously selected line on the Belgian frontier, at least as strong as their present position, and, still assuming the gradual progress of the Allies, the heart-breaking period of the struggle will come as the Germans are gradually forced back on their own frontier defences. We have stated before that the decisive episodes in a campaign are the capture of large bodies of troops, but it becomes increasingly evident that on the huge scale on which modern battles are fought a Metz or a Sedan is not to be looked for, and that victory is to be decided rather by a weary process of attrition. That the Allies will ever fight their way to Berlin from the west seems even more improbable than that the Germans will now fight their way back to Paris. Even if the Russian offensive could be supposed as remaining stationary, the point of exhaustion must be reached long before Berlin is in sight. But Berlin is the objective of the Russians, and the task of the Allies is to continue to keep a huge army engaged in the west, while their allies on the east are slowly forging ahead towards the capital.

The developments in the situation in the western area of conflict that call for comment are the determined German attack on Antwerp and the extension of the Allies' left in a northerly direction towards the Belgian frontier. It now seems evident that these are not to be regarded as isolated operations, but are to be considered in their relation to one another. When we wrote last week the extreme northerly point of the French flanking movement was some ten miles north of the Somme River in the neighborhood of Albert and Combles. As we write now there is reason to suppose that the line has been advanced to a point between Arras and Lille —a distance of some forty miles. The German forces, however, have kept pace with those of the Allies; the army of Gen. von Kluck is apparently in less danger of being outflanked than was the case a week ago; the most desperate attempts of the Allies to cut the German lines of communications into Belgium have so far been repulsed. Meanwhile, at the bend of the allied line, around Roye and Noyon, dispatches from Paris and Berlin on Monday agreed that ground had been given. That need imply no reverse to the allied forces. Obviously, as the line stretches out, it must become attenuated, and sudden attacks at different points by superior numbers (and the Germans, forming the inner circle, have the advantage in rapid concentration of reinforcements) necessitate a retreat on prepared defences until counter-reinforcements can be brought up. The line bends, but does not break.

Lille is close to the Belgian frontier and but eighty miles from Antwerp, and, bearing that in mind, the suggestion immediately offers itself that the allied movement which started as a flanking operation designed to envelop the German right has now developed into a deliberate attempt to join hands with the Belgian army in Antwerp. Then the sudden German determination to effect the capture of Antwerp and the rapid advance northward of the Allies are mutually explanatory. Confirmation is lent to this supposition by dispatches on Monday which revealed the fact that British artillery is co-operating with the Belgians in the defence of Antwerp. The advantage to the Allies of effecting a juncture with the Belgian army is evident, if that can be carried out without seriously weakening their line elsewhere. An army of 100,000 men (the figure at which we may safely estimate the present Belgian forces) acting as an isolated unit may be useful in harrying the enemy's lines of communication and keeping troops engaged that could advantageously be employed elsewhere, but evidently, acting on the left wing of the allied forces as an integral part of the whole army, its usefulness would be doubled. It would mean the reinforcement of the allied troops by the equivalent of between two and three army corps.

Another competitor, then, has entered the race of which we spoke last week as in progress between the attack of the German left-centre on the Verdun-Toul line of fortifications and the flanking movement of the allied left. The object of the Germans now appears to be to take Antwerp (when the majority of its defenders would probably be compelled to cross the Scheldt into Holland, where they would be interned) before the Allies, penetrating to Mons and Brussels, can relieve the pressure on Antwerp and liberate the Belgian army. The prospect of German success appears to be doubtful. In spite of Belgian denials, we may accept the official statements from Berlin that the forts of Lierre, Waelhem, and Koningschoyckt have fallen before the redoubtable siege guns mounted on their concrete bases, and the Belgian statement that the defending forces occupy a strong line between the Rupel and the Nethe lends confirmation to the German assertion; but before those same guns can be utilized to batter down the inner circle of forts they must be moved across marshy ground, and bases of reinforced concrete must be prepared for them. Furthermore, although previous theories as to the impregnability of fortifications have been somewhat upset by the Krupp siege guns, the experience of this war has demonstrated the strength of intrenched positions capably defended. If, furthermore, as seems a probable conjecture, the defences of Antwerp have been reinforced by British naval guns the task of the Germans should not prove an easy one.

In the eastern field of operations the Russian strategical plan, which appears to have been singularly deliberate and well considered, is gradually maturing. The original demonstration in East Prussia at the beginning of the war, which served its purpose admirably in drawing off troops from the west, has resulted after severe fighting in leaving the situation pretty much as it was six weeks ago. The counter-demonstration, which swept the Russian forces from East Prussia, and carried the army of Gen. von Hindenburg into Poland, had its culmination in the week-long battle of the Niemen. Here, although dispatches from Petrograd have not always in the past proved to be credible, and although on Tuesday Berlin put forth an assertion of sweeping success at Augustowo, there appears to be no doubt that the Russian forces gained a decisive victory. There is no reason to discredit the success at Augustowo, but it seems to have been a rear-guard action, forming only part of the battle as a general result of which Gen. von Hindenburg's army was defeated. The probability is, therefore, that the German forces in this field have retired from the Niemen to a fortified line on the frontier.

In Galicia nothing of great importance has occurred during the past week. We may place the Russian centre as near Tarnow, its left skirmishing in the Carpathians, its right running from Tarnow northwest across the Vistula into Poland. The Austro-German forces are concentrated before Cracow, and here we may shortly expect what may prove to be one of the decisive battles of the war. Meanwhile, we hear for the first time of the great central Russian army which, it was assumed at the beginning of the war, would undertake the main invasion of Germany by way of Posen. This army is apparently advancing on the Posen-Kaliscz line, and between it and the German frontier, judging from a mysterious dispatch in which Petrograd casually speaks of "the present fighting near Warsaw," we must assume the presence of that German army which, according to an official announcement from Berlin a month ago, had occupied Lodz, and thereafter vanished from human ken.

Foreign Correspondence

A TRIO OF GREAT SPEECHES—IRELAND AND SOUTH AFRICA—SONG IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, September 26.

At a time when England, civil, naval, and military, is splendidly facing peril unparalleled since the day of Napoleon, it is a crowning advantage that we have at the head of affairs men who by natural gifts of oratory can give adequate expression to the national feeling. In the front rank stand three of varied style, each marked by strong personality. The speech of Sir Edward Grey, delivered in the House of Commons on the eve of the declaration of war, was epoch-making. Since Crimean days this country has never embarked on a warlike expedition without creating a more or less powerful opposition. Sir Edward Grey's speech, promptly followed by publication of the White Paper containing diplomatic conversation and correspondence with the Kaiser's agents, not only united the British and Irish people as one man, but enlisted the sympathy and approval of neutrals in both hemispheres.

Mr. Asquith's speech, delivered in the historic Guildhall, through which Pitt's trumpet-call still echoes, carried matters a long step further. When he spoke, war had been fiercely raging for some weeks. "The Angel of Death was abroad in the land." There had been a series of disappointments, deepening to grave anxiety at the slow but steady retreat of the Allied forces, driven back by the German horde elate on the familiar road to Paris. The Prime Minister's speech, invincible in spirit, lofty in eloquence, struck the right note at a critical moment. It lifted up the heart of the people to a pitch from which it has not since shown sign of falling.

Then comes Mr. Lloyd George, facing an enthusiastic crowd in the vastness of Queen's Hall, with a speech differing in style and texture from the other two, but worthy of the proud championship. Its burning eloquence, its flaming indignation against the resuscitation of vandalism and barbarity, its withering scorn of the man responsible for these woful things, who daily "takes by the arm the shuddering Lord of Hosts," roused afresh the enthusiasm of the people and deepened the determination to make an end of the Kaiser and all his works. Tennyson wrote a verse extolling the singer. It is easily adaptable and equally appropriate to the orator:

> And here the speaker for his Art
> Not all in vain may plead.
> The Speech that nerves the Nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed.

The spontaneous singing of "God Save the King" in the House of Commons on the eve of prorogation is one of those incidents that attract perhaps excessive attention on the part of the public. Another incident following a few minutes later was of supremer interest. As the House was breaking up a voice from the Liberal benches cried, "God Save Ireland!" In the deep voice of the Irish Nationalist leader came back in swift response, "God Save England!" A little thing, but how much it means! Ten years ago it would have been impossible. Even twelve months ago the fervent utterance would have been almost as much as Mr. Redmond's position in Ireland was worth. But he had on this day just returned from the House of Lords, where he had witnessed the enactment of the Home Rule bill, conclusion of a fight that goes back forty years, when—the happy phrase "Home Rule" has just been invented by way of distinction from Separation—Isaac Butt opened the campaign. That its finish should be coincidental with the peril of Great Britain making opportunity for armed Ireland to come to her sister's aid is one of the striking events of history.

It is one of two splendid results of the policy inaugurated upon the downfall of the Balfour Ministry in 1905. One affected South Africa, the other Ireland. I have vivid recollection of seeing Mr. Balfour standing at the table of the House of Commons nervously wringing his hands, almost literally washing them of participation in, or responsibility for, Campbell-Bannerman's proclaimed resolution to admit the Boers to a full share of the government of their country. As to Home Rule for Ireland, bitter animosity towards it found final issue in attempt to utilize the war with Germany as an expedient for indefinitely shelving the bill even as it stood awaiting enactment. Among the cards in his hand upon which the Kaiser confidently counted in playing the game that to-day desolates the fair fields of France and the once prosperous cities and towns of Belgium, was revolt in Ireland, and an attempt on the part of the Boers to regain their independence. In South Africa, as in Ireland, it has been found possible to withdraw the British garrisons, England's ancient enemies undertaking to answer for safety and order. It is a pity that C.-B. did not live long enough to see this fruition of his bold and generous statesmanship on either side of the Equator.

Precedent to the prorogation, the only other time I have heard the voice of song break forth in the House of Commons dates back thirteen years. The circumstances strikingly indicate all that has happened in the interval. The Unionist party was in power, Mr. Balfour and his colleagues in office. The Irish members, recognizing that they were as far off as ever from realization of their dream of Home Rule, lapsed into their familiar tactics of obstruction. Late on a night in the spring of the session 1901, the Education Vote was dealt with, the Irish members attacking it on innumerable details. Obstruction carried to its furthest limit, the chairman ordered the House to be cleared in preparation for a division. The Irish members refused to budge from their seats. To-day, by operation of a new standing order, members not desiring to take part in a division may, if they please, retain their seats. A dozen years ago such procedure was a gross breach of order.

The Speaker (Mr. Gully) was sent for, and on taking the chair repeated the chairman of committee's direction to clear the House. The Irish members being unyielding, the police were summoned, and under the direction of the sergeant-at-arms led the recalcitrant members forth. The main body went quietly enough. Mr. Flavin, firmly clasping the rail of the bench, declined to go. The police accordingly literally "took him up," and carried him forth shoulder high, he in stentorian voice chanting the refrain of the national battlesong, "God Save Ireland." On Friday Mr. Flavin's voice was plainly heard, doubtless for the first time in his life, singing "God Save the King."

A French Kipling

By J. W. CUNLIFFE.

THE WORK OF PIERRE MILLE, WHOSE BARNAVAUX IS FIRST COUSIN TO MULVANEY.

M. Pierre Mille has so often expressed his admiration for Kipling and acknowledged his indebtedness to him that he would probably take the above heading as a compliment, though it is far from an adequate description of his qualities. One cannot imagine Rudyard Kipling as a Frenchman, and it may be premised at once that Pierre Mille is something more (and less) than his first inspiration and model. Nowadays he writes sometimes like Kipling, and sometimes like Anatole France; into the gulf between these two one could drop most of the living writers of prose who are worth reading.

I.

As Pierre Mille, in spite of his enormous popularity in France, is little known outside of his own country, a few particulars of his career may be of interest. Born at Choisy-le-Roi in 1865, young Mille plunged into journalism, and was sent by the *Journal des Débats* as its correspondent to the Greco-Turkish War of 1897. His dispatches, and some articles he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, attracted attention, and formed the basis for his first book, "De Thessalie en Crète" (1898). He had already made his journalistic début in the French colonies at Madagascar in 1896, and he afterwards visited Senegal and the Congo. His descriptive sketch, "Au Congo Belge" (1899) was "crowned" by the Academy, and was followed by two other books on the Congo question, which was already exciting a great deal of public interest. But it was not till 1905 that he established his reputation as a story-teller in the volume, "Sur la Vaste Terre." The very title seems to smack of Kipling, whose name figures at the head of one of the stories, and whose influence is plainly discernible in others. The hero of the book, Barnavaux, is first cousin to Terence Mulvaney; an outline of "Barnavaux, Général" will be enough to make the relationship clear. The story is told by Barnavaux, a marine serving in Madagascar, to a friend of higher social station (apparently a war correspondent) in the interval of some military operations. Barnavaux and his comrade, Razowski, were the sole garrison of the outpost of Vouhilène, and Razo fell ill from homesickness and reading the books of the Protestant missionary Stewart—the doctor called it tropical anæmia. Sister Ludine, of the Catholic dispensary, tried to cheer him up and save his soul, but he said he was a free-thinker and would die like a man. Rakoutoumangue, the old chief whom Barnavaux had supplanted, came on a pretext to spy out the land, and found as "Commander of the garrison, chief of staff, colonel, captain, lieutenant, artillery, cavalry, infantry—Barnavaux. The rest of the garrison—in

hospital." A few days later, the insurgents were heard attacking Stewart in his school. Barnavaux took his rifle to go to the rescue. Razo tried to get up, but could not lift his head from the pillow. Then Sister Ludine took up Razo's rifle, and said to Barnavaux, "I am coming with you"—the idea that the poor little children would be burnt to death in the school filled her with horror and turned her head. "But I could not see Sister Ludine transformed into a heroic warrior—it would be ridiculous," recounted Barnavaux, who may now be allowed to tell his own story:

"Do not dishonor your cap," I said to her. "People don't bear arms in that costume. What we need is the prestige of the uniform. The outpost defended by a woman—it is the best way to show that all is lost."

"Do you think so? Well, it won't take long."

She undid Razo's bundle, took out a pair of trousers and a tunic, and ran without another word into the kitchen, which was a little hut at the other end of the terrace.

Three minutes later she came back dressed as a marine—yes, a marine in full uniform, which did not embarrass her in the least—she was so excited. Her little old woman's body made her look like a child, except for her face, which was haggard, wrinkled, shrivelled—but all shining with enthusiasm. Razo choked with emotion and I did not think of laughing or of protesting—I had tears in my eyes. I said:

"Sister Ludine, you are out of your mind. Sister Ludine, I love you with all my heart. By all the powers, go and crack their heads."

At that moment I could have destroyed an army of a hundred thousand men all alone. Everything seemed to me cheerful, touching, easy, and sublime. It was not air I had in my lungs, but a kind of clear flame that ran hot in my blood. I was mad, I was happy, I was beyond myself. I wished to break out into exclamations, into songs, into all kinds of foolishness for my own pleasure—for a joke. I am telling you exactly how I felt.

Things were pressing. Five or six houses were already on fire. Three or four corpses already stained the reddened soil. The insurgents were blazing away their ammunition, perhaps to show that they had plenty of it. Their yells, from afar, sounded like a litany in church—rising, swelling, falling, beginning again. The door of the school was shut, and Stewart was firing through a loophole; this solitary sound from the defence, thin and, as it were, trembling, froze me to the soul. It was five o'clock, and the setting sun cast long rays across the rice fields, which separated the outpost from the village. A rice field is a river in which there is mud instead of water, and green shoots above the mud. You can only cross it by the dikes.

I said to Sister Ludine:

"We must produce a grandiose and unexpected effect. You are the second division of the army. Go down behind the outpost, turn to the right, and cross the rice field by the third dike. Don't weaken your formation by delay on the march; you might lose stragglers! Once you are on the dike, the enemy will see you; then fire. By all the saints of Paradise, don't trouble to aim, but fire all the cartridges in the magazine, recharge, and begin again. Your business is to make plenty of noise—that's all."

The sister laughed heartily.

"That's what I'm here for," she said. "But how do you do it?"

She held out her Lebel rifle with the look of a nigger who has received a money order and does not know what to do with it.

"Ah, just so," I replied.

I showed her the mechanism of the dear little thing. She understood it at once.

"Comme ça, et puis comme ça, et puis comme ça? C'est bon. Au revoir."

And she was going off when I recalled her with a shout:

"I've forgotten to tell you the direction in which you're to march."

"Holy Virgin!" she answered. "It's the school. You've no need to tell me that."

I never saw more conscientious work. She marched, fired all the balls from the magazine, made a few steps, stopped to recharge, began again—and did in every way just as I did, for I was advancing on my dike like a veritable Napoleon at the Bridge of Arcole.

It is over a mile from the outpost of Vouhilène to the village; but we had opened fire all the same. The brutes who were attacking the school turned round in astonishment. They all believed—because they had been told so—that there was only one Frenchman on his feet at Vouhilène, and that he would not be mad enough to leave the outpost. My insolence impressed them, and the parallel demonstration of Sister Ludine was a surprise. The insurgents of Emyrne were poor devils who were dying of hunger; what gave them courage was the assurance that no one in the village would offer resistance—neither the guards of the outpost nor the inhabitants. But here was the garrison making a sortie.

The fever-stricken Razo completed the rout of the insurgents by letting off, from the top of the outpost, the fireworks intended for the 14th of July; and Rakoutoumangue, who had instigated the attack, when he saw the rebels giving way, came and helped to slaughter them. They tried to take refuge in the school, and the missionary, after imploring them to go away, killed one by throwing a block of granite on his head. His consternation at having "killed a man" recalls a similar incident in Kipling, though the circumstances are entirely different. "Well," said Sister Ludine, "I can take an oath that I have not killed anybody." "And it was absolutely true," Barnavaux comments. "If any one can boast to-day that she never hurt a hair of her neighbor's head, it is that old saint—which proves the importance of moral strength, as the newspapers say."

In the upshot, the part played by Stewart and Sister Ludine in crushing the insurrection was suppressed in the official report, and most of the credit given to Rakoutoumangue, who was in consequence restored by the French Government to his position as chief. Barnavaux was promoted to corporal. His interlocutor remarked that he no longer wore the stripes:

He blew away a cloud of smoke and replied: "The air of big cities is not good for me. Three months after the victory, I was recalled to Tananarivo, and there I was reduced to the ranks for unbecoming conduct. But that is another story."

II.

"Barnavaux et Quelques Femmes" (1908) continues the exploits of the soldier-hero in Madagascar, in the Sahara, on the Congo, in Tonkin; and the last story is dedicated to Rudyard Kipling, who wrote *the Finest Story in the World.* But apparently the author tired of this vein (though the public did not), and the stories that followed were turned in another direction. "Caillou et Tili" (1911) is an attempt to explain to adults the point of view of a little boy and a little girl. This difficult task is accomplished with much delicacy and subtlety, and with many profound observations of childish nature, of which the following may serve as examples:

Never tell stories before children of things that have happened to them; if they are inclined to vanity and affectation, you will make little mimics of them; if they are proud, delicate, and sensitive of soul, you will wound their susceptibilities. For in spite of all your efforts you will never tell the story as they have felt it; you are too different from them, and you will not do them justice. So they will think that you are making fun of their vexations and anxieties, that you do not take seriously either their personality—and there is no human being more solitary and therefore more proud than a child—or the universe they are constructing in mosaic—by sensations added one to the other—luminous fragments of things, precious gems they are perpetually amassing. . . .

Never quote children's sayings in their presence; if you yield to this inclination, they will quickly come to stringing phrases together at random, in the hope of exciting surprise and admiration.

These are perhaps counsels of perfection, but if parents would give heed to them, they would save their friends some unhappy hours and their children real suffering. Caillou and Tili are, of course, French children, and much that occurs to them would be strange to American youngsters; but there is no doubt of the insight and skill with which the author has revealed some of the secrets of the nursery, of universal interest and significance.

In his next book, "Louise et Barnavaux" (1912), Mille returned to the hero who had first won him fame, and had not ceased to be popular. In this volume we see Barnavaux attempting to settle down; he does not go so far as marriage, but he enters into a *union libre* with a respectable working girl, Louise, whose character is drawn with charming sympathy. The result is disastrous for Barnavaux; after making all kinds of good resolutions, he is sent to prison for four days because he has obtained leave to attend the funeral of his son, whose paternity he had not officially acknowledged. Barnavaux gives up Louise, and returns to his old habits and adventures.

Mille's last book, "Paraboles et Diversions" (1913), is again different from his previous work. The "Paraboles" are fresh versions of Scripture story, somewhat in the manner of Anatole France, but without his biting and malicious irony. Mille's hu-

mor is more gentle and sympathetic, and though readers brought up in the traditions of English Protestantism may find the atmosphere irreverent, the Latin peoples, accustomed to treating sacred personages with a certain affectionate familiarity, will see no cause of offence. The story of Creation is told so as to give more play for the part of Satan, who is identified with the first critic; Noah yields half of his honors to Deucalion; the birth and childhood of Jesus are treated with a delicate humor which has, rightly regarded, no touch of mockery. The legends of Œdipus and Don Juan are dealt with in the same spirit—the latter from the point of view taken by Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman." The next division of the volume, "Quelques Bêtes et Gens," again reminds one of Anatole France, though the latter was, of course, not the first to enforce the warning against anthropomorphism by reminding us that the lower animals have a different point of view. It was an old Greek who said, "If the oxen made a god, they would make him in the likeness of an ox," and Mille's "Diary of a Fat Ox" is conceived in a delicious spirit of humorous gravity which is wholly original:

I am the Fat Ox. There is no more magnificent title. There is none more assured. I despise the other sovereigns. To what does William II, Emperor of Germany, owe his throne? To the fact that Frederic II, the only great man of the family, had no more children than I have. He reigns by virtue of the chances of a collateral succession. And the President of the Republic? He presides by virtue of the chances of a contested election. And for all the others, it is the same thing: inheritance, chance, lottery. But I—I have been weighed! And I weighed more than all the other oxen. I am the ox of oxen; no one can deny it. I have been elected by science and truth. Science and truth march with me—nothing can stop them; I shall go, with them, to the slaughter-house.

For I know that I shall go to the slaughter-house. That is what constitutes the superiority of oxen over man; we know how we shall die and what end our death will serve; to feed men. But what end is served by men who die? None at all. That is why they are accompanied to the tomb with melancholy hymns, black costumes, ugly withered flowers, and priests who are hidden in carts made like catafalques. My priests were fragrant with wine, like Silenus. They were clad in white, purple, and amaranth. Bacchantes accompanied them. Delirious trumpets sounded on my way. Men dressed like beasts danced before the beast I am. And they will slay me like a god.

The Fat Ox then tells of his birth and early education:

I was taught to ruminate. It is a real science. You must ruminate stretched on the ground, slowly, gently, with the lower teeth, and think only of ruminating. When you know how to ruminate, you know the foundation of things, you are happy, nothing can distress you. The moment comes when I shall die; but I am ruminating. That is why bulls are mad. They pass their time in running about, they attack terriers who ought to be respected, they ruminate ill. So they stay lean; they will never be fat oxen. I cannot conceive why they exist.

Every fortnight I was weighed in a great machine, and each weighing was a triumph. I became huge, fat, powerful, placid, and pacific like the earth, and of a white color lightly tinged with rose, like a plum blossom. When I was put to the plough, I accepted this gymnastic exercise without complaint, knowing that it would make my flesh firmer. I was rewarded by my victory at the Agricultural Show, where the Prefect himself paid homage to me.

I understood, from the speech of this high official, why I had lived. My existence and embonpoint glorified the Republic. Never, under the Empire, was there an ox like me; for oxen could not grow becomingly fat under the régime of tyranny. The Radical-Socialist Deputy made it known, in a very long address, that the protection he had always accorded to the ward in which I was born was not unconnected with the brilliance of my hide and the richness of my flanks. Then the trumpets played the Marseillaise, the Clairons de Sidi-Brahim, and the Internationale. Tired out, I sank to rest in my own dung. They put a crown of roses on my head, and I concluded that I had done all that was expected of me.

. . . . . .

Now I know that I shall die. It matters little—I have lived my life. My name will resound for the last time in a dark corridor, acclaimed by vigorous and sanguinary young men armed with heavy axes of steel. But even my corpse will be glorious. The butcher who bought me will decorate it for the last time with paper roses, after removing my hide. And the nations will defile before my gigantic body before it is cut in pieces. This is the lot of gods and of kings.

III.

The next story, "Jimmy and Wilkie," has a larger element of pathos. The heroes are two coal-mine ponies who are brought to the upper air because of a strike; their sensations on seeing the light of day, the meadows, the flowers, the birds, are described with the subtlest sympathy. The other stories and sketches are lighter in tone and of less permanent and universal appeal. Most of them hit off little peculiarities of French life, such as the anglers on the banks of the Seine, who are a perennial source of wonder to American visitors. The story of the restoration of the Mona Lisa to the Louvre is at the expense of the experts, as the "Courte Conversation avec un Grand Peintre" is at the expense of the latest fads in art, the "Great Painter" being no other than the donkey who with his tail painted a picture which was exhibited in one of the Paris salons, and was much admired—until its origin was made known. American readers will be interested in the story of the theoretical anarchist, Paul-Louis Durand, who was a passenger on the Titanic:

When Paul-Louis saw they were getting out the life-boats, he made haste. A young officer, correct and cool, in full uniform—it is worth while to dress well for death, it gives courage and generosity, the soul adjusts itself to the body—took him by the collar of his ulster, and said sharply:

"What are you doing?"

"You see for yourself," said Paul-Louis. "I am going to get into the boat."

"Women and children first," answered the officer. "Besides, I may tell you that there will only be room for them. There are not enough life-boats."

Durand's principles obliged him to consider his own life as more precious than those of all the rest of the world. He tried to free himself, and felt a revolver pressed against his temple. He was an intellectual; he had time to experience something like respect for this man who showed a determination equal to that of the enemies of society. Yet he protested:

"What have the women and children to do with me—and with you? This is no time for politeness."

"It's not politeness," said the officer. "I suppose—well, I suppose it is because children—children are the future—and women the possibility of replacing us. But—go to hell, sir. I've no time to talk."

As Paul-Louis Durand was asking himself with some astonishment if in reality there are sometimes interests which exceed those of the individual, the great ship dipped her nose into the dark water like a swan looking for a fish. But she did not raise her head again—ever. And while a fierce lamentation arose from the vessel, swelling and falling like a hymn, Paul-Louis, losing his balance, was thrown into the sea. It was so cold that he said to himself that he could not swim long. But as he had heard of the terrible suction made by a sinking ship, he made efforts to get away. In the cruel darkness that oppressed his eyes like some material, viscous substance, he suddenly felt something solid under his hand. It was a raft, which yielded beneath his feet; but this enabled him to climb on it. It was large and solid. He scrambled to the middle and stood up.

He was saved! But at that instant a mysterious, inexorable, overwhelming fear increased the shuddering of his miserable flesh. He was alone—all alone in the midst of the sea! He could not stay alone; he was more afraid, alone on this wreckage, than a moment before on the steamer among fifteen hundred men facing death with him. The iceberg drifted near, and in its sickly light he saw a man, sustained by a life-belt in the water a few feet away. He called to him:

"Here! Here! Do this with your hands!"

He made the movements of swimming, and almost in a frenzy, on all fours, helped the shipwrecked man to climb on the raft. Others came, and soon there were thirty of them. They were not acquaintances, and yet they were glad to recognize one another. They touched each other gently as if the feeling of comradeship gave them I know not what desperate hope.

Suddenly there was a change. Some one said:

"We can't take any one else. The raft is going down."

Yet from the depths of the darkness they saw other unfortunates coming and crying for help.

"There is no more room," Paul-Louis shouted with the rest. "There is no more room—keep off. This raft is ours. If you come on board, you will sink us."

Of these exiles, thrown back to death, some said with resignation:

"God help you! Good-by!"

But others tried to climb up. Then instinctively there was a guard, watchmen, leaders, who repulsed them without pity.

"It's ours, this raft. We want to live."

And thus Paul-Louis Durand, anarchist and individual, learned the meaning of patriotism.

IV.

It will be seen that M. Mille has decided opinions. He has not the detachment of Anatole France, to whom he ironically dedicated one of his earlier stories ("L'Aveugle") on the duty of military service. On the other hand, it would be no less a mistake to describe him as an imperialist, if by that we understand an imperialist after the fashion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has too much irony for that, sees too much of both sides—that of the subjected people as well as that of the white man who is assuming a self-imposed burden. He has not Kipling's sublime confidence in himself and in the divine mission of his race. His is a subtler essence, less powerful, no doubt, but possessing its own delicate charm. Those who have read the passages quoted should find encouragement in them to make acquaintance with the original text; and it is to be wished that some competent translator might put a selection of M. Pierre Mille's work within reach of the English-reading public. They would enjoy it, and profit by it.

News for Bibliophiles

BYRON'S INDEBTEDNESS TO LA FONTAINE.

It is a curious fact that no student or editor should as yet have recognized Byron's indebtedness to the Fables of La Fontaine. It is easy to see that the author of "Don Juan" had at one time or another, or rather at different times, referred to the "Contes." The use made of La Fontaine's tales was usually an indirect and sometimes an unworthy one. So the bonhomme's "Joconde" was pressed into service to justify his own license in the first canto of "Juan" when Hobhouse remonstrated with him at the time that the first instalment of the poem was passing through the press.

Byron doubtless found comfort in La Fontaine's company, for he uses him again as a shield to shelter himself from another charge of grossness in a letter to Murray. That he did not confine himself to the "Joconde" is plain from the fact that he quotes, evidently with the book before him, six verses from "Le Roi Caudaule et le Maître en Droit" in a letter of July 13, 1820, this time to Moore, who was of a temperament better able to appreciate such pleasantries. Byron had evidently been reading the "Contes" during his stay at Ravenna, and, as usually happens, we catch these echoes in his correspondence. These, however, are the only references to the seventeenth-century master which have so far been noted, and no one of them occurs in Byron's poetry and no one of them is to the Fables.

The reference which I am about to cite will, I believe, prove beyond doubt that long before this, probably at the time when he was still struggling against what he was pleased humorously to call the "elements" of French, he had chosen the better part and read the Fables likewise. One of these, "L'Oiseau blessé d'une Flèche," was to provide him with what is probably the most striking and famous figure in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The reference is unquestionable, though it has escaped the vigilance of careful editors. Byron's lines run:

> So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
> While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
> Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.
> (II. 841-848.)

These lines were certainly inspired by the sixth Fable of the Second Book:

> Mortellement atteint d'une flèche empennée,
> Un oiseau déplorait sa triste destinée,
> Et disait, en souffrant un surcroît de douleur:
> "Faut-il contribuer à son propre malheur!
> Cruels humains! vous tirez de nos ailes
> De quoi faire voler ces machines mortelles!"

The fable itself was, of course, not original with La Fontaine, having come to him, like so many others, from Æsop. But in this case the matter certainly lost nothing in its further passage from La Fontaine to Byron. It is interesting to note that the bird who speaks in character in La Fontaine has become an eagle, and Byron's lines have acquired a certain *largeur*. His verses soar even if his stricken eagle does not. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" had, of course, been suppressed long before Byron left England, but he was probably not altogether displeased when he learned that George Bankes had quoted these splendid lines at the opening of Parliament on January 23, 1821. We suspect that he was quite willing, in spite of his seemingly indignant protest, that all the world "should keep flinging" at least these lines of his poem in his face. They are an enduring monument to Byron's relation with La Fontaine the fabulist.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence

LOUVAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Would it not be well for the universities of the entire civilized world to adopt the suggestion of Prof. Patrick Geddes and unite in a solemn protest against the destruction by the German troops of the University of Louvain, with its libraries, works of art, and scientific collections? I doubt if any military crime since the burning of the library of Alexandria can be compared to the destruction of this venerable university in its downright wickedness and lack of justification. Certainly no act of an invader since the Thirty Years War has filled a civilized world with a greater feeling of indignation. That this act should have been committed by the soldiers of a country which has so long been regarded as a leader of culture and in whose national life universities have played such a preponderant rôle seems all the more inconceivable. This ancient institution was regarded by the Belgians with somewhat the same feeling of pride as that which the English have for Oxford and Cambridge. It has a distinguished faculty, among whom are some of the best known scholars of Europe. Now it has been wiped out by the "torch of German culture," and can never be replaced.

Viewed in the most charitable light, its destruction was a crime against civilization, and no money indemnity can ever atone for the act. The act, moreover, was committed in flagrant violation of one of the conventions of the second Hague conference, to which Germany is a party, that educational institutions, libraries, works of art, and scientific collections shall be spared from destruction by military forces except where considerations of absolute military necessity require such destruction. No such necessity existed in the case of Louvain, and none was asserted, the only excuse being that the military forces were fired upon by certain civilians among the inhabitants of the town. Even granting that there was sufficient provocation to justify the Germans in punishing the inhabitants of Louvain, the burning of an ancient university with its priceless collections of books, manuscripts, and works of art was a form of revenge wholly without justification and one without precedent. Even the hordes of Attila refrained from such acts.

If the voice of the civilized world is not raised against this outrageous violation of the universally recognized laws and customs of war, the Sorbonne and the Louvre and Oxford and Canterbury may suffer the same fate that has befallen Louvain. Is it not time for the other signatories of the Hague convention regarding the laws and customs of war to protest against so wanton a violation of its provisions? This convention is not a mere scrap of paper to be observed or disregarded by one of the parties as its own military interests may require; it is a solemn agreement among practically all the nations of the world to observe in their military operations certain rules of conduct and to refrain from certain acts in the interest of humanity and the preservation of a common civilization, and no single party to it should be permitted to violate one of its most important provisions—at least not without solemn protest. In the meantime, would it not be well for the universities of America, by appropriate resolutions, to protest in the name of civilization and humanity against the atrocious act by which the world has been deprived of one of its oldest, if not one of its greatest, universities? Such a protest would not be without effect, and it might be the means of saving other universities from Louvain's unhappy fate.

JAMES W. GARNER,
[Professor of Political Science, University of Illinois.]

Oxford, Eng., September 3.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We in Holland have silently accepted the enormous burden which has been flung upon our shoulders by mobilization and the heavy losses to our trade and industry caused by the war. Resolved to guard our neutrality in word and deed at all costs, our people and our press looked on with the utmost self-restraint when the German legions marched up along our frontiers and began devastating the prosperous land of our southern brethren. But at the barbarous work now done at Rheims popular indignation burst forth. Public opinion is alarmed and shocked. It would not have deemed it possible that the most perfect work

of art of the Middle Ages could have been spared for seven hundred years only to be put to the test of a modern bombardment a year after the opening of Carnegie's Peace Palace and a year before the peace conference should have assembled again. It sounds like a nightmare. There is only one impression—that of horror; there is only one opinion: "This is worse than Louvain."

The press here calls the destruction of the splendid building at Rheims a blow in the face of civilization, observing that the French, who, moreover, saw in the cathedral the monument of their national unity, must now feel what Holland would undergo if a bomb were thrown on the national museum at Amsterdam, with the deliberate purpose of destroying Rembrandt's Nightwatch, the Hobbemas, Ruysdaels, and Steens.

However, so far as I can see, the Germans spared the cathedral as long as they could, and the calamity which now overtakes civilization must be chiefly ascribed to a terrible Fate, which put this pearl of architectural art right in the way of two great rival armies. H. S. M. VAN W. CROMMELIN.

Amsterdam, September 22.

ARGUMENT FROM GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps by this time the avalanche of lies—I beg pardon, of English fabrications and French misrepresentations—has subsided, and you are getting some truthful intelligence not only regarding German victories, but also as to the spirit and temper of the German people.

Apropos of England's declaration of war, which in my humble opinion was not only a great crime, but a great blunder as well, I should be obliged if you would print some views concerning that country and its people possessing peculiar significance in these dreadful days.

Let us begin with John Ruskin, with these extracts from "The Crown of Wild Olives":

"The first of all English games is making money."

"And take also your English vice—the vice of jealousy which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars."

"This national shame and dastardliness of heart."

And it is Matthew Arnold who says of his countrymen: "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized."

Heinrich Heine was so bitter a critic of Germany that even to-day his patriotism is not regarded by many as genuine. His comments upon the English character may therefore be looked upon as impartial.

In his "French Affairs" he says: "The English possess much of that brutal energy with which Rome oppressed the world; but they unite to the wolfish greed of the Romans the snake-like cunning of the Carthaginians. Against the former we possess good and even tried weapons, but against the treacherous intrigues of those Punians of the North Sea we are defenceless. And at present England is more dangerous than ever, as its mercantile interests are declining. In all creation there's no such hard-hearted creature as a trader whose business is stagnating, whose customers are deserting him, and whose goods no longer find purchasers."

And in the "Book Le Grand" he exclaims: "Britannia, to thee belongs the ocean! But the sea does not contain sufficient water to wash away thy shame. . . . But once upon a time this song will be heard across the Channel, and Britain will cease to exist, and hurled to the ground will be the proud nation, Westminster's graves will be destroyed, and forgotten the royal dust which they enclosed."

I might add in this connection the more recent opinions of Haeckel, Morley, Eucken, Wundt, Trevelyan, but that would be an unreasonable demand upon your space. However, you will not deny that we poor deluded "German sympathizers" find ourselves in mighty good company. JACQUES MAYER.

Munich, September 13.

THE DOWNFALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What does the present European war mean to us Orientals? It means the saddest downfall of the so-called Western civilization; our belief that it was builded on a higher and sounder footing than ours was at once knocked down and killed; we are sorry that we somehow overestimated its happy possibility, and were deceived and cheated by its superficial glory. We now see that it was merely a mirage or optical illusion of a thing which, in its truest sense, never existed; or if it ever existed, it was simply a changed form or crafty masquerading of an avaricious instinct of primitive barbarism. The Western people, with all sorts of colleges and institutions in their most advanced order, are, after all, like their naked friends in far-away Asia or Africa, as it proves now, only a hungry piece of flesh, who, to use a Japanese saying, has just three more hairs than a monkey; certainly we inhuman beings (who says human beings?) were made, not by the sure intentions, but by the caprice of God. How can you believe, when you see them throwing a cannon ball, trampling on the killed people, that they are the human beings who could love trees and birds, and say, as Browning once said:

> God's in His Heaven—
> All's right with the world?

During the last forty long years, the Western poets, preachers, and philosophers have been singing and writing on the general peace and brotherhood, and every church striking its holy bell on every Sunday and Christmas Eve, whose heavenly music was, to use Robert Bridges's graceful lines,

> Angels' song comforting as the comfort of Christ
> When he spake tenderly to his sorrowful flock.

And what is the result of their forty years' toil? We see only the rivers colored by blood, and a huge mountain made in a single night with human corpses. Where's the peace and brotherhood dreamed by their innocent minds? Who can deny when I say that the Western people, when they are so strong and savage, are the sure believers in Machiavellism? When they preached peace, it was only at the time when they could not practice that barbarous policy; those forty years of peace were only a sort of truce. It was never a peace for peace's sake, but the time of preparation or suspension of hostilities in the interim from one war to another.

We Japanese fought two wars in the last twenty years in the East; and we were given the unwelcome name of warlike nation, and often placed, as a result, in many international difficulties. We have been looked upon as a dangerous element, particularly by the Americans, who sent us peace envoys on several occasions; it was their stupidity not to think that their own West, as I said before, with all sorts of advanced colleges and institutions, was still more dangerous than the East where Confucius's analects are not a dead language. Confucius's teaching is that we should recompense injury with justice, kindness with kindness; and his doctrine is, the book says, to be true to the principles of our nature and the benevolent exercise of them to others. Even when we, as a people or nation, could not strictly observe his teaching, we believe that we never acted aggressively. It was the German Emperor who drew a picture calling us Yellow Peril, when we won a fight from China; if we had been a yellow peril, as he said, it meant only against the white race of the West. But what that German Emperor is doing now is, certainly, a mighty peril against all the humanities of the whole world. We have a proverb saying that what the superior person loves would be loved more by the inferior people; what result will come from the example shown by the so-called most advanced first-class nation or nations of the West? What would happen if many second-rate or third-rate countries in Asia or anywhere else might imitate the Western example? The present downfall of the Western civilization means more than you and I suppose. It is not too much to say that the present European war is the beginning of the dark age of the whole world. We Orientals will insist in future not to believe whatever high philosophy on love or peace or humanity the Western scholars and theologians might write. We Japanese are glad at least to have a country in a far-away East, not in the West. I have been losing for some long while my own respect towards the West and her own civilization.

My recent Western journey, which was concluded only a few weeks ago, confirmed me that the so-called dynamic European civilization was all against the Asiatic belief, that is to say, Confucius's teaching that we "should have no foregone conclusion, no arbitrary predeterminations, no obstinacy, and no egoism." Confucius says: "He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling-place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing, and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified." When I knew that the Western civilization was more or less founded on individualism and often egoism and self-satisfaction, I thought that the social community of the West was less harmonious and loving; and when one does not respect the others, there will be only one thing to come, that is fight, in action or silence. I have seen enough proof that the Western life was not a kind to lead one to soul's content and peacefulness, but always to disturbance and pain. Having much dissatisfaction with the Western life, I returned to a country whose immediate, most important determination should be a refusal to the Western invasion; I believe I know too much to be surprised by the present European war. YONE NOGUCHI.

Keio University, Tokio, September 7.

THE RIGHT OF EMINENT DOMAIN AMONG NATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After the roar of the cannon is over, the toll counted and paid, and history has fixed the responsibility for the wars of the twentieth century, perhaps one fact will have become plain to a majority of the people who inhabit this planet, viz., that there can be no permanent peace until the right of eminent domain shall have become recognized among nations.

In other words, nations must be willing to submit, as do individuals, to the doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number. For just as the individual land-owner must be prepared to surrender his ownership when his property stands in the path of a new highway or railway, or is wanted by the community for a park or a playground, so must nations adapt themselves to the needs of nations whenever changes are demanded which injure few and benefit many.

When the right of eminent domain shall have become recognized among nations, the world will produce some legislative machinery acting under the authority of all nations. This body will have power to permit one nation to take territory from another when shown that the largeness of the necessity demands that it should be taken, and to fix the limitations under which it may be taken and developed.

Acting under such a decree, it ought not to be difficult for our friends at The Hague to determine how much one nation should pay to another for the damage it has done, and to enforce the laws of eminent domain in a manner that is equitable.

John Alden Lee.

Cohasset, Mass., September 24.

THE BACK-DOOR TO LITERARY FAME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At not infrequent intervals printers are wont to pause in conversation to remind one, not without conscious pride, that many of the leading names in American literature are closely connected with the history of "the art preservative." The roll of American authors who first sought success as compositors is so long, and the names on it are so bright, as to suggest that a logical preparation for literary work be an apprenticeship of a few years at the type-case.

Though no attempt is made to supply a complete list, Benjamin Franklin, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Artemus Ward, Henry George, Lafcadio Hearn, William Dean Howells, and Joel Chandler Harris may be mentioned as being especially prominent among the graduates of the composing-room. Edgar Allan Poe, Opie Read, O. Henry, Bill Nye, and others, if not compositors, certainly were initiated into some of the intricacies of the craft—certain passages from their works indicate as much.

That so many men have been able to advance themselves from the lowly print-shop to the heights of literary success is to be accounted for by facts which are easily discoverable. One of these is introduced by Mark Twain's biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who, describing Clemens's early experience in the printing office of the Hannibal *Courier*, says: "He cared little for reading, himself, beyond a few exciting fairy tales, though the putting into type of a good deal of miscellaneous matter had beyond doubt developed in him a taste for general knowledge." It is certainly true that the continuous and careful reading required of a compositor (especially is this true in a newspaper office) tends to awaken his interest in a great variety of subjects. Everything in print has been read carefully by at least one person—the typesetter.

In this connection it should be explained that the compositor usually works on edited copy. Consequently he sees before him both the original and the corrected manuscript. Thus he learns what mistakes to avoid in his own attempts at writing. This fact doubtless accounts for the approximate technical accuracy noticeable in the early work of many printer-authors. Henry George, jr., son of the celebrated writer on economics, says of his father's early typesetting experience in Philadelphia: "This learning to set type marked another distinct step in the education of Henry George for his life work. Not that it lay so much in the typesetting itself, or in correcting his spelling; but rather in bringing him into familiar contact with another field of human activity—among typesetters, who, as a class, possess, as a rule, much correct general information and are given to habits of intelligent thought."

It is interesting to speculate whether the revolutionizing of methods in the composing-room in recent years will to any extent hinder the development of authors in the future. With the advent of the linotype and the virtual disappearance of the old-time hand compositor, the type-case school for writers may be said to have closed its doors forever. The question arises whether the black, white, and blue keyboard and the rattling matrices will supplant the type-case and the clicking type as an agency for the development of literary genius.

If the foregoing statements are true, *i. e.*, that reading and associates account for the inspiration of the compositor, there need be no apprehension on this score. The linotype operator sees nearly as much copy in a day as the plodding hand man saw in a week. Not only that, but the "takes" are longer, and the operator is better able to understand the full meaning of the numerous articles that come his way. Moreover, he reads under an electric or mercury light, where the old-timer had only a candle or at best an oil lamp, and consequently is less liable to the eye strain which forbids reading after working hours.

Certainly the machine compositors of to-day are not behind their type-stick predecessors in intelligence, and, despite statements to the contrary, "tramping" is not a lost art among compositors. They still travel unrestrained over a tremendous territory, though—as a result of better organization of the trade, the installation of the slip-board in many offices, and a growing respect for sobriety—the stains of travel are less noticeable. The machine compositor is, as a rule, more widely travelled, better read, and better behaved than the roadster of a generation ago. He is less of a Bohemian, perhaps, but his interests are broader and his sympathies are as deep. May we not, then, look in the future, as we have in the past, to the ranks of the "typos" for recruits to the army of authors—unless, perchance, the "strings" demanded are so long as to poison those restless minds that seek a call beyond "thirty"?

Harry W. Frantz.

Stanford University, September 23.

"REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A recent editorial of the *Nation* entitled "Republicanism in Europe" contains at least one sentence which needs modification. I refer to this one: "It was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a king, while Björnson pleaded for a republic."

I always felt that Björnstjerne Björnson should have pleaded for a republic in the summer and autumn of 1905, when it was within his country's grasp. But the fact is he did not do so. It is quite true that in the early summer, when he passed through Paris on his way home from Rome, Björnson did speak openly for the republican solution. But when he reached Christiania, he gradually took sides with the little group of leaders who favored a monarchical outcome for the situation, and he finally advocated ardently the choice of a king. Thereupon I sent him my visiting-card with these words written upon it: "How are the mighty fallen!" and we never thereafter exchanged a line or a spoken word, though we passed each other one day under the trees of La Muette during his visit to Paris just before he was brought back here in 1910 to die. Björnstjerne Björnson was a good hater.

Nor should the first part of your sentence be left as it stands. It is only a half-truth to say that "it was the feeling that the family relations of rulers made for peace that mainly induced Norway to elect a king." I think you would be convinced of the accuracy of my assertion by a glance at a little pamphlet published here in Paris in the autumn of 1905 by M. Urbain Gohier from materials furnished him by me. The facts given in "La République escamotée en Norvège" are quite exact, though I do not wholly approve of the tone in which they are sometimes presented, M. Gohier, especially at that period of his career, often being rather acerbic. I may add that I could not then make known all the facts which would have rendered the case still stronger on the lines here indicated. Indeed, a new edition of this pamphlet should be brought out which might well bear the title "The Real Reasons why Norway Did Not Become a Republic in 1905."

By the way, may I in closing call attention to the very inadequate and misleading treatment of this Norwegian episode in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's "The Republican Tradition in Europe"? If the Lowell Institute—this book is made up of a series of lectures delivered there two or three years ago—had invited a European republican, such as Senator Clemenceau, Judge Soldati, or Prime Minister Bernardino Machado, for instance, instead of a European monarchist, to speak to republican America about republican Europe, we should have had a very different and more correct presentation not only of this Norwegian incident, but of several other events related in a somewhat biassed manner in this rather unsatisfactory volume. What if Oxford were to call one year as lecturer on the history and institutions of the United States, say, a Fellow of McGill University? All this is as incongruous as it would be for a shipowner to put a general on the bridge of a merchantman.

Theodore Stanton.

Paris, September 20.

Literature

DR. WU'S OBSERVATIONS.

America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat. By Wu Ting Fang, LL.D. With illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.60 net.

The former Minister of China to the United States made many friends in this country who will welcome the prospect of being entertained anew by his caustic but never captious humor. If the reader of these impressions is a little disappointed in the scope and comprehension of Dr. Wu's observations on American manners and institutions, he may be assured at least of finding enough good-natured comment and chaff to carry him through the book without weariness. To promise more to those who recall the tang of his *obiter dicta* while abroad would be in excess of the actual truth, for he has not written a really funny book. He shows a liking for Americans and admires many of their institutions, chief among which he would seem to place the Educated Woman. "To a stranger," he declares, "and especially to an Oriental, she is a puzzle. There is one fault I find with American women, if it can be so called, and that is their inquisitiveness; I know that this is a common fault with all women, but it is most conspicuous in the Americans. They have the knack of finding out things without your being aware of it, and if they should want to know your history they will learn about it after a few minutes' conversation. They are good detectives, and I think they should be employed in that line more than they are." The charge that education, and especially co-education, augments the number of unmarried women does not alarm him, though it elicits the delightful objection that it "has tended to produce that contempt of the much-vaunted superiority of man that as a rule is reserved for those post-nuptial discoveries which make marriage such an interesting venture."

While such sallies may be accepted by the magnanimous as justifying Dr. Wu's reputation as a wit, his observations on America will hardly impress the gentlest critic with much respect for his understanding of her ordinances or her problems as a World Power. The book is chiefly significant as revealing the mental type of politician that often climbs to great heights in the Eastern world. The type—shrewd, facile, and unsubstantial—remains the same in Young China as in Old, with this superficial difference: that, while the old-time mandarin aired the morality of his ancient books with no intention of putting their precepts into practice, the young republican appeals to new-fangled notions of liberty and reason, imported like his cigarettes from the West, and designed, like the cigarettes, to end in smoke. Every Asiatic country that inherits an ancient civilization is inhabited by multitudes of this sort. They assimilate knowledge easily, they give promise in youth of character and ability far beyond their years, they preach lofty ideals, but in conduct their political careers follow for the most part the modern slogan of "safety first." There are honorable exceptions to this rule in China, but they are not to be sought from among the henchmen of that arch-opportunist, Li Hung-Chang, in whose following Dr. Wu learned some rudimentary lessons in practical politics.

As one of the first to perceive the value of foreign sympathy in the Reform movement of 1911, Dr. Wu became the spokesman abroad of the Young China party in its uprising against the Manchus. From his safe residence in the international settlement of Shanghai he endorsed the revolutionary propaganda of Sun Yat-Sen and materially assisted in framing the provisional form of government under which the successful rebels achieved the downfall of a dissipated court and autocracy. When, however, we search the volume before us for evidence of the statecraft that furthered these great ends we are confronted with the amazing spectacle of a founder of the Chinese Republic whose idealism pretends to be perfectly satisfied with an endorsement of Mr. Carnegie's Peace Foundation and an ardent belief in vegetarianism. There is no visible connection in his person between the man who writes and the man who acts, no real comprehension of the principles of constitutional government or of the complex difficulties in the way of applying them to an Oriental community. He is so far from realizing the relations between principle and profession as to propose conferring upon the President of the United States the title of Emperor as a desirable addition to the dignity of the office. As to the social life of the West, about which he has much to say, while he is willing to admire many of its features, he remains a Confucianist at heart and prefers to take his chance of attaining happiness with his countrymen. We have no fault to find with his choice, but here is his reason for doubting the superiority of our much-vaunted civilization:

> Have people in the West succeeded in prolonging their lives? Are they happier than others? I should like to hear their answers. Is it not a fact that Americans are more liable to catch cold than Asiatics; with the least change of air and with the slightest appearance of an epidemic, are they not more easily infected than Asiatics? If so, why? With their genius for invention, why have they not discovered means to safeguard themselves so that they can live longer on earth?

This sort of trifling on the part of one with some claims to be called a statesman of modern China can hardly fail to disconcert the hopes of those who are anxious to see China regain an influence commensurate with her historical importance in the world. It would be unfair to consider so slight a book as this the political testament of a man of Wu Ting-Fang's experience and sagacity; but why, if he writes at all, should he be content with publishing platitudes that must diminish the reputation which he has so long enjoyed? The answer to this question is hard to seek, for, as has been said, his is not altogether a personal idiosyncrasy; it is symtomatic of educated China to spin phrases thin as air while the political machine continues to be run as in the past by those who plot for place and party. But while we should welcome something more creditable either as literature or philosophy from the pen of this amiable diplomatist, due recognition should be given to the tempered wisdom of his counsel furnished during the past half-dozen years to the hot-heads of revolution who have destroyed the old régime. He has managed by sheer urbanity, if not by nobler incentives, to retain an influence with all partisans through the perilous days of change; and upon the radicals who once called him leader he has exerted a control that if not yet a fulfilment of our great expectations for China has, so far at least, kept her from political shipwreck.

CURRENT FICTION.

To-day's Daughter. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Bacon's art grows. Her best work is still to be found in those earlier short stories—"The Madness of Philip" and the rest—which, with their clever humor, reached a large audience. Since then cleverness has rather got the better of humor with her. This is especially apparent in her long stories. "Margarita's Soul," with its pseudonymous and hectic success, was a sad blow for those who had hoped for a steady ripening of product from this quarter. It is hardly too much to say that "To-day's Daughter" finally disposes of the possibility of any such hope.

Dr. Stanchon, whose "strange cases" have been set down in an earlier volume, again appears as the central male figure; but to Lucia, his daughter, belongs the place of honor under the spotlight. She is supposed to be not only a very modern but a very charming person; here the author and her reader are likely to disagree at the outset. This pert and conceited young woman, with her slang, her swagger, and her eternal cigarette, is to the middle-aged observer a sorry thing to look upon. She has not the excuse of Shaw's remonstrant heroines—that of extreme youth. Lutie Stanchon is thirty when we meet her. She is supposed to be keeping house for her father, but thinks the job beneath her—or rather finds it uninteresting, and sees no cause for sticking to it from a sense of duty. Prison reform is her hobby; she is ambitious and capable. At the opening of the scene she is about to desert her father and throw over her lover, in order to devote herself to a cause. She does neither, but her ensuing efforts as housekeeper, wife, and mother are feeble and ineffective, till finally the motive of "the child" effects a conversion: "Out of To-day's daughter the mother of To-morrow had been born." A happy ending does not take away the unpleasant taste of the story as a whole. These spade-speaking, assertive, charmless women, these prating, spineless men are, thank heaven, not representative children of

to-day. All ladies are not better business men than their husbands, some husbands are almost as virtuous as their wives. Somehow none of these figures quite justifies either our liking or our belief. And that is an unpardonable slip which represents old Dr. Stanchon breaking off from a moral lecture to a pretty and relatively young woman to suggest that if she must divorce, she divorce in order to become Mrs. Stanchon. Imagine Mrs. Deland making Dr. Lavendar philander with, say, Helena Richie!

The Folk of Furry Farm. By K. F. Purdon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In his introduction to Miss Purdon's book, "George A. Birmingham" kindly offers to relieve the reviewer of any responsibility in the matter by telling him exactly what he ought to say, and in point of fact Canon Hannay has accomplished his self-imposed task extremely well. He rightly draws attention to the significance of the present volume as another indication that the literary revival which has become known as the "Irish Movement" has of late shown signs of following the path of destiny and turning for expression to fiction rather than to drama or to poetry. His critical labors he lightens by explaining that he does not "feel in the least inclined to point out the weaknesses" of Miss Purdon's writing, and we are tempted to adopt the same self-indulgent course. For this book has few faults, and of these perhaps the chief is a little lack of art in a tendency to moralize where the moralizing is merely platitudinous. But that is the worst we can say against it. The leisurely story of these Irish folk, whom Canon Hannay places for us "somewhere in the eastern part of Leinster, in Meath or Kildare, on the great plain which fattens cattle for the market," is full of charm, and Miss Purdon invests the English-Irish in which her tale is written with much distinction of style.

We have spoken of the book as though it were a continuous story, and the publishers describe it as a "romance of an Irish village." Romantic it is in its very essence, and shows that mingling of the mystic with the severely practical which is a distinguishing characteristic of the Irish; but it is a series of individual studies in the village of Ardenoo, loosely linked together by the character of one Mickey Heffernan and his adventures in search of a wife. The chapters are as a whole singularly even in merit, with the exception of the final one, Comrade Children at Furry Farm, which is inferior in quality to the rest, and we could wish that Miss Purdon had chosen to end her volume, where art demands that it should end, with that almost flawless little gem, Rosy at Furry Farm. People who describe a man who is so poor that his shoes are badly worn as having "his feet on the world"; who allude to the older sisters of a family who must be married first as "the ones that were next the door," and who say of a lonely place, "There wasn't a neighbor within the bawl of an ass of it"—these people are worth closer acquaintance.

The Hands of Esau. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Though this novel of eighty pages might well have been a short story of thirty, the reader is willing to accept its two very naïve characters against the broader background. It is written of the youthful and for the youthful; its fluency, its unambitious treatment of simple minds and a readily comprehensible situation, its open emphasis on ethical values, design it for hearts a long way from the sophisticated dryness of summer's dust. A rich girl falls in love with a young draughtsman who is not so sword-straight as to tell her the entire truth upon two heads: his discharge from a previous position for minor delinquency, and his father's imprisonment; and despite palliating circumstances, after a final test of his frankness, she renounces him. These protagonists, one conscientious and high-spirited, the other a youth estimable in every respect but that of his semi-insincerity, are not unconvincing. Because of its studied refusal to elaborate upon motives and reactions, the book naturally makes few demands upon the writer's deeper resources.

ECONOMICS AND ETHICS.

Poverty and Waste. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Hartley Withers is our twentieth-century Nathan. He pictures a distressing situation, and when in our pity and indignation we ask who did this evil thing, he replies to each of us, "Thou art the man." We confess that he surprises us. Heretofore we have known him only as one of the soundest and most attractive students of the theory and method of finance; to-day we find him among the prophets, appealing as strongly to our moral as to our economic sense. In the past most persons have viewed the distinction between rich and poor too exclusively from one angle or another. As economists they have been cold and fatalistic; as altruists they have been sympathetic and impracticable. In Mr. Hartley Withers we discover something the world is always looking for and so seldom finding—a perfect conjunction of economics and ethics.

In the work before us he preaches an exceptionally fine lay sermon, from a text by Mr. Bonar Law, "The greatest of all possible social reforms would be to raise the standard of wages throughout the country." This is what we should all like to do, but what the world has been kept from doing, on the scale really desired, by an ethical fact which has been vitally overlooked. From the pulpit and the platform we are continually told that poverty is due to a hard economic law, the "iron law of wages." From Mr. Withers we learn that the fault is not in our economics, but in our ethics. The villain of the piece is not the capitalist, employer, manager, or middleman, but the final consumer. The blame is brought home to every one of us. Mr. Withers might just as well have chosen for his text, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

We catch Mr. Withers's spirit easily when we hear him say that it is incredible that at this stage of our alleged civilization any one should doubt that labor ought to, and must, have a bigger share of the good things of the world. The mere fact that the wonderful growth of material prosperity, of which we are all so proud, has left millions of people, who do the hardest, dreariest, and dirtiest of the work that has produced it, to live under conditions in which they have little chance of really living at all, ought to be enough. There should be no need to contend that this state of affairs should be improved off the face of the earth. Everybody ought to be asking how to do it best and quickest. These are the words of a moralist, and as we read farther we find that they are the words of a very stern moralist, though a kindly one.

But Mr. Withers knows that you cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; he realizes that economic ills can only be cured by economic law. The relation between economics and ethics is, however, very close in this particular matter; though the cure must come from economic restraint, restraint is a moral quality. We can cure economic ills by a moral determination not to thwart the economic sense. In saying this we sum up the whole of the argument of this interesting and inspiring work. The volume before us is concerned with stating the economic facts of the case, and with showing repeatedly the moral interpretation to which they point. For example:

> A remedy would be found at once if those who have money would grasp and act on the very simple fact that since the producing power of mankind is limited, every superfluous and useless article that they buy, every extravagance that they commit, prevents the production of the necessaries of life for those who are at present in need of them. The man who cannot be comfortable without half a dozen motor cars and pursues his own comfort by buying them, thereby takes bread out of the mouths of the hungry.

Here we have the remorseless logic of the economist in the vestments of the moral reformer.

Every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder—that is Mr. Withers's message. In examining the claims of the various people who share in the produce of industry he does not find any one whom we can condemn to extinction in order to better the lot of the workers. Capitalist, employer, manager, middleman are found to be all essential to industry on its present basis. He shows us, too, that many people, who now live on the proceeds of industry without being themselves producers, nevertheless render services to the community without which it would have no security, and would live in a joyless and unenlightened world. In making all this clear he has produced a work that is most attractive in the reading and most convincing in the argument.

Yet the Golden Rule itself is convincing as an argument. We are almost afraid that the extinction of poverty would be nearer at

hand if the determining factor were less ethical than Mr. Withers makes it out to be. He has led us into a pleasant place, where we see "a stately palace, beautiful to behold." But only persons of "very stout countenance" go in there.

A. W. VERRALL.

Collected Literary Essays, Classical and Modern. By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50 net).

Collected Essays in Greek and Latin Scholarship. By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50 net).

These two stately tomes would have given great satisfaction to the author if he had lived to see them published. He himself made the selection of the various essays and articles shortly before his death; they have been seen through the press by two devoted friends, M. A. Bayfield and J. D. Duff; the former contributes a lengthy and enthusiastic Memoir of Verrall to the volume of "Literary Essays," and the same volume contains a commemorative address delivered before the academic committee of the Royal Society of Literature by Dr. Mackail. The address, though written by a friend of many years' standing, is an admirable example of Dr. Mackail's clear, critical acumen; it will be accepted as a just appraisement of Verrall's strength and weakness by those who took him seriously, as well as by those who were inclined to mock at him.

Verrall is best known by his book entitled "Euripides the Rationalist" and by his editions of the classics. All his work is marked by a quality which was his strength as well as his weakness; his extremely nimble intelligence and his reconstructive imagination led him to make new combinations which were sometimes brilliant and sometimes only far-fetched. He worked in a time when the emending of classical texts was much more fashionable among scholars than it is now. It was a *jeu d'esprit* of admirable point to apply to him the familiar phrase *splendide mendax*, only slightly emended in the form Spendid Emendax. One of the most distinguished of American classical scholars, now gone to his rest, was not satisfied, however, with the *double entente*, and insisted that Verrall belonged among "the wild asses of philology." The expression was too severe; Verrall himself best described himself when he wrote of "wit or subtlety on the part of the artist in the manipulation of meanings," and "the enjoyment of such subtlety for its own sake, and as the source of a distinct intellectual pleasure." As Dr. Mackail expresses it, "sagacity in its literal sense, the keen scent after things hidden, was the habit of his mind." If he paid the penalty for this quality in the estimation of readers of his work, he had compensation in the enthusiastic admiration of those who listened to his lectures, both academic and popular.

This is abundantly attested by many of his former pupils and by Dr. Mackail. With all he was a very human person and possessed of a merry spirit and a pretty wit, in the ordinary sense of the word. And above all, "letters were to him," as Dr. Mackail writes with his usual felicity, "a world crowdedly and intensely alive. He brought to the study of the classics—of those masterpieces which have been so thumbed and worn by long currency—the fresh mind at whose contact they sprang into fresh vitality. He brought the same fresh interest and enjoyment to English letters and the literary art of his own day. To hear him discourse on modern authors was to realize that they were not separated in his mind from the ancient authors among whom he worked professionally. To both alike he applied the same rapid intelligence, in both alike he felt the same living interest. And that was the interest neither of classicism nor of modernism; it was the interest of literature as a fine art." After such words, one can understand why, when Verrall was named by the Crown to be the first professor of English literature at Cambridge, the choice was recognized by those most competent to judge as not only justifiable, but singularly happy. One of his old pupils bears witness that "there was no one of his generation at Cambridge who meant so much as he did to us younger men." And Prof. Gilbert Murray wrote in the *Oxford Review:* "Verrall has left upon those who knew him well an impression of greatness and of nobility far outweighing the normal admiration due to a famous scholar."

The Literary Essays will appeal to layman and scholar; they well illustrate the wide range of Verrall's interests. "A Roman of Greater Rome," "An Old Love Story," "The Feast of Saturn," "A Tragi-Comedy and a Page of History" are ancient themes made very interesting; several essays bring together Dante and Statius and Virgil; "The Prose of Walter Scott" and "Diana of the Crossways" bring us to our own times. The most brilliant bit in the volume is "Aristophanes on Tennyson"; the author puts into modern form the famous judgment scene in "The Frogs," where Aristophanes entertains his audience by a comparison of the verse of Euripides and Æschylus. Verrall, as champion of Euripides, shows how easy it is to bring to ridicule any poet by the method of adding the same ridiculous tag of verse to cap resounding lines. Tennyson is selected as the unhappy victim. The result is an extremely brilliant bit of farce in true Aristophanic manner, and as good an example of parody as one may easily find.

The volume of studies in "Greek and Latin Scholarship" ranges from Tyrtæus to Statius; it contains emendations and new combination of old material, well illustrating Verrall's familiar methods of subtlety and audacity; some of his conclusions are to be accepted, some must be rejected, but all are characteristic of the brilliant man who wrote them.

THE EFFICACY OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

Christianity and the New Age. By George Preston Mains. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. $1.50 net.

This is a remarkable book, all the more remarkable as a deliverance of the intellectual and spiritual convictions of an eminent leader in the Methodist Church, which has not, in these later days, been commonly identified with progress in religious ideals. It is distinguished by mastery of its subject, wide scholarship, broad tolerance, clear vision, an earnest and fearless reverence for truth as the only sure foundation of faith, a disregard of mere dogma and tradition, and by a thoroughly devout, cheerful, and hopeful spirit. Logical in its arrangement of argument and facts, philosophical in its reasoning, and delightfully free from sectarian bias, dealing only with undisputed essentials of Christianity—its mission, its failures, its achievements, and its prospects—it is a fascinating and instructive volume, not only for churchmen, but for all workers for the betterment of mankind. In its recognition of Christ as the divine redeemer and ultimate saviour of the world, it is, of course, entirely orthodox—Dr. Mains is no skeptic—but the special significance of it is to be found in the subordination of creed to principle, the comprehensive survey of instant social problems, and the dispassionate, and therefore all the more severe, arraignment of the modern church.

The articles dealing with the churches in the city and the country are full of pregnant and suggestive matter. For the decline in the rural church the manifold changes and developments of modern life are held to be largely responsible; but the author relentlessly points out the mischief done by the impolitic rivalry of kindred denominations, the lack of common religious purpose, and the incompetency of a starved, disheartened, and imperfectly educated ministry. In the city he deplores the notorious estrangement that has grown up between the Protestant churches and the poor, and boldly enumerates some of the obvious causes of it, declaring that it will be a lasting reproach to them if they fail, under the standards of the gospel, to install themselves as leaders and inspirers of the armies of labor, now so sorely in need of wise guidance and instruction. Especially does he bewail the tendency of some of the clergy to bow the knee before Mammon. On the subject of the necessity for those rational readjustments in matters of dogma and practice, without which there can be no effective coöperation of religious forces, and no general public response to religious ministration, he is particularly sound and sane; as he is in his insistence upon the need of a highly educated clergy, versed not only in the tenets of their own denomination, but in all the varied departments of modern learning, in order that they may be able to hold their own in controversy and back their professions with knowledge. To Biblical criticism he would impose no limits, arguing that the one aim of scientific inquiry,

as of true religious zeal, is truth. No amount of investigation, he says, can do permanent harm to a divine record. All that the Bible needs is an unclouded opportunity to deliver its own message. If the critical movement gives us a Bible purged of priestly fables, mystifying interpretations, and false traditions, able to speak directly from the background of its own historical and grammatical setting, it must be accounted one of the most beneficent in the providential scheme. Secularized education he believes to be an unmitigated evil, but no life, he says, "needs more the enrichment, the stimulus, and the uplift furnished from the products of modern scientific thinking, than the ordinary rank and file life of the church."

In discussing the questions of Plutocracy and Socialism he displays an equal sanity. Everybody will not agree with all his views, but his general conclusions will commend themselves to most thinking persons. He speaks as one who knows, and gives authority for his assertions. He would put no bar to the accumulation of wealth by personal ability and legitimate enterprise, but draws a clear distinction between the tyrannical power exerted by wealth for purely selfish purposes—the grinding exactions of monopolies, and the benignant effect of wealth employed with a sense of moral responsibility. Capital, he maintains, is not only an inevitable phenomenon, inseparable from the existence of special capacities for its production, but one vital to human progress, and the development of art, science, culture, and philanthropy. It is an evil when amassed without reference to the rights of the community, and this is the sort of wealth that is constantly adding fuel to the fire of discontent which threatens to blaze into revolution. Socialism, in most of its aspects, he regards as an iridescent dream, chiefly because it fails to take into account the radical differences in human needs, desires, and capacities. With many of its professed objects, and its championship of the inherent rights of man, he is, of course, in hearty sympathy. But he recognizes the growing power and menace of it, which are independent of the essential fallacies that must preclude its final triumph. No policy, he argues, can succeed which is purely political and materialistic. The amelioration of the race can be brought about only with the aid of moral agencies.

In those chapters which deal with the work of Christianity and the church through the ages there is much able illustration and interesting argument, but even the briefest synopsis would take too much space, and do them injustice. They all tend to the support of Dr. Mains's central thesis, that, since Calvary, the Holy Spirit has been engaged actively on the work of regeneration and enlightenment in accordance with Christ's promise, and that it is to his influence, exerted through various circumstances and agencies, that the gradual progress of the world in civilization, spiritual discernment, and enlightenment must be attributed. Evolution, by divine ordination, has been and is the working system throughout the natural and spiritual world, and with the development of man's experience and faculties comes a clearer perception of his inheritance in a divine kingdom, the rights of brotherhood, and the celestial purpose. This is why there is the widespread distrust, or negligence, of ecclesiastical creeds and dogmas, bound in the fetters of mediæval traditionalism. This is why a new school of lay prophets, but none the less inspired, is arising everywhere, proclaiming the nobility and beauty of service, and illustrating, by example, their belief in the dictum of Paul that faith without works is dead. It is unfortunate that an utterance so inspiring and hopeful as is this whole book of Dr. Mains should be so apparently discredited by the war which is now making a hell of Europe. But even in this abomination, he might find a possible justification of his faith and his hope. Should it end in the annihilation of materialistic tyranny and the establishment of a world peace and larger national and individual liberty, the attribution of it to Divine contrivance might not appear altogether ridiculous. On one point there can be no doubt. All religious questions set aside, Dr. Mains has written a big book embodying a philosophy whose practice, if idealistic, is not impossible, and which indicates the one road, commonly known as the Golden Rule, affording approach to the long-desired Utopia.

THE DANCE.

The Dance. By Troy and Margaret West Kinney ("The Kinneys"). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

Modern Dancing. By Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

Social Dancing of To-day. By "The Kinneys." New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1 net.

Æsthetic Dancing. By Emil Rath. New York: The A. S. Barnes Co. $1.50 net.

Even as Carlyle once cried for the men who sing at their work, so the modern employer has perforce found a virtue in employees who dance long after work is finished; the psychologist has at last intruded upon scientific management and prescribed dancing as exercise and relaxation. Thus we are passing through the throes of that mania for the dance that has periodically swept modern civilization, with the significant difference that our utilitarian age has coupled strenuous exercise with pleasure. The dance-rhythm of work, says Havelock Ellis, acts socializingly in a parallel line with the dance rhythms of the arts. Of the present-day invasion from South America and the thrall in which it has held us, the historian of the future must remark that never was dancing more spontaneous.

To look into the past is a sore temptation: so much of our social fabric is part of the measures dead and gone. Sang Henley in his "Ballade of Antique Dances":

> Ere Chloe and Strephon came to blows
> For Votes, degrees, and cigarettes,
> The world rejoiced to point its toes
> In Gigues, Gavottes, and Minuets.

Therefore it is interesting to find "The Kinneys" (as they prefer to be known), in their very readable history of the dance, making the significant prediction that there is now a tendency towards a revival of the old court dances. But, dearly as we could wish it, the statement that the one-step will revive the seventeenth-century Pavane, is hardly credible. The latter, we fear, is already in the limbo of lost dances. In every cycle of fashion it may be found that society has sentimentally hoped for a return of a *galante* period. Nowhere is this more evident than in the survival of the sedulous mummery of the fancy-dress dance. The age of sword, brocade, and buckles, once

> Of amber-lidded snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

with all its elaborate, prosy mannerisms, has remained the prime favorite. Just as the dance had its origin with the expression of religious feelings, a function it still fulfils among primitive peoples, so our age of speed and commerce seeks to make it fulfil the task of dignifying and formalizing social contact between the sexes.

With this secret at heart Society has fought many a losing battle. The most honorable, perhaps, was against the waltz, which, though its origin was French, must in its latter phase be ascribed, together with its witching music, to the German. Shattering to the treasured memories of our mothers, and their devotion to "The Blue Danube" and "Dream Faces," must come the tradition that the first waltz tune was "Ach! du lieber Augustin." The waltz at its inception caused many a tea-pot storm. "Does thee think that this is proper?" demanded Whittier of a young Boston lady at the Isle of Shoals, and somewhat the same spirit animated the noble protest of an English dowager in the *Times* against our modern "negroid" abominations.

America has done her share with the "Washington Post" and her cake walks, which rivalled the tremendous vogue which the defunct polka, invented by a peasant girl, had when it came from Prague to storm America and Victorian England. But youth, given its fling, has not swung full-circle; and after another losing fight Society has summoned its Kinneys and Castles, as once eighteenth-century Bath called Beau Nash to its rescue. And while Society has invested these South American dances with a semi-formalism, yet another triumph must be recorded for the folk dances of a primitive race.

Their rôles as writers and artists bear out the painstaking observation and explanation "The Kinneys" have given in their history. Under debt to writers like Noverre, Castil-Blaze, and Vuillier, their volume contains abundant personal anecdote and first-hand experience with the various forms of the dance as still practiced in odd corners of the globe. The chapter on Social Dancing of To-day is issued in a separate volume for more strenuous enthusiasts. A bibliography

forms a useful appendix, but should have included Giraudet's "Traité de la danse." In their "Modern Dancing," since the title seems ambiguous, it must be explained that "The Castles" refer to the latest South American and other measures now in vogue. Their rôle to Society as moderators and adapters must not be denied, and the popularity of the "Castle Walk" is a tribute to their endeavor. Illustrated, as are all these books, by photographs of the exponents in action, together with diagrams of the various measures, this book of "The Castles" should settle many a destiny.

More in the region of physical exercise is Dr. Rath's "Æsthetic Dancing." He has succeeded in adapting many of the classical ballet steps for girls' and women's classes, and brought into coördination the sense of rhythm with that of all phases of muscular effort. His book should also prove valuable as a primer to interpretative dancing.

Notes

[Subscribers are reminded that notice of change of address should be sent to the Circulation Department, and that both the old and the new addresses should be clearly stated.—Ed. The Nation.]

Little, Brown & Company announce for publication on October 10: "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Things that Count," by Laurence Eyre; "The Charm of Scandinavia," by Francis E. Clark and Sydney A. Clark; "Ned Brewester's Caribou Hunt," by Chauncey J. Hawkins.

The Century Company announces for publication this month: "From the Log of the Velsa," by Arnold Bennett; "The Honest House," by Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams; "Soul-Spur," by Richard Wightman.

Among the reprints which have recently been received we may notice the following: Oliver Goldsmith's "The Bee and Other Essays," together with "The Life of Richard Nash"; "Legends and Lyrics, together with a Chaplet of Verses," by Adelaide Procter; "Poems of Charles Kingsley, containing the Saint's Tragedy, Andromeda, and Other Poems, 1848-1870"; "Poems of Emerson," and John Henry Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius and Other Poems"—all in the cheap edition published by the Oxford University Press. To these should be added William Morris's "Old French Romances" (Scribner) and a choice little volume issued by Mosher, entitled "Books and the Quiet Life, Being Some Pages from the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing." Though not a reprint, it is proper to mention here "Stories from Browning" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50), by Harvey Carson Grumbine. It is possible that this retelling in prose of the plots of several of Browning's best-known poems may hearten the youthful to approach the poems themselves. Professor Grumbine does not aim, of course, to supplant Mrs. Orr's substantial Handbook to Browning.

Longmans, Green, & Co., whose excellent edition of "The Collected Works of William Morris" has been noticed in these columns, have further earned the gratitude of readers by including in their Pocket Edition twelve volumes of this author. These contain the following works—"The Sundering Flood," "The Roots of the Mountains," "A Dream of John Ball," "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," "Poems by the Way," "The Well at the World's End," "The House of the Wolfings," and "The Life and Death of Jason." The paper and type are satisfactory and the binding is neat, even handsome, as befits the dress of Morris's work. The price is seventy-five cents the volume.

Those to whom the reading of Dutch is not the easy matter which its many resemblances to German would seem to imply, will welcome the German translation of the Middle Dutch beast epic "Van den Vos Reynaerde," which has been published by Prof. Max Poll through the University of Cincinnati Press (75 cents). Dr. Poll's rendering is in prose, a discreet arrangement, for it is next to impossible to reproduce the simplicity of this Dutch work in the verse of another language, especially if rhyme is attempted. A short introduction sketches the trend of this good story from the days of "Willem die Madoc maecte" and the uncertain Arnout to Goethe's more sophisticated version. It is unfortunate that Dr. Poll, in dealing with anything so perfect in its way as "Reynaert," should have soiled his text with misprints.

A series of rambling disquisitions upon R. L. Stevenson as author and as lover of Scotland, with some of Stevenson's essays relating to the Pentland Hills, is comprised in L. McLean Watt's "The Hills of Home" (Scribner; $2). The romancer, it will be remembered, was carried by his father in 1867, when he was seventeen, to live at Swanston Cottage at the foot of these bulwarks of Edinburgh. Here he watched the sheep folded from the long slopes; here he met the countryside, from John Todd the shepherd and Robert Young the gardener to the military beggar who loved Keats; here he wandered among the graves of the martyred Covenanters; here saw the great trailing flight of crows "passing continually between the wintry leaden sky and the wintry cold-looking hills." In 1874, on returning from South Europe, he spent here a brief second term of study, writing and walking. It was a period in his life of considerable definiteness and importance, and might be treated with more biographical and critical detail than has hitherto been given it. Mr. Watt is saturated with his subject, and his work has undeniable charm of style; while he is able to produce a few interesting new sidelights, such as that seen in a schoolfellow's account of the general inattention to Stevenson's papers in the Speculative Society, and of some of his boyish pranks. He succeeds, too, in catching the atmosphere of Scottish scenes and the flavor of Scottish rural character. But the outstanding quality of his essays is their incoherence. Not a single division has outward or inward unity. He wanders from the Scotch love of home to the association of the Pentlands with Allan Ramsay and Dr. John Brown; from Stevenson's inability to portray women to the types of Scotch clerical libraries; from the indebtedness of Stevenson's verse to Robert Fergusson to the religious uprisings of 1666. The reader is prepared for informality, but not to this degree. An interfused literary criticism is well-put but commonplace. The papers of Stevenson which Mr. Watt has gathered together are "The Pentland Rising," privately published by Stevenson's father when the boy was sixteen; "An Old Scotch Gardener," written for the *Edinburgh University Magazine* in 1871, and revised for "Memories and Portraits"; and "A Pastoral" and "The Manse," which appeared in *Longmans'* and *Scribner's* respectively in 1887, and were later also included in "Memories and Portraits." Some of the "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh" might well have been added. There are twelve attractive illustrations in color by Robert Hope.

"The Cecil Family," by G. Ravenscroft Dennis (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50 net), is chiefly devoted to the lives of three men: William Cecil, Lord Burghley; Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and the third Marquess of Salisbury. Of Lord Burghley many lives have been written, and our author's original contribution is mainly in point of view. That Burghley's character has been generally felt to be unsympathetic seems to arise not so much from his "cold and calculating nature" as from a single-mindedness that found its chief expression in an almost blind loyalty to his sovereign. To this he somewhat pathetically gives utterance in the last words he wrote to his son Robert: "Serve God by serving the Queen; for all other service is, indeed, bondage to the Devil." That he at least did nothing to save his friend and patron, Somerset, need not be pressed too much, though we should hesitate to go so far in condonation as Sir Thomas Morrysine, who, congratulating him on his escape, wrote: "For it were a way to make an end of amity, if, when men fall, their friends should forthwith therefore be troubled." A Protestant by inclination, under Mary he "demeaned himself as a good Catholic." "He believed that the sovereign was the supreme head of the church," and that "that state could never be in safety where there was a toleration of two religions." In the first Earl of Salisbury we find much the same coldness of temperament, with the same single-eyed loyalty. It has been brought against him that, in the later years of Elizabeth, he was in secret correspondence with James, but by his action he "ensured a peaceful succession and saved the country from the dangers arising from rival claims." Raleigh, his friend, he made little effort to save, but extant letters show that he befriended him and his family to the end. For an authoritative life of the late Lord Salisbury we are still waiting for Lady Gwendolen Cecil's promised biography. In the meantime, our author's sketch of his political career is interesting, especially in the emphasis laid on many points of resemblance to Lord Burghley. There is a curious timeliness in the account of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, his attitude towards Germany's colonial pretensions, his promotion of the Triple Alliance, and his furtherance of Austria's territorial ambitions in the Balkans. The Anglo-German agreement of 1890 is here held to be Salisbury's "greatest achievement in diplomacy." The British fleet to-day may well wish it had not included, *inter alia*, the cession of Heligoland.

The second volume of the "Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter" follows the plan

of the first in combining investigations on historical events with accounts of distinguished German personages who have figured more or less largely in American affairs. F. J. Herriott's article, "The Germans of Iowa and the 'Two-Year' Amendment of Massachusetts" is a well-written chapter on the history of local politics from the point of view of Federal relations. Julius Goebel contributes additional documents concerning German immigration in 1709. A comprehensive review of the life and works of Therese Robinson (Talvj), by Irma E. Voigt, is rather enthusiastic than critical, but reveals thorough and painstaking research. Albert J. W. Kern's oration on Jakob Leisler worthily commemorates an early martyr to the idea of popular sovereignty. From the diary of Dr. Enno Sander, Otto Heller publishes some rather confused but interesting passages bearing upon the revolution of 1848. It is possible that the whole diary will ultimately appear in print.

"The Essentials of Business English," by Porter Lander MacClintock (Chicago: La Salle Extension University; $1), has much more of the appearance of the conventional rhetoric or composition book than most "business English" texts. This fearlessness will commend it to the judicious, who will also like its insistence upon fundamentals. It is better than many of its rivals in the abundance and character of its illustrations and exercises, and it does not attempt to make a finished filing-clerk and salesman, but to supply directions and material for those who need training in grammar and every-day writing. Such persons will find it an intelligible and trustworthy guide.

We have received from Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. two books of a popular character on Irish history, "The Romance of Irish History" ($1.50 net), by Mr. John G. Rowe, and "The Romance of Irish Heroines" ($1.25 net), by L. M. McCraith. Without attempting to write a full or consecutive narrative both authors deal with selected episodes of general interest. Mr. Rowe seeks to emphasize especially the romantic, as opposed to the melancholy or tragic, element which has usually been made prominent by writers on Ireland. He treats a great variety of men and events from the earliest legendary period down to the ministry of Mr. Asquith, and as a result of covering so much time he has had to reduce his account of many episodes to the merest superficial sketch. In the book on Irish heroines, on the other hand, a few figures are singled out and their stories rather more effectively told. The author's purpose seems to be to help create national ideals by presenting to the rising generation the best traditions of Irish womanhood. Neither work makes any pretence of being a learned or critical treatise or of adding anything to historical knowledge; and both would be better, especially in the early parts, if more careful distinction in statement had been made between facts and traditions.

The separately printed Supplement to the July number of the *American Journal of International Law* contains: The text of the Californian statute of May, 1913, the "Alien Land Tenure Law," to which Japan has made objection; regulations and ordinance of procedure of the Central American Court of Justice (international); notes exchanged between France and Germany (July 26, 1913), concerning aerial navigation; several treaties of commerce and navigation; convention between Russia and Germany of February 28, 1913, relating to the protection of literary and artistic works, and the new Act of 1914, complete, repealing the exemption, in the original Panama Canal act, of coastwise United States shipping from payment of tolls. In the *Journal* itself the Editorial Comment contains a very complete exposition of the controversy with Japan on the Californian law, with the most significant passages of the discussion between the two Governments, and also discusses the Mexican problem, justifying the position the present Administration had maintained. A connected narrative, embodying a considerable array of documents, is given of the origin and purpose of the Platt amendment affecting Cuban affairs, with Mr. Root's official statement of the conditions under which the United States could properly guarantee the independence of Cuban sovereignty. The proceedings of the annual meeting of the American Association of International Law are summarized, and the opening address of Mr. Root as president, on "The Real Monroe Doctrine," receives first place among the articles. A short paper by Charles Lyon Chandler contends that the Monroe Doctrine was wholly of American origin, not originated by George Canning, as some have asserted. Colby M. Chester presents a paper on the diplomacy of the quarterdeck; Richard W. Flournoy, jr., one on the new German law of nationality; Charles Cheney Hyde, one on our extradition treaties; and James Brown Scott concludes his elaborate study of the Declaration of London of February 26, 1909, arrived at by the conference of ten of the greatest naval Powers.

In the minute study of Thucydides to which Walter R. M. Lamb has given the somewhat fantastical name, borrowed from a phrase of Pindar, of "Clio Enthroned" (Putnam: Cambridge University Press, $3), there are two purposes, which, however, easily coalesce into one. Mr. Lamb chooses first to abolish the thesis set forth by F. M. Cornford in his "Thucydides Mythistoricus," to the effect that Thucydides, neglecting the real economic and commercial causes of the Peloponnesian war, wantonly distorted the facts of history into a great mythical drama in which Chance and Hope and Nemesis play such parts as Æschylus and the poetic imagination assigned to them in Athenian tragedy. Against these "modernist fallacies," or the "illusions of the present," as we should prefer to call them, Mr. Lamb has, we think, protested wisely and convincingly. Thucydides, after all, was a man of his time, and the very fact that he saw racial and otherwise emotional causes underlying the great duel of Hellas—though he by no means ignores economic causes so utterly as Mr. Cornford would have us believe—is evidence that the people of his day were influenced by the same motives.

With this justification of Thucydides as one alive to the actual powers that were compelling Athens to its dramatic ruin, Mr. Lamb joins an elaborate investigation of the historian's style. Just because he had a deeper philosophy of human nature than any of his predecessors, he "was clearly fixing, with all the strength and authority of his genius, an entirely new complexion upon historical prose." Into this long analysis of literary influences under which Thucydides wrote and of his own contributions to the new artistic prose, we cannot here enter. Though pedantic in a sense, Mr. Lamb's study is throughout instinct with sympathetic appreciation of the historian's psychological procedure. Nor is it lacking in literary insight. What light, for instance, is thrown upon the linguistic experiments of the Greek by this quotation from the Memoirs of the Duc de Sully?—

> The public is to expect in these Memoirs only descriptions of such events as are of consideration, and which I witnessed, or which befell the king himself. . . . With a view to refreshing my memory, I jotted down at the beginning some features which had struck me, and, in particular, those utterances which the king made to me, or which I had heard him make, upon the war or political matters. . . . His Majesty observed what I was at, . . . and he commanded me to set my work in some order, and extend it. *Here I found great difficulties; not the least of them was that which arose from my style.*

Mr. Lamb's work is for the Greek student alone, but to such it will be highly profitable.

"The Madras Presidency," by Edgar Thurston (Cambridge University Press), is the first of a series of Indian Provincial Geographies or Lexicons which will be of value to Americans as well as to Anglo-Indians. It is intended as a concise summary of almost every department of information from the physical geography and fauna to the natives, ancient and modern, their industries, and adaptation to the present British Government. An attempt has been made to obtain capable sub-editors, with very unequal results. The chief author is preëminent in the ethnological field, and this portion leaves little to be desired. For many reasons, brief summaries of wide fields are much more difficult of satisfactory achievement than more extended treatment, and this is well shown in the two major topics of fauna and flora. The latter is an exceedingly well-planned section, and in seventeen pages gives a good general review of the field. The faunal account in an equal amount of space has nothing to recommend it, being general, superficial, and uninteresting. The book is an excellent beginning, and with due cognizance of the shortcomings of this first volume, those soon to follow on Bengal and the Punjab should be models which the Governments of other nations might well copy, in a presentation of information about their colonies.

Prof. A. T. Robertson's "Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research" (Doran; $5) is a noteworthy contribution to the study of the New Testament. His "Short Grammar" (1908, 3d ed. 1912) was designed for younger students; the present work (of over 1,300 octavo pages) is meant for advanced students—it gives a sketch of the history of New Testament grammatical theory, with a full and critical statement of New Testament morphological and syntactical usage. The author holds, with the great body of recent scholars, that the language of the New Testament is not a hotchpotch or a hybrid (Hebraized Greek), but simply the *koinè*, the every-day speech, of the Græco-Roman world of the first and second centuries of our era, to be studied not mainly in classic Greek writings, but chiefly in the papyri and ostraka recently discovered and published. He adds an excellent account of the origin and growth of

the *koine*, its relation to the dialects, and the place of the New Testament Greek in the mass of the common speech. The historical method, on which he insists, leads him to take into account Greek usage from the earliest known time to the present day, but he does not lose sight of the fact that New Testament Greek was a living language, possessing the elasticity and power of adaptation that belong to all forms of speech in which intelligent men express themselves naturally, avoiding, on the one hand, popular crudeness, and, on the other, the attempt to imitate old models. In view of the fact that the *koine* was the general language of intercourse in the early Roman Empire, there is a good deal to say in favor of the opinion held by Professor Robertson and others that Jesus and his immediate Palestinian followers understood and spoke Greek as well as Aramaic; but in the present state of our knowledge this opinion cannot be regarded as more than probable.

The study of New Testament Greek syntax has been burdened both with the crude or mythical formulas of the older grammars and with the hesitations naturally connected with the conception of a sacred language. Professor Robertson has endeavored, not unsuccessfully, to relieve the study from these burdens. He adopts modern ideas and terminology, and in general treats constructions with logical strictness. He recognizes the fundamental identity of adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions (all of them being in one sense "particles"). He discards such expressions as "prepositions govern cases of nouns" and "conjunctions govern moods," and properly regards a preposition or a conjunction as simply a relational word. Among the numerous examples of satisfactory treatment we may cite a clear discussion of the infinitive with accusative (p. 489 f). In so large a number of constructions as are considered in this volume there are, of course, individual cases that admit of different explanations. Thus, it may be regarded as doubtful whether an adverb (in the example given on p. 547) is ever used as a substantive; in such expressions as "I am from above" (*ἐκ τῶν ἄνω*) we may recognize a compressed phrase "from those things that are above," as in our "the above sentence," which means "the above-given sentence," or "the sentence written above." On p. 549, *μόνον* is not used in different senses but qualifies different words (a pronoun and a verb). When Jesus says (John xviii, 23), "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," the protasis does not treat the assumption as a fact true of Him (p. 1009), but only as a charge made by His accusers. But, though one may differ here and there with the author in his judgments, no one can fail to recognize his thoroughness and his general critical sanity. His volume approaches the character of an encyclopædia. There are few points of grammatical exegesis that the student will not find considered, there are few important writers on the subjects treated that are not cited and critically appraised. The bibliographical material is extensive, the proofreading is good, and the volume is provided with suitable indexes. It should be in the hands of all students of the Greek New Testament.

Few countries of Europe are so little known to the traveller as the charming little Duchy of Luxembourg. English sportsmen, fond of a picturesque boar hunt or a quiet trout stream, are occasionally to be found there, but so far as the rest of the world goes, Hugo and Goethe wasted their superlatives upon this *allerliebstes Ort*. George Renwick's delightful book, "Luxembourg, the Grand Duchy and Its People" (Scribner; $3 net), attempts to do it tardy justice. The book is written in an easy and engaging style. History, geography, government, customs, art, and archæology are brought up in turn, as they might be in the mind on a summer day's travel. "Une terre aimée du ciel et favorisée des dieux" denotes the land truly, and the author was wise to take the line as his motto. He was, however, at least a little careless when he attributed the sentiment to a vaguely mythical French poet, Ausone, for the pleasing verse is merely a translation from the Latin of Ausonius, who, though a native of Bordeaux, yet dared to celebrate the River Moselle. It is plain that one had to be born in Roman times to have the courage to do that; and the writer of this book might well have made some point of the fact that in those days Moselle meant not a wine but a river of Luxembourg, and one, furthermore, whose natural charm had not yet been forgotten for her vineyards. We are sure Mr. Renwick will bear us no grudge for trying to trip him up on his erudition, for it is not depth of learning that makes his book delightful, but the easy rambling way and the half-tramp spirit in which he presents this little-known enclave in the main-travelled lands of Europe.

When the casual reader first picks up Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's translation of "The Autobiography of Charlotte Amélie, Princess of Aldenburg," he may be pardoned if he expects a "court memoir" with a touch of scandal, for the publishers (McBride, Nast; $4 net) have decked it out with a little of that sumptuousness which arouses suspicion. In this case, however, the editor has made accessible an historical document of considerable importance. It is the life story of a Protestant princess belonging to one of the most distinguished houses in France (De la Tremoïlle) in the days of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It had appeared first in a German translation in 1892. It comes before us here somewhat reduced in bulk through judicious cutting. In the original French it still awaits an editor, for its so-called "Memoirs," published in Geneva in 1876, are neither accurate nor representative. Although the writer is a Princess de la Tremoïlle, the narrative shows little trace of what her countrymen call *race*, and still less of what we might call raciness. Her style is dull and sad and heavy, lacking any flavor of Gallic salt, any snap or crackle; a record of misfortunes, conscientiously accurate, by a thoroughly commonplace, assuredly pious, and possibly bigoted young woman, who, after spending her childhood and youth in France, becomes lady in waiting to the Queen of Denmark and then wife of Monsieur, the King's brother. The very defects of the narrative as such, however, make it a particularly interesting document on the moral temperature of this time. The Princess accepts without question the spirit of the courts in which she lived. Her story is amazingly matter-of-fact. Her naïve supineness before her husband might even supply incidents of comedy. So, on one occasion, when one of her lord's friends comes to visit her, she records, "Monsieur told me to condole with him, which I did." We are struck by the terrible rapidity with which childhood passes, by the caducity of life in this hothouse atmosphere. It will help the student to understand that prematurely aged expression, that pathetically outward joyousness, of Velasquez's infantas when he reads how a child of three, mortally sick, comes most formally to crave leave of her elder sister to retire and go to what in a few days was to be her deathbed. But even more interesting for students of history will be the picture of life at the court of Denmark, in Holland, and in various parts of the Empire in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. A book which throws so much light on the life and manners of the time should have been published with a view to its use by historians, to whom it will provide valuable collateral reading. It lacks dates and chapter heads. The annotation is scant, and the index incomplete. In this respect it marks no advance over the German translation of Dr. Mosen.

A useful sketch of pre-Justinian Roman law is contained in the Rev. M. Hyamson's edition of the "Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio" (Oxford University Press; 21s.). He gives facsimile, transcription, and translation of the Berlin Codex of the Collatio, discusses its date, authorship, and purpose, and adds textual and exegetical notes. His conclusion is that the work was composed between the years 390 and 438, by a Christian, as an introduction to the study of Roman law for young clerics. The Hebrew laws compared are all taken from Exodus xx and xxi; and these are regarded as superior to the Roman in humanity. The Latin version used is not the Vulgate of Jerome, but an earlier one.

To present within moderate compass a general survey of the history and culture of ancient India is no easy task even with the help of the *Grundriss* and other aids. Yet this has been the task undertaken and admirably performed by Mr. Lionel D. Barnett, in his "Antiquities of India" (Putnam; $4). Beginning with an outline of historical changes the author sketches the varying conditions of society as revealed by literature and the monuments, also the administration of the state, religious rituals, scientific knowledge, and achievements in architecture and painting. Standard works have been consulted and copious illustrations show examples of ancient Hindu painting, sculpture, architecture, and coins. Especially valuable to the Sanskritist is the summary from the Kautilīya of economic conditions, and, from the later literature, of astronomical and medicinal details. The author might perhaps have made it a little clearer whether the imaginary astronomy of early India was set aside by the later science showing Greek influence, and the epic and Paranic periods are rather jumbled together; but conciseness does not permit much discussion and the scholar will be thankful for so handy a *vade mecum*, while the student of things Oriental, if not a Sanskritist, will find this excellent handbook to be a thoroughly trustworthy as well as readable manual.

We have received from Lippincott, Chambers's English Dictionary, edited by Rev. Thomas Davidson, which has now been enlarged by a supplement containing thirty-nine pages of additional words and phrases.

Science

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 29.

(Delayed in transmission.)

During a period of heat and drought unequalled here in one hundred and forty-nine years, the Amherst Eclipse Expedition, under the direction of Professor Todd, is having its first glimpse of Russia. This great imperial city of the north is stifled under clouds of hot dust. The heavily padded cab-drivers jounce blindly along the stupendous distances, dust shutting down over them from the shimmering sky. Here and there a pile of ultramarine, star-studded domes towers into the heat, or a cluster of domes of gold, or a massive monolith of Finland granite.

To astronomers it may not seem an exaggeration to say that the most interesting observatory in the world is that at Pulkowa, a small town a few miles south of St. Petersburg. The story goes that on the hill where the observatory now stands Nicholas I and some friends were once conversing. Looking along the great *chaussée* which leads towards St. Petersburg in a mathematically straight line, like all high-roads in Russia, some one remarked, "Does it mark the North?" "About 4' out of the way," replied his Majesty on a venture. "Well," said Friedrich Wilhelm Struve, who was of the party, "we ought to establish an observatory here to determine just how far out of the way it really is." "All right," said his Majesty, "go ahead. I'll give you two million rubles to start it with." And so, in 1835, the Imperial Observatory of Pulkowa was begun. It has really had but three directors, Friedrich Wilhelm Struve, born in 1793, its famous founder; Otto Struve, his son, who was the only director after his father's death, excepting a short intermission under the leadership of Dr. Bredichin, until Dr. Backlund became director in 1894. Pulkowa is the greatest school for astronomical novitiates in the world, Dr. Backlund among countless others having received much of his early training here. Born in Sweden of humble parentage, his unusual intelligence gained him a scholarship in Stockholm, where, at the expense of the state, he began his astronomical career under Hugo Gyldén. To visiting astronomers of all lands Pulkowa is the host of 1914. She expects to entertain the Astronomische Gesellschaft immediately after the eclipse. Founded in Germany many years ago, this august body now numbers among its members astronomers from all over the world. Papers of international importance are scheduled to be presented at these meetings in late August.

To reach Pulkowa from St. Petersburg we had a half hour's train-ride through sizzling country to Alexandrovskaya, a tiny hamlet whose wide streets are edged with log cabins falling into ruin under the dust. After being buttoned into a minute wagon by a wadded coachman, we galloped along a perfectly level turnpike until we finally reached an avenue of trees leading through an ancient park to the hilltop, where the yellow plaster buildings of the Observatory are embowered in gardens. When we were received in a lower hall by a be-medalled, bearded footman about four feet tall, we were led through wide corridors to Dr. Backlund's sanctum, a vaulted room filled with portraits of directors, ministers, and grand dukes. We found there the English astronomers from the Greenwich Royal Observatory, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Jones, also Mr. Hepburn, a volunteer-associate. They are to settle for observations of the eclipse in Minsk, about halfway between Riga and Kiev, as the eclipse track goes. Crossing the northern countries, Greenland, Norway, and Sweden, the island of Ösel in the Baltic, where the University of Helsingfors is to send an expedition, the moon's shadow, about seventy miles in width, reaches Russia nearly centrally over Riga, travels slightly to the east of Kiev, where totality will last 2 minutes 15 seconds, then across the Crimea over the Black Sea and Armenia, and finally trails off through Persia. Meteorologically, the outlook for successful observations on this eclipse is not especially encouraging, but Russia, between Riga and the Crimea, would seem to be most favorable.

La Société Astronomique Russe is sending three expeditions, one to Riga, one to Feodosia, and one to Armenia. This party is to be conveyed to Trebizond in a warship, and will then take a five days' caravan journey into the interior. Several parties are going from Pulkowa, one of which is to settle at Stavidly, near Kamenka, in the province of Kiev. Among the astronomers at Stavidly are M. Baiev, of Moscow; M. Gratchoff, of Kazan, and M. Tichoff, of Pulkowa. M. Tichoff is to make interesting experiments in photographing the corona in different regions of the spectrum. The wavelengths that affect the eye being mostly long, that is to say, in the red region of the spectrum, the photographic plate is sensitive to short wave-lengths, at the blue end of the spectrum, and beyond into the violet and ultra-violet. As the corona consists mostly of this light, photography supplements vision for research. M. Tichoff has four lenses corrected to different wave-lengths, *i. e.*, of different colors. Thus he will discover the shape of the corona as photographed through light of different degrees of frangibility, in the different parts of the spectrum. He will continue these experiments after the eclipse in the Caucasus, where, on the summit of El Bruz, he will try to photograph the sun's corona without an eclipse.

In addition to the party from the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, Major E. H. Hills, C.M.G., F.R.S., president of the Royal Astronomical Society, with Mr. W. E. Curtis and Mr. A. Fowler, of the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington, will be in the vicinity of Kiev. As to the Crimea, there will be upwards of forty parties there, mostly near Feodosia, including several French expeditions, notably M. Chrétien, of Nice, and M. de la Baume Pluvinel. Mr. Perrine, of Argentina, will be in the Crimea also. Besides the Amherst expedition there is but one other party from the United States, that of the Lick Observatory under the direction of Professor Campbell and Dr. Curtis. This party will also be in or near Kiev.

The instruments of Pulkowa are adjusted with amazing precision; the transit circle, for instance, measures the one hundredth of a second of time. This meridian circle, a classic old instrument built long ago and kept in constant use, shows the thoroughness with which the original designs and mountings were made. The fifteen-inch telescope, with which F. W. Struve made his historic observations of double stars, fundamental work dealing with the constitution of the stellar universe, still stands on a modern Repsold mounting. Most interesting is the laboratory of M. Bélopolsky, the widely known spectroscopist. On a small plate a star's spectrum is photographed. After development the position of various lines is measured, which indicates whether the star is receding from or advancing towards us, and at what speed. M. Bélopolsky showed us the instrument with which he is now investigating the variation of intensity of a line of europium in the star, Canum Venaticorum, whose wave-length is less than 1-10 mm. Near by is the laboratory where M. Kostinsky and others are measuring the parallaxes of stars, a most minute study.

Then, through a delicious garden, we were taken into the dome of the thirty-inch refractor, at the time when it was made by Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, 1879-80, the finest in the world. A spectrograph is attached to its end with exactest possible adjustments; for instance, since spectrum-lines vary with temperature, the instrument is enclosed in a case in which a thermostat supplies an automatic control of the temperature to the one-tenth of a degree.

Beyond another garden and tennis courts on the edge of the park is the seismographic laboratory, established five years ago by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and the most accurate in the world. The instruments, embedded in a series of dark chambers far underground, are so finely adjusted that the entrance of a single person to change the photographic sheet disturbs the equilibrium. Some instruments register disturbances east and west, some north and south, by means of a delicately balanced needle on a revolving blackened cylinder. Some, by the vibration of a ray of light constantly admitted and reflected by a mirror to a revolving film, make a photographic image of the earth's movements and by minute calculation indicate the exact second at which an earthquake takes place in Alaska or Patagonia, as well as the extent of its damage. As everywhere at Pulkowa, there is a house near by containing the offices and apartments of observers. At least twenty-five astronomers live at the observatory, not to

mention assistants and mechanics of every description.

Unique in popular interest is perhaps the library of this great institution. There are countless treasures, among them seventeen volumes of the MSS. of Kepler. Only two others are known to exist, one at Vienna and one at Prague. A prayer-book belonging to Copernicus has marginal notes by himself. The first book printed in Russia is also here, dating from 1472, and Ptolemys, dating from 1482. Another curiosity is a volume of the "Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Sciences," riddled with bullet holes made when the Observatory of Paris was bombarded by the Communists. Two specula, still in use, made by Sir William Herschel, were sent to Catherine II by George III of England.

In the rotunda of the timepieces, a great room filled with silence except for the ticking of the nine authoritative clocks, hang portraits of famous astronomers: Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, discolored with age; the Herschels and Struves, Laland, Leverrier, Bessel, and Schumacher. The only American portrait is that of Simon Newcomb, and the most recently added is that of Sir David Gill, who died only a few months since. No dates are attached to this frame, for Dr. Backlund refuses to consider his friend as among the dead. The air of this dim, high, cool place is sacred. The voices of visiting astronomers were hushed as they entered one by one. The finest of all the nine clocks, which was made by Riefler of Munich, is enclosed in a glass bottle five feet high, from which the air is exhausted to constant minimum tension, so that the swing of the pendulum is not affected by a barometric change. Three clocks under the floor are sealed up where the temperature never varies. By means of all this debauch of precision, time can be kept to the one-five-hundredth of a second. Even if the sky were clouded for eight days, time could still be found, correct to the one-hundredth of a second. The cannon fired at noon each day from the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg is prompted by an electric signal from the Pulkowa Observatory.

MILLICENT TODD.

For a genuinely barren scholasticism we must turn, not to mediæval philosophy, but to the latest developments of modern science as exemplified by L. M. Gilbreth in "The Psychology of Management" (Sturges & Walton; $2 net). The reader lays down the book with the feeling that he has been supplied with little evidence regarding the actual and concrete psychology of management—how the men most affected think and feel about it. Instead of this, he is offered 250 pages of *a priori* deduction of the obvious inferences, often too obvious to be convincing, to be derived from such abstractions as "functionalization," "measurement," and "standardization," in the course of which a desperate attempt is made to show that standardization must—not that it really does—develop individuality. Meanwhile, the beauty of standardization is illustrated in the form of the several chapters. The book itself does not increase our confidence that management will add to the joy of living.

Drama and Music

MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS.

Dramatic Portraits. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

According to a prefatory note, this book is written from a particular point of view from which "the dramatic art is looked upon as a separate art from the literary, and from which especial attention is given to the manner of its practice." The specification, in itself somewhat vague and incomprehensible—the association of the two arts being exceedingly intimate—is not particularly apparent in the general character of the essays themselves, which discuss the literary form of the dramatists under review, just as fully as their constructive methods or their artistic and dramatic equipment. They do not differ in plan from ordinary dramatic criticism, but excel most of it in scholarship, in felicity of style, in aptness of quotation and illustration, in ingenuity of special pleading, and general consistency. Mr. Howe has the modern drama at his fingers' ends; he writes with the assurance of full knowledge and abundant cleverness, but he is not a sound critic, because his judgment is the slave of his personal preferences. He does not realize that art fulfils itself in many ways and that what is good, of its kind, is good even if it may not conform with the latest definitions. It is his weakness to take tithe of mint and cumin and neglect the weightier matters of the law. The true province of criticism is to discern merit, wherever it may lie, not to be meticulous in the detection of minor flaws.

There is much that is true, and obvious, in his criticism of Pinero, but the spirit of his estimate is, on the whole, ungenerous, paltry, and unjust, not because he does not allow him due credit as a theatrical artificer, but because he laboriously lays too much stress upon minor infelicities of verbal expression or technical execution which are not characteristic of this playwright's work in the mass. Of course, Pinero is not a great dramatist. It is undoubtedly true—it is a platitude—that his dominant anxiety has been to supply the commercial, not the artistic, theatre. Often he has shown himself tricky, insincere, and vulgar. But if he has never dared, or known how, to be a pioneer, to burst the shackles of convention, it should be admitted that he has the saving grace of trying to move with the times. That he is a genius no one would pretend, but he has proved that he can profit by example. His maturer work is marked by shrewd observation, efficient satire, veracious humor, logical and dramatic development, and considerable literary skill. These are substantial virtues which ought not to be slurred over or ignored in what professes to be a verdict based upon critical analysis. From his own point of view his parting fling at Sir Arthur that "he kept the theatre open" is not particularly happy. That might be said of Shakespeare or Hall Caine.

In his zeal for realism Mr. Howe is almost equally unfair in his dealing with Henry Arthur Jones. If by "realism," as he seems to imply, although he does not expressly say so, he means "actuality," his strictures are not without warrant, so far as the particular instances which he selects for his ridicule are concerned, but Mr. Jones never has pretended to be a realist in this restricted sense, and ought not to be judged by a standard whose validity he has always disputed. What Mr. Howe does not appear to recognize is the fact that there is no necessary conflict between realism and imagination; that a work of the most glorified fancy and idealism may be realistic so long as it respects the eternal verities. It is true enough that Mr. Jones, like many other dramatists of note—it might even be safe to say all dramatists—has availed himself of theatrical conventions, against whose absurdity he has protested, that he is often trivial, ultra-sentimental, verbose, and insincere, but it is none the less certain that he is a good dramatic craftsman, that he has written several of the best comedies and melodramas of his era, that he has emotional, humorous, satiric, and inventive power, and that in his depiction of character he is often both subtle and veracious.

It would be more surprising, were it not for the unjudicial attitude of mind betrayed in earlier chapters, to find this ardent advocate of truth and sincerity in the theatre, so impassioned an admirer of Oscar Wilde, one of the trickiest, shallowest, and most artificial, as he was undoubtedly one of the wittiest and most entertaining, of modern dramatists. That this wayward and deplorable genius was master of a brilliant style, was exceedingly apt in the use of equivoque and paradox and the invention of comic situation; had an intuitive perception of the possibilities of theatrical device and an impish dexterity in giving to callous cynicism a deceptive gloss, is generally admitted. In his lighter pieces his one aim, unscrupulously pursued, was the provocation of laughter, which he often triumphantly achieved; in his tragedies—to which literary grace and vigor need not be denied—the salient feature was a perverse, degraded, and grotesque imagination, inhuman and abominable. Whether he sought to amuse, startle, or horrify, the last thing he concerned himself about was the essential truth of nature. To lavish praise upon his artistry is to ignore the noblest principles of art.

The essay on J. M. Barrie is an appreciation rather than a criticism, but no one will find fault with it on that account or because it does not really supply any key to the solution of that author's fascinating mystery. But the attempt to explain his superiority as a dramatist by his recognition of the "visual possibilities" of the theatre is surely somewhat fantastic. The instances quoted in support of this theory do not indicate any extraordinary degree of discernment. He is happier when he describes Barrie's inventions as an artificial comedy that is disarmingly natural. It may be

that Barrie occupies a place in the dramatic Pantheon between Wilde and Shaw, as Mr. Howe asserts, but he has nothing in common with either of them.

There is genuine and acute criticism in the essay on Bernard Shaw, but Mr. Howe takes his subject too seriously. Even his final conclusion that Shaw is only "the most nearly major among the minor English dramatists," will not be accepted by those who hold that no play devoid of sincerity and veracity can have lasting value. He demolishes, pretty effectually, Shaw's claim to be considered a theatrical reformer or an artistic workman, by enumerating examples both of his lawlessness and his frequent conventionality, but that at this late day is largely a work of supererogation. It is a bubble that was pricked long ago. Unquestionably, by virtue of his extraordinary wit, his literary facility, his paradoxical humor, his serio-comic intellectual astigmatism, and his knack of comic exaggeration and misrepresentation, together with his proficiency in self-advertisement, he has won great notoriety. He has been a comet in the theatrical sky; but a comet, after all, is only volatile and vagrant gas.

In discussing the plays of St. John Hankin, Mr. Howe is, in the main, just, but his appreciation might well be more generous. Hankin excelled most of his contemporaries, including Shaw and Wilde, in the truthfulness and consistency of his studies of modern life and manners, and was scarcely inferior to any of them in wit. As for the felicity of his stage directions, that has little to do with his position as a dramatist. In discussing this phase of his talent, Mr. Howe overlooks the fact that the long comments in brackets, in which Mr. Shaw and other moderns delight, merely betray their inability to make their characters express themselves dramatically.

In his minute dissection of the literary and dramatic methods of Granville Barker, Mr. Howe does full justice to that writer's imaginative realism, his grasp of his subject, his ironic humor, and his sense of character and atmosphere, but he fails to perceive that the elaborate perfection of his workmanship—the laborious coördination of all his means to a predestined end—is often fatal to that essential truth of humanity which constitutes the most potent appeal of the born dramatist. Nothing is more fatal to illusion than the evidence of calculation. Mr. Howe's article on the plays of John Galsworthy is the least satisfactory of the series. Perhaps it would not be quite fair to say that it damns him with faint praise, for it is eulogistic in spots, but it exhibits scant appreciation of the distinctive merits of the work of the most purposeful and conscientious and certainly not the least capable of modern dramatists.

The executive committee of the Stage Society of New York announces definitely that Prof. Max Reinhardt is coming to New York to make two important productions on the regular evenings of the Society's season, for members and their guests exclusively.

"THE LAW OF THE LAND."

The ingenuity of Mr. George Broadhurst is not to be denied, but his new play, which he presents at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, convicts him of cynicism. He is without illusions about his playwright's craft. He is apparently determined to show us how easy it all is if you happen to know how to do it, and with tongue in cheek he deliberately puts on exhibition the whole répertoire of trick and device by which an author may cajole an audience into accepting spurious dramatic coin. And not the least amusing thing about this melodramatic exposé is that it makes a remarkably good entertainment. At times, indeed, it comes so near to being the real thing that we are tempted to forget the elaborate unconcern with which Mr. Broadhurst assures us that it is not. It is like watching a conjurer explaining just how he does a trick, and then failing to follow all his movements.

To analyze the play in detail would be to treat it too seriously, but the initial situation affords a good illustration of the author's method. Mrs. Harding and Geoffrey Morton have been in love for some years, and a result of their indiscretion is the child that is accepted as his own by Robert Harding. The problem of the play is to bring Morton and Mrs. Harding together with the complete approbation of the audience. But before this can be done an instinctive prejudice on the part of the general public against adultery must be overcome. Nothing could be more simple. Robert Harding, the wronged husband, must be painted in lurid colors as an inhuman brute. Then not only is sympathy aroused for the indiscretion of the wife and her paramour, but the sympathy is still extended to her when she shoots her husband, for the shooting is done in defence of her child, and the fortunate fact that, with Harding, who has refused a divorce, safely out of the way, the author is at liberty to regulate the relations of his two principals is for the moment not emphasized.

Again, Mr. Broadhurst is very wise in his generation in introducing the "punch" in the first act. Harding, already suspicious, convinces himself of the paternity of the child by thrashing him brutally in the presence of Morton—a sight which no father can witness without betraying himself. So the recollection of a strong first act is sufficient to take the audience contentedly through a tedious second act. The penultimate act is boring in the extreme, and as the curtain goes down one is ready to vote the play a failure. But Mr. Broadhurst knows his business; he has reserved his humorous relief and another brand-new character of dominating importance in the scene for the fourth act. Here the tempo is rapid, the scenes are contrived with much ingenuity, and our ancient standby, the English butler, has a part that must be the envy of every character man on Broadway. The removal of the slight impediment to holy matrimony which still remains to cloud the happiness of Morton and Mrs. Harding, namely, the prospect of the latter's arrest on a charge of murder, is happily achieved by means of a sympathetic police inspector, whose rugged nature has been temporarily softened by the advent of twins in his family. Could anything be more plausible? At any rate, the audience goes away with a pleasant glow, remembering not the insufferable dulness of the two middle acts (which might well have been combined into one), but the "punch" of the first and the laughs of the last.

Much of the success which Mr. Broadhurst's melodramatic *jeu d'esprit* seems likely to achieve must be attributed to the admirably selected cast, which, besides Miss Julia Dean as Mrs. Harding, includes, among others, Mr. George Fawcett (Inspector Cochrane), Mr. Milton Sills (Geoffrey Morton), and Mr. Harry Lillford (the butler). Credit must also be given to Master Macomber for an excellent performance as the child, Bennie. The production is well staged. S. W.

"CONSEQUENCES."

The problems of marriage between Jew and Gentile form the subject of the farcical comedy which is presented at the Comedy Theatre by Miss Horniman's London company. "Consequences" is not another "Nathan the Wise," for the author, H. F. Rubinstein, holds no serious brief, being content to skim the surface of prejudices and to assume that deep-rooted feeling of the sort is too silly to notice. As a result, there is good-humored comparison of the hero's nose with the Cape of Good Hope; the Lipskis become most desirable, in Gentile eyes, when it is learned that they are rich; and similarly, the social position of the Collinses does not leave the Lipskis insensible. The one element which might have been treated with respect, religious creed, is avoided almost completely. On the whole, the author was perhaps wise in the distribution of the emphasis. In these days, where prejudice is felt between the races, it is usually labelled such, even by those who experience it, no attempt at justification being made.

The simple plot of "Consequences" leaves the author much time for practicing his nonsense. Rosalind Collins, the daughter of a prominent solicitor of London, a young girl of the new order, who has already been in prison for the Cause, has become infatuated with Benjamin Lipski, a Jew whom she has met through the act of offering him the shelter of her umbrella at a meeting in Hyde Park. When the fact becomes known to her parents that she is engaged to this fellow, there is the expected scene, which, however, is transformed into one of rejoicing at the mention of his surname. The next act shows the horror of the Lipskis at thought of Benjamin's marrying a Christian. But horror vanishes when the identity of Rosalind is established. Recounted briefly, the scenes thus far would seem to run the danger of mechanical monotony. But the author has varied them neatly by a diversity of characters, among whom the youngest Lipski, a student of Westminster School, affords much merriment. Surprises are plentiful, too, in the third and final act, when the two lovers, meeting with no opposition, discover that they are, after all, unsuited to each other. They have gone so far, however, as to appear before a registrar and to prepare a wedding party. Yet they have failed to attach their names to the legal document, and the whole business appears to have been in vain, until as the final climax it comes out that Gladys Lipski and a former Christian suitor of Rosalind's have taken advantage of this oversight to sign their own names. Hence Papa Lipski, who has provided an apartment for the prospective bride and groom, can still rejoice that he will get his money's worth.

Poorly acted, this play would suffer the same fate as a trifle of Barrie's in similar cir-

cumstances. It is a comedy of manners in which finesse of voice and expression means much. Fortunately, the cast is very well picked, Elliott Dexter, as Benjamin, deserving the highest praise. It is even possible that he has read between the lines with wiser discretion than the author could himself. At any rate, he gives a charming depth of idealism to this character. Mary Servoss's Rosalind is not improbably patterned after the heroine of "Fanny's First Play," but that rendering is not inconsistent with the part. The other rôles are also capitally filled, with the possible exception of Lipski's daughter, which seems overacted. F.

Regarding the personnel of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Ellis writes that "no more changes have been made than usually take place at the beginning of a season. Dr. Muck has been able to secure musicians of distinguished standing to take the place of the few men who are serving in various armies in Europe."

Anna Pavlowa has opened her autumn season and is now touring the provinces of the British Isles. Her American tour will open at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 3.

Mrs. Edward MacDowell has virtually decided to allow an interim of one summer before having another music festival and pageant at Peterboro, N. H. The past festivals have done good in giving young American composers a chance to conduct, or to hear their own works. This advantage acts in two ways. Leonard Liebling, in the *Musical Courier*, cites Mrs. MacDowell as saying: "I remember one man whose composition we gave here. He previously had not heard anything of his done in public. After the performance, he tore up the manuscript, left Peterboro, and never composed again."

A week before the war began an open-air performance of Verdi's "Aïda" was given on the banks of the Tiber at Rome, the river being used to simulate the Nile. The performance lasted till after two o'clock in the morning. There was room for 60,000 spectators, and the production was pronounced a great success, musically as well as in the matter of realistic scenery. It was to have been repeated eight or ten times.

"More than 140 members of the personnel of the Royal Opera and Royal Playhouse have been called into service, and conditions are the same with all German stages," writes the Berlin correspondent of the *Musical Courier*. Nevertheless, the Royal Opera opened on September 1, and is receiving liberal support. "Those who know say that the winter of 1870-1871 was one of the most profitable theatrical and musical seasons ever experienced in Berlin. The Blüthner Orchestra, reduced to thirty-two men, announces that it intends to continue its folk concerts, and will be able to obtain substitutes for the absentees."

Scribners import a little manual entitled "The Organ, Viewed from Within," by John Broadhouse, who has also written on "How to Make a Violin." The mechanism of the organ is described clearly, and illustrated by some fifty drawings. The author deals with simple facts. "Why various qualities of tone are produced by various shapes of pipes need not trouble us," he says, "and the absence of that knowledge will not hinder us from knowing what the inside of an organ is like."

Art

GOYA AND HIS ART.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Part One.

For violent spirits the painter is Goya, and also for wavering souls who seek consolation in the violence of others. Where other artists profess to be, he really is, sinister. In his most characteristic inventions it seems as if he deliberately preferred a contemptible subject-matter, the better to wreak his scorn. The horror with which he deals so vividly is never external. He must actually have seen the sordid and fearful visions of the "Caprichos" and the "Desastros de la Guerra." There is in the British Museum an early drawing which shows a young man, probably Goya himself, dazed and fascinated by obscene faces which come and go. It is a record of dreadful hallucinations gladly accepted. Such visions entirely accord with those mysterious illnesses and depressions which periodically beset the man. He craved the frightful. When in prosperous retirement he set up his own house near Madrid, he decorated it with nightmares—discarnate witches riding through the foul air, a demented Saturn gnawing at the mutilated body of his own child. Aside from these more intimate terrors, there is a smouldering quality even about his more normal work of decoration and portraiture. Recall those full-bosomed angels which from church vaults invite an assignation; in his portrait gallery, those proud, melancholy, and ineffectual men; those moody and ardent women.

To violent spirits he also commends himself because his horrors are never veiled by finesses of workmanship. The color strikes hot and brutal like a blow. There is a preference for murky reds and sulphurous yellows, true colors of the pit. Compare his Military Execution, May 3, 1808, in the Prado, with Delacroix's Massacre at Scio, in the Louvre. To the mind, the Frenchman's subject-matter, with its manifold suggestion of slaughter and rapine, is more terrible. We have a father closing dying eyes upon a dishonored family, young beauty dragged to shame, the war reek running through a paradisaical countryside. The Spaniard's subject-matter is simpler and in a way less horrible. A French firing squad aims point blank at half a dozen prisoners who totter above the sprawling bodies of those already shot; new victims are being pushed forward awaiting the discharge. Here is no wholesale disaster, but an ordinary incident of a military occupation. Yet the picture appals more than the reality would. One shrinks from that staring, staggering group and the levelled steel. Everything is brusque, intense, cramped. In comparison the Massacre of Delacroix is invested with beauty. Lovely workmanship, human pathos, a sense of persisting natural charm, give something of nobility to a theme in itself dreadful enough. With no lack of energy, the scene is meditative, has style and civilization. Goya's Execution, on the contrary, is completely unpondered and immediate, the execution as coarse as it is expressive, the whole thing as direct and barbaric as a painting in a neolithic cave. In one case we have the work of a man who felt strongly, but also thought much and reverenced tradition; in the other, of a man who felt acutely, though very narrowly, and reverenced nothing past or present.

Legend has been busily at work to construct a figure diabolical enough to justify the work. The earlier biographers, especially Matheron and Yriate, have drawn the figure of a malcontent revolutionist in the land of the Inquisition, a seducer, bullfighter, swashbuckler, full of violence, yet with the nobler velleities of the romantic superman. German criticism, especially represented by Valerian von Loga, has attacked the legend and drawn us the picture of an exemplary and hard-working artist, chiefly mindful of the main chance, and providing diabolisms for a public that was willing to pay for them. Goya's latest biographer, Hugh Stokes,* in a very entertaining but possibly too diffuse book, has followed the sensible middle course of presenting all the facts, while giving the legend for what it is worth. He also gives such an account of Goya's Spain as furnishes a background for the activities of his proud and wrathful spirit. To the springs of this spirit, the legend is the most interesting guide, and, I think, by no means an unfaithful one, but I will choose the more prosaic and gradual approach of the assured facts of Goya's life and of the inferences that may be drawn from his pictures.

I.

Goya's native soil, Aragon, goes far to account for him. The proud and independent realm that bore the brunt of the Moorish wars produced rather men of action than artists. Loyal to the kingship, Aragon was ever impatient of control. Against the formidable aggression of the Inquisition she maintained her traditional rights. An impatient, pragmatic, virtually democratic feeling radiated from the half-Moorish capital, Zaragoza. Yet the sentiment was hardheaded. Aragon wished to do as pleased her, and was little affected by abstract enthusiasms. A typical Aragonese is the great Prime Minister, Aranda, Goya's friend and patron. Aranda was tinged with the views of the French Enlightenment. He roused the stolid Charles III to curb the Inquisition and expel the Jesuits. With equal practicality, when his former French friends became the dethroners of kings and the fomenters of plebeian misrule, Aranda set his face resolutely against the Spanish liberalism he had formerly done much to foster.

Goya had much of the temperament of his great friend. He wanted to gratify the immediate need and to be let alone. He was

**Francisco Goya*, a Study of the Work and Personality of the Eighteenth Century Spanish Painter and Satirist. By Hugh Stokes. With 48 full-page illustrations. London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

something of a skeptic, doubtless, but kept on terms with the church; he loved liberty, but hated disorder except of his own making; he was a good royalist, but naturally scornful of the debasement of an unspeakably corrupt court. These very simple reactions of a vehement and self-willed spirit perfectly explain Goya the satirist, and we have no reason to follow those critics who see in him a youthful Jacobin dwindling into a middle-aged hypocrite. Goya hailed King Joseph Bonaparte quite as sincerely as he loathed the vacillating Ferdinand VII. It was a chance for peace in Spain to change masters. Goya sketched Arthur Wellesley, the real redeemer of Spain, and tried to shoot him in the studio for an imaginary insult. The incident shows how personal were all the springs of Goya's doings, and how absurd it is to apply to him any sort of philosophico-political label.

Francisco Goya y Lucientes was born in the hamlet of Fuendetodos, near Zaragoza, on March 30, 1746. His father was a peasant risen to the estate of a small tradesman, his mother of gentle stock. When a boy, the legend has it, a benevolent priest found him drawing a pig, a truly prophetic theme for the future author of the "Caprichos," and had him put at painting. What is certain is that at a tender age, and presumably without much previous education, he was accepted in the free academy of the public-spirited Don José Luzan y Martinez at Zaragoza. Here he was trained in approved academic fashion, drawing scrupulously after engravings and from the antique. He is said to have remarked of a Madonna he did in the student years, "Yes, it is mine; but don't tell anybody." For an impetuous temperament he showed a singular lack of precocity. But this impetuosity was to drive the young provincial far afield. Periodically the partisans of the great miracle church of El Pilar had street fights with the rival parish of La Seo. In one of these brawls, which resulted, besides the usual contusions, in some deaths, young Francisco so prominently captained the champions of Our Lady of the Column that his case came before the Inquisition. His master, who was art censor for that formidable tribunal, doubtless gave the counsel to flee, and young Goya slipped away to Madrid. It was the first of several such flights.

How the nineteen-year-old youth struggled along in the capital we hardly know. His fellow-townsman Aranda surely helped him; another Zaragozan, Francisco Bayeu, was a successful court painter.

The great Tiepolo was decorating the ceilings of the palaces, but Goya was no Fragonard to know Tiepolo's worth. Instead he fell under influences which continued his pseudo-classical schooling. The Bohemian adventurer, Anton Rafael Mengs, took him up. Mengs was an excellent portrait painter in a somewhat stilted style, but a pedant, intellectually under the thumb of Winckelmann, and just about the worst exemplar Europe could have provided for a genius of Goya's impetuous type. As a matter of fact, Goya seems to have found his way chiefly by the aid of the old masters in the royal collections. The forthright power of Velasquez captivated him from the first. Doubtless the fantastic exaggerations of El Greco fostered his own dreams. I think he must also have admired the quietly severe naturalism of Zurburan. When the etchings of Rembrandt came his way is not known, but the effect was permanent. No artist of the true Renaissance tradition seems ever to have won his admiration. This was unfortunate, for he was, after all, absorbing the dregs of the tradition from Bayeu and Mengs. The random student days at Madrid were abruptly closed. One night they found him in an alley with a knife in his back. The brawl apparently was of a sort to interest the Inquisition, and once more Goya fled, this time to Rome. A letter of this time is signed "Francisco de los Toros," and it is pretty certain that, like many another high-spirited young Spaniard, Goya, now on his way to Rome, proved himself in the bull ring.

I doubt if the Eternal City has ever harbored a less reverent exile. The gayety of Clement XIV's early reign gave him subjects for *genre* pieces, by the sale of which he lived. These have disappeared, perhaps deservedly. By courtesy of the director, Bayeu, he was a student at the Spanish Academy of San Fernando on the Janiculum, but he was probably more interested in the dissipations and rude sports of the Trasteverini below. Certain reckless exploits of his have left their memory. At the risk of his neck he wrote his name higher on the lantern of St. Peter's than any previous artist. He must have evinced a certain talent, for the Russian Ambassador made overtures. Goya had the sense to decline the patronage of the great Catherine. Shortly after his enforced departure from Rome, he won a second prize in a competition held by the Parma Academy, the subject being the victor Hannibal surveying Italy from the Alps. To enter a nunnery on any pretext without permission was a capital offence at Rome, and when Goya was caught within convent walls, he had no better pretext than his desire for a young and charming nun. His neck was more in peril than it had been on the lantern of St. Peter's, but the intercession of the Spanish Ambassador gave the young libertine the option of prompt and perpetual exile, which he naturally accepted. So runs the tradition, and there seems no reason to doubt it. Goya had spent most of the years 1770 and 1771 at Rome. When he returned to Zaragoza, in his twenty-fifth year, it must have seemed that he had put in a ten years' apprenticeship to very little purpose.

II.

Yet Zaragoza did something for her wayward son. The chapter of El Pilar accepted an advantageous offer from him to fresco the vaults of the Chapel of the Sacrament. No further commission followed for many years, and Goya presumably made his way by uncongenial work for provincial churches and monasteries. What remains of this religious decoration is mediocre enough in design and garish in color. Some time in his twenty-ninth year, 1775, Goya married Josefa Bayeu, the sister of his old master. It was this new responsibility that forced a second move to Madrid and a more persistent wooing of fortune. One would wish to know something more of Doña Josefa than is told by her husband's rather unsympathetic portraiture. How did she take his moods? What was her attitude towards his frequent and notorious infidelities? She lived in Oriental detachment from the public and social life of her lord; she was kept pretty busy bearing twenty children, all of whom were of an ailing sort. Only one, the son Xavier, lived to grow up. After all, Doña Josefa may have had sufficient *Sturm und Drang* at home to ignore the havoc her gifted spouse was working outside amid aristocratic hearts. Or she may have had the sense to see that the heart was very little involved in these adventures. They lived together nearly thirty years, and the period saw virtually all the greatest work of the master.

His first substantial recognition came gradually and humbly in an appointment as one of several designers for the Royal Tapestry Works in 1776. Mengs had interested himself in that languishing enterprise. Classicist though he was, he was also shrewd enough to perceive the popular value of Goya's sprightly, realistic vein. Goya turned off first and last more than forty cartoons, most of which are preserved in the Prado. Without exception, these are illustrations of Spanish life—picnics, dances, fairs, peddlers, ball games, kite-flying, a pretty girl swinging, young gentlefolk in vintage time playing at pastoralism—these are some of the subjects. They are carried off with ability, shrewd observation, and gusto. The hackneyed comparison with Watteau and Fragonard does them injustice. They have little poetry, either elegiac or erotic. As pure design, they fall midway between narrative and decoration. The color is usually harsh—mere hints for development by the weavers. The cartoons are perhaps more interesting to the student of Spanish customs than to the art lover. At least, they tided Goya over while his slow maturing genius was forming.

Meanwhile he was building up a reputation as a portrait painter, working in the dry and cautious manner of Mengs and Bayeu, but with a drastic fidelity wholly Spanish. Sometimes it seems as if the Spaniards were the only race with sufficient self-esteem to endure sincere portraiture. There is in these early portraits of Goya an odd affinity to the juvenile work of the self-trained American, Copley. Society began to take up the free-living young artist. He was welcomed at the country seat of the Infante Don Luis, whose profligacy had banished him from the austere court of Charles III. From his fortieth year he was a welcome guest of the Duke and Duchess of Osuna. The Duke and he shot together. The country seat of Alameda came to own some

thirty Goyas, some of which presage the diabolical vein of the "Caprichos." He painted the Premier, Florida Blanca, and the portrait of the old King as a sportsman, reminiscent of and far inferior to a similar canvas by Velasquez, but his repeated petitions for an appointment as court painter were ignored. Goya's record had not commended him to a martinet sovereign. In these years he made sixteen etchings after the masterpieces of Velasquez, rather fumbling work, but valuable means of study and evidence of a fruitful admiration.

As yet he had done little of lasting worth, though the Fair of St. Isidro, painted for the Osunas and now in the Prado, is a marvel of panoramic observation and deft denotation. It was the demoralization of Madrid on the accession of the weak and vicious Charles IV, in 1788, that furnished the opportunity for a drastic portraitist and satirist. Goya was now forty-two years old, in the full energy of early middle life.

From his estimable sire, Charles IV inherited nothing except a marked tendency to neglect the business of the realm for shooting birds and hares. He had married the haughty and dissolute Princess of Parma, Maria Luisa. Her minion, the handsome guardsman, Manuel Godoy, ruled the land as he willed. The nobility followed the example of sensuality set by the royal pair. "Gallantry and intrigue are terms too refined for this period," wrote a shrewd English visitor to Madrid in the latter days of the old King. Already Goya had enjoyed recognition from his craft, in an election to the Academy of San Fernando in 1780, and in promotion to its presidency in 1785. After the coronation he was welcomed at the court, and on the first vacancy appointed Painter of the Chamber, with a pension. In ten years he painted a score of portraits of the royal family, including that appalling family group of 1800 in the Prado which is perhaps his best-known work. Upon the booby voluptuary Charles IV and his "Courtesan Queen" it is customary for critics of Goya to direct their most effective phrases. Since the Queen, however freely giving, never sold her favors, the term seems inappropriate, while, as to both, a single glance at a good photograph will tell more than pages of the most accomplished rhetoric. I refrain from following the time-honored precedent, and leave the precious royal pair virtually unberated. The famous family group must occupy us in its turn. Meanwhile, what the King and Queen looked like is told in many portraits, perhaps best in the pair painted about 1790. These full-length canvases are in the Prado, and I hardly know whether most to praise the skill with which the artist has caught the pompous futility of the King, yet reserving for him a certain stereotyped impressiveness, or the keener insight with which he has revealed the masterful woman haunted by the sense that what has burned so ardently is now burning out. Both portraits have the merit, which Goya seldom lacks, of powerful characterization, both have also the usual defect of regarding the spectator too much, neither is quite finely composed. The painting of the black lace of the Queen's gown and mantilla, of the colored sashes of the King, is crisp, yet easy. Goya has fully outgrown the rigidities of the Mengs formula. Where the pictures fall short is in a certain provincial emphasis and absence of style. The neighboring Moros, Velasquezes, and Titians in the Prado do not efface them, but leave them looking a little raw.

Goya's career as a Don Juan reached its height in his forty-sixth year, when he was already a bit lame and deaf, in the classic liaison with the pretty Duchess of Alba. I say pretty advisedly, for such is the record he who knew her best has left of her. It was not his first scandal in the high world. Omitting less credible gossip, there is an anecdote of an importunate husband who to secure a long-delayed portrait of his wife turned the studio key upon her and the painter. The portrait was achieved on the delighted husband's return, and a notable addition made to the long list of the painter's gallantries. In fact, the compliancy of the eighteenth century Spanish husband is one of the interesting by-products of the Goya legend. It came, so the tradition runs, to the ears of the much-betrayed Duke of Alba that Goya was painting his wife as the Nude Maya. The Duke threatened and effected an invasion of the studio. In defence of himself and his mistress, Goya started over night the diaphanous vision of the Clothed Maya, and the indignant Duke was baffled. The very summary execution of the Maya Vestida and the fact that its arrangement seems an improvement over that of the Maya Desnuda lend color to the legend, but first it is not certain that either Maya was done after the Duchess, and next it is hard to imagine the state of mind of a patrician husband who was placated at the sight of his wife as the Clothed Maya.

For many years after 1782 one will find the imprint of the Duchess of Alba in all the female portraiture of Goya. His sitters seem her sisters. Everybody knows the doll face, distinguished by magnificent black eyes and by its bordering cloud of flowing black hair, the slight arms, full bosom, and waist for which a lace handkerchief were adequate girdle. The simple frocks and falling locks tell that, with all the more sensitive souls of her half-century, the pretty Duchess, too, had returned to nature. Perhaps more characteristic after all is the little sketch in which, with fan, mantilla, and gracefully turned ankle, she pirouettes on a hilltop and points to a rising thundercloud. Goya, as a slender and elegant youth—he was then forty-seven—bends attentively towards her with extended arms and uncovered head. One wonders if such exposures confirmed his increasing deafness. No other work of art represents so well the eighteenth-century notion of a *grande passion*, conducted in the forms, and ennobling by its fervor an approving, circumambient nature. Before Goya there had been various notable bull-fighters, but his too open devotion scandalized even Maria Luisa. The Duchess was exiled to her estates in Andalusia in 1793 and took her painter along. Here, amid a nature no longer pictorial but actual, the grand passion soon sunk to mediocrity, at least on her side. Goya bore some grudge, for in certain etchings of the "Caprichos," which he was preparing in 1795, one may recognize the fickle Duchess, once with a double face and again with flickering bats' wings.

III.

The waning of a passion, deafness, weakened eyesight, years of nervous tension, were the conditions under which the "Caprichos" took form. To compare the set and sour profile which accompanied the famous album, with the little sketch of Goya and the pretty Duchess before the thundercloud, is instructive. A year or two at most lies between the gallant youth and the grim old man dreaming unhallowed dreams. In the years of discontent and illness following 1793, Goya tossed off scores of these sketches. Soon he began to work them over into etchings, using the new aquatint process to obtain powerful light and shade. Two hundred copies he printed off himself and issued in 1798. This edition comprised seventy-two plates, eight being added later. The French officers in Spain sent copies home, and Goya, till then unknown beyond the Pyrenees, became generally famous as a caricaturist.

In a rejected draft for a prospectus, he declares that he has "chosen subjects which afford opportunities to turn into ridicule and stigmatize those prejudices, impostures, and hypocrisies which have been consecrated by time." This programme only holds true of what we may call the bestiary portion. The ass is exalted in all his complacent moods, playing human parts; the ape remains the critic of the long-eared hero. A typical picture is the ape painting the portrait of a lolling crowned donkey, whose mask on the canvas is beginning to assume the lofty traits of the lion. Trenchant satire of the function of a court painter. Again a half-human monster with shaggy legs and hoofs reclines on the swinging globe and holds up by the ankles an elated man whose wild eyes fail to see the predecessors discarded and hurtling down through space. The bestial inconsequence of the awards of fortune is the meaning. It is interesting to compare the notion with the mediæval and wholly mechanical idea of Fortune's wheel. Dame Fortune was merely ruthless by higher necessity; Goya's satyr world-spirit is carelessly malevolent.

More than thirty plates are descriptive of the follies of Madrid life, with especial regard to the courtesans. The mood is generally too mild and tolerant to be called satirical. We have the frail creature pulling up a stocking over a slender leg, buffeted with much lifting of skirts by the blast from

the Sierra, spied on by the police, or led pitifully to execution. Usually Goya is on her side; yet the sense of the ineluctable war of sex was also strong in him, and has received its most drastic symbol in the plate representing a harpy on a tree-top with feathered men of all estates fluttering about her proud head. The second act is shown at the foot of the tree, where a beatific witch superintends the plucking of one of these male pigeons by two plump and comely wenches. One holds the stripped wing, while the other sets both hands to the tail feathers. The ignominy of sex obsession has never been put more strongly.

The witch and demon series of the "Caprichos" is the most original and baffling. Here we have fiends—bat-winged, bestial, howling down the wind, clipping each other's claws; witches clutching each other frantically as they fly, seated in council—the whole repertory of diabolical possession hit off with such gusto and power that one can hardly believe that Goya is merely turning the imposture of witchcraft to ridicule. The plate which leads the Walpurgisnacht series represents a young man with bent head haunted by foul and monstrous faces. The motto is, "When reason dreams monsters rise" (*El sueño de la razon monstruos*). Plainly we have Goya indulging hallucination. Indeed, the simplest and possibly the truest explanation of Goya's diabolism is that he was merely an inverted Blake, seeing foul where Blake saw fair; both hallucinated, and both more or less controlling and utilizing their hallucinations. Yet the witch series was no casual incident in Goya's work. In old age, when he set up his suburban home, he painted a flight of witches following one who ambiguously fingers a human embryo, and a witches' sabbath presided over by a goat-like Satan, with a distinguished lady in fascinated attention. The witch notion was deeply burnt into his mind. Possibly he believed more or less in witchcraft. Malign beliefs are stubborn and persist in skeptics who have renounced consoling faiths. When we recall Goya's eminently sensual life, and also that demonology in the eighteenth century had sunk to be the accessory of lust, it seems likely enough that a certain amount of experience may have aided nightmare. He was the sort of man who may have dabbled in such orgies as Jacques Casanova records. If so, fascination should mingle with scorn and loathing in these designs, and this is just about the impression they make. No inventions are more instinct with love of the grewsome for its own sake, and the grewsome here has generally a tinge of the filthy. The element of foulness in the "Caprichos," though implicit rather than overt, is unmistakable.

Whether the artist should stir certain turbid depths of consciousness, or rather whether he should be encouraged in so doing, is an interesting case in theoretical morals. It is hardly a practical case, for the kind of artist who wants this expression of his lower self cares little whether he be encouraged or not. As a matter of fact, Goya sold off his copies of the "Caprichos" promptly, nor is the fact merely significant of the depravity of Madrid at the end of the eighteenth century. If the turbid depths were to be stirred, at least it was done with masculine energy, with unfailing pith and variety. Personally, I do not think that any robust person is the worse for the peculiar tingling shudder of the "Caprichos," and I am still more certain that an unrobust person will take little harm from them, since such a person will be immediately revolted.

It was undoubtedly the moral reaction of Hamerton against these designs that made him declare Goya a poor etcher. In a narrow sense that is true. There is little refinement of workmanship in these plates. The line is brittle, the strokes sometimes feverishly overmultiplied, the contrasts extremely harsh, the aquatint hurriedly and rather crudely spread over the etched skeleton, the sense of form occasionally pretty weak—in such purely technical regards, the "Caprichos" may be regarded as merely so much bad etching. But bad etching after all only as applied to other designs than Goya's, say to such caprices as Hamerton would have permitted himself. In much the same sense, the style of Rabelais would be truly bad if imposed upon the thinking of Matthew Arnold, and vice versa. If to express meaning is the main thing, then the coarse and direct method of the "Caprichos" has peculiar merits. Its flashing of crude contrasts is sinister. If it recks little of form—and this not always—it gives the keenest impression of character and motion. Those artists who deal in the dynamic expression of character can find no more accomplished model. Delacroix and Daumier knew what they were about when they went to school with the albums upon which vehement caricaturists have been nurtured ever since. It was no merely foolish or depraved taste that carried the half-Gothic semi-obscenities of the "Caprichos" across Europe at the very moment when Louis David was clamping down upon the art of painting the rigid formulæ of pseudo-classicism. Goya's caricatures are hacked out, spat out, with hate and scorn and licking of chops. Whoever cannot stand this kind of art may as well once for all be warned away. Others will find value, and even a manner of instruction, in an uprush of temperament so blatantly self-sufficing, and as the course of events proved so wholly prophetic.

Warnings against too much built-in furniture are very properly included by Abbot McClure in his little book, "Making Built-In Furniture" (McBride; 50 cents net). This book is one of a series of handbooks for home-makers. Its influence will be salutary, especially since the author advises against regarding any of his plans as a "cheap, temporary makeshift to be hastily nailed together in a haphazard way by a handy man around the house."

Finance

PRECEDENT.

Perhaps the most frequent comment made nowadays by business men and bankers on the financial situation and their policy regarding it, is the remark that the situation is one in which we have no precedent to guide us. It needs a bit of reflection to understand just what and how much that means. A successful banker or business man acts on the basis of experience and precedent. He may do so unconsciously; in that case, people call it "business instinct." But he also does it consciously and deliberately. The above description of the present state of things could certainly be applied to no situation which has arisen during the past half-century.

It probably did apply, in both directions, to the outbreak of our own Civil War; for that event created a situation wholly unprecedented in every respect for this country and impossible to judge or measure by rebellions or civil conflicts in other countries. Therefore, it was quite natural that the Northern business community of 1861 should for some considerable time have been paralyzed with uncertainty. Treasury and markets and banks and merchants simply seemed to be standing still and groping—a comparison which could not unfairly be applied to the attitude of bankers and business men, at any rate, since the outbreak of this present war. The one central fact which the business community grasped in 1861 was exactly the kind of fact which it grasped last month. It was evident then, with the South in arms, that cotton was one of the most valuable of all commodities to possess, and the same fact was recognized last month with wheat. Only, the commodity of 1861 was favored because foreign markets could not get it; that of 1914, because they had to have it.

But when such obvious deductions as these were disposed of, the real difficulties in the way of applying precedent to the extraordinary political, military, and economic situation began. One principle, which at first seemed to have wide application in the light of precedent, was this—that impairment or failure of the export business of one country gives immediate opportunity for another exporting state. It was belief in this result which created something like a feeling of cheerfulness when the war began, and our people grew familiar with rather hasty predictions of this country's immediate "capture" of the export markets of South America and Asia, from which Germany was now shut off.

In case of a harvest failure in an agricultural exporting state which has hitherto competed with this country, the principle evidently operates. It doubtless will operate largely this time in the matter of manufactured goods, if time enough is allowed for the necessarily slow machinery to get in operation. But the precedent has thus far at least missed fire rather badly, through the opposing influence of the financial damage

caused by the war even to neutral importing states, and through the wholly unprecedented complications into which the market for international exchange was thrown, as a direct result of the European war.

Another matter of precedent, seemingly bearing on the extraordinary Stock Exchange situation, is the principle that prices and values, in a panic week, reach low level for the period. Even if the subsequent course of events in business and finance brings about a series of catastrophes, experience teaches that the low ebb of depression on the markets will have occurred on the day of panic, when the financial situation seemed desperate and no measures of relief were in sight. Application of such measures has always in the past caused a violent recovery in values, because absolute financial helplessness had been reflected, and the worst that could possibly happen had been "discounted" in the decline of panic.

Now July 30 was a panic day. July 31, if the Stock Exchanges had stayed open, might have been worse. But the relief measures were at once applied, and on a scale never before dreamed of, on every market of the world; therefore ordinary precedent would suggest that a very vigorous recovery should have ensued. With the Exchanges closed, we do not know whether that precedent would have prevailed or not. But the elements in the situation which in the eyes of the average man impair the analogy are, first, that never before have so many great markets been simultaneously struck with desperate panic; secondly, that never before have all great markets been cut off from communication with other markets owing them huge amounts of capital, and, finally, that one of the most effective expedients of relief was the moratorium, which may only have postponed the forced liquidation.

There are other cases of precedent which only partly fit. The unbroken rule, that a bumper grain harvest in face of a European shortage means great prosperity at home, is one. But no instance of the sort has ever occurred when another great crop, for which a large production was insured, seemed to have lost its export market, as cotton seems for the present to have done, in consequence of the very war which has raised wheat exports to such heights. Another familiar principle, that slackening trade means accumulation of idle capital and easy money, is offset by the obvious fact that certain great foreign nations have all but ceased to accumulate capital, and are heaping up prodigious war debts.

All of these problems will, in due course, reach solution. We shall find undoubtedly that in most of them old precedent has still applied, despite the seeming presence of absolutely destructive influence. We have not yet been cut off from the natural and habitual working of economic forces, any more than we were when Wall Street pretended to have discarded them, in April, 1901. But since the phenomena of the period have been so largely new, we shall probably also make some new and important economic precedents.

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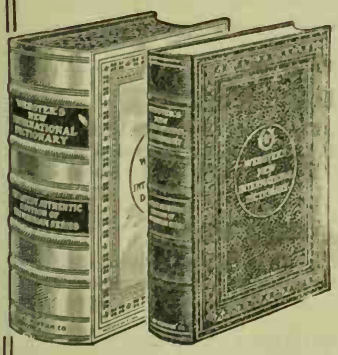

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumors of impending mediation in the European struggle by this country cropped up last week and accounts of them probably inspired a statement in the semi-official London *Westminster Gazette* on Friday, reiterating the determination of England not to be content with a drawn war. That these various reports of the intention of the Administration again to offer its services as mediator in the conflict were rumor pure and simple needed no demonstration to any intelligent person. Nevertheless it is perhaps as well that explicit denial has been made of them by Acting Secretary of State Lansing, who, in a statement given out on Saturday, declared them to be wholly without foundation and warned the public against accepting similar reports in the future unless they should come from official sources.

The death on Saturday of King Charles, of Rumania, increases the uncertainty of the situation in that country. According to current report, which, in this instance, is likely to have at the bottom of it a residuum of truth, the dynastic Hohenzollern sympathies of the late King have inclined him in the war to favor the cause of Germany, while public opinion in Rumania has been almost unanimously on the Russian side. Rumania, like Italy, looks to the break-up of Austria-Hungary for the redemption of its kin from a foreign rule and the Russian offer of Bukowina and Transylvania, as the price of joining the Allies and the reward of ultimate victory, is tempting. The Crown Prince Ferdinand, who succeeds to the throne, does not, it is generally assumed, share the late King's Hohenzollern prejudices, and the fact that his wife, an able woman, is an English princess, a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, may be supposed to incline his sympathies further to the side of the Allies. That Rumania will forthwith embrace the earliest opportunity to enter the war, as some of the dispatches from Europe imply, is not, however, to be credited for a moment. The tradition of Rumanian statesmanship is eminently cautious—it has been called opportunist—and the project of adding another blaze in the Balkans to the general European conflagration is not one that will be rashly undertaken.

The attitude of Rumania, as we have noted before, is likely to be largely determined by that of Italy. In that country there appears to have occurred something not unlike a ministerial crisis, if we may believe the somewhat meagre reports of resignations and threatened resignations that have reached us. The Marquis di San Giuliano, despite a critical condition of health (as we write his death is said to be expected momentarily), has patriotically stuck to his post throughout the European crisis,and has been the most important influence in the Cabinet on the side of peace; but the resignation of the Minister of War, Gen. Grandi, following that of his Under-Secretary, was announced on October 9, and is stated to have been due to press criticism of the administration of his Department, particularly in the matter of supplies and equipment. He has been succeeded by Gen. Zupelli, a native of an Austrian province. Following on the announcement of this appointment comes the news that the veteran troops which have been in Tripoli and Cyrenaica since the war with Turkey, are to be brought home. As we write currency is given also to rumors of other impending resignations, and the Premier, Signor Salandra, has for some time been the target of severe criticism in a certain section of the press on account of the inactive policy of the Government. The general situation in Italy, however, need not be regarded as having undergone any definite change. If there is a "war" party there is also undoubtedly a very strong "peace" party in the country, and there is no good reason to suppose that Italy intends, for the present at any rate, to swerve from her attitude of neutrality.

According to statements made by President Wilson to callers last week, satisfactory assurances have been received from Japan regarding the recent attacks on German possessions in the Pacific. The seizure by the Japanese Pacific squadron of the island of Yap is explained as only part of the development of the general plan to seize all the German naval stations in the Pacific. This is regarded as necessary to terminate the activities of the German cruisers which have inflicted serious injury upon British commerce.

The War Revenue bill, as perfected by the Democratic caucus of the Senate, was favorably reported by the Finance Committee on Thursday of last week, and debate on it was begun in the Senate the following day. It is expected that the bill will be passed by the end of the week, and, with the Alaskan bill held up, it is probable that this will be the last business transacted by Congress before adjournment.

Final action was taken by Congress on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill on October 8, when the conference report on the measure was adopted in the House by a vote of 244 to 54. The passage of this measure, which had been before Congress since April 14, marks the completion of the Administration's anti-Trust legislative programme for this session.

According to dispatches from Washington on Tuesday, Governor Ammons, of Colorado, is engaged on plans for the reorganization of the State militia, in order that the Federal troops at present on duty in the region affected by the coal strike may be relieved. Up to the present the efforts made by the President to induce the mine operators to accept the settlement already adopted by the miners have been fruitless.

It is with a particular sense of pleasure that we take note of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Brown University. The observances in connection with the anniversary of this honorable and useful institution began on Sunday and conclude to-day (Thursday), when the University awards honorary degrees to several of its guests. Among those on the programme of speakers are Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, and Vice-Chancellor William Peterson, of McGill University.

As we have noted previously in other columns, no aspect of the war has been more inspiring to those who, like ourselves, welcomed the generous policy adopted by the Liberal Government in England towards the South African colonies than the loyalty of the Union to the Empire in the present crisis expressed through the mouth of its Premier, General Botha. It is with the more regret, therefore, that we have to record the official announcement made at Capetown on Tuesday that a command under Colonel Maritz had rebelled in the northwest of the Cape provinces. Martial law has been proclaimed throughout the Union, and, though few details are available as we write, it is probably safe to assume that the disaffection, which has been fostered from German sources, will not be widespread.

The situation in Mexico remains as confused and perplexing as ever. A fair idea of the difficulty of venturing any statement as to the real status of affairs is given by dispatches published in Tuesday's papers. In the news from Washington on that day we learned that hopeful reports had been received concerning the conference in progress at Aguas Calientes, which met on Saturday, and particular emphasis was laid on the fact that not only were General Carranza and General Villa represented, but that General Zapata had also sent three delegates. On the same page dispatches from Mexico City informed us that the city had been thrown into a panic through attacks on the suburbs by adherents of Emiliano Zapata. The confusing thing is that these two dispatches are not necessarily in any way conflicting. Some reassurance, however, is afforded by the news that after creating a disturbance the Zapatistas agreed to suspend further fighting until after the termination of the conference.

Meanwhile the Administration has taken occasion to restate its attitude of neutrality, and to make it clear that no recognition will be accorded to any Government until more stable conditions shall have been established. The United States Government has also demanded from General Carranza an answer to the questions put to him some time ago, when the matter of withdrawing the troops from Vera Cruz was first considered, relative to the taxes collected at that port by the United States, and to the protection of foreigners and refugees. General Villa added to the perplexities of the situation at the end of last week by issuing his own particular "white paper," in which he asserted the existence of a mysterious secret agreement between himself and Carranza which, had it been observed, would have had the effect of depriving the latter of everything except the barren honor of "First Chief of the Constitutionalists."

The deaths of the week include: Richard Lockhart Hand, Brig. Gen. Edgar R. Kellogg, October 7; Prof. Richard Meyer, October 8; Col. Jeffrey Hale Burland, October 9; King Charles of Rumania, Cardinal Domenico Ferrata, October 10; Arthur Weld, October 11; Oliver F. Lyford, October 12.

The Week

The official Belgian statement given out in Washington last week, dealing with the violation of Belgium's neutrality, is one of the most illuminating documents issued since the war began. Admirable in tone and substance, it cannot fail to convince any one whose mind is open to reason. We wish it might be placed in the hands of every German, but as it appears in the *Staats-Zeitung* only in abbreviated form, as "Belgium's Pleading," it will hardly have much circulation even among German-Americans. For one thing, it effectually disposes of the German pretension, officially uttered by the Chancellor, that France was ready to invade Belgium; and shows that, had the Belgians not taken up arms to protect themselves, they would have been false to their own pledges of neutrality. As for the German assertions that automobiles carrying French officers had entered Belgian territory; that French officers had been training Belgian troops and helped to man their forts, etc., not one scrap of real evidence has ever been submitted by the Germans. The delay in getting any French troops into Belgium is itself proof of the absurdity of the charge that they were massed on the border ready to cross the Belgian line. It is not surprising, therefore, that even so ardent a partisan as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has recently suggested, very mildly and diplomatically, that it would be well for the German Government to bring out its proofs of this alleged conspiracy between French and Belgians.

When the Duke of Wellington was once told that he would live longer in popular memory for the beautiful style of his dispatches than for his victories in battle, he replied: "Yes, I didn't think Gurwood had it in him." Now another illusion is shattered in the announcement that the author of Sir John French's remarkable dispatches from the seat of war is not Sir John himself, but a Col. Swinton, probably Col. Edward D. Swinton. This the War Office itself admits. Thus does history repeat itself. Lord Roberts's South African dispatches were also not his own, but the work of a gifted subordinate, Lieut.-Col. H. V. Cowen, of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose merits were not so obvious as to have prevented his remaining for seventeen years in the grade of major before Lord Roberts chose him as an aide. So remarkable and so thrilling was the first dispatch from Sir John French telling of the wonderful English retreat from Mons that it was freely hailed as an imperishable contribution to the history of war and to literature itself, and it was thought that the British commander had added himself to those other great generals like Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who have made their mark as writers as well as soldiers. But the honors this time are plainly not Sir John's, but Col. Swinton's.

We know little of the personality of the new King of Rumania to serve as a basis for speculation with regard to his influence on the country's position in the great war. We do know that the new King is in his fiftieth year, and that no youthful impulses will enter into the shaping of his policy. In other columns the moral effect of the fall of Antwerp is discussed. Among the most important moral effects of a victory is the influence it exerts upon nations wavering on the narrow edge of neutrality. The reasons that might impel Rumania to cast in her fortunes with the Allies are what they were at the beginning of the war: her aspirations for Austrian Transylvania, with a large Rumanian population; her connection with Servia, by which Rumania, during the second Balkan war, won a large slice of Bulgarian territory without firing a shot; the fear that, in case of an Allied victory without Rumania's participation, it will be Russia who will come into the inheritance of the Rumanic territory under Hapsburg rule. On the other hand, the penalty of intervention for the Allies followed by an Austro-German triumph is bound to be so drastic that the neutral nations, and Rumania among them, will probably continue to watch and wait until the tide sets definitely in one direction.

The War Tax bill has been altered in many points by the Senate Democrats, and of the changes two stand out as so obviously commendable that they call for special notice. One is the putting of an added tax on whiskey, for the omission of which subject of taxation from the House measure it is difficult to find a creditable explanation. The emergency tax on spirits is expected to yield $5,000,000, and there is certainly no good reason why whiskey should not contribute to the required revenue as well as beer. The other improvement we have in mind is the striking out of the tax on brokers. This was a proposal about as ill-judged and inequitable as can be imagined, the class thus singled out being one that suffers more distinctly and more seriously from the break-up of business by the war than almost any that can be named. When the bill leaves the Senate, it will probably be found that it has been made much better than it was when it left the House—not to speak of the queer errors of judgment of which the House committee was guilty in its first attempts.

The New York *World* asks us why money rates should be ruling so high in this country, when, as the London *Times* reports, three months' bills in Lombard Street are going at 3 per cent. and "the abundance of credit has been very marked." The London *Economist* answers this question in its statement, regarding these same London rates, that "the easy conditions are purely artificial." In this it refers to the fact that the load of foreign bills in the hands of London banks, non-negotiable because of the war embargo, have by a very unusual recourse been guaranteed by the British Exchequer and discounted at the Bank of England. This obviously left the joint-stock banks free to utilize their resources in the ordinary discount market, with the assurance that no claim would be made on them, for a considerable period, to meet the heavy liabilities incurred through these foreign bills. This, moreover, is only one phase of the London moratorium. American banks are meeting a similarly difficult situation without a moratorium, without a Government guarantee of their non-negotiable loans, and with the further handicap of providing for a heavy maturing indebtedness to foreign markets, which does not exist in the case of England.

A commendable and unusual vigilance is shown by the action of the Post Office Department in its sharp scrutiny of the use of the Congressional frank by three Maine Congressmen—Representatives Hinds, Peters, and Guernsey. An important part of the campaign by which they have just obtained reëlection was the distribution of a pamphlet containing excerpts from the *Congressional Record*, in such numbers that the bill for ordinary postage would reach $1,000. Its "frankability" is doubted on three grounds: the Postmaster-General is unable to ascertain that all its contents are correct reproductions from the *Record*, the heading of one speech is stated to be misleading, and there has been interpolated before another an explanatory note of partisan character. It is to be hoped that the case will be pushed, if only to demonstrate the Department's determination to hew to the line in enforcing the franking law. If it can be proved, it will be remarkable chiefly as convicting the Representatives of a piece of stupid management.

Secretary Garrison's allotment of the $20,000,000 appropriated by Congress for rivers and harbors improvement will disappoint many localities—among them New York, which must still tolerate the Coenties Reef in the East River. But this was inevitable, and the allotment provides for the wisest expenditure upon waterways development the country has yet seen. The Mississippi River receives $5,000,000, as against $8,500,000 in 1913, and about the same sum ($6,650,000 for work below Cairo) in 1912; an amount that will permit the maintenance of existing projects. The Ohio River receives $1,750,000, as against $1,800,000 in current appropriations, with the authorization of further contracts to cost $3,200,000, in 1913. The Columbia, where extensive jetties are being undertaken, has the same sum which it was allowed last year—$1,000,000; while the Hudson, with $750,000, shows a reduction of $250,000. On the whole, the larger river and coastal projects have not suffered grievously. When we consider that the 1913 bill carried over $41,000,000, and the 1912 bill about $31,000,000, it is evident that the retrenchment has been mainly in the little disconnected undertakings against which President Taft protested so eloquently in 1910. Such necessary projects as the deepening of the Delaware between Philadelphia and the Atlantic, now half-accomplished, will not be interrupted in the least. In years to come, when more liberal sums will be available, the example of 1914 in the avoidance of works where no real improvement is possible, or where no connection with a general waterways scheme can be expected, should be remembered with profit.

Though 652 cases await the Supreme Court during the regular term which began on Monday, its record of efficiency last year was so striking that the number of decisions of national importance will be small. The chief of these will probably be in the Danbury hatters' case, involving the validity of a $252,000 verdict against the Hatters' Union under the Sherman Anti-Trust law; and the St. Louis terminal suit under the same measure. General attention should also be drawn to an Oklahoma test of the "grandfather clause" legislation, and to the Henry case, involving the right of Congress to compel the testimony of citizens before its committees. But of cases coming close home to the interests of individual States, there is a much larger number. The Oregon Minimum Wage law case has been fought up to the highest tribunal. Ohio will ask the Court to dismiss an attack upon the validity of her coal-screen law—a conservation measure, checking the waste of small coal, which has resulted in the closure of mines by certain operators; while the Ohio Workmen's Compensation Act will also be passed upon. Among railway cases, the attempt has been renewed to annul the West Virginia Two-Cent Fare law, asserted to be confiscatory, and the Florida gross-earnings tax upon sleeping cars. Western States, finally, are concerned in an attack upon the recent withdrawals of oil lands.

Such laws as the Oklahoma "grandfather-clause" law are not numerous, having existed only in North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Oklahoma; while that in Louisiana expired by self-limitation in 1899, and that in North Carolina in 1908. The clause in the State of Georgia will similarly expire on the first of January, 1915, and in Oklahoma alone has it been made permanent. There is therefore special reason, in spite of the small negro population, for contesting the indefensible distinction it makes. Like the others, it would permit literate and property-holding negroes and whites to vote alike, but while it excluded illiterate or propertyless negroes—and only the justice of election officers would prevent the classification of almost all colored applicants under these heads—it would permit the registration of any illiterate or propertyless white whose father or grandfather had been a voter in 1866. Such laws are deeply objectionable in themselves, and in the lesson they give the population in racial discrimination in other matters; while they add new difficulties to the whole task of giving the negro an adequate civic education.

Travellers, shippers, and investors in railway securities should alike take keen interest in this year's convention of the National Association of Railway Commissioners. It will be held at Washington next month. Messrs. Harlan and Prouty will speak for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and representatives of all of the State commissions will be present. The chief discussion is to be of the need of harmonizing Federal and State rules and regulations affecting railways. In his annual report President Ripley, of the Atchison, warned his stockholders that "their interests are more endangered by the various governmental regulations than from any other source." That is the common attitude of railway officials. They have no objection to proper supervision. In fact, the benefits thus obtained by the railways are frankly recognized by all fair-minded officials. But on all sides the feeling is growing that no business can long endure being pulled and hauled in forty-nine different directions. That the various Commissioners are awake to the need of the hour is made evident by the list of subjects to be discussed at the Washington meetings.

Taking the country as a whole, what are the chances of the Progressives in the Senatorial contests this autumn? In twenty-one of the thirty-two States holding elections, they have, according to the latest tabulation, candidates; while seven of the remaining eleven are Southern States in which not even the Republicans have thought it worth while to name men. The outlook cannot be called bright in any quarter. Although the Pennsylvania Progressives are maintaining that a vote for Palmer is a vote for Penrose, and those of Illinois that a vote for Sherman is a vote for Sullivan, the independents in these States will be well advised to vote for the old-party opponents of the two bosses. They inevitably have the best chance of winning. In California, Francis J. Heney has a strong following, but he can scarcely do more than so split the old Republican vote as to elect the Democratic nominee, ex-Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco. In a dozen other States, among them Colorado, Iowa, Indiana, and Connecticut, the Progressive candidacy is looked upon merely as strengthening Democratic hopes of success, or as absolutely guaranteeing it. In Utah, the Democratic-Progressive fusion candidate, J. H. Moyle, is a Democrat. The Progressives are undoubtedly proud of the fact that in so many States they have been able to bring their party into the field; but it is altogether improbable that the present party alignment —52 Democrats to 43 Republicans—will be altered by the choice of Progressive Senators.

The buy-a-bale-of-cotton campaign, which has now assumed the proportions of a movement, ought to be a most fruitful subject for directors of psychological laboratories. Why do people buy a bale of cotton, and, when they cannot afford a bale, take a pound? Does the phenomenon prove the truth of the canon of advertisement-psychology that you should put your suggestions into the form of imperatives? Perhaps; but one impelling element in the crusade is probably the patriotic appeal that has been cleverly woven into it from the first. Who would refuse a little money for the sake of his country, especially when he may give it of his own free will instead of having it dragged out of

him by a hateful tax? But there is more than this in the affair. In the back of people's minds is there not a shrewd notion that they are lifting themselves by their bootstraps out of the pit into which they have fallen through no fault of their own, and thus outmanœuvring the foolish and wicked Old World that is upsetting our trade by its mediæval antics? The matter is put in especially irresistible form by an enterprising firm that promises to buy a pound of cotton for every pair of shoes it sells. This alone ought to save the South. To offer us the opportunity of being indirectly philanthropic by ministering to our own necessities is like placing candy within reach of a child.

It is hard to smile at Mexico just now, and yet some of her most earnest sympathizers must have been unable to restrain something like a smile when they read the report that Villa was "mobilizing," and again when the same doughty chieftain condescended to imitate the European chancelleries by issuing a White Paper. For the most part, the distressed country on our Southern border carries on her war in her own way. Carranza's latest stroke is a new tribute to the sway of the democratic ideal in this hemisphere. By careful enumeration it is ascertained that his followers number 104,000, while those of Villa number only 24,000. This emphatic endorsement fortifies him in his purpose of going ahead with his provisional government. If the figures had revealed that he was in the minority, we are bound to believe that he would have announced that the returns were against him, and have sent the usual telegram of congratulations to his successful opponent—or would he have set up the claim that bribery had been indulged in to an extent that warranted him in continuing the contest?

People with due regard for the beauties of legal procedure will have scant sympathy with the petition to the Supreme Court asking it to expedite the Thaw case. It makes the surprising assertion that the delay has been a "scandal"; that it is more than a year since Thaw escaped from Matteawan and fled to New Hampshire, yet the courts have been unable to decide what his status is. But this is very superficial and *aliunde*, as the lawyers say. Such an intricate litigation, growing out of the conflict of laws and the divergent decisions of judges, ought to be thought of as an end in itself. The fate of the insane criminal himself, and the dignity of the State of New York, are merely trifling considerations. The great thing is to have this new Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce threshed out to the very last quibble. In no other way can the majesty of the law be vindicated; for it is sure to be positively settled in a few years whether Thaw can be extradited from New Hampshire. Meanwhile, it is for laymen to admire in silence the wonderful way in which abstruse legal principles and refinements of interpretation can be fallen back upon, like intrenchment after intrenchment, in defence of the humblest and poorest.

The literature of opposition to scientific medicine abounds in intellectual perversity, but it does not often offer a better sample of this than is given in an article in the current issue of the *Forum*. The writer looks forward to the time when the germ theory of disease, which "is in great vogue at present," will be "generally regarded as superstitious." Several of the arguments presented for the purpose of discrediting that theory would form excellent examples of bad reasoning for an elementary class in logic. Thus the writer knows "a druggist's family in which all of the six children had adenoids. Adenoids are not regarded as contagious, so far as I have ever heard. So contagion cannot be made the scapegoat in this instance. The children had adenoids because the mode of living was the same for all." Why not, then, suppose that the same thing is true "when several members of a family contract tuberculosis, diphtheria, or measles"? But here is the biggest gun which this profound reasoner trains against the poor deluded doctors:

> But if one contracts tuberculosis from the germs of another case, and he in turn from some one else, how did the first case that ever happened originate? . . . That troublesome first case is the missing link in the chain of the theory; but it happened so long ago that it has been lost sight of, and doctors are seldom embarrassed by being asked to account for it.

For this magnificent disproof of the results so painfully accumulated by the misdirected, though life-long, labors of a host of scientific workers from Pasteur down, the writer modestly disclaims any credit, the poser being attributed to "the leaders among those who reject the germ theory." This sort of stuff is too childish to be interesting, even as an absurdity; but a question of real interest is that of the state of mind of the editor who gives space to articles of this nature.

Zealous chess-players must support with all their hearts the claims of a new Shakespeare portrait, for it shows the dramatist—who does not mention the grave game in his works—intent over a board with Ben Jonson. The remainder of the world will be skeptical of the discovery, though we are assured that Paul Wislicenus, Ph.D., of Darmstadt, a distinguished Shakespearean scholar, pronounces it genuine, while Sidney Lee "was immediately struck with the great resemblance of the canvas to the Chandos portrait." The Mander portrait, now owned in Brookiyn, was acquired by one Col. Miller in 1878, who later lost all the documents telling its history in a fire, and carried his own information to the grave. A label on the back, stating it to be the work of Isaac Oliver, 1603, is contradicted by the German authority, who in thirty-two photographs has made out the signature of K. van Mander (1548-1606), a Fleming. It is true that none of the continental biographies of Van Mander mentions such a work; but a writer in *Arts and Decoration* explains this away on the ground that it was painted in England. In favor of its genuineness are the possibility that it is symbolic, representing a battle of the wits between the rival poets, and its defects, some bad details being exactly in Van Mander's worst manner. Besides, at the time it was painted Shakespeare was thirty-eight, Jonson twenty-nine; "yet in this canvas Jonson seems the older man."

Indiana's attempt to keep literary Iowa in the background by having a State-wide celebration of the birthday of her special poet, James Whitcomb Riley, at the time when Iowa is having her first "homecoming" of native authors, will be regarded as an admission of the seriousness of the new menace to the literary preëminence of the Hoosier State. Of the East, Indiana has long been without fear. Indeed, upon Boston itself she looks in a patronizing way that approaches a gentle scorn. The older part of the country, in her estimation, has shot its bolt. And while Irving and Hawthorne and Emerson are names of which the East may be proud, and even Indiana need not be ashamed, still one living author is better than two dead ones. It is just here that Iowa is looming up so dangerously. As the Des Moines *Register and Leader* reminds its readers, the lineage of such bright stars as Hough, Ferber, Hughes, Butler, Garland, Norton, and a dozen others equally notable is to be traced, not to Indiana, but to Iowa. Every one of these writers is known to some publishing house, not of ten or twenty years ago, but of to-day, this autumn of 1914.

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

Despite the efforts in dispatches from Paris to minimize the fall of Antwerp, there can be no doubt that the Germans' elation over it is justifiable. It is not only that they have smashed to pieces in ten days what was considered to be an impregnable stronghold, and thereby consummated a feat of arms which is only partially paralleled even in the fall of Liège and Namur; they have achieved a success which cannot but have a profound moral effect upon their enemies. A week ago the value of Antwerp was admitted in dispatches which represented the Allies as racing to the rescue of the city; the hasty dispatch of the British naval guns that were so effective in South Africa is further proof that the Allies recognized the enormous value of a German check or of a long-delayed siege. French newspapers freely stated that Antwerp was sure to hold out for weeks or months; but just as the expert of the London *Times* declared the day before the fall of Namur that that city would block the Germans for four weeks, so the experts again went astray. The German attack was beyond anything ever seen in modern warfare, and the Krupp artillery can now boast of unsurpassed victories.

The military value to the Germans of the capture of Antwerp is best measured if we think what would have happened if the Allies had succeeded in preventing it or had raised the siege. Then they would have been in a position gravely to menace Brussels and the German communications in Belgium. It would have been hailed as necessitating the retirement of the Kaiser's forces from France, as well it might have, and the Allies would have cheered it as indicating the beginning of the end of the struggle on anything except German territory. Now the conditions are reversed; the Belgian army has again received a stunning blow, and may have lost as high as 40,000 more men by casualties and internments in Holland, the latter said to total 22,000, all in addition to the British loss of 2,300 from similar causes. That the British marines' support was so futile and that they were bundled out so unceremoniously in forty-eight hours will cause more rejoicing in Berlin than anything else, since the feeling against England is so intensely bitter.

As to the direct military advantage to the Germans, that, as we have already pointed out, lies chiefly in the fact that the attacking army is now free to move on Ostend and Calais, and that the last menace to the German communications in Belgium itself is at an end. It is the great battle line in France and the extreme northwest corner of Belgium which is now protecting the transportation lines to Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle. Everything but a skeleton force of railway guards may now be thrown towards Lille or towards Ostend, to meet the Allied troops. With them must now be fought out the question whether the Germans can cut off and hold the Channel ports as far as Calais, or whether they must content themselves by building the last link in the 300-mile line of breastworks from Switzerland to the sea, and waiting until the German artillery can crack the hardest nuts of all, Toul and Verdun, or until they are compelled to fall back towards the Rhine.

Whatever the outcome of the next moves, the Allies fight with a heavier burden than before. In England fresh anxiety and a recognition of the heartening effect upon the Germans must bring about considerable depression, not because of any real danger of the enemy's using Antwerp for naval or aerial attacks—we cannot believe that they will seek to violate Dutch neutrality—but because of the plain fact that every such German success means the stiffening of the backbone of the Empire. In Austria, as in Italy and Turkey, the moral results will be far-reaching as well. To the hard-pressed Austrians this fresh proof of the power of the German arms comes in the nick of time. In France, too, with her large reliance upon those eastern fortresses which have fought so manfully, the collapse of Antwerp must have a chilling effect. Indeed, the whole world outside of the sympathizers with Germany must grieve at this fresh evidence that we are in for a long-drawn-out, brutalizing struggle, in which the poor Belgians are apparently to be ground to pieces, since there is every prospect for further terrible fighting upon their soil. There is but one satisfaction for the humanitarian and anti-militarist in it all—the universal admission that fortresses have been vanquished by ordnance, unless supported by great mobile forces, in which case hasty earthworks seem to serve about as well. As the honors at sea are for the moment, at least, with the submarine, so on land the prestige belongs to the guns, not the forts. Antwerp's defences were planned by the ablest French and Belgian engineers, only to go down like paper before what was probably chiefly an army of reserves and of the *Landsturm*. It will be difficult, hereafter, for War Ministers to demand millions for structures that are certain to prove merely the tombs of their defenders. In addition to this the question must also be asked whether the money which may be lost by the shelling of so great and rich a city as Antwerp does not now exert a powerful if unconscious influence against the defenders and in favor of an early surrender. In the future it should be a powerful argument against fortifying any great urban marts.

GERMAN APPEALS TO AMERICA.

By every mail we continue to receive from German friends and correspondents masses of printed matter, specially marked, and prepared and intended to convince us of the correctness of Germany's position, and of the cruel injustice that has been done her by the failure of American public opinion to support her cause. Moreover, this propaganda is not confined to the newspapers. Teachers of German in preparatory schools are being bombarded both by individuals and societies. In numerous German cities associations have been formed entitled "The ——— Society for the Spreading Abroad of the Truth About Germany," and they are mailing to every ascertainable address printed matter exposing misrepresentations and presenting their holy cause as they see it. Special editions of newspapers were handed to all the Americans leaving Berlin by special train during the first weeks of the war, with the request that each copy be preserved and sent to an American newspaper. Under date of September 12 the Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* printed a special issue for circulation abroad, containing all the official dispatches which had appeared up to that time. As for the misleading pamphlet entitled "Truth About Germany," the mails have been heavy with copies, and it is now on sale on our news-stands, besides having been reprinted in full in a New York paper.

Yet the deluge of pro-German literature flows on, always on the theory that the German side is not getting a hearing in the American press. In this our German friends are mistaken. Their cause, as they view it, has been fully and adequately presented in its every phase to the American public. With but trifling exceptions, the newspapers of the country have freely opened their columns to the German sympathizers among their readers, and to such advocates as Dr. Dernburg and Professors Münsterberg, Sloane, Burgess, and Kühnemann—the last, we hear, is to tour the country setting forth his views. The German White Paper has been widely printed, besides being circulated by certain groups of German-Americans here, who are also engaged in the hopeless task of convert-

ing public opinion to their side. The circulation of our German newspapers has, moreover, gone up by leaps and bounds, both here and in Chicago. Americans who never dreamed of subscribing in peace time are reading Mr. Ridder's publications, for the express purpose of getting both sides. In addition, the German Ambassador has set forth in the *Independent* and elsewhere his views of the situation. Surely, no fair man can contend that the present American attitude is based on ignorance or is due to deceit.

That there have been gross misrepresentations and endless lies in the news dispatches no one can deny; the latest absurdity being the report of Count von Moltke's retirement as Chief of Staff in favor of a little-known junior general. The most striking allegation of British duplicity we have seen is what is apparently a deliberate falsification by the Central News Association of an official statement of Gen. von Stein, sent out from Amsterdam. As reprinted in the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* of September 18, from the London *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, a statement of Gen. von Stein's, reading that the "approach of new and strong hostile forces compelled the moving back of one wing, but the enemy nowhere followed," is translated to read "but stronger hostile columns came to the assistance, *and the enemy won the battle*, obliging the German troops to retire." Everything else in von Stein's dispatch was translated with scrupulous fidelity. On its face, this garbling of official reports is nothing less than an outrage, and a disgrace to British journalism. About the British censorship, which has played anything but a broad-minded or generous part, something also might be said.

But if every news dispatch received from England had been falsified, it would not go to the heart of the matter, so far as American judgment of Germany is concerned. That has not depended upon the number of cities burned or atrocities reported, any more than the fact that some British soldiers have been shot in the field for committing the worst of crimes upon French women, has affected America's opinion of British diplomacy. What our German friends, in their eagerness to have the towering moral influence of the United States on their side, do not realize is that the judgment of this country was based upon a calm consideration of the facts leading up to the war, and upon the invasion of Belgium as set forth by the Germans themselves. American good opinion was forfeited when the Kaiser rejected Sir Edward Grey's two distinct offers to assure peace, when the "scrap of paper" incident occurred, and the Chancellor admitted the flagrant violation of the law of nations. This judgment cannot be swayed by the thrilling uprising of the German nation, its readiness to sacrifice its best, or its wonderful unanimous belief in the justice of its cause. These things do not affect the moral issues at all, any more than does the fact that the British, who have connived at the wiping out of the nationality of Persia and Morocco and destroyed the Boer republics, are in an inconsistent rôle in going to war for the independence of small countries. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* in a recent issue declares that America will come to Germany's aid as soon as the statements of returning American travellers are published and German newspapers cross the seas. A bitter disappointment is before all Germans who hope for this. Indeed, we fear that the end of it all will be their early retreat to the position taken by the Berlin *Tageszeitung*, as reported last week in these words: "We, however, do not need to regard the public opinion of the world. In the last instance, the German people, united with the Emperor, are alone competent to decide the correctness of Germany's course."

THE CHANGED CLAYTON BILL.

If the war had not swept everything else out of sight, there would have been much more in the press about the bill "to supplement existing laws against unlawful restraints and monopolies." This measure, known as the Clayton bill, passed the House last Thursday in the form agreed upon by the Senate, and known to be acceptable to the President. During its passage through Congress it underwent many radical alterations. These were mostly improvements, safeguarding the language of the proposed statute at several points, and writing in important provisos. No one can deny that it is now a much better act than when it was introduced. Its original aims are still preserved, but the steps to attain them are much more cautiously taken. Dangerously loose phraseology has been revised with care, and the old landmarks of the law have been specifically retained. All told, the bill in its final form is a fine illustration of the value of discussion and minute criticism. The public and business men will accept the changed Clayton bill with much more equanimity than would have been possible if the measure had been hurried through as first drafted.

The chief substantive feature of the bill is its legislation against interlocking directorates, with its prohibition of various contracts between corporations having trustees in common. For some act of the kind, public opinion in this country has long been ready; and with all the safeguards now placed in these sections of the bill—especially the ample time given for industrial companies and railways and banks to make the necessary arrangements—it is not probable that any real harm will be done or much inconvenience suffered. As regards those parts of the bill which relate to combinations tending to produce a monopoly, price discriminations to the same end, and unfair trading, there is good reason to believe that they are superfluous. By this is meant that all oppressive acts of that kind could probably be brought under the existing anti-Trust laws, as interpreted by the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases. Some of the best lawyers in the Senate held this view. But the contention of the majority was that it was just as well to make assurance doubly sure.

From the first, the clauses of the Clayton bill which excited most interest and provoked the sharpest debate were the so-called labor-exemption clauses. It is instructive, and to a degree reassuring, to take note of what was done with these sections of the act, in the course of its passage through committees and Congress. To a merely casual inspection Section 7 of the original bill reads almost the same as Section 6 of the perfected measure; but there are one or two slight changes which really make an enormous difference. For example: according to the first draft of the Clayton bill, "nothing contained in the anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations [labor unions, etc.] from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." Just one word has been inserted by the revisers, but it has a world of significance. It is the word "lawfully." Labor unions may not be enjoined from "lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." That leaves the whole question undecided—or, rather, throws it back to the courts, with their previous decisions as to what may and may not be done lawfully.

A similar care has been shown in restricting the other provisions of the Clayton bill relating to organizations of workingmen or farmers. We refer to the section—18 in the original draft, 20 in the final form—which undertook to relieve labor unions from injunctive process. As first proposed, these clauses were thought to legalize what had previously been illegal—that is, extreme forms of picketing and the secondary boycott. Whether that was the intent or not,

the danger was there. But it has been met. The original picketing clause stood: "from attending at or near a house or place where any person resides or works, or carries on business or happens to be, for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information, or of peacefully persuading any person to work or to abstain from working." Note the change made: "from attending at any place where any such person or persons *may lawfully be*." Again, the decision to be made by the courts in accordance with existing law! Similarly as concerns the secondary boycott. There was, in the Clayton bill as first drawn, to be "no restraining order" against "ceasing to patronize or to employ," or "recommending, advising, or persuading others by peaceful means so to do." But now we read, "by peaceful *and lawful* means." This makes, or easily may make, when the matter comes to judicial decision, a great difference.

It is not argued here that this whole matter of special legislation in the interest of organized labor is left by the completed bill in satisfactory shape. Both sides to the controversy may well think that they are getting the better of it. If the new law does not work as labor unionists hope, they will start their agitation afresh. It is only fair to say, however, that those finally responsible for the measure were at least bold enough and strong enough to stand out against giving away the whole case to the labor leaders. A word of praise should be added for the removal by the revisers of the bill of a very objectionable provision that a "decree" of a court against any defendant should be "conclusive evidence" against him "or any other party" in other proceedings. This has properly been changed so as to read "prima-facie evidence." It is but one of the many instances in which the recasting of the Clayton bill was most useful.

CAMPAIGN LETTERS AND ORATORY.

President Wilson's decision to make no political speeches before the November election is based on sound reasons. Public duty comes before party leadership. At a time when a world-crisis puts heavy responsibilities upon the President, and when he is asking his fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, to do what they can in helping him to meet them, he thinks it but fair and right that he should abstain from active campaigning. If he were to go on the stump only a few times, he would necessarily expose himself to reply and attack. That would be unfortunate at a juncture when the authority of his office ought to be preserved whole for possible use in ways far transcending party conflicts, or even the interests of our own country alone. Asking the support of all his countrymen as vigilant upholder of our neutrality in a devastating war, and as mediator between the combatants, if the opportunity offers, President Wilson will prudently refrain from doing anything that might cause political controversy to rage divisively about him

This does not mean, to be sure, that he has not a keen interest in Democratic success in the elections. And to help win it he will quietly do what he can. Instead of making speeches he will write letters. He has already begun the series. Several Senators seeking reëlection have had the President's warm epistolary endorsement. And it is understood that he will shortly issue a general written approval of Democratic Representatives. Possibly, Democratic candidates for the Governorship in various States may find something from Mr. Wilson in their mail, which they will not shrink too long from making public. At all events, it is letters to which the President is to confine himself in seeking to exert political influence between now and election day. One of the most persuasive speakers of his day is to forego oratory. Not even the malicious can say that the reason for this, in President Wilson's case, is the one referred to by the Apostle: "His letters (say they) are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

The letter, as a political instrument, has scored many successes. Historic instances could be multiplied. Everybody remembers how Lincoln occasionally seized it, as Milton did the sonnet, in order to blow a blast heard through the land. During the Presidential campaign of 1860, Lincoln made no speeches at all, but he was a busy letter-writer. Throughout the Civil War he was exceedingly sparing of oratory, but now and then a letter would come from him which, like his famous answer to Horace Greeley, was much more than a half-battle. Several of his successors in the Presidency wrote letters that were more noteworthy than any of their speeches. This was true of Grant, and possibly of Cleveland. President Roosevelt was probably the most prolific letter-writer that was ever in the White House. Many of his letters were intended for the public and had considerable effect; but the great sensation was made by those—such as the ones addressed to "Dear Maria"—that leaped to light without his privity. It was letters of the latter kind that Martin Van Buren must have had in mind when he gave his well-known advice to public men: "Walk eleven miles to see a man rather than write him a letter."

If one asks what are the comparative advantages of letters and speeches, as a means of moving the voters, one will find many reasons for believing in the superiority of oratory. A speaker has the power of getting directly at his audience in ways forbidden to the printed page. All the questions of personal magnetism; of the eagerness of the crowd to see and hear famous men and candidates for office; the whole matter of give and take between hearers and the orator which often leads to impassioned utterance far beyond the range of a man coolly sitting at his desk to write—all these things suggest the higher opportunity of the speechmaker, and show why political oratory persists in favor. On the other hand, the speech can sway only its immediate audience. When it is printed in more or less imperfect form, and read by the distant public, a great deal of the fervor and virtue seems to have gone out of it, and readers wonder how those who heard it could have been so enthusiastic about it. The fire of oratory has a way of dying out in cold type. A letter, however, carefully prepared and published simultaneously over the whole country, wins at once, and with large masses of readers, its effect. In a way, it is like giving a speaker the chance to address an audience of millions. Moreover, the thrill and glow with which one comes from hearing a powerful oration are evanescent. But a letter can be kept by one and read again and again in calm deliberation.

President Wilson's campaign letters will hardly be great literary productions. Those that have already appeared are quiet in tone. In any that he may hereafter write, in support of this or that candidate, or in general appeal for his party, he will probably not be inclined to force the note. In view of what has been done, and of the anxieties which the war has caused to press upon the country, he will be apt to write upon the theory that, after all the words which can be used, "if silence will not speak, there's nothing told."

A MODERN BLESSING.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital is an event in which the participants may take such a degree of pride and pleasure as can rarely be sincerely experienced on similar occasions. In its own equipment and general activity, that institution has been one of the great agencies for the relief of suffering, and has played

an important part in the general advancement of hospital standards in this country; but it is in its function as an integral part of the resources of the Johns Hopkins Medical School that its most signal service has been done. The remarkable rise in the character of medical education in this country which the past quarter-century has witnessed has owed its chief impetus to the Johns Hopkins Medical School; and to that source, too, is to be traced the origin and successful development of the institutions devoted exclusively to medical research, of which the Rockefeller Institute is the leading example.

But when we take a backward glance over the story of medical progress during the past twenty-five years, we make a very great oversight if we overlook the change that has taken place in one matter of vital importance, belonging neither to the domain of hospital management nor to that of medical education or of medical research. There has grown up, during that time, in this country, what is almost literally a new profession, that of the trained nurse. In 1889, there were not in the whole country, outside of hospitals, more than a few hundred trained nurses; now their number is estimated to exceed a hundred thousand. And the standard of qualification is steadily rising. To the development of that calling, and to the lifting of it to a higher professional plane, the Johns Hopkins Hospital contributed powerfully. Its Training School for Nurses was started simultaneously with the hospital itself, and it at once took a commanding position in its field, and had the effect of stimulating the growth, multiplying the number, and greatly raising the standard of training schools for nurses throughout the country. It was Florence Nightingale who established in London, in 1860, the first school for the systematic training of nurses upon modern principles; and it is to the Bellevue Hosptal in New York that the honor belongs of establishing the first institution of the kind in this country. This was in 1873; and the next great landmark in their development in America was the starting of the Baltimore school in 1889.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the way in which we get accustomed to the gains of progress, and come to regard them as a matter of course, than the story of the trained nurse. To be able to command such help in time of sorest trouble, to be able so to increase the chances of recovery on the part of the sick and to reduce the danger of breakdown on the part of the anxious relatives watching the sickbed—this ought to be considered a blessing beyond price, and a cause of profound thankfulness. Persons still young remember the time when any such aid in the home was virtually out of the question; and it does not take a much longer memory to recall the time when hospital facilities were so much more limited in amount and so much less perfect in kind that recourse to those institutions was to be thought of only in exceptional cases. Yet it is very seldom that any one stops to dwell on this immense gain that has been won for millions of human beings in one of the most important concerns of life. It is true that the full benefit of this new resource is enjoyed only by the well-to-do. But even these constitute a numerous class; and it would be a great mistake to suppose that those in less fortunate circumstances do not receive such benefit in very considerable measure. The free beds in hospitals, with the best of nursing, are many; and visiting nurses, supplied either by city authorities or by private effort, do an incalculable amount of good among the poor. The number of trained nurses in the employ of New York city alone —indoor and outdoor—is nearly 800.

To appreciate what the trained nurse does towards alleviating distress of mind and body, it is only necessary, as we have said, to make a little effort of memory; but most of us are not in the habit of doing even so much as that. In this as in other matters pertaining to modern progress, we take present advantages for granted, and are more prone to complain about their not being greater or more general than to dwell upon their being in our possession at all. If this is so in regard to a thing which has come about so rapidly that we all can picture the contrast with our own previous experience, how much more must it be the case with things that have been two or three generations in the making. When people talk glibly about the condition of the masses in these days of modern industrialism being worse than it was in former times, they never stop to think of the way in which the city poor lived in narrow streets, unpaved and unlighted, of the dirt, the scant and impure water, the insufficient police protection, the absence of cheap transportation—the want, in short, of almost everything which we now regard as essential and which is enjoyed as a matter of course by the poorest, or all but the very poorest, of the people. There are other things besides nursing in which the standards of to-day differ as much from those of a hundred years ago as does the fine, humane, disciplined modern nurse from Sairey Gamp.

Chronicle of the War

Beyond the possibility of a doubt the past week has been Germany's. Whether, when the history of the war comes to be written it will be set down, as some of the English and French critics assert, as marking the apex of German success remains to be seen. At all events, of the present success there can be no doubt, nor have the Allies made serious efforts to minimize its importance. Both in the eastern and in the western areas of conflict notable successes for the German arms are to be recorded, and, viewed simply from the standpoint of military efficiency, these successes are as creditable as they are astonishing. In the west, Antwerp, next to Paris supposed to be the most impregnable fortress in Europe, fell on Friday of last week, after an amazingly short siege; in the east, German armies have pressed forward in Russian Poland, have swept the Russians back to the Vistula, and are threatening Warsaw. By the time these lines appear in print that place may even have fallen. That its capture is regarded as not improbable is indicated by dispatches from Washington which assert that Great Britain has requested the United States to take over her consular interests in Warsaw in that event.

Whatever may be the strategical advantages derived from these successes—and in the first flush of victory there has been observable in the dispatches from Berlin a natural tendency to exaggerate these—their moral effect must be considerable. In Germany, for all the determination that has been displayed, some amount of depression must have supervened on the sudden sweep back of her forces from Paris after their triumphant progress thither and when the goal was not only within sight, but almost within gunshot, and this depression cannot have been allayed by the long-drawn battle on the Aisne, showing as it has that man for man French and British troops are at least the equal of German, and that there was to be no repetition of the easy victories of 1870. Serious misgiving, too, must have been occasioned by the undeniable, though officially denied, Russian victories at Augustowo, which we recorded last week, and by their rapid advance in Galicia and the apparent total inability of Germany's ally to withstand the forward march of the Czar's forces. This depression now will have given place to a corresponding feeling of elation, both in Germany itself and among her troops in the field, while at the same time there are many elements in the situation which must be disturbing to the Allies.

One thing, as is pointed out in our editorial columns, is definitely established by the fall of Antwerp. The efficacy of fortified cities in warfare is a thing of the past. The gun has beaten the fort. Liège, Namur, and Maubeuge had given us more than an inkling of this fact; Antwerp has put the matter beyond a doubt. The fall of Antwerp will be viewed with mixed feelings of relief and apprehension by the Allies for other reasons. They must be realizing how narrow was the escape of Paris in the early stages of the war, for had the German armies not been checked at the Marne, there is small reason to suppose that Paris would have proved

more impregnable than Antwerp. They must also be watching with anxiety the development of events on the Verdun-Toul line, where so stout a resistance to German attacks has hitherto been maintained. The Germans have not got many of the dreaded Krupp siege guns—report places their number at no more than two—but those have proved uncommonly effective. After the surrender of Antwerp, dispatches stated that these guns were being transported elsewhere, and it is not unlikely that they may make their next appearance at Verdun.

From the strategical standpoint the possession of Antwerp is of immediate importance for the Germans principally because it clinches their hold upon Belgium, thus consolidating their whole front and securing their lines of communication, and also because it releases for service elsewhere an army of probably 150,000 men, and disposes of the menace of a mobile Belgian army on their flank. Their success at Antwerp would have been more important still had the Belgian army failed to make good its escape to Ostend. As it is, there is some doubt as to the numbers which did actually reach the latter city. Dutch reports state that 20,000 troops, including 2,000 British, were forced to cross the Scheldt into Holland, where they have been interned; German reports put the numbers considerably higher. It is probably safe to assume, however, that, allowing for casualties during the siege, half of the army of 100,000 men is still effective, and full credit must be given to the leadership which enabled these troops to accomplish the seemingly impossible and effect their retreat.

Writing last week, we spoke of the northward advance of the Allies' forces in the direction of Lille and the Belgian frontier—a remarkable advance, progressing as it did some fifty miles in the space of a week—as clearly directed to the relief of Antwerp. That object has been frustrated, and it remains to consider the alternative plan which must have been in the minds of the commanders of the Allies. The relief of Antwerp, as we know now, must have appeared, even while desperate efforts were being made to compass it, as a forlorn hope. Had Antwerp not fallen, the Allies would have joined hands with the Belgian troops there, and their line of battle would have been complete from the Swiss border to the North Sea, running from Antwerp south, through Ghent, Lille, and Arras, to Roye and Lassigny; then turning east, through Soissons and Rheims, to Verdun, and southeast again, through Nancy, to Belfort. With Antwerp taken, it may be assumed that the aim of the Allies is to make Ostend the extreme westerly point of their line, which will then run directly south and north from Ostend to Roye, or, should the Germans win the race for Ostend which is in progress as we write, it may be assumed that the forces in that place, British and Belgian, will effect their retreat in time to Dunkirk, thirty miles down the coast, and that the line will be rested there. The news that the Belgian Government has transferred itself from Ostend to France would seem to indicate that the capture of the Belgian port has already been discounted.

The success of what we may presume to be the Allies' plan will depend largely upon the outcome of the severe engagement which has been in progress for some days all along the line Lille-Arras-Albert. Lille was occupied by the Germans on Tuesday, and heavy cavalry fighting was reported at Hazebrouck, twenty miles to the west. There apparently the Germans had some successes, followed by a resumption of the offensive on the part of the Allies. Between Arras and Albert, the French War Office, which has been noticeably reticent and conservative of late, in its report on Tuesday afternoon recorded "notable progress." Within the next few days we may probably expect some decisive development in this quarter, and obviously the Allies are here fighting against time, since it is of the utmost importance that they should achieve an emphatic success before the German troops released from Antwerp can be thrown into the fight. Along the rest of the long line of battle there is no change of importance to record, although at most points slight progress is reported by the Allies.

In the east, as in the west, there have been startling developments, all the more startling in view of the impenetrable veil of secrecy in which the movements leading up to them have been hidden. Petrograd paved the way for the surprise when, as we recorded last week, it made casual mention of German troops in the neighborhood of Warsaw. Those troops have now developed into a full sized army, which is not only in the neighborhood of Warsaw, but is threatening the capital. From a comparison of the various dispatches, unusually significant in what they leave unsaid as well as in what they say, we can form an idea of the existing situation. Berlin reports that the whole of Poland west of the Vistula is now in German possession, with the exception of Warsaw, the fall of which is expected at any time. At the same time the official report speaks disparagingly of the "few kilometres" lost near the East Prussian frontier as of no importance, and declares that the siege of Ossowiecz could not have been abandoned, because that place was never besieged. Vienna speaks of the rapid advance of the Austrian troops along the River San as having resulted, on October 11, in the withdrawal of the Russian investing force from Przemysl, Galicia. Petrograd ignores events in Poland and Galicia, but reports further successes on the East Prussian border.

The situation, then, may be reconstructed thus: The Austrian forces, partly by virtue of their own reinforcements, but more probably as a result of the stiffening afforded by the arrival of German reinforcements, have so far recovered themselves as to be able to resume the offensive. The Russians, presumably for strategic reasons, since there has been no hint of any severe fighting in that region, have retired from their position between Przemysl and Tarnow. The central Russian army has taken up a position on the east bank of the Vistula and is waiting there to give battle to the German host which has advanced from the line Kalisz, Lodz, Petrokow, Kielce. This army is supported on its right by the Austrians who have relieved Przemysl, and on its left by the army of Gen. von Hindenberg, which is having difficulty in holding its position on the Prussian frontier. The critical part of the battle line will most probably be between Sandomir and Ivangorod on the Vistula, and we may presume, in view of the skill with which the Russian campaign has hitherto been directed, that this battle ground is of their own choosing.

Foreign Correspondence

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY—AN IDEAL HOSPITAL — FOREIGN K.G.'S AND K.C.B.'S—LONDON'S LOST CATS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 3.

"The Duchesses have nobbled the Red Cross Society." The remark was made more in sorrow than in anger by one who has not only generously contributed to various funds for the relief of the wounded in war and those dependent upon them, but has devoted great capacity and valuable time to personal endeavor in furthering the enterprise. There is unfortunately a basis of fact in the bitter lament. Nursing the sick and wounded in hospitals, and providing garments for them, has become the fashion of the day in high society. The brief-lived rapture of ping-pong which captured it a few years ago was nothing compared with this. Even afternoon bridge parties have suffered from the competition. A real Duchess has just come home from the front, to the relief of authorities embarrassed by her well-meaning amateur efforts. There are to be seen in the shop windows obtainable for a few pence photographs of other ladies of title caught, not without connivance it is feared, in the very act of sewing a shirt.

Since the Red Cross Society has been officially recognized by the War Office and is the recipient of subscriptions from the public exceeding a quarter of a million sterling, the absence of strong, trained, capable direction threatens to become a national calamity. It is even whispered that these *grandes dames*, some of whom were prominent in the political arena when the fight around Ulster most fiercely raged, are not wholly uninfluenced by party prejudice. Certain wealthy Liberals having town or country houses suitable for transformation into hospitals communicated to the War Office their willingness to devote them to the service of sick and wounded soldiers. They were referred to the Red Cross Society, and the committee, so it is said, take care to keep the preserves sacred from invasion by vulgar Liberals.

A case coming within my personal knowledge goes some way towards substantiating the rumor. A country neighbor who has a spacious residence set in a far-reaching park within convenient distance of Folkestone, a port in close touch with the battlefield, offered to furnish it and to maintain it at his sole expense as a hospital. He made this proposal to the War Office and was in the ordinary course referred to the Red Cross Society. He hastened to lay the precious gift at their feet, and in due course received a formal letter stating that there was no need for his assistance. Unfortunately (perhaps fortunately for those who will presently benefit by his patriotic hospitality) he is a member of the House of Commons well known for strenuous effective support of principles abhorred in London drawing-rooms. The sick and wounded had better go uncared for than be indebted to his generous care.

The mere man concluded that here was an end of the matter. The wife thought not. Why not offer the hospital elsewhere on their own account? To begin with, she obtained admission to Guy's Hospital, and for some weeks did the hard work of a nurse while obtaining thorough insight into the working of

a hospital. Returning home she had the rooms stripped of their costly furniture, carpets taken up, curtains removed, floors stained and varnished, the apartments turned into first-class hospital wards with the best of beds. I paid a visit to the improvised hospital yesterday and found it the perfection of light, airy rooms all looking out on gardens or leafy park. Baffled in the effort to serve his own countrymen, the owner of the pleasaunce turned to the Canadian authorities, receiving instant acknowledgment of his proposal and grateful acceptance of his offer.

Here, then, is a home of rest and cure awaiting some of our Canadian brothers who in their gallant efforts to help the Motherland may fall by the way. Every help which surgical and medical skill can provide will be placed at their disposal. Every comfort that trained nurses can bestow will be theirs, together with every luxury in the way of meat and drink suitable for the case of the sick and convalescent liberally provided. Fifty patients will be housed and cared for with a tenderness that could not be excelled by mother or wife. Meanwhile, whether the time be long or short, the hostess with her maid will bestow herself in rooms in a gardener's cottage in convenient contiguity for the matronly supervision to which she has devoted herself.

Although the Kaiser's heart bled for looted and burned Louvain—this was just before his gunners made a target of Rheims Cathedral—it is possible that he has suffered even acuter pangs in conditions brought home to him as one of the earliest fruits of the war. He has felt bound to discard from his wardrobe the uniforms ordered in connection with various high positions in the British army and navy conferred upon him during the last twenty years. He will presently suffer further deprivation by the removal from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of his banner and insignia as a Knight of the Garter. A minor consideration is the fact that thereafter he will be deprived of the solace conveyed by knowledge of the fact that the congregation at St. George's regularly include his name in their petitions to the Throne of Grace for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

In addition to the Kaiser there are in the field against us a medley of foreign potentates, big and little, who by favor of the Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, have been privileged on state occasions to display its star and blue ribbon. The oldest foreign K.G. is the helpless Emperor Francis Joseph, upon whom Queen Victoria bestowed the coveted ribbon as far back as 1867. Others, in addition to the Kaiser, are the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the German Crown Prince, and Prince Henry of Prussia. *Item*, there are several Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, including the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Saxe-Meiningen, the Princes of Hohenlöhe-Langenburg, Frederick Charles of Hesse, and Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. These names will be solemnly erased from the roll of the Order, as will those of the Knights of the Garter who have sent contingents to the German army in the field. It will be interesting to know what will become of the banners and insignia when taken down. Worse use of them might be made than offering them for sale to the highest bidder, the aggregate proceeds being handed over to swell the coffers of one of the many relief associations which are striving to mitigate the sufferings of innocent people who have suffered through the Kaiser's forces.

Among the more obscure but not less sensitive communities suffering from the war are the lost cats of London. Eighteen years ago a kind-hearted lady set up a home for their reception. Finding many sympathizers, the establishment entered upon a course of moderate but effective prosperity. In normal times its opportunity widened in the holiday season. People going away holiday-making cannot take their cats with them. A large proportion so situated turn with gratitude to the Cats' Home and make arrangements for their housing and keep. Too many leave the cats to look after themselves. The founderess and manageress of the home writes to tell me that on account of the falling away of subscriptions owing to competition in other directions arising out of the war, the institution is on the verge of breaking down. A contributory to this regrettable condition of affairs is the fact that the number of homeless cats is just now greatly in excess of the average. German residents in London, breaking up their establishments on quitting the country, had not time to make provision for their cats. They were accordingly left to starve in empty tenements, whence upon information received they were rescued by emissaries from the Cats' Home.

HOLLAND AND FLANDERS—AN INTELLECTUAL KINSHIP—THE "GREATER NETHERLAND."

THE HAGUE, September 28.

Holland has become a haven of refuge for the Northwestern Continent of Europe. Order and quiet reign in her towns and villages, while slaughter and destruction rage all round. Common talk would have us believe that the Dutch owe their safety to the Kaiser's devotion to the House of Orange. As if German strategy were to be guided by such sentimental motives! The Dutch General and late Minister of War, H. P. Staal, has shown, in a series of articles in *Het Vaderland*, how absurd this popular assumption is. There was no urgent reason for the German army to violate Holland's neutrality; what use, then, would there have been in the attack upon a country whose army, though small in itself compared to the host of the German invader, might have formed a dangerous increase to the enemy's opposing forces? Nor is there any truth in the rumor, repeated in a letter from The Hague, which appeared in your issue of August 27, about a secret German-Dutch understanding, which, to quote your correspondent, "has so often in recent years been alleged to exist." The Belgians, unfortunately, seem to believe in it, and their press helps to spread it by repeating, in spite of official contradiction, that the Dutch have allowed German troops to march unopposed through their province of Limburg. It may be in the line of German tactics to encourage this rumor so as to disseminate wrath among the Belgians and cause estrangement between the Hollanders and their Flemish brothers. The attempt will prove utterly hopeless. For these two peoples, knit together by their common language and their earlier history, have, for the last twenty years, formed an intellectual and literary alliance stronger than international diplomatic treaties, as it is based not on promises, but on feelings of kinship and love.

Flanders has, in the past few decades, awakened to a new life of literary and artistic activity, such as it had not known since the thirteenth century, the great age of Jacob Van Maerlant and the poets of "Van den vos Reynaerde." From the time of the establishment of Belgium as a separate kingdom (1839) down to the early 'nineties, Flemish authors had anxiously tried to imitate the language and style of Dutch contemporary literature. But during the last quarter of that century a poet arose in Belgium who dared to speak the language of his own native home, the sweet, simple dialect of Flanders. It was the history of Scottish literature in the eighteenth century repeated: so long as Thomson and the minor Scottish poets of his age sailed in the wake of English poetry, London retained its literary supremacy over Edinburgh. But when Burns began to sing in the native dialect, high poetry rang in the homely notes. Guido Gezelle is the Burns of Flanders. He sang his lyrics in the words and phrases heard along the roadsides of the Flemish country, and Holland recognized that in his song the Flemish soul was revealed as never before.

Gezelle died in 1899, but the impulse he gave to the younger generation of Flemish poets and novelists survives with undiminished force. Stijn Streuvels, Herman Teirlinck, August Vermeylen, Cyriel Buysse, Karel van de Woestijne deserve a wider fame than the limited scope of the language they employ can gain for them. Holland is the only country where they are read and appreciated; the Dutch writers realize how their own literary language is enriched by the quaint and picturesque language of the south. Dutch publishers vie with one another in bringing out works of popular Flemish writers, and the reading public encourage their competition by an increasing demand for Flemish books. Flemish orators—and it seems as if eloquence were a native gift of that race—find an enthusiastic audience in every Dutch town, and the most popular of all Flemings, the singer Emiel Hullebroek, has sung his bright Flemish songs into the memories of all Dutch lovers of popular music. Holland repays these beautiful gifts by sending her famous acters, Royaards and Bouwmeester, to play in Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, Brussels; by sending her scholars to Belgium to lecture before the students of Brussels and Ghent; and every summer members of the University staff at Leiden give a course of holiday lectures to students from Belgian universities.

This intellectual and literary intercourse and mutual appreciation has created, of late years, a strong feeling of what their German neighbors would call "Zusammengehörigkeit." The Dutchman has begun to realize that his nation covers a wider field than the small area enclosed within his frontiers, the Fleming that it is not to France that he must look for inspiration congenial to his mind and natural talents. Both have conceived the possibilities of a "Greater Netherland." *Groot-Nederland* is the name of a leading literary monthly, which is edited by the Dutch novelist Louis Couperus and his Flemish brother-in-art Cyriel Buysse. Those two, with their periodical, exemplify the hopes and aims of the best and greatest among the Flemish and Dutch. No "Groot-Nederland" in a political sense is what they look for. There is no such thing as Dutch Imperialism; neither north nor south of the Escaut prevails a wish to alter the map of that little corner of Europe. But an intellectual "Groot-Nederland" is the aim they have in view, and no German policy, terrorism for Belgium, coaxings for Holland, can disturb its growth.

A. J. BARNOUW.

Some Novels from Abroad

COUPERUS — MADAME MAETERLINCK — POMPEO —HAGEDORN—MRS. BAILLIE-REYNOLDS — MRS. WARD—A. S. HUTCHINSON.*

Whatever effect the war may have upon other industries, there is no doubt that it will change the face of European literature for a generation. Already the poets, historians, and philosophers may be observed indignantly withdrawing from the mild circle of intellectual brotherhood and unsectional benevolence, and bristling under the standards of race. As for the novelists, there is too little doubt about what we have to expect from them. As soon as they have got their breath, as soon as they have made out some sort of head and tail to the prodigy, they will be at it hammer and tongs. The formidable mass of more or less partisan literature bred by the Franco-Prussian War will seem inconsiderable a few years hence, since all the writing nations are now involved, offensively or defensively. Some rich blood will doubtless he injected into a body of fiction which has recently shown signs of anæmia. War will rid Europe of the defects as well as the virtues of civilization. Butchers do not suffer from neurasthenia, nor are shipwrecked men concerned with problems of social and sexual pathology. Out of the welter and hurly-burly of the immediate future, out of the inevitahle deluge of tracts and photographic studies, a few big, strong novels are likely to emerge.

In our anticipation of this red and salty influx now so near, the novels of the current season already take on a flavor of survival. Can it be that only yesterday French and Dutch and German and Italian and English writers were preoccupied with these precious or provincial or romantic or "timely" themes? Do these volumes mark the end of an epoch? Are they to be dismissed presently as out of date, or to be cherished as a resource and refuge from the stress and confusion of post-débâcle fiction? They will have documentary value, at least; for the old Europe is passing away, Baedeker will have to be rewritten, the middle-aged tourist who has too long deferred his pilgrimage will have lost something he can never recover. The glories of Louvain and Rheims have departed, and who can say what tomorrow may bring to the shrines of Cologne or of Westminster, or of Rome herself? And as for the color and flavor of life abroad, they can never again he quite what they have been. The belated tourist must make shift with old pictures and old books to get the atmosphere of that already antiquated "abroad" which his neighbor so casually visited a year ago.

I.

Luckily, there are ample stores of material which remain to he drawn upon for the henefit in this kind of the English reader. English and American publishers have been less chary of translations in recent years, but have followed a natural law in preferring a tenth-rate novel in English to a first-rate novel in French or German or Italian. Now and then a fresh author is introduced tentatively, and, if he "takes," may he really conveyed to a fresh audience.

An experiment of this sort has just been made with the "Small Souls" of Louis Couperus, a writer virtually unknown in England or America, yet unhesitatingly pronounced by his accomplished translator the foremost novelist of Holland. This is the first of a series of four novels known as "The Books of the Small Souls." "The remainder," says Mr. de Mattos, "will be published if and as the antecedent volumes find favor with English and American readers." This is fiction of a high order, and ought, in its new dress, to find favor with a sufficient audience to justify the translator's hopes. That it is not of a popular sort, the blunt title suggests. The four volumes chronicle the fortunes of a middle-class Dutch family, the Van Lowes. The nearest analogue of this work in English is "The Old Wives' Tale," which Mr. Bennett frankly hased upon a foreign novel. "Small Souls" is undisguised "realism." The Van Lowes are real people, not engaging or striking, but alive. Nor are they parties to a "plot" of carefully prepared situations and salient crises. They are chronicled, not exploited, made plain by means of a large body of cumulative detail. Yet as with all fictitious chronicles which survive the hour, this body of detail exists not for its own sake, but in the service of a larger interpretation. These small souls are such stuff as life is made on. Their creator neither veils nor mocks them, hut sets them forth for what they may be worth, as if with a smile of kindly irony. One touching figure there is, drawn without sentimentalism, hut with more overt sympathy—young Adriaan, hapless but courageous victim of his parents' folly. He, one foresees, is to be the central person in the three following parts of the chronicle; the last of them bears his name.

Teutonic realism is more naturally intelligible to the Anglo-American mind than the realism of Russia or even of France. Couperus's people, like Ihsen's or Sudermann's, surprise us by being so really human. But for a few foreign quaintnesses of custom and speech, they might be living next door. But how many of us honestly believe in those madmen of Turgenieff, those flighty or dirty children of Zola?

In his version of Madame Maeterlinck's "Choice of Life" Mr. de Mattos offers the English reader something essentially difficult, because essentially alien. As a story, it presents an episode, strained and long-drawn, and on the whole ridiculous in the eye of that common-sense which we worship and by which we are fain to live. The writer—or shall we say a lady?—records an experiment in friendship. She becomes infatuated with a beautiful peasant girl, makes an intimate of her, and tries to lift her to comprehension of the subtleties of art, sex, and life. To John and Jonathan there is something mawkish and unpleasantly suggestive in the insistence upon the physical charm which the girl has for the woman. Here the relation begins, and is doomed to end, for the girl is hopelessly vulgar and wholesome. Much of the lady's effort is given to rousing her protégée's sluggish sex-instinct. A typical incident is her grief and repulsion at the girl's coldness to a casual young man who has invaded her bedroom. The lady, who has been eavesdropping, walks for hours through the night in the attempt to forget "the ugliness of the scene." At last she finds comfort: "Little by little, hope returned to me. I was persuaded that over there, in the little room which my care had provided for Rose, love would yet be the conqueror. . . . And, in the dead stillness, I kept hearing the kisses falling, falling heavily, like the first drops of a storm." As for her advice to the girl, it is not in the direction of marriage and motherhood, but of love, *l'amour*. Convention is nothing: "It is right that woman should make her own experiments; it is right that she should know men to judge which of them harmonizes with her. . . ." The style is of a Gallic sleekness and melodiousness which the admirable work of the translator more than suggests. The effect of the book as a whole is (to John and Jonathan) strained, sensuous, ecstatic, doubtfully wholesome. John and Jonathan will need to remind themselves once more that the realists and the pathologists are not the whole of a racial fiction which includes Tartarin and the Abbé Constantin.

II.

Ingenuous forms like the problem novel, or even the sheer tale of sentiment, still subsist on the Continent. "Monsignor Villarosa" might he called the one or the other. It recalls "The Saint" of Fogazzaro, but is less intellectual and more romantic in spirit. As a problem story, it emhodies again the struggle between modern thought, liberality, and sincerity, and the reactionary forces of the Roman Church. Villarosa is a provincial bishop of great scholarliness, and of generous and unworldly disposition. He is of nohle race; in youth and on the eve of taking orders he has fled from his seminary to join the Garibaldian Thousand in Sicily. After the campaign, in which he is wounded, he does penance and enters the church. He is advanced in time to his bishopric, hut the higher dignities which his remarkable character and powers might have brought him are held back as the penalty of his early revolt. And, indeed, the

*_Small Souls_. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Choice of Life. By Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Monsignor Villarosa. By Duke Litta Pompeo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Faces in the Dawn. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Cost of a Promise. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Delia Blanchflower. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst International Library Co.

The Clean Heart. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

spirit of independent thought and action has not died in him. In old age he takes the part of the peasants in their struggle against the landlords, is condemned by his adversaries, and turned upon by those whom he has served. Then his great work of exegesis, hailed by scholars the world over, is put upon the Index, and, finally, for a technical fault, and upon his deathbed, he is unfrocked and discommunicated. But he has come to see a greater glory than that of Rome, and dies triumphant. The tale is frankly anti-clerical, but its human quality lifts it above the plane of tract or campaign document.

The author of "Faces in the Dawn" is an American, but a German-American, and he has chosen here to write a story of the Fatherland. There are only a few persons—a country baron, his wife, his daughter Gudrun and her lover, a country parson and his wife. The lover is an American, the baron approves the match, but the baroness, who is a mollusc, steadily obstructs it on selfish grounds. The outcome of the comedy is never in doubt, but its conduct is sufficiently interesting. The chief figure is really Parson Adam, a gross husk of a man with a sound core. And early disgrace has first embittered, then dulled him. Salvation has for a time seemed to offer itself in an ideal attachment for Gudrun, the young baroness, but has reacted in a perfunctory marriage with a girl of his own class. We meet him as the domestic boor, the spiritless pastor. We leave him, by grace of the generous Gudrun's efforts and his own sound heart, on the way to a happy conduct of his married life and of his spiritual labors. Gudrun holds a brief for the right of woman to be mate on equal terms of her man, and joyfully exchanges the mediæval atmosphere of her German home to take her place among the proud women of her husband's Colorado.

III.

In America the movement for suffrage has gone on so quietly, but for language, as hardly to tempt our novelists. The militancy of England (now dormant or extinguished?) has provided more salient material. Two current novels yield militant heroines, though it is notable that in both instances the militancy is a phase, and the damsel led to see the error of her ways. Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, indeed ("The Cost of a Promise"), has made of the suffrage motive a mere item in her narrative. A single scrimmage with rough protesting men is enough for this maiden. She goes through it as a heroine of elder date would have gone through a reckless feat of horsemanship or of dining at a restaurant without a chaperon—as a token of independent spirit, which the author must not too painfully subdue. As for the promise about which there is so much pother, it is of little account, except as a fulcrum. There are some very respectable characters in the book who might have been exercised to better advantage.

Mrs. Ward's "Delia Blanchflower," on the other hand, is a deliberate study of militancy; and her heroine's conversion from the cause does not profess to dispose of the whole problem. Delia is an interesting person. She is daughter of a retired officer (that mainstay of British fiction), has fallen by chance into the hands of a militant leader, and, largely as a matter of personal devotion, has pledged herself to the Cause. The father is outraged, and, dying, leaves his large fortune in the care of a guardian, who is to see that none of it goes to the support of militancy. The guardian, Mark Winnington (it could have been nothing else but Hugh) is that reserved, athletic, handsome Briton with whom, apparently, the fortunate Isles are peopled. Delia resents him and disobeys him, and, of course, in the end loves him and is by him rescued from the perils and absurdities of the Cause. The story is told with Mrs. Ward's customary suavity and charm. That she believes in suffrage as apart from militancy is clear, but her closing paragraph shows how little, with her serious intelligence, she relies upon such remedies as "the vote" for the final settling of the woman's problem.

IV.

In "The Clean Heart" the author of "The Happy Warrior" has provided another effusion of the serio-whimsical order which has been so popular during the past decade. Mr. Hutchinson is more serious, or more lyrical, than Mr. Locke or Mr. Bennett. On the other hand, he has his undoubted vein of humor under less skilful control. He has not been able to compass that first duty of the humorist—to forget Dickens. He has been saluted as a prose-poet, which we suppose to mean that his reviewers have noted the affectation of certain inversions once permitted to that familiar spirit of the lamp, poetic license; and his habitual lapses into set metre. Phrases like "Groan that was prayer of thanks came from Mr. Wriford" lend mannerism to every page, and there is passage after passage of what to the eye is prose, but, printed differently, would have to stand on its own feet as blank verse in one metre or another, of one quality or another. The hero, Mr. Wriford, will appeal to different readers as ridiculous and tiresome, or humorous and touching, or, to the very young, as tragic even. There is a sort of timeliness in the main situation: it may be taken as an exhibit against the rush of ceaseless toil now required of the industrious apprentice. Mr. Wriford is a successful journalist and novelist, who, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, works twenty-four hours a day. Unlike Mr. Bennett, he does not exult in the process. A strange fear, diffidence, and sense of unworthiness take hold upon him. Finally, his mind gives way to hallucination and despair. He tries to drown himself, but is rescued; wanders about the country, and has strange adventures with improbable persons; is a hero at times, a poltroon at others, an egotist always. The crowning effort of the Clean Heart is quite modern—so modern that it might naturally seem the effort of a very dirty heart—namely, to appropriate as his mistress a village girl, who is the life of her parents and who loves him devotedly, after allowing her to think he means her to be his wife. When she piteously refuses, he insults her grossly, and almost immediately after is so clumsy as to let her fall over a cliff and break her back. He is so overwhelmed with grief at this, and with the sense of his unworthiness, that he runs away at once without finding out whether she is going to live or die. Finale—a year later, the girl in a bath chair, crippled for life, and the literary gentleman with the clean heart fawning upon her, forgiven, and secretly satisfied with himself. Have we just spoken of the Anglo-American as little tolerant of the unwholesome and mawkish in fiction? He has endured quite enough of it in later years. It may be that these days of national storm will clear our air of these vapors also.

H. W. Boynton.

Recent German Books

DISCUSSIONS OF SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.

In Eugen Loewenstein's "Nervöse Leute" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff) it is rightly stated that nervousness is no longer a subject of medical research only, but an important trait of modern life which extends far beyond the professional field of vision. Loewenstein, who admits that his book was suggested by Dr. Alfred Adler's work, "Ueber den nervösen Charakter," bases his conclusions upon what he calls the nervous temperament's consciousness of inferiority. The normal type is one that is habitually in a state of repose, the nervous is always on the alert. The nervous man or woman is conscious of an uncertainty or indecision which hampers action, but which he tries to hide by over-exertion and over-assertion of his will. The normal type has a free outlook on all sides; the nervous is surrounded by blind alleys. Frequent allusions to the principle of substitution, the unconscious exchange of motives, prove the influence of Dr. Freud upon the author. There is also a chapter upon the dream, in which he quotes the old German satirist Lichtenberg, who, in his polemics against the physiognomist Lavater, said: "Wenn Leute ihre Träume aufrichtig erzählen wollten, so liesse sich der Charakter daraus eher erraten, als aus dem Gesicht."

Eberhard Zschimmer, the author of "Philosophie der Technik" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), has been a worker in the technical field for many years, and during his connection with the famous glass-works of Jena not only made improvements upon optical instruments, but found time to theorize and philosophize about what is, in his words, "without much thought" comprised under the one term "die Technik." The spirit of the book is sometimes aggressively critical, but Herr Zschimmer is a man who sees and surveys his subject from within,

as one initiated into its manifold practical manifestations. He suggests his conception of "Technik" when he says of the inventor that he not only finds means to accomplish certain purposes, but that he works upon no other foundation than nature itself, which he attempts to master by creating "new possibilities to make nature run its course according to our desire."

Herr Zschimmer's acrid criticism is directed primarily against those who assert that the technical processes upon which our modern industrialism prides itself are a menace to the individual worker, because they have the tendency to depersonalize and dehumanize labor. Zschimmer says, on the contrary, that just as machines have taken from the laborer the burden of the hardest physical labor and are unburdening him more and more in that respect, so the new technical progress will in the end free man from all labor that tends towards mental deterioration.

In the latter part of his book Herr Zschimmer calls attention to the achievements resulting from a coöperation of practical industry and nature science, as that of the physicist Siemens and the mechanician Halske in the electrical field and of the physicist Abbe and the optician and mechanician Zeiss. He says that the technical tendency to-day is no longer limited to experimental research, but that it extends to the abstract sciences, and emphasizes the great difference between university professors that invent field-glasses, etc., and those "harmless idealists" who formerly were regarded as types of the German schoolmaster. Herr Zschimmer is especially bitter in his denunciation of "pessimists" who, like the admirable essayist, Victor Auburtin, see in the mechanization of our life through technical processes the doom of art. He also resents the fear of Rathenau and others, that technical progress makes for uniformity as against individualtiy and threatens the world with a spectre of equality. Zschimmer, on the contrary, hails it as a factor of democracy.

The library of sociological culture inaugurated by Eugen Diederichs, of Jena, has been enriched by an important monograph on the work of the Salvation Army. The author is Dr. P. A. Clasen, and the title reads: "Der Salutismus. Eine socialwissenschaftliche Monographie über General Booth und seine Heilsarmee." The author is a social worker, whose first acquaintance with the Salvation Army dates from the time when he was studying the social academic movement in Germany and stopped at one of the Salvation Army's lodging houses for men. That the work was compiled in no partisan spirit, but in the desire to treat the Salvation Army as one of the manifestations of an awakened social conscience and to rank it with other attempts at social service, is evident from the methodical arrangement of the material, the bibliography of 242 books and pamphlets pro and con in English, German, and French, the statistical tables, and the general tone of the work. He calls the nineteenth century the age of a new technical and economic order with a new science inevitably following in its wake: social research. The first part of the book deals with the organization, religion, and history of the Salvation Army and closes with a survey of its work the world over, the countries being given in the order in which they opened their doors to the institution.

The second part deals with the Salvation Army as a social phenomenon and with the personalities and the work of its leaders. The third is devoted to the social activity, and after a judicious review of the "Darkest England" scheme, gives an account of its work in the cities, of its farm colonies, and of its transatlantic ventures.

The monograph by Dr. Oscar Bie, "Der Tanz als Kunstwerk," was long ago followed by a more comprehensive volume by the same author, and last winter another sumptuously illustrated work appeared by Hans Brandenburg, the Munich poet and critic. Now a German professor has surveyed the whole field of hygienic physical culture from the pedagogical standpoint, and has produced a book which is of the greatest value to parents and educators who would familiarize themselves with the various methods now taught in Europe. Prof. Fritz Winther's "Körperbildung als Kunst und Pflicht" (München: Delphin-Verlag), is dedicated to President Wheeler of the State University of California. He approaches his subject from the standpoint of the German concerned about the menacing physical degeneration of his race; but the conclusions he draws from his comprehensive survey of all that is being done for the physical culture of the people in England and in America, and by individual teachers and schools throughout Germany, are applicable to the people of all countries. He justly emphasizes the fact that a system of physical culture based on hygiene alone cannot have permanent interest, and makes a point of bringing out the relation of physical culture to art, psychology, philosophy, and social life. He condemns the American custom of making business out of sport: instead of twenty experts performing for twenty thousand spectators, he would like to see sport socialized into a performance of the masses themselves. On the other hand, he admits that the British and American example has greatly stimulated the Germans' growing interest in outdoor exercise, as every visitor to Germany will see, from the increasing number of tennis courts and the vim with which both sexes, but especially women and girls, go in for this chance of acquiring strength and suppleness which their forebears did not possess. But the greatest value of Professor Winther's work rests upon his review of the numerous attempts that are being made in Germany to introduce systems of physical culture at once hygienic and æsthetic; his description of the schools of Elizabeth Duncan and of Dalcroze, of the work of Laban de Varaljas in Munich and Ascona, of the Seminar at Cassel, the municipal enterprises of Mannheim, etc.

A unique bit of autobiography is contained in the book which Switzerland's greatest poet of the present, Carl Spitteler, calls "Meine frühesten Erlebnisse" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). Recollections of earliest childhood are so rare that comparison with Pierre Loti's famous book is inevitable. But what a difference of racial temperament and of individual character it suggests—and with all that difference, what curious coincidences! The one follows the lure of that mysterious voice which surges and roars and murmurs in the distance—the sea; the other is fascinated by a modest little brook in the heart of Basel, and lost in the tortuous maze of its little alleys. But the imprint of the experience upon the brain of the child, the first realization of being alone, remote from kindly care—how alike these are! Spitteler's memories go back to the first year of his life. They are little more than dreams:

Im Anfang ist der Schlaf, lehrt tausendjährige Beobachtung. Im Anfang war der Traum, ergänzt meine Erinnerung. Und kein Traum war jemals der erste, selbst der älteste besann sich auf einen Vorgänger.

That introductory chapter about the dream-world of the child is a remarkable specimen of Spitteler's insight. It proves him also a master of poetic prose. He never poses as a poet: he always is one; and when he unrolls the films of his memory, the dream-like impressions of his childhood, he gives his readers poem upon poem of entrancing delicacy and simplicity. Here is the opening paragraph of the chapter entitled Grossmutter:

Tag und Nacht, immer von neuem Tag und Nacht—wozu? Auf allen Seiten ungeheuerliche Dinge, die einen nichts angehen—wofür? Doch aus dem wüsten Wirrsal taucht zu Zeiten ein holdes Gesicht, und so oft das Gesicht nahe kommt, wird einem wohl. Jetzt braucht man nicht mehr zu wissen, warum, fragt überhaupt nicht mehr nach etwas anderem. Dieses Gesicht wurde mir lieb, und mit der Zeit, als ich anfing, Worte zu verstehen und nachzulallen, lehrte man mich seinen Namen: "Grossmutter."

The child left alone dreams—poems. But there is the reverse of the medal: the erroneous idea of nurse-girls and other persons in charge of children that children have to be amused. There are visits of relatives identified in the child's mind with the gifts they bring; there are the first impressions of a world outside of the native town, little journeys to Basel or Berne, each leaving some one vivid image which becomes the symbol of the place; finally, in his fourth year, there is the removal of the family to Berne and the child's first experience of homesickness. To the general reader a remarkable document of child-life, these recollections of Spitteler are of double value to the reader familiar with his works. For the connection between his life and his work is close; half a century later those dreams of his childhood were woven into the "Extramundana" and other poetical works which have given him a permanent place in the German literature of the present.

A. von Ende.

Poetry

A POET OF THE ELDER FRANCE.

LAUSANNE, September 27.

A French poet, past middle age, for he was born in the first days of 1843, whose work leaps over to the sympathies of the latest French youth in their return to the past of their race, obliterating the wrangling systems and technicalities of those who are still, but wrongly, known abroad as Young France—such is Charles de Pomairols. In like wise, some day the youngest English and Americans who shall still read poetry will go back to Tennyson and Longfellow, and, further, to the Wordsworth who copied Cowper's "Task." It is curious how the sentiment of Charles de Pomairols's verse calls us back to Cowper's lines to his mother's picture, with as lofty an inspiration and more perfect form. The sorrow of a lifetime has thrown its shadow on the poetry of the Frenchman also. Feelings are disclosed which unseeing English tradition refuses to associate with what even Emerson thought was

France where poet never grew!

It was left unnoticed that Chateaubriand rose once to poetry—

Combien j'ai douce souvenance—

there where Tom Hood long after remembered, remembered

The house where I was born.

It is such depths of intimate love, carefully hidden from outsiders, which have always been at the foundation of the human community in France. Maurice Barrès is far younger than Charles de Pomairols and has played his part in notorious movements of the Young France of his time; but for years he, too, has devoted all the magic of his language to calling Frenchmen back to themselves; and, in a loving preface, he has given to his elder a very true title. For him Charles dc Pomairols is "the Poet of the Hearth," of the *foyer*, that mystic French word which replaces "home" by adding to it the intimate notion of "family" and excluding from it all who have no rightful belonging in that inmost shrine.

From 1879 to 1904, Charles de Pomairols published five books of verse and was twice crowned by the French Academy, which also distinguished his prose studies of Lamartine—and all this again is of the Elder France. This year 300 pages of a selection of the poems have been published and have already reached a second edition. Maurice Barrès explains how this ancient among living poets has become their youngest in spirit.

. . . (In the French village) the château as the peasants call it is often a very modest dwelling; but it is the antique dwelling of leisure and hemmed in by ancient trees. Under its clinging ivy it is beginning to crumble. It has ceased to be a deciding factor in the village life. Politically, it is vanquished. But it still represents the refinement and delicacy—a whole group of ideas—on which France has lived for long generations. . . . Here breathes domestic and religious poetry. . . . Here is the conservatory of a sentiment of life and of a sum of habits and manners which are properly French. Here lived Eugénie de Guérin. Hence George Sand made her escape. In such a house M. de Pomairols was born. Its moral qualities he inherited, and he has expressed them in their least shades.

It was in provincial and meridional Rouergue that Charles de Pomairols was born. He drew classic tradition from a church college of his countryside and worldly learning from the State College of Toulouse—and then he drifted into poetry, as he tells us:

The last year I was bitten by philosophic curiosity and it pursued me all my youth and even led me to Germany. There I passed 1867 listening to the courses of different universities. Returning home, I married a young girl of my country; she was of a family of landowners like my own. The sentimental life blossomed out in me and my powerlessness to find the solution of metaphysical problems cast me into poetry. It was a belated entrance into art, for I had passed my thirtieth year; and it was an enchantment for me. . . . Unluckily, long habit of analysis had ill prepared me for poetic speech and—during my apprenticeship, which was ill done in the country, without guide or counsel—I did wrong to publish two books of verse in form too prosaic and deficient. Then the needs of my children's education and also a growing literary vocation brought me to Paris. There I became acquainted with Sully Prudhomme. Coppée, Heredia, Bourget. Their nearer example and their counsels made me understand, better than before, the rules of our art.

So here was our middle-aged poet adding to the melody of his native woodnotes new harmonies of the Parnassian school of the times. Leconte de Lisle, who was still a master of many, felt his Olympian serenity disturbed by one of Pomairols's titles—"the poetry of property"—and he smiled at the line—

Very great honor 'tis to own a field.

He was more respectful as he read forward in the grave poem on an old country, "The Romans in my Field," celebrating ancestors and heroes in the ages of a farm. Wordsworth, beside a stream once visited, could sing:

. . . I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Pomairols has become a part of his ancestral "Rivière":

Restless, my soul with agitated sense
By my slow river loves to pause and dream:
. . . . . .
I am so one with it, too near its flow,
That now I cannot walk but where it leads.

It has led the poet to a conception of his art which overturns all English ideas of the French:

In the pictures of poets who are true artists—for example, in the works of Leconte de Lisle or Heredia—I do not believe you will find a single carnal feature. . . . Leconte de Lisle liked to say that *la volupté* was not a subject for literature.

While Maurice Barrès makes his reserves about this "repugnance to total life, this something like disgust which is only too justified," he frankly avows:

In the spiritualized world whither M. de Pomairols draws us onward, we feel a sort of delicate, bare, choice joy. Freed from the brutal burden, we find ourselves in a finer medium bathing in thin transparence. . . . Other poets, with magnificence, build us castles in Spain; Pomairols represents for us the ideal life of old country homes. . . . He has not gathered all there is in the old provincial house—it has more blood and daring than he perhaps imagines. But, better than any other, he sings a tradition which comes to us from the depths of Celtic ages, a tradition which is our glory—infinite attraction for all that is pure, virgin, childlike, intact in nature.

So Charles de Pomairols sings the days and nights of the French family, of which it has been said that the man in it—all his life long—is the willing slave of one of the three women, mother, wife, or daughter. The untimely death of his daughter at thirteen forced from the poet his last volume, "Pour l'Enfant":

Thou hast been humbled amid all thy mates.
. . . Oh! what can I do
To make up to these thy fate so stern,
To draw to thee the kind and loving looks
Which, unjust, now turn but to those who live,
To win for thee that place of light and love
Where hearts shall see thee rise in all thy grace?

This "ideal reparation," as Maurice Barrès calls it—this "illusion which he gives himself of prolonging for him and his dead child the life which was cut short before its time," as Paul Bourget says—has produced a sequence of elegiac verse unexampled except for Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

In these last years, since he has ceased to publish his poems, this "spiritual" emphasis has grown yet more imperative in the life of Charles de Pomairols. It is not probable that many more than the fit will commonly read his hyper-ethereal verse, even for the exquisite words and music of it. During the already forgotten days of Symbolists and Décadents and the rest, his verse was not read at all—perhaps because it is so sincerely and gracefully French. And now, writers who have aspired to lead that divided, unguided youth of so near yet far a past, will doubtless toss aside his new editions as another instance of what Max Nordau, who is neither French nor a critic, brands as reviving clericalism. Yet it is only at the end that the positive religious strain is heard. Charles de Pomairols has written two lines which, in their adequate expression of pure human emotion, reach further depths than Victor Hugo's

Oh! I have seen young maidens die.

The two lines, of unequalled music in their simple French, are the poet and father's first grief at the "Abyss," which is death:

L'enfant qui souriait en me donnant la main,
Je l'ai perdu, je l'ai perdu sur le chemin!

S. D.

News for Bibliophiles

OLD WARWICKSHIRE MORRIS DANCES AND SONGS.

The account and songs which follow were recently given me in Stratford-on-Avon by a Warwickshire workingman, who in his youth wandered about much in the country near Stratford, and is steeped in its lore and customs. He tells me that about forty-five years ago, when he was a boy, the nine men's morris dances with the hobby-horse feature were still given spontaneously by the people of his neighborhood. These village celebrations of the primitive sort were of course quite apart from the imitations and revivals which have more recently resulted from the interest of scholars and artists.

They are abandoned now in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford, as in most parts of England apparently, but he reports that not very far away, in Ilmington, Bidford, Sawford, and Pibbath, the custom still holds to some extent, and that the leader of one of the main groups of morris dancers is an old man past seventy years of age. These bands of morris men still keep to their old custom of dancing in front of gentlemen's houses and public houses in these sections, he thinks, but he seemed to have no detailed acquaintance with them and drew all the material which he gave me from the entertainments with which he had been familiar as a boy. The nine morris men were dressed, he says, in smocks, top hats, knee breeches with bells at their knees, and ribbons crossed on their legs and arms. They had always with them a clown dressed grotesquely to represent a hobby-horse, with a horse's head in wood projecting above his own, an oval-shaped clothes basket for his body, and a tail projecting from the back. He carried a big stick with a pig's bladder at the end of it, and ran in and out of the crowd to keep them back while the morris men danced, to the music of a fiddle. This precaution was partly necessary because of the popularity of the dancers with all classes. The morris men stood and danced in a circle. Their besom dance is described by my narrator as the drawing of handkerchiefs under the knees and throwing them over the heads, with this additional comment: "And so, clap hands and shake." Several of the songs which I quote from him below give suggestions as to other movements in the dance:

Nine men in a eirele dost stand,
Each one ready to elasp in hand,
With a merry step forth, with a bend in the knee,
They'll trot merrily and jig, jig, jig.
The fiddler will be there to keep them in tune,
Dancing from morning to the light of the moon,
And when the moon's gone to bed, still dancing they'll go
From ten o'elock, twelve o'eloek, two o'elock, four o'clock, on with the show.
Never think of tiring, stopping? Oh, no!
Such a thing cannot be.
Whirl the morris daneers. Display the show,
To the merriment of others, in the games to see
What jolly fellows we morris dancers be.
To amuse, not abuse, witb simple musie, we don't offend
If a little we extract
From the poekets
Of gentlemen and ladies gay,
Who will help the piper pay
And to call what tune they like.
Well, we'll walt and smoke our pipe,
Then the danee will fresh begin,
With Sam and Bill, Tom and Ben,
And Jim and Dick, Charley and Harry and George,
And don't forget, to plesse you all,
Our hobby-horse though stout and small
Is round displayed with many a bumper.
If a drop of saek our mouths to wash out,
Then we'll show the long shout,
Heigh—1—O.
Hieketty—O.
Don't tumble over, but keep go O.

. . . . . .

We nine men, bold and sonnd
We'll amuse you, round yonr town.
Merrily we jig it, happy and gay,
In our dancing blithe and gay.
Heigh—O, away we go,
With onr gallant hobby-horse we ent this sbow,
Heigh down, derry a day,
Jolly old farmers have earried their hay,
We morris daneers blithe and gay,
Heigh down, derry-a-day!

Come folks long and tall,
And gladsome girls, get lief to-day,
From your dads, daneing gay,
No matter how long out you atay,
If you danee the night away
Know your limbs so tired may get,
Happy and merry, I'll baek yon be,
Dancing around the greenwood tree.

Now bold Robin Hood was a forster good,
Who ever drew a bow in the merry greenwood,
And the wild deers he followed; there's none
So bonny, blithe, and gay as Marion,
Pride of the dale. Then in stepped little John
With a eourage so strong
To conquer them all in a by ding dong,
And the bugle horn did eeho,
Did eeho, did echo.

When good King Henry ruled the land
A noble King was he,
They used to make bag puddings,
And the lumps of suet as they'd put in,
Was big as my two tbumbs,
And what they didn't eat that day,
Next morning they ate up fried,
And the noble lord stood by.

Heigh!
Heigh! Heigh-o!
Don't you know
Little dog burned his tail,
And he's got to be bung to-morrow.

A stiek and a stake,
For King George's sake.
I pray thee old dame
Give us a faggot or two,
And if not, we'll take two
As us used to do.

O. L. HATCHER.

Correspondence

THE METAPHOR OF THE IRON RING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the correspondence between Gerhart Hauptmann and Romain Rolland your readers are doubtless familiar, yet one or two phases of this counterplay of two elect minds deserves emphasis. Hauptmann, it will be recalled, first wrote to Rolland protesting against the application by France of the epithet barbarian to Germany. Rolland very handsomely disavowed the word for himself and intellectual France, but challenged Hauptmann, as representing the noblest sentiment of Germany, to clear her of reproach or misunderstanding by condemning the needless havoc wrought on prostrate Belgium. The retort of the author of "Die Versunkene Glocke" was a forthright one. Romain Rolland was merely a coward, pleading for Belgium to-day because fearing a like fate for France to-morrow. So, probably, the incident is closed, for Hauptmann's brutal taunt merits no notice.

The incident, then, is closed, save for the verdict of the men of letters of the world. As a very obscure member of that craft, yet one jealous of the dignity of his calling, I wish to ask how a poet and idealist can for a moment mistake a splendid *élan* of compassion for a stricken people for physical fear. The sensitive poet, Gerhart Hauptmann, would seem incapable of such a misreading of motives, and suddenly the war turns him into a *miles gloriosus*. His case is not single. Almost without exception, the best minds of Germany have championed their Fatherland merely by reckless imputations against her foes. They speak the words of angry men, of angry men of very common type. We meet the anomaly that as Germany mounts her tragic Calvary, she storms and mutters through her ablest mouths with the manners and phrases of a defiant criminal, faces her ordeal with shrunken and diminished soul. It is as if her mind were clouded by a rage, so that she can no longer creditably express herself before the court of civilization. Bewildered observers of the bankruptcy of her higher capacity at her hour of utmost need can only lay the strange phenomenon to the inherent weakness of her cause. The advocate rather quickly sinks to the level of the cause he espouses.

The only approach to a rational apology for Germany's course offered by Gerhart Hauptmann was a metaphor, which, since he used it twice, must be a favorite with him. Germany was encompassed by an iron ring which threatened to crush her chest, the chest has swelled at last, and the iron ring is shattered. The figure of an unfairly trammelled titan struggling for the right to breathe is calculated to win sympathy. But as a writer I have found it prudent to accept no figure of speech until I have also considered the fact signified. What is the fact in this case?

Germany, whose territory has been steadily increased for two generations, whose science and commerce have been brilliantly successful, finds herself here and there incommoded by her neighbors. For in simple prose the iron ring is merely so many nations, many with a right in the sun historically antedating that of the German Empire, each with its own legitimate ideals of growth each with a civilization precious to itself and valuable to the world. In such a situation there will be clashes, but there is compensation in positive relations of helpfulness, admiration, and mutual interest. Thus interpreted, the iron ring becomes simply a false metaphor. Every nation and every individual might be said as truly to be cramped within an iron ring. It is the normal human state. The right which Hauptmann asserts to burst the iron ring is simply the right to destroy these surrounding nations and slaughter their people. It is not only an inhuman doctrine, but also a bad metaphor, for the ring, like all things human, is infinitely flexible, and the national, as the individual, duty is one of adjustment to the encompassing ring, here giving, there taking, as reason dictates.

Now mark the awful potency of false thinking. Persist long enough in a monstrous delusion, and you may make it a dire fact. Through falsely thinking she was straining against an iron ring, Germany to-day finds herself no longer figuratively but quite literally in that plight. Truly an iron ring is closing about her chest, her breath is already shortened, her very life perhaps measured. FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Princeton, N. J., October 9.

PERPLEXITIES OF A BRITISH LOVER OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before me, as I write, lies a weighty document to which one of the signatories is the United States of America. It embodies the results of the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907. One section of this paper (Convention Concerning the Laws and Customs of War on Land) consists of a recitation of the practices which the signers solemnly undertake to abstain from in the prosecution of a war. Among the provisions in this code are the following:

Undefended towns shall not be bombarded (Article 25; also Article 1 of Naval Code).

Pillage is expressly prohibited (Arts. 28 and 47).

Illegal contributions must not be levied (Arts. 49 and 52).

Militia and volunteer corps enjoy the rights of belligerents (Art. 1).

The seizure of funds belonging to private persons or local authorities is prohibited (Arts. 46, 53, and 56).

Collective penalties for individual acts are forbidden (Art. 50).

Every effort must be made to spare buildings dedicated to public worship, art, science, or charitable purposes (Art. 56).

The terrorization of a country by outrages on its civilian population is forbidden (Art. 46).

It is forbidden to make improper use of a flag of truce, of the national flag, of the military insignia and uniform of the enemy, or of the distinctive signs of the Geneva Convention (Art. 23); and it is forbidden to kill or mutilate the wounded, or to kill and wound by treachery (Art. 23).

The weight of evidence that Germany has flagrantly violated most of these regulations is overwhelming, even if we omit those in the last paragraph as difficult to prove and peculiarly liable to exaggeration.

The question, then, seems to arise obviously and inevitably: What is the position in these circumstances of the other signatories to the code?

The United States of America was not one of the guarantors of the neutrality of Belgium. Hence, whatever may have been the feelings of its citizens, it was not, as a nation or government, legally called on to interfere. True, the action of Germany was a direct attack on the principles of liberty and independent nationality, of which the United States of America is rightly considered as one of the greatest protagonists. But it may be granted that civilization has not yet progressed so far that intervention on a purely ideal ground can be held to be a matter of practical politics—even for a country with 90,000,000 inhabitants, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

But unless the "scrap of paper" theory is to be applied indiscriminately to all contracts and treaties between nations, what is the exact value or meaning of the signatures of other Powers, including the United States, to the decisions of the Hague Conference? Do they mean only a promise that the signatory will itself observe those decisions? Or do they go further, and involve the obligation that each signatory state shall, so far as lies in its power, enforce the observance on any signatory that violates them? It cannot be maintained that such an obligation goes so far as to involve undertaking war for the purpose of enforcing observance, but surely it involves *some* effort to procure it? Can a great nation afford to put its name to a document, and then stand by in icy neutrality while that document is being torn to shreds by another of the high contracting parties? Is the conduct of Germany in this regard really as much a matter of indifference to the United States of America as to China or Abyssinia? It is obvious that the signature of Germany is worthless, and that the signature of Great Britain is being honored. But has, or has not, the value of that of the United States of America been somewhat impaired? Germany's word was given to America as much as to England. Can America, then, consonantly with its dignity and honor, allow Germany to snap its fingers at her, and say, "Well, what are you going to do about it"?

Is it the hopeless delusion of a directly interested party that makes me see this war as different from almost every other war in history? Is it, or is it not, the case that this struggle is not merely between one group of nations and another, but between the attackers and the defenders of civilization as hitherto understood? Even the warfare of Napoleon began as a continuation of that defence of national liberty which animated the first resistance of the French Republic to foreign dictation; and it was only by gradual stages that it came to mean the glutting of personal and selfish ambition. Napoleon gave lip-homage, at least, to the doctrine of liberty; but the cynical frankness of Germany has removed all possibility of misunderstanding, and has made the issue clear from the very beginning. We may admit that the instinct of self-preservation is mingled with England's sense of national honor in this great crisis; but we have also to admit that it was the need of the little country, Belgium, that put England's decision beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and made it immediate and (in the gravest and deepest sense) "popular."

Need we attach too much importance to the Russian bugbear? Have we any reason to expect anything worse from Russian "barbarity" than we have already experienced from German "culture"? Is not the recent story of Belgium one of the most appalling pages in human history—perhaps the most appalling of all? And is not the German plea of provocation precluded by the fact that the Germans themselves had no legitimate belligerent rights in Belgium, but were there as pirates or burglars? Russia, too, is surely on the upward grade, whereas Germany seems to be revealing the fruits of the acme of her civilization. Is not this civilization the perfection of intellectualism and materialism, with the spiritual and moral element almost wholly omitted from international relations? And does not this omission involve a state of never-ending war? Unfortunately for the Germans, this attitude has led them to ignore utterly the soul of the British people. Accustomed themselves to work on a carefully organized system, with every detail pigeon-holed and every logical contingency provided for, they seem to have been totally unprepared for a spontaneous outburst in response to an urgent call, and for the immediate creation of the machinery demanded by the crisis.

I prefer to say nothing about America's own eventual danger should Germany prove successful. Brazil and the Monroe Doctrine are not at present in the limelight. I refuse, too, to believe that the heart of the great American people is adequately represented by the somewhat pettifogging sentence from Mr. Champ Clark's speech quoted in the *Times* of September 22 ("We are here to-night in an effort to encourage peace-making in the Old World, partly out of motives of humanity, but largely because we do not want to be injured"). I simply ask whether this is, in the last analysis, a warfare for ideals, and if these are the ideals of the United States of America, what should be its attitude? Should it be, must it be, that of a neutral, equally friendly to both parties and waiting quietly for the chance to insinuate proposals of peace—to be made, according to Mr. Clark, from materially interested motives? Is not the necessity of the case something wider and deeper than can be met by an ordinary peace based on comparatively unimportant mutual concessions? Is it not inevitably a fight to a finish, and is not the United States of America enormously interested in having that "finish" in one way only?

We cherish the hope that the Allies will need no material assistance from the United States of America in achieving their ends. Those of us, however, who love America must pray that she will definitely declare herself on the side of popular liberty, if for nothing else than for the preservation of the full measure of our love and admiration.

James F. Muirhead.

London, September 1.

MONTAIGNE ON WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's citation from Shakespeare in the *Nation* of October 1 reminds a reader of Montaigne of the following passage in his essay, "De la Praesumption":

Et ne fut jamais temps et lieu où il y eust pour les princes loyer plus certain et plus grand proposé à la bonté et à la justice. Le premier qui s'avisera de se pousser en faveur et en crédit par cette voye là, je suis bien deceu si à bon conte il ne dévance ses compaignons. La force, la violence peuvent quelque chose, mais non pas toujours tout (1588).

Grace Norton.

Cambridge, Mass., October 2.

"PRUSSIANISM" AND WHAT-NOT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of your correspondent, Frank Jewett Mather, jr., in your issue of September 24, is most unfair in its strictures on Prussia and "Prussian militarism." If anything is clear in this war, it is that your correspondent's "liberal, intelligent, and kindly Brunswickers, Hanoverians, Saxons," etc., are one heart and one soul with his "arrogant Prussians" in backing this war and in standing behind the Emperor. A somewhat more eminent authority than your correspondent—the late Thomas Carlyle—had a quite different opinion of Prussia and of the wonderful family of Hohenzollern, to which Prussia, and through it Germany, owes its greatness. A perusal of the introductory chapters to Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great" is strongly recommended to your correspondent and to those holding similar views.

I defy your correspondent, in the entire line of Prussian monarchs, to point out a royal Bluebeard like Henry VIII, a Mary with the historical epithet "Bloody," an enthroned demi-virgin like Elizabeth, and a Lothario gay (until grown gray) like the Paris-loving predecessor of the present King of England. The Prussian monarchs—since 1640, when the first preëminent Hohenzollern, Frederick William the Great Elector, mounted the throne—are all paragons of excellence compared with monarchs of the Allies, with Russia's imperial harlots, Catherine and Elizabeth, France's profligates, Louis XIII, XIV, and XV, and Belgium's malodorous King "Cleopold."

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the fact

that, both as regards Prussia and as regards the danger of "Slavic peril" in the event of Russian domination on the Continent of Europe, your correspondent's opinion is utterly at variance with that of the learned dean of the School of Political Science at Columbia, Prof. John W. Burgess, and of the eminent historian, Prof. William N. Sloane.

MAXIMUS A. LESSER.

New York, September 26.

THE WAR AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Dismayed by the unmistakable collapse of the German Socialist party's fabric of theory, thinking Socialists of the United States and elsewhere have been forced to note this monumental object-lesson and inquire into the causes of what is to them so striking a disaster to their cherished hopes. Undeniably, there is throughout the Socialist ranks an extraordinary state of trepidation over the unexpected development.

To understand the extent of the consternation, it is only necessary to point out the acclamation given generally to the German Socialist party before the outbreak of the present great European war. It was the first party of the sort ever established. It was religiously accepted by the Socialist parties of many other countries as the great model, and its methods and tactics were imitated and emulated. It had the largest and most unified organization of any Socialist party in the world. And with such phenomenal steadiness had its enrolment, voting strength, and Parliamentary representation grown, that comparatively few Socialists anywhere doubted the soundness of its theory.

This was the party that proclaimed its mission to be that of emancipating the working class from the thraldom of capitalism. This was the party that so persistently avowed its unrelenting opposition to brute force, and, especially, to militarism. It vociferously denounced wars as the products of capitalist aims, and declared that it would never, no, never, lend itself to any scheme of the ruling clique whereby the workers of one country were called upon to butcher the workers of another.

Keen observers noted that it avoided formulating any definite plan by which war could be effectively averted. But when this defect was pointed out, the leaders replied by a new avalanche of assertion. Had they not the most compactly disciplined and completely ruled organization in the world? Their iron discipline could be depended upon. Moreover, the real way to abolish war, so they sanguinely proclaimed, was by the force of exposure and denunciation of its purposes. And so their presses emitted vast quantities of books, pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, and they had, at the same time, an extensive staff of paid organizers, speakers, and lecturers. Patriotism, they argued, was a relic of tribal days, skilfully kept alive by an intriguing ruling class for its ulterior profit and aggrandizement.

But behold! in a twinkling the whole elaborate structure of theory has been proved a colossal pretension, a monstrous self-deception. The mother organization precipitately did the very thing that it had so long and so aggressively vowed that it would never do. It supported war. It voted for the war budget. Its newspapers printed patriotic articles. Its men adherents (comprising, it is reckoned, one-fifth of the German army), instantly obeyed military orders, and forthwith went out to shoot and be shot. Its accredited delegates, sent on a special mission, sought to induce the Italian Socialists to influence Italy to coöperate indirectly with Germany; they were spurned and contemptuously denounced.

During the French Revolution members of the National Assembly unflinchingly went to the guillotine for their convictions, yet not a single German Socialist leader, so far as is known, invited death by refusing to go to war, or by counselling others not to do so. And if their own theory is right that wars are of capitalist manufacture, then the only end of the formidable German Socialist organization has been to fight for the very capitalist interests that it vaunted it was organized to crush!

But this ghastly mockery is not unexplainable. In method, the German Socialist party was organized on Prussian lines, with a suspicious resemblance to Prussian military formation. The carefully inculcated Prussian ideal of a rigid obedience to constituted authority and a practical suppression of criticism was imitated by the German Socialist party. The consequence was the discouragement and virtual penalizing of a critical attitude and individual thought on the part of the mass of membership, and the development of a cult and bureaucracy whose dogma and edicts were not to be questioned. With the typically Prussian habit of obedience to authorized committees so strongly intrenched, the whole German Socialist party acquiesced in the decision of the majority of its august Parliamentary leaders and its Executive Committee to support the war.

Parenthetically, it may be said that the Socialist party in the United States is established on the same lines of Prussian discipline, having been founded by Germans in the United States, and long influenced by resident Germans. Equally so, the only Socialist writings long used by the Socialists in the United States were the German works either in their original form or paraphrased by natives of the most mediocre ability. Consequently, we have seen the authorized committees of the American Socialist party degenerate into mere drummers for the organization machine; and to insure their "party discipline" we have seen them indirectly or formally boycott and blacklist Socialist magazines presuming to criticise party tactics; independent Socialist writers and speakers have virtually been proscribed by Socialist officialdom, and many members suspended or expelled in "heresy hunts" usually cloaked under some pretext.

As the German Socialist organization grew and prospered, pomp and dogma supplanted spirit at the expense of character. It could profess to have numbers, resources, political power, prestige, but it lacked genuine character. Materialist to the core, it necessarily placed no valuation upon spiritual qualities of which character is one great manifestation. It increasingly moved in a loquacious and hard-set world of theories and phraseology, extolling its machine and its numbers, caring nothing for the soul of things, and priding itself with being able to explain every human impulse, aspiration, and movement—in short, all of the phenomena of mankind—by a hard-and-fast economic doctrine. And what has been true of the German Socialist party has been generally true of some other Socialist parties.

Already Socialist politicians in the United States are giving out plausible explanations and justifications for the course of the German Socialist party. Is it not a significant characteristic that even after their theory of action has been so impressively proved to be a sham they continue to insist that it is right?

A FORMER MEMBER.

New York, October 12.

SYMPATHY FOR BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Distance necessarily dulls sympathy because it requires an effort of the imagination to picture what is not before the eye. It is for this reason, doubtless, that there has not been that immense manifestation of popular indignation against Germany for its treatment of Belgium and of sympathy for the unfortunate Belgians which would undoubtedly have been shown by Americans if they could have acutely realized the position of Belgium and its people.

Let any one picture to himself, say Maine or Connecticut, as an independent country, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, without political ambitions, with no desire to disturb its neighbors, and secured, as it thought, by a treaty to which its powerful neighbors were parties. Suddenly, one of these demands that this little country shall cease to be neutral, and when it refuses to depart from the peaceful position it occupies in Europe that powerful neighbor forthwith ravages it with sword and fire. Let any American living quietly in his home think what this means—homes destroyed, women and children sick wandering over the country. One knows how carefully, in these days, those who are ill are tended. What do Americans think of the old and the delicate fleeing from burning houses?

At this moment, I have in my house two Belgian young ladies who have had to fly from Belgium almost penniless, with nothing but a small package of clothes. Around the committee rooms in London you may see homeless peasant women and children, their husbands dead or fighting for their country. Yet we hear in this country of no great popular expressions of feeling in America. Diplomatic neutrality may be necessary, but this should not prevent that expression of sympathy or offers of help which would certainly be forthcoming in the United States if its citizens would put themselves mentally in the position of the inhabitants of the peaceful and once prosperous Belgium.

E. S. ROSCOE.

London, October 2.

A WANTONLY MISUSED WORD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the *Nation* for October 1, page 406, Elizabeth Waddell writes interestingly on the "Various Abuses of Words." May I ask her if she does not agree with me that the word "universal" is one of the most wantonly misused words in our language? I ask because in her letter she twice wantonly misuses this word and because I want to call general, not universal, attention to this wanton misuse of the word in the United States.

J. B. CRISP.

Masonic Home, Springfield, Ohio, October 7.

Literature

THE GOLDEN BOUGH: ANOTHER INSTALMENT.

Balder the Beautiful: The Fire Festivals of Europe and the Doctrine of the External Soul [being a part of the series called the Golden Bough]. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Liverpool. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In the preface to these volumes, which Mr. Frazer describes as the concluding part of that vast storehouse of custom, folk-lore, and primitive superstition which we have come to know as the Golden Bough series, the author makes three confessions which will not surprise those who, having studied the preceding volumes of the series, peruse this part also. One of these confessions is that the aim of the books has been and now is not to establish any theory or theories, but to present an immense multitude of facts out of which theories may hereafter be built up with a fuller confidence than is at this moment possible.

My contribution to the history of the human mind consists of little more than a purely provisional classification of facts gathered almost entirely from printed sources. In this, as in other branches of study, it is the fate of theories to be washed away like children's castles of sand by the rising tide of knowledge, and I am not so presumptuous as to expect or desire for mine an exemption from the common lot. I hold them all very lightly and have used them chiefly as convenient pegs on which to hang my collections of facts. For I believe that while theories are transitory a record of facts has a permanent value, and that as a chronicle of ancient customs and beliefs my book may retain its utility when my theories are as obsolete as the customs and beliefs themselves deserve to be.

The second confession is that the title of the original book which has now grown into a connected group of books, viz., "The Golden Bough," with its concomitant the Priest of the Grove at Nemi, who obtained his office by slaying his predecessor and was himself fated to be slain by another aspirant, is but a small part of the subject dealt with in these books. It is a particular problem of ancient mythology which has been used to introduce "questions of more general interest which concern the evolution of human thought from savagery to civilization." The author does not add, but we suspect the fact to be so, that his studies began from the Bough and the Priest, and that as he advanced from one parallel custom or legend or superstition to another, the whole panorama gradually unrolled itself before him. Lastly, he admits—and this is most to our present purpose—that the picturesque Scandinavian tale or myth of Balder, the beautiful and universally beloved deity who was killed by a piece of mistletoe thrown at him by the blind god Hodur, may have really nothing to do with the Priest of Nemi and his Bough, tempting as the similarity is, but may belong to a different order of conceptions. Anyhow, Balder plays but a small part in this book, which is occupied with a number of topics but faintly connected with his tale, and the relation of which with one another becomes clear only through our author's theories seeking to link them together.

The first volume, beginning with a chapter on the curious "tabu," which forbids certain priests and kings to touch the earth, proceeds to describe at great length the customs which require the seclusion of girls at the age of puberty, and then sets forth at still greater length the numerous modes of holding fire festivals, sometimes in Lent, sometimes on May Day, sometimes in the autumn, more frequently at Halloween, but most often at midsummer. The second volume carries on the inquiry by examining the ceremonies of burning men or animals as a sacrificial rite, or passing them through flame and smoke, or setting fire to images representing them. Then we pass to what is the most curious part of the whole subject, the belief in the existence of a principle of life which dwells outside the body and is usually kept for safety in some secure spot where no one would be likely to find and destroy it. This is what our author calls the External Soul; and the numerous illustrations of the belief which he has collected from many sources present a striking picture of the forms which the thought of primitive man takes. That the soul, or vital principle, is separable from the body in lifetime as well as at death is a practically universal belief among uncivilized races, and appears in the legends and stories of many peoples as well as in their ceremonial usages; and some races, like the West African savages described by Miss Mary Kingsley, raise the number of souls to four.

There are many objects in which the external soul may have its residence. Perhaps the commonest is an animal, and in not a few countries a beast or bird of prey is preferred as the dwelling place, because the creature in which the soul resides becomes a sort of relative, or at least a friend and ally, of the human being, and as such can aid him by defending him or attacking his enemies. A leopard, a wolf, a serpent, are frequent homes for the external soul, less frequently an eagle or hawk or vulture. But the soul may dwell also in a tree or a plant. Our author tells of an ancient oak at Dalhousie, near Edinburgh, which was, as late as the year 1874, deemed by the older inhabitants of the place to be so connected with the family of the Earls of Dalhousie that the fall of a large branch from it was thought to announce, and was in fact immediately followed by, the death of the eleventh Earl. A still more instructive case is that of an ancient tree growing inside a private imperial garden within the Forbidden City at Peking, which was, as late as 1901, held to be the Life Tree of the Manchu dynasty, and was then in a dying state, despite all the care which the gardeners lavished upon it. The year 1912 saw the fall of the dynasty. In these cases the superstition had outlived the belief that the tree held the soul, but there are plenty of instances given in the book (chapter xi) to show what was the origin of the superstition.

So, too, the soul may reside in inanimate objects. He who fears for the safety of his soul will often deposit it in some remote and secret hiding place, in a box or a bag, as in one of the tales of the Arabian Nights. Seyf-el-Mulook finds and destroys the external soul of the jinnee who held captive the lady of his affections; whereupon the jinnee dies, and the lady is set free. This doctrine of the separable soul is of course connected with that of the were-wolf and with the power of human beings to transform themselves into animals, passing back at will into human shape. It is also intimately related, as our author points out, to Totemism, for the soul may dwell in the animal or object, which is the Totem, and in a sense the second personality, of the man or woman. This part of the treatise is one of the most interesting in these volumes, or, indeed, in the whole work, for it seems to admit one furthest into the thoughts of primitive man, and it has given rise to not a few picturesque tales. Its direct connection with the Golden Bough, that is, with the mistletoe, and with Balder, who was killed by the branch of mistletoe thrown innocently at him, appears in the notion that the mistletoe is the visible and external soul of the tree on which it grows as a parasite.

The idea that the life of the oak was in the mistletoe was probably suggested by the observation that in winter the mistletoe growing on the oak remains green while the oak itself is leafless. But the position of the plant, growing not from the ground, but from the trunk or branches of the tree, might confirm this idea. Primitive man might think that the Oak Spirit had, like himself, sought to deposit its life in some safe place, and for this purpose had pitched upon the mistletoe, which, being in a sense neither on earth nor in heaven, might be supposed to be fairly out of harm's way. "Primitive man seeks to preserve the life of his human divinities by keeping them poised between earth and heaven, as the place where they are least likely to be assailed by the dangers that encompass the life of man on earth" (Vol. II, p. 280).

In a striking passage at the close of the book, Dr. Frazer describes the progress of man's thought when we trace it down the ages from primitive times, as being an advance from magic to religion and from religion to science.

In magic man depends on his own strength to meet the difficulties and dangers that beset him on every side. He believes in a certain established order of nature which he can manipulate for his own ends. When he discovers his mistake and recognizes sadly that both the order of nature he had assumed and the control he had believed himself to exercise over it were purely imaginary, he ceases to rely on his own intelligence and his own unaided efforts, and throws himself on the mercy of certain great invisible beings behind the veil of nature, to whom he now ascribes those far-reaching powers which he

once arrogated to himself. Thus in the acuter minds magic is gradually superseded by religion, which explains the succession of natural phenomena as regulated by the will, the caprice, or the passion of spiritual beings like man in mind, though vastly superior to him in power.

He then procceds, in a passage too long to quote, to argue that when man perceives that there is a uniformity in nature and a regular succession of events, effect steadily following cause, he reverts to that conception of a regularity in the order of natural events which had been implicitly assumed in magic. This statement is in so far true that magic may be described as a sort of crude and primitive form of science, because certain expedients which the wizard or medicine man employs are deemed calculated to have certain definite results. Much the same, however, is true of the early religions. Sacrifices are believed to please and propitiate the deity, whose action may be determined by the acceptability of the offerings made him. Man always acts upon the scientific principle which assumes that certain antecedents will be followed by certain consequents. His real upward progress is marked by the fact that he ceases to rely upon superficial analogies and imaginary relations of one thing to another, and begins to substitute the observation of facts for his own fancies. The most curious part of the matter is that long after he has entered the stage of exact observation, man continues to cling to ancient practices and beliefs essentially incompatible with the growth of his knowledge and of his reasoning faculty. The grounds of this singular persistence may be found, partly in the fact that the habit of close observation and exact inference has not yet in any country permeated the bulk of the population, partly in the association (in many men and in an even larger number of women) of old superstitions with the recollections of childhood. We must also allow for the feeling that, "After all, there may be something in it," "If it does no good, at least it can do no harm." It is that sort of feeling which prompts a man, even if he is half-ashamed of it, to invite a fourteenth guest to dinner or to turn a silver coin when he sees the new moon through glass, or to tap upon wood and say "unberufen" when he has made some boast which may provoke that retributive misfortune which the Greeks called Nemesis.

Dr. Frazer dwells more than once upon the miserable state of primitive man, always trying to defend himself by some sort of magical device from the evils due to the omnipresent influences of malignant spirits which surrounded him on all sides. One can hardly exaggerate the strength and generality of the belief in the abundance and activity of the spirits. But our author may perhaps underestimate the amount of pleasure which man derived from his constant efforts to combat or get round the spirits. The elaborate and often cruel or disgusting ritual which was designed to counterwork their malign influences made to our remote ancestors no small part of the interest of life. And those ceaseless sacrifices of animals which seem to us repulsive were to them occasions of enjoyment. A European tourist in India is revolted when he sees a goat's throat cut in honor of Siva; but a man so refined as the poet Horace could indite a charming little ode in honor of the sacrifice of a kid to the fountain of Bandusia. Mankind will always be doing something, and draws delight from its activities. Superstition was, as Lucretius said in a famous line, the source of unnumbered ills, and cast many a dark shadow upon life; yet it could also associate itself with joy, and it gave to the ancient world and the Middle Ages nearly all their festivals, not to speak of romantic legends and themes for moving poetry.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Greenstone Door. By William Satchell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This story of the early days of New Zealand recalls in many ways the work of Joseph Conrad. Its theme is the contact of the white race with a savage race; in action it lags a little, but by way of compensation it abounds in striking and brilliant description. It enters deeply into the heart and spirit of the Maori tribesmen, among whom the hero grows up. When Cedric Tryarthen is a child of two, his father, a "pakeha-maori" (white man living as a native), is killed in an attack on the village by a hostile tribe. Saved from the Maori spears by an English trader and a missionary, the boy is adopted by the trader, Purcell, and is brought up in his family. Purcell also lives among the natives, and has taken a Maori wife. His daughter, Puhi-huia, loved by Cedric as a foster-sister, is a singularly graceful and appealing figure. It is not easy to recall a finer piece of writing of its kind than the account of the siege and capture of the Maori stronghold, with the tragic death of Puhi-huia and her young Maori lover. But the dominating character of the story is Purcell himself, a man of Plutarchian simplicity and strength. Having lived among the Maoris for so many years, and being bound to them by the most intimate of ties, he is forced by the great rebellion to choose between them and his own people. To the last moment he strives for peace; he cannot bear arms against the English, but neither can he desert his adopted people. He takes their side, not to fight, but to advise them and suffer with them; and at last, generous and noble as he is, dies the death of a traitor to his race. The situation is one of hopeless and appalling irony. As for Cedric Tryarthen himself, he is overshadowed by his foster-father: he is not much more than an interesting point of view for the story. The English heroine is unimportant, and seems a needless concession to conventionality. A brief glossary defines the Maori words, many of which, the author tells us, "have long since been adopted into the English language as it is written and spoken in the Dominion." We wish that other writers of stories of distant lands, including Mr. Kipling, had often followed this considerate plan.

The Layman Revato. By Edward P. Buffet. New York: Douglas C. McMurtrie.

This is a book which the reader may call fiction or preaching or archæology, according to his mood, and may enjoy or find tedious according to his taste. The scene is laid in India, in the time of Asoka, the great king who for a brief season made Buddhism the national religion, and ostensibly the thesis of the story is the perplexed anguish of a young lay brother whose mind is distracted between the conflicting claims of Buddhistic renunciation, as the author understands that gospel, and the Hellenic conception of abundant life, which the hero hears from the mouth of a Greek architect employed by the king, and from the more persuasive lips of the daughter, with whom, of course, he must fall in love.

Mr. Buffet knows his Pāli literature well, and altogether the best feature of his work is the archæological skill with which he has reproduced the color of the old Buddhistic life by weaving together incidents and fragments of conversation from the riches of the Pāli canon. Particularly convincing is the contrast in character of the formalistic monk Kondañño and of the more humbly pious Bhāradvājo. But the story itself moves languidly, partly, no doubt, owing to the stiffness of the author's style. Phases such as the "obsolescence of social goodness," which are pardonable in translation where they represent the abstract texture of Hindu speech, are something worse than pedantic when they clutter up the narration. And there is a more serious blemish. The conflict between Buddhistic and Hellenic ideals is regarded by Mr. Buffet as similar in nature to that between the philosophies of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, whereas he ought to have known that Buddha would have had little sympathy with the morbid doctrine of the Russian, and Nietzsche himself utterly repudiated the Platonism which is here set forth as the flower of Greek culture. As a matter of fact, Mr. Buffet is really concerned with the counter claims of a gospel of renunciation which he attributes with some misunderstanding to the disciples of Gotama, and of a doctrine mediating between the "will to refrain" and the "will to act" which he ascribes to Christianity. "As if the eye of man should dwell most intently *upon* divinity and not rather, *like* divinity, upon suffering humanity," he reflects, for his hero—a reflection which belongs to no true Buddhist, but to a modern radical confused by humanitarian doubts.

There is something odd about Mr. Buffet's scholarship. He apparently knows his Pāli at first hand, but he misquotes a famous Sanskrit phrase scandalously, and, though he presumes to copy out lines of Greek poetry, he three times refers to τὸ Ἐν — alas for Aristotle!

A curious book of self-imposed learning,

not without various interest to this reviewer at least.

An Unfinished Song. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Svarna Kumari Devi). New York: The Macmillan Co.

The author is a high-caste Hindu, sister of the now famous poet, Rabindranath Tagore. She was reared in the zenana, and married very young, but to a husband who gave her great freedom and encouragement. She was "one of the first Bengali ladies to mix freely in society." While still in her teens she wrote a novel which, published anonymously, won remarkable success; during the quarter-century which has passed since then she has written a large number of novels, poems, and plays. This novel is a story of life among the class of Bengali who have responded most thoroughly to contact with Western society and literature. "It shows," says the author in her Preface, "the change that touch with Europe has brought upon the people of India, but in their inner nature the Hindus are still quite different from Western races. The ideals and traits of character that it has taken thousands of years to form are not affected by a mere external change." Speaking more strictly, the story shows the changed exterior and conceals rather than reveals the inner nature of this society. It is a society imitative, consciously Europeanized. They deal in the literary catchwords of England; they quote from and talk about Shakespeare and Shelley and George Eliot. English is the preferred speech: "That the love letters of a Bengali youth, whose life is one great imitation, should be written in his native tongue—this preposterous idea would not occur to any one." The love story here told has hardly a suggestion of Oriental flavor. The heroine is altogether free to choose her own mate. The villain who almost wins her has betrayed another (English). The hero is a benign and faithful lover, who is willing to sacrifice himself to his beloved's happiness quite according to the code of English romance. It is, in short, a simple and pleasant story of a type very familiar to Western readers.

The Rose of Roses. By Mrs. Henry Backus. Boston: The Page Co.

It is a character that does not appear in the story at all, except by allusion, that arouses one's deepest interest in this narrative. This character is Philip, the dead son of Pastor Holt, whom his father's stern injunction had kept from marrying the winsome Toni, niece of his *Hausfrau*, in Jena. The pastor meets Toni a few years afterward, under odd circumstances. Toni wants to escape from her surroundings in Bremen, which are not altogether pleasant, and at the insistence of another youth from America, the country from which Philip had come, takes passage on the boat with him, with the idea of trying her fortune in the new land. She soon repents of her bargain, and on shipboard makes the acquaintance of the pastor, who is not long in identifying her as the girl whom his letters had prevented his son from marrying. This Philip motif, try as the author does in the latter portion of the book to minimize its seriousness, is tragic; and the final jerk by which the philanthropic youth from America is made to win Toni's hand, and supposedly heart, is anything but convincing or satisfying.

The Blind Spot. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Forman in his latest novel has returned from his pleasant excursions in Europe, in the drawing rooms of which he is so very much at home, and takes both scene and inspiration entirely from his own country. The change is welcome, for there is a note of sincerity in "The Blind Spot" which is perhaps heard all the more clearly for the obligato of cosmopolitanism through which it is played. It is a citizen of the world writing of things and people that are essentially American. The broad problems with which the author deals are as wide as the civilized part of the globe, but the particular aspects of them which he singles out for consideration are of native growth. Not only for its sincerity, but for its point of view, Mr. Forman's book is welcome, for it is in substance a defence of the *via media* in social reform as well as in other relations of life—and to pursue the *via media* in these days requires courage. Mr. Forman has a wholesome abhorrence of sociological cranks and of the various quack-doctors of reform who rise up intermittently in our midst to trouble the well-ordered progress of social life; and the career of the central character of his story will be followed with appreciation, perhaps even with a little unholy joy, by those who are quite willing to march with progress if only they are not expected to trample on tradition as they go.

Arthur Stone is a kind of American Bernard Shaw—or rather he is the kind of man that Mr. Shaw would have us believe in. "Common Sense" is the particular nostrum with which the world is to be regenerated; Stone worships efficiency, of the Teutonic variety, but without the saving admixture of Teutonic sentiment. To the standard of common sense—an attractive catchword and so obvious that it is surprising no society has actually been formed for its propagation—rally a number of people who sincerely desire a better adjustment of social conditions and who see in Arthur Stone a heaven-sent leader for the work. But heaven, in point of fact, is the last thing dreamt of in Stone's philosophy. In his nature is a blind spot; he is the efficient man carried through a vicious circle to his logical absurdity. He is concerned about the condition of his fellow-men, not because they are his fellow-men, but because they are inefficient, and he is anxious to make them efficient for the sake of sweet efficiency. The "blind spot," in fact, is a lack of charity, in the biblical sense, and Stone fails in the end, after astonishing success, precisely because he is "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

There is something too good to be true, though, we fear, not quite good enough to be Greek, in the nemesis which dogs Stone's path and leaves him crushed and broken at the end, but there is a genuine touch of Greek irony in the conclusion, where the human man who has taken Stone's place both in his sociological work and in the affections of his fiancée explains, with all charity, that something of Stone still remains, his spirit—the very thing that Stone had spent his career so vigorously denying.

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S ARGUMENT.

The War and America. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Professor Münsterberg has a marked superiority over most German apologists in not abusing Germany's foes. His method of argument, however, seems directed at a singularly untrained public. He illustrates pretty nearly all the fallacies he has analyzed in his entertaining book on judicial evidence. His major premises he never takes the pains to substantiate. Instead, he reiterates them as axiomatic. "Culturally, Russia is Asia," Russia desires to blot out Western European civilization, hence Germany is fighting for civilization against barbarism, in an inevitable conflict. These fundamental notions are drummed in with Prussian thoroughness. But these are just the postulates that a thoughtful reader wants to have proved. Has Professor Münsterberg never in his pre-psychological days dabbled in logic, or for the reader he has in mind does he think the "vicious circle" will be as convincing as the O of Giotto? Aside from bandying big impressive antitheses—Teuton and Slav, Europe, Asia, etc.—Professor Münsterberg varies his tactics by condescending flattery of America, and by occasional excursions in pure sentiment. The whole *mélange* is highly seasoned, and possibly grateful to the literary palate of the very simple reader for whom it is concocted.

The omniscient tone of the plea is characteristic. Professor Münsterberg stands impressively near the highest sources of information. Servia, he tells us—on authority which naturally is not divulged—would have yielded to the Austrian demands unless heartened to resistance at the last moment by "a cipher dispatch" from St. Petersburg. How "culturally Asiatic" and wholly sinister that cipher dispatch must sound—to one who does not recall that diplomatic dispatches are generally in cipher. Again such a generalization as that Europe means thought while Asia means feeling, and accordingly one must cut the other's throat, is admirably calculated to solve the vexed problem of West and East—in any corner grocery store. And for whom does Professor Münsterberg limn the picture of an idyllic, scholarly, industrial, unaggressive, and wholly pacific Germany reluctantly kept under arms by bellicose neighbors? Plainly, for a reader who has not heard of the partition of Poland, the seizing of Silesia, the

grasping of Schleswig-Holstein, the annexation of Hanover, the retention of Alsace and Lorraine, and, only yesterday, the premature incorporation of Belgium into the German Empire. Then what kind of a reader is asked to swallow whole the theory of a ruthlessly aggressive Russia menacing all Western Europe? Evidently, a reader who does not know that, first, Russia set conquered Germany on her feet, then Austria threatened by the Hungarian revolution—a reader who does not know that in a hundred and fifty years, when Russia was strong and Central Europe a congeries of weak states, Russia showed no exceptional aggressiveness against European Powers.

To follow the various threads of this kaleidoscopically devised plea, to expose even the major sophistries, would lead us far afield. We must at least note the kind of political philosophy that underlies the surface rhetoric. It is a philosophy not overtly expressed. It would hardly bear ventilation in America. You may sense it in the sharp distinction between "routine agreements like the neutrality treaties," and a "pledge of international honor" like the Triple Alliance. Why is there no pledge of honor in a neutrality agreement? Plainly because it is made with and in behalf of a weak Power. Honor first begins among peers. Thus is honor made in the Germany of Zabern. Again consider the system of international morals implied in the following:

> It was the ethical duty of the Russians to strain every effort for this expansion of their influence, and it was the ethical duty of the Germans and Austrians to strain every effort to prevent it. In the same way, it was the moral right of France to make use of any hour of German embarrassment for recapturing its military glory by a victory of revenge. And it was the moral right of England to exert its energies for keeping the control of the seas and for destroying the commercial rivalry of the Germans. No one is to be blamed.

International morality, that is, consists in the insensate inevitable clash of national egotisms, which, being national, are holy. Machiavelli would not have disowned this delightfully simple and comprehensive *Weltanschauung*. Gobineau, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Houston Stewart Chamberlain have passed it on to Professor Münsterberg. Do Americans like either this apostolic succession, or the doctrine itself? Being Professor Münsterberg's, it must be sound psychologically.

We have left dangling the very interesting question, For what kind of a reader is this skilful blend of dogmatism, innuendo, sophistry, and gush intended? Fortunately, Professor Münsterberg has the candor to make the matter clear. It is addressed to "the American mind" which has an "unusual degree of imitativeness and suggestibility." It is addressed to the individual American who, when excited, tends to become "a mere automatic mechanism in which the thoughts and feelings and impulses of his neighbor control his mind." . . . "There is a lack of individual resistance to prescribed opinions which produces in excited states a colorless, wholesale judgment which may be entirely different from the natural stand of the sober single individual." Elsewhere we learn that in all European matters the American is moved chiefly by a provincial prejudice against the paraphernalia and nomenclature of monarchy. He takes mere names for real things.

Professor Münsterberg may be unreservedly congratulated upon producing a book that is precisely adapted to impress the "American mind," as defined by one of its most distinguished foreign analysts.

APOLOGIA.

Oscar Wilde and Myself. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.

Let the reviewer admit at the outset that he is at loss to know how to deal with Lord Alfred Douglas's apologia, just published in this country with some quite unnecessary portraits. Into the unsavory matter which underlies the whole question it is not easy to enter discreetly, and in point of fact the documents are not forthcoming which would enable your reviewer to pass judgment, if he felt disposed to do so. Wilde's "De Profundis," written while he was serving sentence in Reading Gaol, is well known in the form in which it was posthumously published by Wilde's friends in 1905. Eight years later, in a libel suit brought against Arthur Ransome by Lord Alfred Douglas, it came to public knowledge that the still unpublished part of Wilde's manuscript contained virulent attacks on the character of the plaintiff. Passages from the manuscript were read in court, and the whole of it passed through the plaintiff's hands, but he was forbidden by an injunction to print the document, or even sufficient excerpts from it, as he desired, with justificatory comments. It was presented to the British Museum, to be kept under seal until the year 1960. And now, as a kind of rebuttal against that defamation when it shall appear, Lord Alfred Douglas prints his apologia. In the main the charges against him seem to be that he was in some way the corrupter of Wilde, and that he not only failed to befriend Wilde in his time of stress during imprisonment and afterwards, but was actually a drain on Wilde, preventing him from following his career as a poet and sucking away his slender resources. To both these charges the present answer is, in our judgment, clear and convincing. From the dates given by the friendly biographers of Wilde, it is perfectly manifest that he began his corrupt practices before his acquaintance with the unfortunate son of Lord Queensberry, and, if any blame of the sort attaches to the younger man, it is that he clung to Wilde too generously in his downfall and befriended him too fully after his evil character was made manifest. Into the deeper accusation which has followed Lord Alfred Douglas ever since his father brought the calamitous suit against Wilde, we cannot enter. Indiscreet, and perhaps worse than indiscreet, the youthful victim was, by his own confession. He acknowledges his foolish letters and proceedings in defence of Wilde's conduct, and manfully repents of them. The best thing in his favor is the letter of confidence in him from his cousin, the much-honored George Wyndham, which is here printed in facsimile.

But there is another aspect of Lord Alfred Douglas's writing which the critic cannot let pass unnoticed. The whole book is a violent diatribe against the character of one whom for many years the writer befriended against the world, but whom he now presents as a corrupting maleficent influence in literature and a noxious vulgarian in private life. The blackening is done persistently, remorselessly, and, in our judgment, successfully. Wilde comes through the ordeal just such a man and writer as he might reasonably be supposed to have been. But the defamation from this particular pen is not nice, and the tone of the defamer, however his particular charges may accord with the facts, has about it, we shall not hesitate to say, something of the cad. This is a pity; for a frank and properly conducted exposition of Wilde's qualities as man and author is much needed. It is true, as Lord Alfred Douglas asserts, that he is doing real harm to literature through the agency of a certain clique in London who still set him on a pedestal as the artist *par excellence*, and this cult has apparently attained absurd proportions in Russia and other foreign countries. What is to be said of such words as these from the pen of Wilde's biographer, Robert Harborough Sherard:

> In Wandsworth Prison first and then in Reading Gaol, Oscar Wilde's mental development reached a point of transcendency to which never in the world of men he could have hoped to attain. There had been forced upon him the recluse life which had raised many men in the world's history towards the stars, but which, perhaps, never before demonstrated its reforming and enhancing powers in a manner more magnificent. more orbicular, more triumphant. . . . What the real Oscar Wilde was, and of what he was capable, was now to be made patent. In "De Profundis" he laid his soul bare, and the impartial are to judge from that book of the man's new powers as a thinker and as a literary artist. His friends will ask no more than that, reserving to themselves the high delight of taking a holy joy in the lofty virtues which that book reveals, the kindness, the patience, the resignation, the forgiveness of sins so splendid that one may almost believe that in his ardent meditations on Christ he was able to bring the bodily presence of the God who taught these things into his cell, and to learn from the divine lips themselves what is the true secret of human happiness. Critics abroad have said: "There is too much about Christ in 'De Profundis,'" overlooking the fact that the book is, from the first page to the last, inspired by Christ—that no man who had not found Christ could have written that book, nor lived as the man who wrote it did live.

To such nauseating cant there is only one reply—the verse which Lord Alfred Douglas might have chosen for the motto of his at-

tack—"He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." What shall be said of the "forgiveness" of this saint who filled his meditations, as we now know, with base recriminations against the one whose reputation he had ruined and who was, to his own great detriment, to befriend his ruiner in the years of quick decline? And as for the life which this Christ-like convert "did live" when once more "in the world of men," it would be better for him and his defenders if nothing were said about it. It is regrettable that Lord Alfred Douglas's book is not written in better taste, but it is not easy to handle mud without defilement, and the crushing exposure of Wilde as a second-rate artist and as a man of ignoble character is a sound medicine for one of the dominant cliques of letters to-day in Wilde's own London.

THE LORDS OF PROVIDENCE.

The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans: The Last Phase of the Elizabethan Struggle with Spain. By Arthur Percival Newton. With an Introduction by Charles M. Andrews. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

Introduced as a work that "fills in the missing parts of our picture and renders intelligible aspects of the scene hitherto obscure," this study of the records of the Providence Company during the period from 1630 to 1641, when it was a formidable rival of the new commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay, offers "a connecting link between the exploits of Drake and Hawkins and the founding of Jamaica." It is also shown that the plans of "the inner circle of the leaders of the opposition to the arbitrary rule of Charles I . . . were matured in secret under cloak of the company's meetings." The importance of the attempt to mobilize the settlers in New England for predatory enterprises in the West Indies is also discussed, though not quite in the American spirit. The English scholar whose work inaugurates a new series from the Yale University Press has used manuscript sources which are still inaccessible to students in the United States, but he has not exhausted the printed materials bearing on his topic. Thus, he has missed the royal commission of February 7, 1638, published by Rymer, which gave the Earl of Warwick and his associates license to take ships, plunder towns, and conquer territories in the West Indies wherever free trade and navigation were denied to Englishmen—the only English charter for "No peace beyond the Line" ever granted by an English sovereign. The work of John Pym in carrying on privateering under this commission is, however, set forth in detail, and his speech in the Short Parliament of 1640, when he urged that the King's backwardness in encouraging colonies of adventure was one of the chief grievances of his subjects, is also cited.

Short work is made by Mr. Newton of some time-honored blunders. Though the charts distinguish between Old and New Providence and place them a thousand miles apart, nearly every historian has confounded the two islands and missed the foundation of a Puritan outpost in the Caribbean in 1630. The error which regards the Warwick faction in the Virginia Company as "mere tools of the court" is also corrected. That Warwick's motive for wrecking the company grew out of his fondness for piracy has long been suspected, but the evidence is not complete without comparing the annals of Bermuda, where Elfrith and Butler were notoriously "pirates accurst," with those of Old Providence, where both men had official warrant to continue their trade. Warwick's earliest predatory ventures began when his ships roved the East and West Indies under a commission from his personal friend, the Duke of Savoy; and he had another squadron taking spoil in the Caribbean up to 1645, when he was Admiral of England for the Long Parliament and fighting against the monarch whose commission had confirmed his predatory habits. Noting the Earl's connection with the English plantations of his time, a connection to which many geographical names bear witness, Mr. Newton suggests that Warwick is entitled to "his due meed of recognition" as an historical figure. Whoever undertakes the proposed task will have to recognize that Warwick cherished militant and rapacious aims altogether inconsistent with those which led Winthrop to found a commonwealth instead of a colony of adventure.

The plan of this work excludes any account of the foundation of New England, except when the "Lords of Providence" interfered with its progress. Thus the project of Lord Saye and Sele and Lord Brooke to found a colony at Saybrook, in Connecticut, furnishes Mr. Newton with the heading of a chapter of which the chief interest lies in the outline of the proposal of these persons of quality to emigrate to New England and found an order of "gentlemen of the country," for whom and their heirs the higher offices should be reserved. The author thinks it most reasonable that the colonists should accept a rule "which very closely represented the Constitution under which all the Puritans had grown up"; but the founders of Massachusetts had other views. Their immortal answer of 1636 reminded the lords that even their qualifications were subject to the customary elections, and that their posterity might be found of inferior desert. Yet Mr. Newton holds that this answer, with its pithy exposure of the fallacy of hereditary political privilege, contains "no material objection" to the demands of these patrons of the Puritan migration. Really, it is worth while to consult Palfrey now and then.

The West Indian ventures of the Providence Company are studied closely by Mr. Newton, and he discloses many interesting features not dealt with by previous chroniclers. Old Providence and the settlement on the adjacent coast at Cape Gracias à Dios were the basis of the hopes of the Puritan lords and their allies in the coming conflict with royal authority. Association, better known in the annals of buccaneering as Tortuga, was a mere speculation; and its social order must have been about the same whether the governors were Dutch traders or agents of the English company which purchased their claim. The annals of Tortuga under the intermittent domination of Huguenot captains or roving knights of Malta show that the island was worthless except as a base for filibustering and for traffic with the buccaneers who hunted cattle in Hispaniola. Providence, under the meticulous rule of its proprietors, had some likeness to a Puritan community, though neither the governors nor the populace could be brought under the moral discipline of the ministers—whom they sent home to be tried by Laud shortly before the island was captured by the Spaniards in 1641. The plundering of Spanish commerce began as an act of reprisal for an attack on the island in 1635, apparently with verbal permission from Charles I. It was extended to Spanish cities under the royal warrant of 1638, and it continued for at least five years after the overthrow of the company's plantations in the Caribbean Sea.

Not much is made of the log of the wonderful voyage Capt. William Jackson made as a servant of Warwick's between 1642 and 1645, when he pillaged in Jamaica and Yucatan and sacked towns along the Spanish Main. Capt. Thomas Cromwell, of Boston, left half a dozen bells to the churches of that town as a memorial of these exploits. In spite of temptation, Mr. Newton refrains from animated narration and picturesque detail, taking warning, perhaps, from the writers who tell the story of the buccaneers, with Esquemeling as their chief authority. He does not shirk economic detail, however, and he tries to unravel the disordered financial statements of the Providence Company. As collections were barred by the Parliamentary privilege of most of the surviving members, the case of the creditors was hopeless, in spite of their claims against Pym's estate.

Plenty of evidence is found to connect Cromwell's "Western Design" and the conquest of Jamaica. The Protector was eager to recover Providence, but it was left to the buccaneers of Jamaica to raise the British flag on Warwick's forts, though the conquests of both Mansfeld and Morgan, which Mr. Newton does not mention, were transitory.

This volume has broken the ice for other students of the records of the Puritan colonies of adventure; but the addition of a bibliography would render it of more service. The author is as sympathetic as any modern can be with the Puritans who held "the least and worst of islands," as Sir William Monson called it, in hope of "damming up Euphrates" by intercepting Spanish treasure before the fleets were joined together at Havana for the voyage towards Seville. But, after all, Winthrop's vision of the future was clearer than that of Pym or Cromwell.

Notes

"The Divided Medal," by David Skaats Foster, will be published on November 1 by the Franklin Book Company.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the immediate publication of "The Real Truth About Germany: Facts About the War," by Douglas Sladen.

The autumn list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes the following recent or forthcoming volumes: "The Wild Knight," by G. K. Chesterton; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Felix E. Schelling; "Tales of the Trail," by James W. Foley; "Poetry: The Renascence of Wonder," by Theodore Watts-Dunton; "The Ego Book," by Vance Thompson; "An Economic History of Russia," by James Mavor; "American Public Opinion," by James Davenport; "Poverty and Waste," by Hartley Withers; "Cervantes' Life," by Robinson Smith; "Sixty Years in the Wilderness; Nearing Jordan," by Sir Henry Lucy; "The Church Revival," by S. Baring-Gould; "Three Free Cities," by Wilson King; "The Dutch East," by J. Macmillan Brown; "England of My Heart," by Edward Hutton; "Things Seen in Sweden," by W. B. Steveni; "A Pilgrimage in Surrey," by James S. Ogilvy; "Trout Fly-fishing in America," by Charles Z. Southard. In fiction the list includes: "Christopher Quarles," by Percy James Brebner; "The Awakening," by Henry Bordeaux; "Tents of a Night," by Mary W. Findlater; "Tansy," by Tickner Edwardes. In the Collection Gallia, edited by Dr. Charles Sarolea, eight new volumes are announced: Gebhart's "Autour d'une Tiare"; Veuillot's "Les Odeurs de Paris" and "Le Parfum de Rome"; Bourgeois's "La Société des Nations"; Constant's "Adolphe"; Nodier's "Contes Fantastiques"; Villiers's "Axël"; Huysmans's "Pages Choisies."

The autumn list of George H. Doran Company includes, in fiction: "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," by Ralph Connor; "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact," by Marie Corelli; "The House in Demetrius Road," by J. D. Beresford; "The Fakers," by Samuel G. Blythe; "The Laughing Cavalier," by Baroness Orczy; "Quinneys," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "We Are French!" by Perley Poore Sheehan; "On the Staircase," by Frank Swinnerton; "Reminiscences of a Ranchman and the Red Blooded," by Edgar Beecher Bronson; "The Cost of a Promise," by Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds; "The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande," by G. P. Baker; "James," by W. Dane Bank· "To My Beloved," Anonymous; "Tess Harcourt," by Rosamond Napier; "The Mercy of the Lord," by Flora Annie Steel; "The Little House," by Helen S. Woodruff; "Rosemary, for Remembrance," by Norma Bright Carson.—Miscellaneous: "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," Vol. III; "Charles Stewart Parnell," by Mrs. Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Parnell); "Europe Revised," by Irvin S. Cobb; "The Wellknowns," by James Montgomery Flagg; "The Author's Craft," by Arnold Bennett; "A South American Tour," by Annie S. Peck; "From Dublin to Chicago," by G. A. Birmingham; "Letters of an Old Farmer to His Son," by William R. Lighton; "Big Game Fields of America, North and South," by Daniel J. Singer; "For the Comfort of the Family," by Josephine Story; "The Student's Guide," by John Adams; "A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research," by A. T. Robertson.—Children's books: "The Forest Ring," by William C. De Mille; "Wings and the Child," by E. Nesbit; "Cinderella," by Githa and Milicent Sowerby.—Poetry: "Trees: And Other Poems," by Joyce Kilmer; "In Deep Places," by Amelia Josephine Burr.

Doran Company also announces a number of volumes dealing with the war: "How Germany Makes War," by Gen. F. von Bernhardi; "Liberty!" by Arnold Bennett; "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who has served in the German army; "The Russian Army from Within," by a special correspondent; "How the War Began," by W. L. Courtney and J. M. Kennedy; "The Fleets at War," by Archibald Hurd; "The Campaign of Sedan," by George Hooper; "The Campaign Round Liège," by W. L. Courtney and J. M. Kennedy; "The Red Cross in War," by Miss M. F. Billington; "In the Firing Line," by A. St. John Adcook; "Forty Years After," by H. C. Bailey; "A Scrap of Paper," by E. J. Dillon.

The "Essays," by Alice Meynell, now published in this country by Scribners, are a selection from the five previous prose volumes of the author, with the addition of a slight gleaning of hitherto uncollected pieces. As a consequence, they bring little that is new; but they present Mrs. Meynell's known charm and delicacy in more accessible form, and will meet with a warm, if perhaps limited, welcome. The new essays are all apologies, so to speak, for women who, in Mrs. Meynell's judgment, have not been quite understood by the dulled minds of later readers and critics. Mrs. Hutchinson, the stanch Puritan wife, is one of these; though for her the apology is not so necessary or so apparent. The essay is chiefly notable as showing the breadth of a Catholic writer's sympathy. With the pages on "Prue" we are on other ground. For her Mrs. Meynell takes up cudgels—not exactly cudgels, either, but the slenderest sort of rapier—against Thackeray's rather sneering insinuation: "There are four hundred letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately." Indeed, exclaims our essayist, "'thrifty' is a hard word to apply to her whom Steele styled, in the year before her death, his 'charming little insolent.'" That is the tone of the defence—let us not say a thrifty but an economic display of whatever of romance the records hold in regard to women otherwise harshly treated. Mrs. Johnson, the great Samuel's "Tetty," comes in for the same kindly gilding, after Macaulay's disparagement; and Madame Roland is made very human. The essay on the latter ends with these characteristic words: "'She leant,' says Riouffe, 'alone against her window, and wept there three hours.'"

If any criticism were to be directed against Mrs. Meynell's style, it might be couched in her own fine phrasing: "So should the writer's work be done, and, with an intention perpetually unique, the poet's." Her language is exquisite—exquisite in the sense of being almost too manifestly "sought out"—the intention is almost too perpetually unique. But she is saved by her taste and the fineness of her thought. There is something really precious in her work.

Between Pierre Loti, the travelling romancer, and Pierre Loti, the travelling observer, there is a wide gap. The warmest admirers of his delicate exactitude in rendering the scenes, sounds, and perfumes of his narrative settings will hardly quarrel with the opinion that his books of pure description are comparatively empty and unsatisfying. Unsustained by action, there is too much of the senses and too little of the intellect in them, and the rhetoric often approaches a stucco magnificence. Of the row of such volumes, in which he has written of lands from China to Morocco, that on Egypt ("La Mort de Philæ," published in 1908) holds only an average place. The chapters on Thebes in Sunlight and The Mosques of Cairo are in his happiest vein, but the pervading querulousness at the English invasion and the hordes of Cook's tourists sometimes affronts good taste. This work has now been translated by W. P. Baines, and issued by Duffield uniform with A. F. Inman's version of "India." The translation has verbal accuracy, and avoids as well as may be the falsity that is almost inevitable in reproducing "word-pictures"; but it is sadly deficient in attention to the felicity of phrasing and the cadence of style which procure so large a part of Loti's effects.

A new edition of W. E. Henley's "shot rubbish" of literary criticism, "Views and Reviews," has been issued by David Nutt, for whom in 1890 the author first collected the volume from the *Scots Observer*, *Academy*, *Athenæum*, and other periodicals. After twenty-four years the sub-title—"Essays in Appreciation"—reads as queerly as ever for such an expression of right literary hatreds and prejudices. Showing kindliness and gusto for some authors, upon most it bestows a dogmatic bludgeoning that accords with Henley's boisterous individuality and with the most violent traditions of Edinburgh reviewing. The book's frequent insight, however, and the poet-critic's knack of picturesque and epigrammatic phrasing, give it permanent value among those who can remember that Henley is much more trustworthy in his likes than in his dislikes.

Ozanam's "Poètes Franciscains," well known and honored for half a century in Continental Europe, has at last received an English version ("The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century"; Scribner). The book is delightful still, but its services, though memorable, are no longer necessary. Ozanam's essay on St. Francis was perhaps the mainspring of the modern religious-æsthetic Franciscan interest, and his two essays on Jacopone da Todi were pioneer work of an excellent sort; but the progress of the very studies they stimulated has left many of their statements sadly out of date. The translators, Amy E. Nellen and N. C. Craig, have made little attempt to supply the requisite modern corrections. Their numerous notes are mainly futile and often erroneous. Readers of Ozanam will hardly need five-line accounts of Orpheus, St. Augustine, Roland, or Machiavelli; Thomas of Celano has not been canonized; the identity of Brother Pacificus is not known, nor is any extant poem to be attributed to him. The translation itself, however, is exceedingly good; the vigor and charm of the French original have been preserved to a remarkable degree. Among the illustrations are two unfamiliar and very beautiful portraits of St. Francis and St. Clare by Tiberio d'Assisi.

"The Cavendish Family," by Francis Bickley (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net), is made unnecessarily long by detailed recitals of whole episodes of English history in which members of the clan participated. Omitting these, we have left a series of biographical sketches, many of considerable interest, ranging from the notorious Bess of Hardwick, builder of the family fortunes, to the Dukes of Devonshire, who have proudly maintained the great Whig tradition to the present day. Of the Cavendishes it may be said, perhaps more truly than of any other great English house, that, from generation to generation, they have deserved well of their country. Statesmen, scientists, scholars and patrons of learning, great landlords and agriculturists, they embody, variously, most of the qualities that go to make the best type of Englishman. Their annals are well summed up in our author's concluding chapter: "Sprung from the loins of a fourteenth-century lawyer, rising to wealth on the devastation of the monasteries, earls by the grace of the first James, dukes for their part in dethroning the second, the Cavendishes may well stand for the type of the English aristocratic family. For four centuries they have kept their name unstained, and their part in history has been an honorable and consistent part."

For a complete contrast to the Cavendishes, we may turn to "The La Trémoille Family," by Winifred Stephens (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net). From the Crusades to the Revolution, the Trémoilles were typical French nobles. For centuries kinglets in their districts, they yielded perforce to the centralizing policy of Richelieu and Mazarin, sank to the estate of satellites of the dazzling sun at Versailles, and finally went a glimmering in the vast cataclysm of the Revolution. Soldiers by necessity, through the centuries when the French noble was that or nothing, they lend themselves to anecdote—the Cavendishes do not. Of this the author takes full advantage, as also of the excursions and alarums incidental to the life of camp and castle. Swashbucklers that they were, they sent a daughter across the channel to represent them in the troublous days of England's Civil War. Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby, is already familiar to us in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Her defence of Lathom House affords perhaps the most stirring of many stirring chapters in the present book. Having said so much, it is only fair to note the assurance of the author that "the heads of the La Trémoille family may be classed in two categories, those who played a prominent part in war and national affairs, and those who lived quietly the lives of country gentlemen." We are willing to take her word for it, but there is nothing in the book to indicate that the family produced any members fit to take their place beside the great country gentlemen of Holker.

Though he lays no claim to original research, Mr. Strickland Gibson has consulted no small number of authorities and investigated not a little in preparing his volume, "Some Oxford Libraries" (Oxford University Press; 2s. 6d.). It is an interesting and pleasing little book, illustrated by about a dozen views of the principal libraries. The Bodleian, as the first "public" library (in the English sense) in Europe; Merton, the oldest in England; Corpus, St. John's, Queen's, All Souls, and the Radcliffe Camera are the libraries chosen for description. The book is full of quaint anecdotes of royal visits and other matters, and is altogether readable.

The origin of Christianity in Rome is still an unsolved problem. All that can be affirmed with certainty is that the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans presupposes the existence of a church or churches in the capital. To be sure, there is a fourth-century tradition, perhaps derived from Hippolytus, to the effect that Peter came to Rome in the year 42, and died in 67; and there is another tradition, noted by Clement of Alexandria and regarded by Harnack as "very old and well attested" which states that the Apostles were to remain in Jerusalem for twelve years. Though there are obvious difficulties with these traditions, yet the arguments adduced against them are not so compelling as to preclude the possibility of their essential genuineness. In fact, the brilliant Leiden scholar, Professor Lake, who happily for American scholarship has just accepted a call to Harvard, recently confessed: "I am not at all convinced that St. Peter was not the founder of the Roman Church." This negative and tentative adherence to tradition becomes positive and final in the Bampton Lecturer for 1913, George Edmundson, whose work entitled "The Church in Rome in the First Century" (Longmans; $2.50 net) is at once industrious, erudite, and independent. This independence, to which he himself alludes (p. 31), enables him to concentrate for his own purposes into the decade 60-70 A. D. a number of documents which the tradition of critical scholarship inclines to put later, *e. g.*, Acts, First Peter, Hebrews (which, according to Tertullian and our author, was written by Barnabas), Clement of Rome, and the Revelation of St. John. Even the Shepherd of Hermas is to be dated at about 90, while the Didache is thrust forward into the fourth century. Thus equipped with contemporary documents and leaning heavily on late traditions, our skilful author traces with unexpected firmness of detail the movements of St. Peter, namely, his arrival in Rome in the summer of 42; his departure from the city in 45, accompanied by St. Mark, who had just written his Gospel; his appearance in Jerusalem in 46, and in Antioch from 47 to 54; his visit with Barnabas to Corinth in 54, and to Rome and Italy during 55 and 56, and finally his third and last visit to Rome in 63, which was followed in 65 by his First Epistle and his martyrdom. Curiously enough, it would appear that since the encounter of St. Peter and St. Paul in Antioch in the year 49 the two Apostles never met again. It is needless to add that the eight lectures are well documented with footnotes and appendices, and provided with adequate indices.

The first instalments of Cuthbert Hamilton Turner's "Ecclesiae Occidentalis Monumenta Iuris Antiquissima" (Oxford University Press) were reviewed in these columns upon the appearance of this work in 1899 and 1908. Its aim is nothing less than to publish all existing Latin translations of the acts and canons of the Greek councils, as well as other matter incidentally pertinent. We now have two more fascicles, the first containing various appendices relating to the Council of Nicæa; one is devoted to the Council of Pope Damasus, one to some twenty translations of the Nicene creed, and another to two commentaries on this creed, the first of which, written about 380 A. D., has never been published before. The learned author includes also a text of the fragments of the Apostolic Constitutions and Canons which he was fortunate enough to discover in a sixth century manuscript at Verona; the Latin version here contained is perhaps as early as the fourth century, and is of use in reconstructing the original Greek. The second fascicle comprises the acts of the Councils of Gangra and Antioch. The editing is done with utmost care on the basis of the best manuscript sources. There are notes of paleographical interest and indices of words and locutions which illustrate the Latinity of the documents here published.

The adventures of Marie de Rohan are so fundamentally romantic that they rather gain than lose in being presented by the austere historic method, heavily documented, shorn of impossible coincidences, and permitted to exhibit the inconclusiveness of real life ("The Duchesse de Chevreuse," by Louis Battifol; Dodd, Mead; $3 net). Victor Cousin's classical life of the duchess did not draw upon all the available documents, nor did it make the most intelligent use of those cited. Cousin, in fact, whitewashed his subject. M. Battifol, on the other hand, is concerned only to give us all the data. Incidentally, of course, the age of which the lady was so typical a pa is shown us too, the amazing age of Richelieu and Mazarin and Anne of Austria. It will, however, seem to many that old acquaintance has been forgot when Anne meets the Duke of Buckingham without the intervention of M. d'Artagnan and when Mme. de Chevreuse runs about the country in manly dress without a fateful meeting with Athos.

"The Gods of India," by the Rev. E. Osborn Martin (Dutton; $1.50 net), supplies a need long felt by those interested in the various myths and legends surrounding the Hindu pantheon, and its chief recommendation lies in the direct record kept by the author during a period of thirteen years' service in India as a Wesleyan missionary. Books of this nature frequently defeat their ends by affording peripatetic, and even studious, writers the radiant opportunity for interpretation and easy generalization, and the results, often confusing and incongruous, do not always reflect credit on the tenuous claims of the authors as ethnologists. In India, above all other Oriental countries of to-day, the perpetual flux of religious and political ideas makes especially difficult the final analysis and identification of many long-accepted and sanctified myths. In the outlying peasant villages many amazing transformations and modifications are continually in process, and the task awaits a scholar of classifying these changes, especially where types of Hindu and Mohammedan culture, by constant attrition, have adopted and assimilated from each other. Mr. Martin's classification is admirable, a tribute to his long experience, and especially to his powers of selection. Into the three divisions of the Vedic, Purânic, and Inferior Deities he has grouped only those gods that have survived this process of change. Of the inferior deities, whose numbers are legion and whose origin, history, and worship still remain unwritten, Mr. Martin has selected only those that can be strung on a tangible mythological thread. The author does not pretend to the rôle of a strict historian; his book is a manual that is suitable

for popular consumption. The illustrations might have included more photographs of actual shrines and idols; for, as even the casual tourist remembers, throughout India the enterprising German lithographer has made popular to the Hindu worshipper gaudy, ill-conceived, and bowdlerized versions of his myths: a few of the author's collection, through no fault of his, since doubtless they are the only ones available, betray a brummagem chiaroscuro.

Since the review in the *Nation* of July 13, last year, of J. A. Herbert's "Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum," Vol. III, London, 1910, two other works of value for mediæval *exempla*, or illustrative stories for the use of preachers, have been published. The first, consisting of a selection of *exempla* from mediæval manuscripts, by Joseph Klapper, was published in Hilka's "Sammlung mittellateinischer Texte," II, Heidelberg, 1911. This collection of 115 stories contains many interesting parallels to well-known stories, some of which, like the Don Juan legend, had not been found previously in *exempla*. The second work, just published, is far more interesting. As long ago as 1890, Professor Crane, in his edition of the *exempla* of Jacques de Vitry, called attention to a manuscript (Add. 11284) in the British Museum, containing nearly six hundred illustrative stories for the use of preachers, arranged in alphabetical order. This manuscript was generally known as "Thoms's MS.," from the last owner, the distinguished antiquary W. J. Thoms. Professor Crane mentioned other manuscripts containing this collection, and gave the stories found also in Jacques de Vitry, but overlooked the fact that the collection was one that had been attributed to John of Hoveden (who died in 1272 or 1273), and known as the "Speculum Laicorum." Mr Herbert in his "Catalogue" (pp. 370-414) examines the question of Hoveden's authorship, and gives an analysis of the 579 *exempla* in MS. 11284. Mr. Herbert's conclusion as to the authorship is that it is not absolutely impossible that Hoveden may have been the author, but more than this cannot be said in the absence of further evidence to support Bale's attribution. It seems fair to conclude that the author of the work was an English cleric, and that it was written certainly after (and probably not very long after) the death of Henry in 1272. A few of the stories were printed while Mr. Thoms owned the manuscript, but the great mass of tales of considerable interest and value for the history of culture in England in the thirteenth century were unknown until Mr. Herbert's analysis.

It is not altogether creditable to English and American scholars that this manuscript should have had to find an editor and publisher in France, but such is the case, and it has just been printed under the title: "Thesaurus Exemplorum. Fascicule V. Le Speculum Laicorum. Edition d'une collection d'exempla, composée en Angleterre à la fin du XIIIe siècle," par J. Th. Welter, élève diplomé du Collège libre des Sciences Sociales (Paris: Auguste Picard). M. Welter has produced an admirable piece of work which entitles him at once to high rank in this field, and assures him the gratitude of all scholars of mediæval Latin literature. It is impossible to enter into details in this brief note, but it may be said that the editor has examined carefully all the known manuscripts of the "Speculum Laicorum" and reprinted (with certain omissions) the MS. 11284. The editor denies the authorship of Hoveden, and attributes the work to some member of one of the Mendicant Orders.

The original work is arranged alphabetically under eighty-seven topics, each containing a definition and theological exposition, with citations of various authorities and finally *exempla* of illustrative stories. The editor has omitted the purely theological portions and also the *exempla* borrowed from such well-known works as the "Vitæ Patrum," Gregory's "Dialogues," etc. Such stories are, however, briefly mentioned, and references to where they may be found are given in the *Notes et indications des sources*, pp. 113-153. The student has therefore before him practically the entire collection, with all the stories of interest printed at length. M. Welter has added enormously to the value of his edition by his introduction, comparative tables, and notes indicating sources and, sometimes, later derivative stories. It is to be hoped that he may be encouraged to print before long the *exempla* of Etienne de Bourbon (in MS. 15970 of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris) and ultimately the best perhaps of all the collections of *exempla*, from a literary standpoint, the "Alphabetum Narrationum," of which an English translation was printed some years ago by the Early English Text Society, under the title "An Alphabet of Tales," edited by Mrs. M. M Banks, 1904-5.

"L'histoire en France depuis cent ans," by Prof. L. Halphen, of the University of Bordeaux, is a concise and clear account of what has been preëminently an age of historical study in a country where this movement has been very strongly marked. In contrast to the treatment of French historiography in the recent books of Gooch and Fueter, M. Halphen deals with tendencies more than with individual historians, and analyzes with skill and exactness the alternating periods of detailed study and synthetic effort which characterize the great advance of historical knowledge in the nineteenth century. Those whose knowledge of French historians is limited to writers of the type of Guizot, Michelet, Renan, and Taine have much to learn from the author's description of the growth of special investigation and the widening of the field of history in recent years. The recognition of the indebtedness of France to German scholarship is generous and just, but one can see from M. Halphen's own work how it was possible to import the German critical method without losing clarity and proportion, and without adopting the chauvinism and declamatory tone which have disfigured too much of the historical writing beyond the Rhine.

To the Oxford edition of standard works is added Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales and Other Stories" (50 cents net). Some of these are here for the first time translated into English. Those not specially translated for this edition have been revised, both revision and translation being done by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Craigie. The arrangement follows that of the standard Danish edition, in which the tales appear mainly in the order in which they were originally written or published. The volume, which runs to 650 pages, has fifty-six wood-cuts.

Science

THE GROWTH OF MEDICINE FROM ANCIENT TO MODERN DAYS.

An Introduction to the History of Medicine. With Medical Chronology, Bibliographic Data, and Test Questions. By Fielding H. Garrison. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. Cloth, $6 net.

Dr. Garrison's History of Medicine—frankly an outline—gives a connected, logical account of the development of our present substantial knowledge of medicine, and of the individuals concerned in the discoveries upon which this knowledge is based, while, at the same time, it emphasizes the bearing of these advances upon human progress and the general welfare of mankind. Though intended primarily for practitioners and students of medicine, the clear and concise treatment of facts and progress and the interesting method of telling the story render the volume of great value to the non-medical reader who either seeks specific information or desires to become familiar with the influence of medicine as a factor in promoting human happiness and the higher forms of human endeavor.

In the opening chapter is sketched the identity of all forms of ancient and primitive medicine, and it is shown that all phases of "folk-medicine," as is true of folklore, "have been essentially alike in tendency, differing only in unimportant details"—in each case "an affair of charms and spells, plant-lore, and psychotherapy, to stave off the effects of supernatural agencies." The development is traced of a simple pharmacopœia of herbs by primitive man, who sought, when sick, certain herbs and grasses, and of a simple surgery based on the use of crude flint instruments in the letting of blood, the opening of abscesses, scarification, trephining, and ritual operations, such as circumcision. The larger part of the chapter, however, is devoted to a discussion of superstitions, myths, and charms, and the influence of the persistence of a belief in these, in a modified form, upon the popular view of medicine to-day; a view which, in the author's opinion, can be changed only through the kind of public enlightenment which teaches that prevention is better than cure.

Ancient medicine is covered in three chapters, which deal respectively with Egyptian, Sumerian and Oriental, and Greek medicine (to A. D. 476), and following these are chapters embracing the Byzantine period and the Mohammedan and Jewish periods, bringing the story up to A. D. 1096. The paucity of material and the slow advance of medicine in these periods is shown by the fact that these five chapters are contained in 58 pages. The chapter on Egyptian medicine deals largely with the information obtained from hieroglyphics and the Ebers Papyrus. Under Sumerian and Oriental Medicine are discussed the Biblical diseases, the hygienic regulations of the Hebrews,

the surgery of the Hindus, and the stationary medicine of the Chinese. Greek medicine is presented in three periods: the early period of the worship of the tutelary divinities of medicine, and the practice of votary offerings centring upon Æsculapius; the classic period, represented in medicine by Hippocrates, who cultivated the power of exact observation as a basis for diagnosis; and finally the Græco-Roman period, the most important figure of which was Galen, the founder of experimental medicine. Following the discussion of Mohammedan medicine come chapters on Mediæval Medicine (1096-1438) and the Renaissance (1438-1600), which, in that they are largely detailed presentations of the cultural and social aspects of medicine during these periods, are of great value to the student of general history. The conditions of education, of general hygiene, the relations of the clergy to medicine and of the barber-surgeons to the physician, the founding of hospitals, and the influence of the great plagues are discussed in an interesting manner. Here also is presented an account of the establishment by Vesalius of anatomy as a living, working science, and of those advances in surgery which are inseparably associated with the name of Ambroïse Paré.

After the discussion of the medicine of the Renaissance, the author continues his story in four chapters devoted respectively to the medicine of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. To these periods is given the bulk of the book, 457 pages, as contrasted with 176 pages devoted to the several thousand years of record preceding the year 1600. Naturally, the largest share falls to the nineteenth century, in which scientific effort in medicine became organized, and therefore more effective.

In the seventeenth century, that of individual scientific effort, the labors of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, of the post-Vesalian anatomists, and of the early microscopists, are presented, as well as the methods of internal medicine as exemplified by Sydenham. Under Cultural and Social Aspects is a reference also to early American medicine.

The chapter on eighteenth-century medicine is given up largely to a discussion of the theories and systems of that period—largely, now, of interest only as evidence of the insecure basis upon which medicine then rested—but is relieved by accounts of the fundamentally important physiological discoveries of von Haller, Hales, Réaumur, and Hunter; the initial observations in electrophysiology by Galvani, the studies in combustion and respiration by Black, Priestly, and Lavoisier, the introduction by Auenbrugger of percussion as a means of diagnosis of diseases of the chest, the discovery of vaccination by Jenner, and the initial work of Morgagni in pathological anatomy. Despite these isolated brilliant advances, the "tendencies of the age were artificial and theoretic rather than sincere or realistic. This periwigged period is conceded to have been the 'Golden Age,' alike of the successful practitioner and the successful quack."

In opening his chapter on medicine in the nineteenth century, the author presents three factors as of importance in determining the rapid and organized advancement of medical science so characteristic of this period: (1) the industrial or social-democratic movement of civilized mankind which followed the political revolutions in America and France and which intensified the feeling for intellectual liberty and dignified human labor of all kinds; (2) the influence of Hemholtz's and Darwin's publications, which did away with preconceptions that had previously hampered scientific progress, and (3) the rapid advances in physics, chemistry, and biology, which came to be studied as objective laboratory sciences, untrammelled by subjective human prepossessions.

The list of advances in this century, for the most part in the latter half, is too lengthy for comment. The rapid sequence may be shown by naming a few of the more important: Anæsthesia (1847), the cell theory of Schleiden and Schwann (1838-1839), Virchow's theory of cellular pathology (1858), Pasteur's work on fermentation, the specific origin of disease, and the use of vaccines (1857-1885), Lister's antiseptic surgery (1867), the studies in bacteriology, made especially momentous by Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus (1882), and the discovery of antitoxin for diphtheria (1890-1894). These are perhaps the best known of the momentous discoveries of the nineteenth century, but at the same time, in physiology, chemistry, pharmacology, medicine, and surgery, other important discoveries were continually made. These are all presented by the author in more or less detail, according to chronological sequence, and are usually accompanied by portraits of the individuals concerned. The presentations are largely biographical, and include every medical worthy of the past century and many still active.

The influence of such advances upon medical education, public hygiene, and military medicine is sketched, as are also the increase in specialties, the growth of medical laboratories, and the founding of large numbers of scientific medical publications.

The book ends with a discussion of work in the present century. In the author's mind the modern tendency of medicine is in the direction noted by Cushing: "Dr. Pound of Cure Lane is being superseded by his young disciple, Dr. Ounce of Prevention Street." The summaries of "cultural and social aspects," which close each of the last six chapters, are of as much interest to the student of history or social relations as to the medical man, and remind one of the summaries found in Traill's "Social England." In an appendix the author presents: (1) A Medical Chronology, (2) A List of the Histories of Medicine, (3) A Medical Bibliography, (4) Histories of Special Subjects, and (5) A List of Test Questions.

Drama

"THE PHANTOM RIVAL."

In this production, which is adapted for the American stage by Leo Ditrichstein from a play by Ferenc Molnar, and presented at his own theatre by Mr. Belasco, we see with pleasure that Richard is himself again. It is perhaps unkind to recall last season's unhappy experiment with "The Man Inside," in the selection and production of which Mr. Belasco showed himself a prey to his own ingenuity, and if we do so it is only to point a contrast. In "The Phantom Rival," Mr. Belasco has out-Belascoed himself; not a trick of the producer and of the stage carpenter is omitted, but the difference is that the present production lends itself admirably to the kind of treatment in which Mr. Belasco excels. This excellence is perhaps not of the highest kind; indeed, were it not for a belief that dramatic standards can be trusted to adjust themselves almost automatically, and that the public itself will insist ultimately on the preservation of some sort of mean, we should entertain grave misgivings as to the healthiness of the Belascan influence on stage production. The importance of the external appurtenances of the drama may well be over-emphasized, as we think that Mr. Belasco does over-emphasize them, to the detriment of the art both of the playwright and of the player; on the other hand, Mr. Belasco's influence on the side of careful as against slovenly production must be gratefully acknowledged. Public opinion may be trusted to preserve the balance.

At all events, "The Phantom Rival," as produced by Mr. Belasco, affords an uncommonly good entertainment. Nor is it by any means without merit for its purely dramatic qualities. The author proposes an interesting thesis—that for women the maxim holds, "Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours," that however satisfactory may be a woman's present connubial blessedness there will be times when the image of a former love and the vision of what might have been will obtrude themselves on the picture of domestic felicity; in her mind the early love will become idealized, a figure of heroic proportions, and the excellent, but prosaic, husband and father must inevitably suffer by comparison with the phantom rival.

This idea is cleverly worked out in Mr. Molnar's play, the author adopting for its development the machinery of a dream, often used before, and with notable success in recent years in "The Message from Mars." And, as was the case with that production, the success of its use in the present instance is owing to the fact that the dream episodes follow logically the sequence of the play and are interwoven into the texture of it. Louise Marshall is the woman, and by way of heightening the effect, the author endows her husband, Frank, with an abominably jealous disposition. In the first act, which takes place in a restaurant and which is worthy of note for the absolute fidelity of the setting, the thesis of the play is propounded in a discussion between two characters, an author (Frank Westerton) and an actor (Lee Millar), who after this scene have little to do. The Marshalls appear, and man and wife quarrel violently throughout dinner, the quarrel being started by the unjustifiable jealousy of the former, which reaches its climax when a stranger enters, and Mrs. Marshall acknowl-

edges his bow. The stranger, it appears, is a Russian, Sascha Taticheff, whom Mrs. Marshall knew as a girl and with whom she had an incipient love affair.

This scene and the subsequent one in the second act, in the Marshalls' home, where the quarrel is continued, are amusing, but drawn out at too great length. Finally, the husband reads a letter written to Mrs. Marshall years before, when the young Russian was recalled to his native land to serve as a soldier. He will, he protests, return to her covered with glory, a great soldier, a great statesman, or a great musician, or even if he shall return in rags, a failure, he will still love her—and the bombast of the epistle amuses the husband and sets his mind at rest. Here is the irony, for in point of fact the sole real cause for jealousy that he might have is the wife's memory of this early hero and her vision of the fulfilment of his bombastic promises. Before dressing to go to a ball, at which the husband expects to settle a large business deal with a high Russian official, the wife dozes in a chair, and in her dream we see her reunion with Sascha in the various guises suggested by his letter. For the mechanical perfection of the arrangement of the dream scenes no praise can be too high, and the acting of Miss Laura Hope Crews in these very difficult scenes is a clever and finished piece of work.

The amusing third act preserves the continuity of time and reveals the Marshalls ready to start for the ball. Sascha is introduced as the emissary of the high Russian official, bringing with him the papers necessary for the settlement of the business transaction. This early lover, whom we have seen in various romantic guises in the dream, turns out to be an exceedingly commonplace young man, owing his present position to the benevolence of a wealthy uncle, and displaying an unromantic interest in the excellent liqueurs with which he is refreshed. So the phantom rival is laid low, and the worthy husband and father enters into undisputed possession of his wife's affections.

The play is cleverly executed and affords Mr. Belasco a rare opportunity for the exercise of his ingenuity as a producer. The cast is, with one exception, excellent. Mr. Ditrichstein's Sascha Taticheff is a smooth and easy performance. In the dream scenes he is less at home impersonating the general and the statesman than in the more familiar character parts of the musician and the beggar. Malcolm Williams gives a good general performance as the husband, but displays a tendency to overact in the first act. John Bedouin's agile interpretation of the part of a society dame's secretary is amusing. S. W.

"THE MONEY MAKERS."

Mr. Charles Klein's latest drama, "The Money Makers," which is presented at the Booth Theatre, will add little to his reputation. For the atmosphere in which the story unfolds is much the same as that which he made familiar in "The Third Degree" and "The Lion and the Mouse"—the selfishness of greed confronted by generous impulses or by distress of its own making; and the central character is the usual captain of industry who has made a fortune by corrupt practices. Only in the present case the capitalist is the first to see the light, his own conscience being his sole accuser. One was prepared, of course, for a daughter made sensitive about her father's methods by a lover absorbed in social reform. Instead, we have a daughter and two sons greatly alarmed by the first signs of a better course exhibited by their father, and prepared to thwart his purposes by "railroading" him to an asylum.

The surrounding characters, with the exception of the wife, may be dismissed out of hand; they are manifestly so many stage devices designed merely to promote the action and showing small resemblance to human beings. But the father himself is soundly imagined. James Rodman, suffering from a serious breakdown due to overwork, sees in his children only parasites, waiting for him to die, and in his young second wife a woman still in love with the young man whom, save for opposition, she would have married. He is revolted by the emptiness of his achievements, and there and then determines to get well in order to make restitution to those whom he has ruthlessly crushed, and thereby to obtain peace of mind. As might be expected, he is the masterful man that Mr. Klein would have him be, and as portrayed by Emmet Corrigan, presented an admirable figure, his back against the wall, fighting for righteousness. That in the end his nobility of spirit wins the love of his wife and the respect of his children is a matter of course.

Technically, the play is open to grave criticism. It is surprising, for instance, that a writer of Mr. Klein's experience should be so careless about entrances and exits. Persons come and go as they are needed, little regard being paid to probability. They remind one by their arbitrariness of the excuses for songs and dances employed in musical comedy: Somebody lets fall the word "gasolene," and forthwith the orchestra strikes up a song recounting Mr. Smith's adventures in a touring car. Mr. Klein has not thought it necessary to use the old standby: "and here he comes." F.

"EVIDENCE."

The main advantage of a dramatic prologue is that it relieves the first act of cumbersome exposition and that it visualizes for an audience important antecedent conditions. But it has the disadvantage of necessary brevity, which is apt to turn what might be a truly tragic scene into melodrama. In the prologue of "Evidence," by J. and L. Du Rocher Macpherson, now on exhibition at the Lyric Theatre, it is the disadvantage which most strikes one. One dislikes, for instance, to see a woman of the sterling qualities of Lady Una Wimborne placed in a most compromising situation without a gradual preparation for it. It matters little that she is trapped, plausibly enough, into going alone one evening to the rooms of a former lover who is a villain. Dramatically speaking, the scene is undignified.

With this allowance made, "Evidence" is a play of some power. When the first act opens, Cyril Wimborne has been living alone with his small boy, having obtained a divorce from Lady Una seven years before. But such is the impression which this lady has made upon her friends that several of them, believing her innocent, have been putting their heads together in order to bring about a reconciliation. Her name would have been cleared long ago if the dying confession of the villain had not fallen into the hands of another lover who has hopes of winning her love. This is sensed by the audience early in the play, and it is only a question how long lover number two will guard the secret. That he does remain silent for a considerable time furnishes a fat opportunity for the boy, who has seen his mother in the park and taken her for a fairy princess. Naturally his prattle about her to his father offers a strong assault upon the latter's bulwark of pride and cynicism, and thus prevents the final scene from being one of too sudden surprise. There is also a domineering duchess of the old school, Lady Una's grandmother, who takes a hand in putting things to rights. The Duchess of Gillingham, as played by Miss Haidee Wright, is an attractive rôle, partly because of the smart lines which are hers, but, quite as much, probably, because she recalls a pleasant stage tradition.

The play, in the main, was well acted. But Miss Viva Birkett, despite moments of manifest ability, lacked the grace and charm expected of the part. The representation of "Bing" by Master Reggie Sheffield, was a quite remarkable piece of work for a child under fourteen. Yet it was pretty clear that he had learned his intonation from a woman; only a few times did he fall into a truly boyish tone of voice. C. Aubrey Smith's Cyril Wimborne was a finished performance, showing a pleasing combination of depth and restraint. F.

"MY LADY'S DRESS."

Inspired by his success in taking liberties with the unities in "Milestones," Edward Knoblauch, in his latest play, "My Lady's Dress," presented at The Playhouse, throws all constraint to the winds and gives us an ingeniously contrived production which is enjoyable only if one refuses to regard it as a play. As in "The Phantom Rival," the action is developed by means of a series of dream scenes, but in contrast with that production, here we have no continuity in the scenes and no unity either of time or of action. "My Lady's Dress" is, in fact, a series of isolated one-act plays, absolutely unconnected one with another, save for the purely artificial link that they are all supposed to deal with some process that goes to the manufacture of what any self-respecting sartorial artist terms a "creation."

It is, therefore, as a series of individual sketches that the scenes in "My Lady's Dress" should properly be criticised. Since, however, Mr. Knoblauch has elected to link them together into the form of a play, he invites criticism of his methods. These are arbitrary and artificial. What plot there is in the main play is as tenuous as the garment around which it is spun. A husband and wife have a slight dispute over the price of a dress, which is designed to bring about the capitulation of an elderly but influential roué, to the end that the husband shall secure an enviable appointment. A little cheap socialistic talk by the husband introduces the subject of the various processes which have gone to the making of the garment. Then the wife goes to sleep, and in her dream we see the processes in operation. The connection is slight enough, and on the mechanical side the management of the scenes in the dream leaves something to be desired. The kinematograph arrangement, for instance, showing clouds vaguely floating across a screen, which marks the transition to the dream stage and again from that to the waking, is by no means impressive, and the incidental music should certainly have been supplied by a string orchestra.

The individual playlets are, as might be

expected, unequal in merit, but as a *tour de force*, Mr. Knoblauch's achievement must be recognized as a somewhat remarkable one. Taken by themselves, the scenes are generally well constructed, and some of them possess a good deal of dramatic interest. They present in turn the care of the silk worms in Italy; the weaving of the silk at Lyons; the manufacture of lace in Holland; the making of artificial flowers in Whitechapel; the trapping of animals for their fur in Siberia, and the establishment of a fashionable costumier in the West End of London. The principal characters in each scene are taken by Leon Quatermaine and Miss Mary Boland. The former is an experienced actor of great versatility, and much of the success which the production is likely to command will be attributable to his excellent impersonations of the various characters. Miss Boland is pleasing in some of the scenes, but does not possess the versatility, or, we should say, the training necessary to the successful rendering of a number of diverse rôles. S. W.

The purpose of Dr. C. V. Boyer's "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy" (Dutton; $2 net) is well indicated in the title. His thesis is that Machiavellian villain-heroes were established by Marlowe in Tamburlaine and Barabas, that they at once became popular and ran a long course on the stage. "The ambitious type may be traced through Richard III, the perfect Machiavellian, through Macbeth, who is no Machiavellian at all, to Catiline, in whom Machiavellian traits are noticeable once more." The revengeful type appears most clearly in some seven plays. These conclusions, it will be observed, rest on Meyer's notable study of the influence of Machiavelli and Professor Thorndike's paper on the now accepted series of "revenge plays" that culminated in "Hamlet." The revengeful type of villain-hero is pretty well made out, and for an obvious reason. The playwrights who tried to satisfy the demand for tragedy with revenge as the eternal motive naturally imitated, not merely plot, scenes, and situations, but likewise types of character. Dr. Boyer, however, by leaving out of account all matters but portrayal of character, gives an inverted view of the development. What to all appearances those writers were primarily interested in was to produce a play of a particular kind that was very successful, not to vary the chief character that figured therein. The account of the ambitious villain-hero is likely to be even more misleading. Richard III, to be sure, has for more than a generation been recognized as a rôle created under the influence of Marlowe. But that Macbeth is due to that influence is a grotesque thought. Indeed, Dr. Boyer is careful not to lay stress on such a relation, contenting himself with an effort to bring Macbeth within his definition of villain-hero. Catiline is just as obviously not an imitation of Richard or Tamburlaine. All the antecedent probabilities favor the supposition that Jonson was influenced by the vogue of Roman plays in the preceding three or four years. All the positive evidence indicates that he drew Catiline with an eye on Sallust and Cicero rather than on Machiavelli or the sensational popular successes of a score of years before. The distinctive feature of Dr. Boyer's treatment is his interest in the academic question of how well these various romantically conceived figures measure up to Aristotle's classic standard for the tragic hero.

Music

FAITH UNFAITHFUL.

Wagner as Man and Artist. By Ernest Newman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

When it was announced that the eminent English critic, Ernest Newman, had written his third book on Wagner, it was hoped that it would prove to be the complete biography, "incorporating all the material that the last ten years have placed at our disposal," which, as he says in the preface to his latest volume, "is urgently needed." But he modestly declares that even if he had felt qualified to write such a biography, he would have "shrunk appalled from the magnitude of the task." Probably no man of genius ever left so much material as Wagner did for his biographers. Of his letters alone some 2,700 had already been printed when Mr. Newman wrote this volume, and 2,000 more were to be added to a new edition of his correspondence. Without waiting to see these, he thought it justifiable now to attempt—what was impossible until the publication of the Autobiography in 1911—"a complete and impartial psychological estimate of him."

If Mr. Newman really thinks he has given his readers a complete and impartial estimate of Wagner as a man, it must be said frankly that he has failed lamentably. It is ridiculous to maintain, as another English author has done, that Wagner's character was flawless. From the many pages of Glasenapp's official biography one gets the impression that he was almost an angel, and many other writers have treated him as a demigod. That Wagner was human—often very human, and sometimes inhuman—he himself made clear in his Autobiography, which, indeed, contains the unkindest things ever said about him. But he was very far indeed from being the petty, selfish, heartless, arrogant, ignoble person he must appear to readers of Mr. Newman's book who have not seen the other side of the shield.

Doubtless, Mr. Newman did not really mean to convey this impression. There is every reason to believe that he merely intended to present the other side of the question, against Ellis and the others who have deified Wagner as a man; but he failed to remember that his readers would not all be, as he was, fresh from a perusal of the brief for Wagner and would therefore get an altogether one-sided view of the case from his elaborate indictment. He comes to the rescue of Wagner's first wife in a way far more unfair to him than Ellis's treatment is to her. He devotes no fewer than eleven pages to the Mme. Laussot affair; he fails to convey a correct impression of the Lachner and Hanslick episodes; he places a childish credence in the silly Hornstein stories and other tittle-tattle current among Wagner's enemies. One of the stories the reader is asked to believe is that Wagner invited some friends to dinner, and not only kept all the wine for himself, but sneeringly intimated to the others that if they wanted any, they might do as he did and buy it at the nearest restaurant!—this of the same Wagner who on other pages is represented, and justly so, as the most lavish and reckless of givers and entertainers!

More than a hundred and forty pages are devoted by Mr. Newman to an exposition of the foibles, real or alleged, of Wagner, and only here and there do we get a glimpse of his kind heart and the nobility of his character, which asserted itself whenever he was not treated like a Hun, and which culminated in his unswerving allegiance to the highest ideals in art, when he might have easily made the fortune he so much desired by neglecting these principles. His bitterest enemy, Dr. Hanslick, was struck by the fact that "he exercised an incomprehensible magic in order to make friends and to retain them." And Nietzsche, even after the estrangement, wrote: "I declare Wagner to have been the greatest benefactor of my life," and that, of all his experiences, the days spent with Wagner were those he would not have blotted from his life "at any price."

Incidentally, Mr. Newman remarks that "we smile now at the stories told of Beethoven's grossness and ill-breeding." Why not smile also at Wagner's peccadillos, instead of devoting half a volume to them? The question is all the more pertinent because a careful study of the facts in many cases puts things in quite a different light from that in which Mr. Newman presents them. Thus, he dwells repeatedly—and quite properly—on the fact that Wagner was a "professional borrower," but fails to note that whenever it was possible he paid his debts. Only a few months ago, the well-known Hungarian author, Ludwig Karpath, issued a brochure entitled "Wagner der Schuldenmacher," in which proofs are adduced that he did ultimately pay for the luxuries he had bought with borrowed money. In commenting on this pamphlet the eminent Berlin critic, Dr. Leopold Schmidt, makes some remarks which Mr. Newman would do well to ponder before he writes his fourth book on Wagner, ten years hence, as he intimates he may, the subject being "inexhaustible." It is well to know the truth, says Dr. Schmidt, but is it not a matter of superlative unimportance whether or not the man who created "Tristan" paid his debts? Even if he hadn't, "the world would still be his debtor." "We are nevertheless grateful to Herr Karpath for throwing a pleasant light on this Wagner tattle, in contrast to those who manifest their interest in a great man solely by an indelicate curiosity and spiteful attempts to belittle."

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Newman has so signally failed in his attempt to paint Wagner as Man, because his presentment of Wagner as Artist is one of the very best that has been made in any language. It is far superior to his own "A Study of Wagner," which, though thoughtful and suggestive, is marred here and there

by an inability to sound the depths of Wagner's genius. Little of this is left in the new volume. Greater familiarity with Wagner's works has bred increased enthusiasm for them and caused some fancied defects to disappear. The author frequently indulges in outbursts that sound like rhapsodies. Concerning "Siegfried," for instance, the wonders of which the general public has not yet discovered, he writes:

> There is an absolute exultation of style; the music seems to dance and cry aloud out of pure joy in its own strength and beauty. . . . In sheer fertility of idea Wagner was probably the greatest musician the world has ever seen. . . . Wagner's is the only imagination in music that can be compared with Shakespeare's in dramatic fertility and comprehensiveness. It pours itself over the whole surface of a work, into every nook and eranny of it.

In proof of these assertions, Mr. Newman points out many details in the operas, from the earliest to the latest. He takes it for granted that the reader is familiar with these works, wherefore he does not tell their plots or analyze the music systematically. This leaves him plenty of space for comments on significant details. Even the best-informed readers will gather new knowledge, while marvelling that this eminent English eritic has been able to find so many new things to say about works concerning whieh whole shelves of books and tons of periodical literature have been written. Every opera-goer will find increased enjoyment if, before attending "Rheingold" or "Parsifal," or any of the other works, he will read what Mr. Newman has said about them in this volume. It will teach him how to admire understandingly and with critical discrimination. HENRY T. FINCK.

Wilhelm Ganz, whose death was recently announced, was engaged by Jenny Lind as accompanist during her tour in England and Scotland in 1856, and for many years he was associated with Adelina Patti in a similar capacity. She often sang his song, "Dear Bird of Winter." His "Sing, Sweet Bird" frequently was in the programmes of Parepa Rosa, and Melba sang it at her début. For more than half a century Ganz gave concerts during each London season, and he was much in demand in the highest aristoeratic circles as teacher and eoach. He was also prominent as an orchestral eonductor. As such he had the honor of being the first to produce in England Liszt's "Dante" symphony, as well as Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." Among the artists who made their first appearance in England at the eoncerts in question were Madame Sofie Menter, Madame Essipoff, Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns, and Mr. Wladimir de Pachmann. In 1871 Wilhelm Ganz was appointed grand organist of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, this entitling him to wear the "purple and gold" at all masonic meetings. The German Emperor decorated him with the Order of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. For many years he was one of the professors at the Guildhall School of Music. Towards the close of 1913 Ganz issued his "Memories of a Musician," a book full of anecdote and amiable and amusing reeord of adventure in the eoncert-room and elsewhere.

Art

GOYA AND HIS ART.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

PART TWO.

IV.

The period of Goya's greatness as a painter, coineides with one of extreme disaster for Spain, the eve and midnight of the Napoleonic wars. He found inspiration alike in the imbecility of his Bourbon patrons, and in the rough heroism of such partisan captains as Juan Martin, solace in the soft comeliness of the Madrilenas and in the more accentuated charms of the actresses of the day. In his decorations for the Church of San Antonio de la Florida his audacious imputation of carnality to the saints and the very angels reaches its height. He had arrived at a fame to which everything was permitted. His portraits from 1795 for fifteen years have the old aggressive accent, but carry themselves with more composure and assurance. To enumerate the best is impossible. Typical examples of his successful portraiture of women are the stiffly posed but vital group of the Countess of Montijo and her four daughters in the Liria Palace, Madrid, a palpitating complex of warm and amiable femininity; the petulant Bookseller of the Calle de las Carretas; the self-confident effigy of the actress, La Tirana, somewhat stolidly facing the footlights, and recently, at an international dealer's, a seated portrait of a plump and powdered beauty looking out with due complacency over spreading flounees of loveliest peachy hue and lightness—these are pure Goya. Among male portraits of highest excellenee are the arrogant, potent, fleshly face of the toreador Costillares, Goya's predecessor, rumor insisted, in the graces of the Duchess of Alba; the austere and somewhat shrinking figure of the poet Moratin; the ardent, hirsute mask of the patriot Juan Martin; the hawk-like sketch of Arthur Wellesley. These are startling, perturbing, impressive visions—salient, casual, yet significant documents rudely torn from life's book. The artistry is greater than before, but still not the finest; the accent of civilization is neither sought for nor attained.

Goya was after all more than half a earicaturist and illustrator. His power in the latter capacity may best be felt in The Episode of the 2d of May with which our survey began. His position as a painter in the narrower sense may perhaps most readily be ascertained from a study of the two Mayas and of The Family Group of Charles IV. Thus a few steps in the Prado will inform one, not concerning his diabolism and the vast variety of his invention, but at least as to the pieces which may most fairly meet the inevitable comparison with similar work of the great masters.

That the two Mayas were done from the pretty Duchess is not certain. They may simply be, like many later works, reminiseent of her charms. Indeed, it is hard to reconeile their customary date, 1799, with her being the sitter. Yet, when it is recalled that she owned the famous Venus of Velasquez, it was natural enough that she should wish to have similarly commemorated her own certainly not inferior graces. She and the Venus are in any case the starting point for the Mayas, and chronology must reconcile itself with that fact. The Maya Nude, rosy from top to toe, balanced consciously upon her silvery cushions, feet brought together with bewitchingly natural awkwardness, head abandoned to the hands clasped behind it, yet directed with provocative appeal towards all the world, hips and breasts thrust forward, is a true eighteenth-century Astarte. In comparison with her, the half pagan nudities of the *école galante* are ineffectual; only Fragonard, and he exceptionally, has so fully spoken the word of the flesh. The painting is of the most featherlike lightness, and only escapes oversweetness from the sharp carnal flavor of the whole. The criticism of such a picture is difficult, involving eventually the more complex issues where art and morals touch. In the sense that a definite emotion pungently expressed radiates from it, it is a masterpiece. Until lately the authorities shut it away in a private room, showing, if a certain lack of æsthetic courage, a perfectly just sense of moral values. Astarte unveiled will always be a perilous spectaele for those who cannot see life quite steadily and whole. It will not commend the picture to moralists that Manet's copy of the Maya Desnuda solaced the last drug-clouded days of Charles Baudelaire, and moralists have, despite much current sophistry, much to say in the matter.

The place of the Nude Maya may best be found by comparing her with other famous nudes. Naturally, the idealism of the Greeks is out of the comparison, but take Titian's Danaë or the Venus Listening to Music in the same gallery, his Bacchante overcome by love and wine, how cosmic, necessary, and noble their animality, after all, is. Velasquez's plebeian Venus has a saving and wholesome athleticism. Manet's Olympe, frankly derivative as she is from the Maya, has more suggestion of life and character apart from her professional utility, and is, I think, more beautifully painted. The Maya is orientally soft and specialized, and symbolizes the least significant aspect of sex, symbolizes it quite superbly.

For the reason given by the legend or otherwise, the fancy took Goya to represent the same model in the same pose, lightly clothed in the white linen breeches and bolero of a Spanish dandy. He bettered the composition a little, bringing the frame nearer the figure, and laying the eoquettish form more slashingly athwart the oblong. The actual painting is volatile to frothiness. The tinge of vulgarity in the Nude Maya is

increased in the clothed version. The glance is more insistent, the effect more seductive. Startling and effective the picture is, but the reservations already made apply in higher degree. The Mayas embody after all just a sportsman's ideal of a fine woman.

The great portrait group of Charles IV and his family is a more serious matter. It enlisted Goya's love of reality, his measured admiration, and an almost surer guarantee of a fine picture, his scorn. It is a group of quite magnificent portraits, the painter's own bulldog face being not the worst, but I cannot regard it as a fine portrait group. The characterization of the individuals is superb, and better modulated than is usual with Goya, who generally imposes his own mood upon all sitters. The domineering turn of the Queen, appropriately the central figure, the sinister stolidity of the King, the skull-like face of an aunt which glowers behind so much frivolous young life, the thoroughly genteel ineptitude of the Crown Prince, the amiable exuberance of the easy-living Luis of Parma and his wife, the precocious sensitiveness of the little Maria Isabella—all this is of Goya's best. The whole thing vividly suggests the Bourbon incapacity either for learning or forgetting. Few pictures are of higher historic significance. Goya spared no pains upon it. Some of his most admirable sketches were made in preparation. Yet the group would barely hold its own with a family group by Sir Joshua, much less by Copley. It breathes an intenser life, but it lacks unconsciousness and ease. The sense of space is weak in it, as it often is with Goya, the atmosphere is torrid and unbreathable, the color, however varied, is in appearance tarnished. The royal figures have the defect of standing rather awkwardly in unharmonized poses. It is plain that he who greatly values arrangement, style, harmony, mind in painting, will think this impressive canvas less than a great masterpiece. He who sets no store by style, but wants merely trenchant notation of casual appearance, way well find his æsthetic law and gospels in the Charles IV and his Family. All insurgents against the tradition of the Renaissance have naturally found their warrant in what, if it be not Goya's masterpiece, at least contains within a single frame a number of masterpieces of drastic portraiture.

The early years of the new century were Goya's heroic period, full of disaster for himself and for Spain. In 1804, his fifty-eighth year, his wife died. Most of his intimates were taken away about the same time. Doubly isolated by bereavement and deafness, he continued as court painter of the treacherous Ferdinand VII, who in 1808 ousted his incompetent father. Napoleon's armies had already overrun the Peninsula, which had reacted in the most bitter and heroic of partisan insurgency. When the old King was taken away by the French, May 2, 1808, Madrid rose in patriotic if illogical revolt. Murat hurled his Mamelukes through the unarmed mob, and the day closed in massacre and the rattle of firing squads before whom the captives were pushed indiscriminately. A few days later a deaf old man made a strange exhibition before a crowd of idlers. Dipping his handkerchief in the mud of the gutter, he sketched on a wall the turbaned horsemen riding down Spanish men and women armed only with the national knife. Whether this was a taunt or a compliment, the sketcher in mud did not say. It is more important to note that it was the first idea for the great canvas now in the Prado. It is a weltering, confused, and ferocious work, overpowering but less significant than its companion piece, The Military Execution by the French, which is of steel-like clarity. Late in the year began the terrible siege which ended in the sacking of his native Zaragoza. He visited the smoking ruins, just escaping being shot as a spy on the way. He painted the portrait of the alien King Joseph Bonaparte, and, under orders, selected the pictures to be seized by the conquerors. He absolved the ungrateful commission like a patriot, helping select fifty that would hardly be missed.

The trip to Zaragoza had burned in certain pictures of a ravaged country, and when in failing health, Goya once more forsook the brush for the etching needle, these impressions took form in the eighty-two plates, which were published in 1863, long after his death, by the Academy of San Fernando. There never was an album less academic than "Los Desastros de la Guerra." It is an unsparing record of actual butchery and rapine. Even in Napoleonic times, which accepted such spectacles as matter of common experience, Goya only dared circulate a few proofs. The reek of the human garbage heap is revealed with an emphasis horrible, yet wholly true, and the actual portrait of clotted bodies with lopped-off limbs, of bawling humans staggering out from under burning rafters, of virgins dragged away by sweating ravishers—the sufficient horror of all this is enhanced by a sense of overruling malignity, of a world delivered over to the vilest and most destructive passions. The "Desastros" is a raw and throbbing bit of life in its basest manifestation, in its least human aspect. When I saw and smelt overturned Messina, I verified the outer veracity of Goya's picture, but there was dignity in the impersonal awfulness of the catastrophe. Dignity there could not be in the "Desastros de la Guerra." It is an inferno of the most truthful sordidness. Such a work is profoundly moral or wholly revolting or both, as you choose to take it. The only critical question that fairly arises, for something more or less than art is involved, is that of the artist's attitude. Was he wholly moved by fierce indignation at the outrage, or did his sinister spirit find also a certain pleasure in the very extravagance of these terrors? The similarity of certain themes and forms in the "Desastros" to the nightmares which he deliberately contrived for the adornment of his suburban home, and presumably for his own delight, suggests that we should not too readily admit the "Desastros" as in intention a peace document.

V.

The "Desastros" was completed in 1813, Goya's sixty-seventh year. The remaining fifteen years form an unexpected peaceful epilogue. He became a detached artist. Painting was on the whole in abeyance in favor of etching, and later, of the new art of lithography. In 1818, on the restoration of the despised Ferdinand, Goya seriously considered leaving Spain. Instead, he retired to the little house on the fickle Manzanares, and with his decorations soon made a kind of witches' kitchen of the new home. A grass-widow second cousin, Leocardia Weiss, became housekeeper, and she brought with her a "niece," Rosario, who lived long enough to comfort the painter's declining days, and developed a certain talent as a miniature painter. In 1815 Goya issued a few copies of the Bull Fights, the "Tauromaquia," in thirty-three plates. It is done with more care than most of his etchings, has undiminished vigor. Rembrandt and the more recent Venetian etchers have been studied to good purpose. Everything considered, this is the most desirable of Goya's albums, though, as the most normal, it is also the least characteristic, and the official edition of 1855, from the Royal Calcografia, is none too good. The twenty-two plates of "Los Proverbios," eighteen of which were published by the Academy in 1850, is in the main merely a sequel to the "Caprichos.' Still it contains the highly imaginative and even prophetic design of flying men, which, amplified, is also represented by a superb canvas in an American private collection.

When Goya left Madrid for France in 1824, his seventy-eighth year, he probably had no clearer reason than the discontent of a restless and invalid old age and the absence of any real bonds at home. At the Paris salon of 1824 he saw a far more accomplished application of some of his own theories of painting in the landscapes of Constable and Delacroix's Massacre at Scio. It is of record that he admired the work of the young romantic, and even more that of Baron Gros. Gericault was still the sensation of the hour, and it is strange that Paris paid no especial attention to a genius whose ways it was rapidly, if unconsciously, adopting. Goya soon withdrew to Bordeaux, where, with occasional absences and visits to Spain, he was a diligent and venerable figure in the Spanish colony for his few remaining years. He took up lithography, and did some splendid large plates of bull fights; he invented a short way of doing miniatures by smoking the ivory and rubbing a drop of water about with the thumb, and attended to little Rosario's artistic education. To the impoverished refugees he was a ready benefactor, to his mediocre son Xavier a sagacious counsellor. The turbulent life was to close on a note of ripe-

ness and wisdom. His feeble health and imprudent wanderings caused much anxiety to his intimates, and, when apoplexy carried him off swiftly, on April 16, 1828, in his eighty-third year, it may have been something of a relief. He was buried in the cemetery of the Chartreuse, and his body lay there undisturbed for sixty years, until Spain reclaimed it in 1888. For a generation before the translation, he had been a spiritual leader among all the insurgents against the academic tradition. Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Regnault, had done him homage, by word and by imitation. He is to-day, with El Greco, the old master most honored by the emancipated art student.

VI.

His primacy as a forerunner of the anti-academic revolt is merited, not merely by his practice, but by his few recorded opinions. Nature, Rembrandt, and Velasquez—surely an anti-academic trinity—were avowedly his gods. "Always lines and never body," he once protested. "But where do we find these lines in Nature? I can only see masses in light, and masses in shadow, planes which recede, reliefs or backgrounds." Here we have virtually the programme of Couture. Yet he fell short of the modern notion of construction in pure color. His own color is not quite organic, but conceived as light and shade. "In Nature color does not exist any more than line," he told a friend. "There is but the sun and the shadows. Give me a piece of charcoal, and I will make you a picture." Evidently he had advanced only half way towards Manet. His vindication of the artist's freedom of invention, conveyed in a discarded preface to the "Caprichos," allies him to the artistic movements of to-day. Imitation of nature is difficult and admirable, but let us also admire "a method which leaves Nature out of the question and reveals to our eyes forms and movements existing only in the imagination. . . . The artist must be allowed the title of inventor, and ceases to be a mere servile copyist."

This is the modern note. It naturally met opposition from those to whom modernism is anathema. Ruskin in 1872 found a fine copy of the "Caprichos" at F. S. Ellis's, the bookseller's, besought him to burn the accursed thing, and was obeyed. Hamerton visited the Goya exhibition at Paris in 1878, aud hurried home to write that the Spaniard had a foul mind, had risen to notoriety chiefly from his legend as a revolutionist, and delivered the more telling thrust that he was a slovenly and rather incompetent etcher. Both parties, each from its own point of view—the modernists and the authors of "Modern Painters" and "The Intellectual Life"—are right.

We may best reconcile the contradiction by inquiring where lies the value of Goya's work. Surely not in the execution, which is often slack. Goya seldom shows fine arrangement; he cared nothing about it. His draughtsmanship is at times negligent, his color seldom harmonized, and frequently rather hot and stuffy. The value of his work must then lie in the sheer turbulent emotion that begot it, which sometimes contains much that is morally questionable. And this prompts the further inquiry, Where lies the value of art in general?—a question easier to set than to answer. Yet a tentative answer must be essayed unless we are to leave all criticism the mere play of contending temperaments. It will probably be agreed that the creative act—and naturally its appreciation as well—includes two elements, one of expansive impulse and one of restrictive discipline, and that the supreme work of art grows out of a just fusion of these two elements. Artists may be classed as they approach one or the other extreme. In some—Raphael, Vermeer, Velasquez—the discipline is so patent that the impulse may seem weak and defective, but it is there all the same. In others, as Tintoretto and Rembrandt, the impulse is so evident that discipline seems absent, but all the same it is there. Only a few artists, like Rubens and Titian, arrive at a serene balance of the two elements, and the tragedy of some of the noblest works of art, Michelangelo's and the best of Rodin's, lies precisely in the tenseness and instability of the equilibrium between the expansive and restrictive mood.

Whether we should choose for impulse or discipline seems to me an idle issue. Impulse utterly without discipline is mere formless fury or febrile vaporing, while discipline wholly uninformed by impulse is, if conceivable, wholly void and negligible, mere dusty algebra of the mechanical mind.

As for Goya, he plainly belongs pretty far up or down, as you choose to put it, on the side of impulse. There is a minimum of discipline about him. He has the obvious faults of insurgency when untempered by tradition. His eminent literary cogener, Byron—and in many respects Goya is the most Byronic of painters—had more of saving historic sense. His insurgency was more central and less provincial. This is not to say that Goya is not a large and significant figure. He felt tremendously, and this is value. We must beware of considering the artist as a satisfactory ratio. It is true that in the finest art, discipline will carry creation a remove from life, or, rather, will ally it with the more disciplined forms of life. Goya's art is never at this remove. Its lurid orbit swings in the perilous border line where art and raw life meet. This unhallowed limbo has no more distinguished denizen than Francisco Goya, and, because his art arises largely from confusion and revolt, it will always excite; even where it does not satisfy, it will instruct, not on the terms of the balanced artists, but with a hurtling emphasis all its own. In his waiver of civilization he was true to his peasant blood and to his Spanish breeding. He may be regarded merely as an inversion of those seventeenth-century artists who filled Spain with agonized Christs and tortured martyrs. Diabolize one of these early masters, deprive him of the leading of the Church, turn him loose in a disordered and despicable Spain, energize him more highly, and you will have something very like the insolent master of Zaragoza. To produce a central art Spain has never yet attained adequate civilization. Her triumphs are legitimately read in the aristocratic individualism of Velasquez, in the grotesque fantasy of El Greco, in the turbulent emotionalism of Goya. That he was not unworthy of the great predecessors whom he venerated is surely praise enough for him.

Rambling adventures of two enthusiastic collectors are related in Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton's "The Charm of the Antique" (Hearst; $2.50 net). The authors are lucky. They cannot stir on a New England roadside or in a Dutch village without stumbling upon a "museum piece." Even in the new communities of Colorado they hunt the antique successfully. To the friendly offices of a New York janitor they owe an exquisite old Empire table which his wife would have sold for a dollar. In Provincetown an aged sea captain gives away the seat and back of a fine Windsor chair; later, in an Ohio town, they happen on seatless legs that apparently were made for just this colonial example. Without display of erudition these Shackletons tell good stories, the moral of which is that they who think antiques somehow find antiques. One suspects that they underestimate the dangers of the spurious and one wishes that the title of their book were less like that of Walter A. Dyer's "The Lure of the Antique."

Finance

A DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

In an ordinary period, conclusions as to the country's outlook for business activity and prosperity would be largely determined during these early weeks of October. Week before last we had the cotton crop indications; on Wednesday of last week came the grain estimates. In June, a 900,000,000-bushel Government estimate on wheat was received with amazement and incredulity. Wednesday's figure of 892,000,000, which practically fixes the actual yield, is close to the all but incredible June estimate. The same day's other estimates showed this year to have produced the third largest oats crop in our history, the second largest barley crop, the largest rye crop, and the third largest yield of hay. The corn crop's figure is not what was hoped for early in the season, but it is 10 per cent. above last year's actual harvest, and has been exceeded only in two years since the great crop of 1906.

To this attractive agricultural picture the Government estimate on the cotton crop added color. Sometimes the cotton yield runs short in a season of great abundance in the grain belt. But the Government's "October cotton condition figure" on the crop of 1914 was the highest in a decade, on the second largest recorded acreage; and the yield which the trade interpreted from the figures would be second only to the crop of abnormal lucky accidents, in 1911.

There is no great use in reflecting on what might have been the results of such agricultural achievements, if the Archduke had not been killed at Sarajevo, or Austria had not fixed impossible conditions in her ultimatum to Servia, or the military cabal had not forced the hand of Government at Berlin while England was laboring with all its power for peace. Under normal conditions, such harvests, coming in face of a European shortage, would undoubtedly have meant something like an autumn business boom in America. But since what has happened in Europe since August 1 has happened, the matter of larger interest is, to determine what these events mean under present conditions.

Nobody doubts what the grain crops mean. From the farm community's point of view, there was one real source of apprehension in the otherwise brilliant agricultural outlook last June. It was, that a wheat crop of such wholly unprecedented magnitude, coming in full volume on the market in the autumn, would force down prices, for a good part of the sellers, almost to an unremunerative basis. In fact, the Kansas and Oklahoma farmers were then getting only 65 to 70 cents a bushel, and the Chicago market's price was 77. The war began; Europe bought in enormous quantities; the Chicago market rose continuously to $1.21.

On that rise, the farmer sold at prices which ran at times nearly double what he had feared would be the best figure obtainable. When it is considered that the farmers are selling, at the present exceptionally high prices, supplies which average 16 per cent. more in quantity than in the largest previous harvest, and when grain experts hold that the outside world will probably need every bushel of our surplus wheat this year, the case is clear enough. The benefits which the grain crops would have brought to the agricultural West, without the war, have been immensely enhanced as a result of war.

The contrast in the cotton trade is most dramatic. Our planters will apparently raise 15,000,000 bales. When they raised 16,100,000 in 1911, the export trade took 10,600,000. Normally, other nations would have taken between eight and nine millions from the present season's crop. But nearly one-third of our cotton export, even from the crop of 1911, has usually gone to Germany, and Germany is now cut off from our market. Not a bale has gone to her since August 1, whereas in the three months ending with October, 1913, she took 829,000 bales. Only a few days ago, the first shipment since the war began was made to battle-torn France; in the same three months of 1913, we sent her 464,000 bales. Nor is this all; for England's spinning industry has been so far depressed, as a result of war and disturbed finance, that she took from us, during August and September, 348,000 bales less than in 1913—a decrease of 77 per cent.

If the general ratio of decrease in our exports should continue until next August, the twelvemonth's total exports, instead of, say, 8,000,000 bales, would be barely 800,000. If home use of cotton did not heavily increase, more than 7,000,000 bales of cotton would be left unsold at the season's end. The usual surplus, undisposed of during a cotton year, is a quarter of a million bales.

Thus the war which has created an unhoped-for profitable market for one crop with a bumper year, has for the moment utterly crushed out the market for another. While wheat is our main reliance in creating foreign credits and breaking the deadlock of exchange, the cotton situation is more than offsetting what is thus achieved. The problem is of far larger interest, even than the prosperity of the South. Perhaps the answer to it is, that the recent low range of cotton exports cannot possibly continue; that people must have new garments, war or no war; that the six or eight millions of soldiers in the field must be clothed as well as fed, and that this cannot be done without Europe resorting to heavy purchases of our cotton. In fact, the increase has begun already. In August, we sent less than one-tenth as much as in 1913. Last week's exports were 40 per cent. of a year ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Canuck, J. Seeds of Pine. Hodder & Stoughton. $1.25 net.
Cotes, E. His Royal Happiness. Appleton. $1.35 net.
De Veer, W. Battle Royal. Lane. $1.25 net.
Dix, B. M. The Little God Ebisu. Duffield. $1.25 net.
France, A. The Revolt of the Angels. Lane. $1.25 net.
Greene, F. N. One Clear Call. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Hill, A. A. What's He to Me? H. O. Bullard.
Isham, F. S. Nothing but the Truth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 50 cents net.
Jacobs, W. W. Night Watches. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Parrish, R. The Red Mist. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Peterson, M. H. The Commodore. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.25 net.
Stacpoole, H. D. The Presentation. Lane. $1.30 net.
Thurston, E. T. Achievement. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Washburn, C. C. Gerald Northrop. Duffield. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Casa, G. Della. Galateo of Manners and Behaviours. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Boston: Merrymount Press. $3 net.
Mirandola, P. Della Platonic Discourse upon Love. Edited by E. G. Garner. Boston: Merrymount Press. $3 net.
Pope, E. M. The William J. Locke Calendar. Lane. $1 net.
Progressive School Classics: Evangeline; Rip Van Winkle; The King of the Golden River; The Man Without a Country; Enoch Arden; The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; The Courtship of Miles Standish; The Great Stone Face. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co.
Sindelar, J. C. Morning Exercises for all the Year. Beckley-Cardy Co. 60 cents.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Case, S. J. The Evolution of Early Christianity. Chicago University Press. $2.25 net.
Hoyt, A. S. Vital Elements of Preaching. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lithgow, R. M. The Parabolic Gospel. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Robinson, L. Marching Men. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Sutherland, H. The Promise of Life. Rand McNally. 50 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bernstein, H. The Beilis Affair—Jewish Education. Phila.: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Cyclopedia of American Government. Vols. II and III. Appleton.
Dow, C. M. The State Reservation at Niagara. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Hough, B. O. Ocean Traffic and Trade. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Neely, T. B. Parliamentary Practice. Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.
Seligman, E. R. A. Principles of Economics. Longmans, Green. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Allen, Edward. Wayside. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Clay, O. The Treasure Finders. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Coffey, D. O'Neill and Ormond: A Chapter in Irish History. Baltimore: Norman, Remington. $2 net.
Cook, Sir Edward. Why Britain is at War. Macmillan.
Faguet, Emile. Balzac. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Faguet, Emile. Flaubert. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Innes, A. D. A History of England and the British Empire. Vol. III. $1 net.
Lee, E. Ouida: A Memoir. Duffield.
MacMechan, A. The Life of a Little College. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Smith, F. H. In Dickens's London. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Strunsky, Rose. Abraham Lincoln. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Tolstoy, Count Ilya. Reminiscences of Tolstoy. Century. $2.50 net.
Topham, Anne. Memories of the Kaiser's Court. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

TRAVEL.

Clark, F. E. and S. A. The Charm of Scandinavia. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Maugham, R. G. F. Wild Game in Sambezia. Scribner.

POETRY.

Chalmers, P. R. Green Days and Blue Days. Norman, Remington Co.
Cole, S. V. The Great Grey King. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Dawson, W. J. America and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Mitchell, A. W. Complete Poems. Century. $2 net.
O'Sullivan, S. An Epilogue, and Other Poems. Baltimore: Norman, Remington. 75 cents net.
Stringer, A. Open Water. Lane. $1 net.
Yeats, J. B. Broad-Sheet Ballads. Baltimore: Norman, Remington. 75 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Bessey, C. E. and E. A. Essentials of College Botany. American Science Series. Holt.
Calkins, G. N. Biology. Holt.
Leichter, E. Successful Selling. Funk & Wagnalls. 50 cents net.
Neystrom, Paul H. Retail Selling and Store Management. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Tarr, R. S. College Physiography. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Watson, J. B. Behavior. Holt.

ART.

Anderson, M. S. The Study of Modern Painting. Century. $2 net.
Jones, H. D. M. S. The Secret of a Great Cathedral. Dutton. $1 net.
Scott, G. The Architecture of Humanism. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Tipping, H. A. Grinling Gibbons and the Woodwork of His Age. Scribner.

JUVENILE.

Bascom, L. R. The Bugaboo Men. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Bert Wilson Series: Bert Wilson on the Gridiron; Bert Wilson in the Rockies. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cents net each.
Coussens, P. W. The Diamond Story Book. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Craik, G. M. Bow-Wow and Mew-Mew. Beckley-Cardy Co. 30 cents.
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Robertson, T. B. The Universe and the Mayonnaise. Lane. $1 net.

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Summary of the News

So far as the political aspect of the war is concerned, Italy is still the centre of attention and of speculation. With Italy, it is generally assumed, will go Rumania, and if Rumania enters the war on the side of the Allies, there are grounds for believing that Turkey and Bulgaria may take part on the other side. In other columns we publish a closely reasoned article from a correspondent in Rome setting forth the case for Italian intervention.

It has been generally assumed in dispatches from Italy that the death of the Marchese di San Giuliano, the Italian Foreign Minister, which took place on Friday of last week, would remove a restraint which has hitherto been imposed on the advocates of that case, and the appointment as Minister of War earlier in the week of Gen. Zupelli, who comes from the Italian provinces of Austria-Hungary, seemed to lend confirmation to that impression. Another significant indication of public sentiment was the adoption of Signor Battisti, until recently member for Trent of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, as the representative of Venice in the Italian Chamber. The policy of the late Foreign Minister, however, was clearly not a personal one, but had the earnest support of Signor Salandra and his Cabinet, as well as of a considerable body of responsible public opinion in Italy, and the latest dispatches agree with the statement of the Italian Ambassador to this country, given out on Thursday of last week, that the present attitude of neutrality will be maintained unless some overt act shall occur which threatens the vital interests of Italy.

Interest has again been intrigued by the position of Turkey, and various rumors have been circulated as to the intentions and activities of the Ottoman Government. Early last week those historic cruisers, the Goeben and the Breslau, were reported as having been seen in the Black Sea, flying the Turkish flag, and the inference was made that the German commander of the Goeben was designated as the head of the Turkish fleet and would presently try conclusions with the Russian fleet for the command of those waters. On Monday it was stated specifically in a dispatch from Constantinople that the Government of the Porte, in reply to the representations of Great Britain, had declined to discharge the German crews of the two cruisers, declaring the question to be a domestic one, and on the same day there came a report that a German train laden with munitions of war for Turkey had been stopped by the Rumanian authorities between Bucharest and Giurgevo, on the Danube. Nevertheless, even assuming that all these facts are as stated, it is difficult to discover what inducement Turkey could find in the present state of affairs to cause her to take an active part in the war. It is perhaps the irony of history that that portion of Europe which so definitely upset the existing balance of power is now the only quarter where a balance of power may be said to exist.

The War Revenue bill was passed by the Senate on October 17 by a vote of 34 to 22.

An investigation into the financial transactions of the Rock Island Railroad and its associated corporations by the Interstate Commerce Commission was begun on October 16, and was adjourned on Monday until October 26.

The Alaska Coal Land Leasing bill, an Administration measure designed to open up the coal resources of Alaska, under a leasing system, was agreed to by the House on October 15. It was in the form of a conference report already adopted by the Senate and became law on receiving the President's signature on Tuesday.

Public hearings on the new application of Eastern railways for increased freight rates, which they contend are necessary on account of financial conditions caused by the European war, were begun in Washington on Monday before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The decree embodying the agreement reached by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and the Government for the dissolution of the company's system of railway, trolley, and steamship lines, in settlement of the suit brought against it under the Sherman Anti-Trust law, was signed on Saturday of last week.

In view of the approaching adjournment of Congress and the forthcoming elections, the President on October 17 addressed a letter to Representative Oscar Underwood reviewing the work of the present Congress and expressing confidence that a Democratic majority will again be returned. The letter is the President's most notable contribution to the political campaign this year, and will be widely used as a campaign document.

For the first time since August 8 the weekly bank statement last Saturday showed a surplus of cash reserves for the banks in the Clearing House. The surplus reported by the banks alone was $5,033,250, as against a deficit the previous week of $1,445,250, and a maximum deficit for the period of $43,389,250 in the week of August 15.

Traffic through the Panama Canal was interrupted on October 14 by a serious landslide in the Culebra Cut. The slide, according to the official report, was about 1,500 feet long and completely blocked the channel for a distance of 1,000 feet. Col. Goethals expressed the opinion that the damage would be repaired and the canal open for traffic again by the end of this week.

An interesting suit, both on account of the antiquity of the dispute and because an original suit is rarely instituted in the Supreme Court, came up for consideration before that court on October 15, after preliminary proceedings that had extended over five years. The dispute is between North Carolina and Tennessee over the exact location of the boundary line between these States. The line was originally marked out by a commission in 1821, but no attention was paid to it until after the Civil War, when the markings had become obliterated. Both States then granted titles to the disputed land, and both demanded taxes. The land involved is a tract of between thirty thousand and forty thousand acres.

According to statistics announced by the Department of Agriculture, the wheat crop of the world will be less this year than in 1913 or 1912. The crops of all nations are estimated as aggregating approximately 3,741,018,000 bushels this year, as against 4,125,310,000 bushels in 1913, and 3,791,875,000 bushels in 1912. The harvest in the United States is expected to break all records, and in Great Britain the crop will be far above the average, but a large decrease is shown in Russia. The war, it is reported, has had little effect upon the harvest this year, as most of the wheat was gathered before or soon after hostilities began.

In reply to the Chinese protest against the occupation by the Japanese of the railway in the Shan-tung province in connection with the military operations against Kiao-chau, Great Britain has stated that Japan had no alternative, as the railway is under German control and the Germans have used it for military purposes.

The outlook in Mexico has not brightened perceptibly since we wrote last week. The convention at Aguas Calientes adjourned on October 14, pending the arrival of additional delegates representing Zapata, without acting on the resignation of General Carranza as First Chief. On reassembling on Tuesday, according to reports received at the Mexican Consulate at San Antonio, the delegates were thrown into something like a panic by the intelligence that General Villa was moving an army into a position whence he could envelop the city and imprison the convention.

In the rush of subsequent events we have almost forgotten our astonishment at being reminded at the outbreak of war of an antiquated alliance between Great Britain and Portugal which the latter country protested its readiness scrupulously to observe. Recent dispatches from Lisbon have rekindled this recollection, and last week we were definitely informed in a statement by the Portuguese Consul-General at New York that two expeditionary forces of Portuguese troops, for one of which English transports were used, had sailed from Lisbon on September 10 to reinforce garrisons in Portuguese possessions in Africa which adjoin those of Germany.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. Frederick Aldrich Cleveland, October 15; Dr. Joel Foote Bingham, Dr. James Gregory Mumford, Frederick de Coppet, October 18; Monsignor R. H. Benson, October 19; Major-Gen. Hubert Ion Wetherall Hamilton (in France).

The Week

It is well to suspend judgment on the exact nature of the documents which the Germans have found in the Belgian archives, covering some sort of military plans by England and France to defend Belgium in case of war with Germany, but some things are certain. Whatever arrangements were made, were made with the full consent of the Belgian Government, and were designed to defend its neutrality as guaranteed by solemn treaties to which Germany was a party. That cannot be tortured into a violation of Belgian neutrality. And this is to be remembered. The most that the German apologists assert is that France or England was *going* to break the treaty. But Germany *did* break it. Nothing that can be found in the Belgian archives or elsewhere can equal the open confession made by the German Chancellor in his speech to the Reichstag. Announcing the purpose to invade Belgian territory, he said: "Gentlemen, that is a breach of international law." If anything comparable to that had been uttered by Prime Minister Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, public opinion in the United States would have turned as swiftly and decisively against England as it did, in fact, turn against Germany.

A recent editorial in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the most influential journal in South Germany, bears intrinsic evidence how heavily the war begins to bear down upon the German people, for its manifest purpose is to hearten its readers. It recites that the number of unemployed is diminishing; that industry is beginning to find itself; that a meeting of chambers of commerce has proclaimed the war holy, and the condition of trade sound; that the recent public subscription has poured into the Treasury not merely enough money to run the Government until the end of the year, but for double that period. None the less, it finds it necessary to go over the whole ground of the war again, to assure the public that it was forced upon Germany, and that the Empire has undertaken it innocently, in self-defence, merely to preserve the Fatherland. It concludes by urging the people to consider that every personal sacrifice is but a contribution to the nation's welfare and to its very existence, and exhorts them to bear patiently the terrible price to be paid. That the price has only just begun to be exacted, it also admits. The note of confidence in eventual success is, of course, still there, but it is not quite so certain and confident as before. The terrible casualty lists, with their record that whole battalions have been wiped out, though telling a story of unsurpassed bravery, are beginning plainly to affect the German public as needs they must.

Writing about the great German victory in Lorraine in August, about which we on this side of the water heard so little, Field-Marshal von der Goltz speaks with extraordinary frankness in this time of military secrecy. The victory, he says, was quite surprising to the Germans, who were enormously aided by their minute knowledge of the country, which has long been a favorite place for manœuvres. The Germans, he says, were very much puzzled by the French taking the offensive instead of following their old policy of sticking to the lines of the forts and letting the Germans pound themselves to pieces against them. The purpose of it we now know to have been largely political; the Field-Marshal thought it part of the general campaign undertaken with a view to affecting the field of battle in Belgium. Comparing this battle with the conduct and military ability of the French in 1870, he noted a marked advance in efficiency, despite the lack of success, and he rejoiced that the enemy was a more dangerous one. "An efficient enemy does not frighten us," is his phrase. Finally, it is interesting to note that this veteran, who has been serving in the German and Turkish armies since 1861, declares that it is no longer possible, in view of the masses of men engaged, to throw large reinforcements from one endangered point of a line to another during a battle.

All the news from South Africa, since the first announcement of Col. Maritz's rebellion, has indicated that the trouble is likely to be far less serious than at first seemed possible. It is stated that Gen. Hertzog, who has been one of Gen. Botha's bitterest opponents, has placed his services at the Premier's disposal. Since no concealment was made in the early dispatches of the gravity of the situation presented by the outbreak of armed hostility to Britain in the former Boer republics, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of this encouraging intelligence. As to the number of Col. Maritz's men in the field, which has been reported as only five hundred, this of course may be a mistake. But it seems clear that the number is not great; and a victory over a part of his little army is already reported in the dispatches. But, whatever the future development of the difficulty may be, nothing is more certain than that the position of Britain in South Africa owes its strength at the present world-crisis to the course pursued by her in winning the confidence and friendship of the Boer nation by conduct that was not only magnanimous, but was dictated by a regard for the fundamental principles of the government of free peoples. Had it not been for this, all South Africa would at this moment be aflame with sedition.

But for the war, the trial at Sarajevo of twenty-five men for the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, which indirectly caused the war, would have attracted the keenest interest. It will be easy to show a connection between the crime and the race feeling of the Servians. But this will be far from proving that Servian officials were in the plot to assassinate the heir presumptive. In a virtual attempt to indict a nation for a murder, therefore, Austria has a difficult task. As to the ultimate responsibility of Servia for the Pan-Servian propaganda, the former Servian Minister to England has just written frankly in the London *Outlook*. The Bosnian feeling, he says, was absolutely spontaneous. Of course, in Servia, "with the full liberty of the press, rights of public meetings, and of associations, there was not wanting agitation for the political union of all the Servian and Croatian people." But veiled as this was, it was hard to attack legally; and it did not create, it only encouraged, sentiment to the north. Whatever light the trial can throw upon all this, will be welcomed by the impartial all over the world.

We cannot believe that the frantic appeals of the Navy League for more ships and men, and Congressman Gardner's demand for an inquiry as to our military helplessness, are going to find a substantial echo from the common people of this country. The spectacle of all Europe in flames is not, in our judgment, going to induce the Americans to squander more millions annually for military purposes, and the burden of extra taxes already called for by the war ought still further to cool those who can see nothing in this but a call to arms, that we may cripple our resources further by military burdens. Rather, recognizing the splendid moral position in which this country finds itself to-day, due in no wise to our fleet or troops, and the prospect that we shall be able profoundly to influence the peace in the direction of disarmament, we do not recall a single argument of moment in any newspaper to the effect that the European war calls upon us to go and do likewise. For-

tunately, as Mr. Wilson proves by his withering reference to Congressman Gardner's alarms as "good mental exercise," he does not propose to be stampeded by a warscaro of the type that has been going on since he was "a boy of ten." What could not the United States do to-day to succor the injured and restore downtrodden Belgium were it to decide to vote no new battleships next year, but to devote the sum that the two authorized this year will cost—about $24,000,000—to the humanitarian work!

President Wilson's letter in praise of the work of Congress, during its record-breaking session, neccssarily goes over familiar ground. Yet his literary skill enables him to give his presentation an air of freshness. He frankly makes his appeal one for his party, declaring that the Democratic organization is at present the only instrument which the country can use effectively to get done what it wants done at Washington. It would be hard to gainsay this. A time-honored Republican argument has been that, with the Senate and the Executive secure for one party during two years to come, it would be folly to turn over the House to the other party. The result could be only working at cross-purposes with nothing accomplished. This is, in effect, the argument which President Wilson now employs in asking the voters to elect next month a House in sympathy with the Administration. Republicans will not, of course, be deterred by any mere dread of inconsistency from affirming that this is wholly unsound; but the fact remains that they held it a perfectly sound appeal when Republican Presidents used it. Another of their chickens coming home to roost they may detect in Mr. Wilson's warning against "turning back the hands of the clock." Col. Roosevelt might almost allege this to be an infringement of his own patent. The clock, however, has a way of keeping on striking the hour, whether parties or leaders come or go.

None of the amendments with which the Republicans tried to hamper the Philippines bill had any effect in preventing its passage by a large majority. Friends of the measure derive particular gratification from the defeat, without debate or roll-call, of the most important proposal, that of Representative Towner of Iowa. It would have exempted from the bill the territory occupied by "the Moros, or other non-Christian tribes," and would have permitted these peoples to maintain their tribal organization under the supervision of a new Philippine Commission appointed in Washington. It is true that the Moros, whose rebellion in Sulu in 1913 is still remembered, constitute from social and governmental points of view a peculiar problem; but it is a problem which can be solved at least as well by their fellow-Filipinos as by Americans. The essential purpose of the Jones bill is to give to the Philippine Legislature, preponderantly native in both branches, full legislative powers throughout the islands on matters not affecting tariff, currency, and public lands, under the restriction of Congressional veto; and there is no reason for suddenly limiting these powers to a portion of the archipelago. The bill in its present form, carried into effect with the coöperation of Governor-General Harrison, should give the people the fullest possible experience in handling their own affairs.

A frightful disclosure of turpitude is that which the Republican Congressional Committee has been making. Who would have thought that President Wilson's real motive in bringing about the repeal of the Panama tolls-exemption clause was to get money for the Democratic Congressional campaign fund? But this is what these Republican Sherlock Holmeses have found out. It appears that Andrew Carnegie and his Peace Foundation, and James J. Hill and his Pacific railways, and Woodrow Wilson with the power of the Presidency in his hands—that these three deliberately got together and sandbagged the exemptions clause; and that Wilson's share of the swag is to be the financing of the Democratic campaign for the control of the next Congress. The gentlemen who put forward this story appear to have been so sure that it would strike everybody as the most likely thing in the world that anything like proof was quite unnecessary. But of fine mouth-filling phrases there is no lack. "So it was that a common cause was made between President Wilson and these two foremost representatives of the predatory interests"—that does very well; and so also does this: "Free tolls went down to defeat amid the unsuppressed exultation of the Hills and the Carnegies." The thing is more absurd than it is amusing; and yet we indulge the hope that, if it accomplishes nothing else, it will afford the President a moment's merriment in these sombre days.

In his address on Tuesday as president of the American Bar Association, Mr. Taft took the usual wide survey of public events and current legislation. His references to the European war were mainly for the sake of giving high praise to President Wilson, whose course had been such as not to "sacrifice and destroy the great leverage for successful mediation" which this country may yet be able to exercise. The item of Congressional law-making upon which Mr. Taft chiefly dwells is the Clayton bill. His verdict upon it, as a whole, is not unfavorable; though, as regards the labor-exemption clauses, far as they are from going the dangerous lengths first demanded, he remarks that they are almost certain to disappoint the extremists, while throwing new burdens upon the courts. Naturally, the former judge and President dwells with satisfaction upon the dying out of the agitation for the recall of judicial decisions. This even leads him into a witticism. Observing that these "unwise and dangerous proposals" were "incorporated in the platform of the Progressive party," he adds:

> The leader of that party has felt called upon to declare that they were the rock upon which it was founded, and were essential to the efficacy of every other one of the reforms which the platform of the party set forth and advocated. It would appear that the party which fathered these proposals now finds that, instead of being the rock on which it is founded, it is, to change the metaphor, the rock on which it founders.

This ought to prompt another of those letters of the Colonel to "Dear Bill."

Without prejudging the case which the railways presented on Monday to the Interstate Commerce Commission, in their request for an authorization of certain increases in rates, it is fair to point out two important considerations. A question asked by one Commissioner was whether the railway business, confessedly hard hit by the war, was to be treated differently from other forms of business. Why should not transportation companies take their medicine like other people? But other corporations are protecting their stockholders and their creditors, so far as they can, by raising prices. The railways arc not allowed to do this. That is the reason why they have to apply to the Commission for permission to do what other business men can do, so far as the state of trade admits, on their own motion. Another argument put forward by the railways is even more powerful. When the Commission, in its decision of last July, granted the railways some slight increases in rates, it justified its refusal of the entire 5 per cent. on the ground that financial conditions

were improving. It conceded that "during the world-wide financial stringency prevailing in 1913, the railroads . . . found it difficult to secure loans, however good the security"; but it added that, "with the growing ease in the money markets, this difficulty has largely disappeared." If this was true at the time, it notoriously is not so today. It would appear, therefore, that the railways have a right to appeal strongly to the Commission on the basis of its own admissions in July. Then it thought that there was "little foundation" for the view that the railways would "encounter great difficulty in renewing their maturing short-term notes and other obligations unless investors were assured that the carriers' revenues would be increased immediately." At present, the foundation for that view is manifest to all.

Full of unusual things as the *Congressional Record* is wont to be, even the date-line prefacing its contents has lately invited special attention. That for the issue of Monday, October 5, 1914, for example, immediately above the record for the Senate, reads: "Legislative day of Monday, September 28, 1914." By going a little further back, the attentive reader will notice that the legislative day of September 5 actually lasted until September 15, when Senator Burton forced an adjournment. The explanation is that the Senate leaders, to hasten legislation, have adopted the practice of recessing for day after day; thus eliminating the chaplain's prayer, the reading of the journal, and the introduction of petitions, memorials, and general resolutions. The saving is not inconsiderable, for the "morning hour" has sometimes lasted well after noon. In other small matters the Senate has adopted cuts which should shame the Representatives, as in the old practice of obtaining a quorum by counting as present members who are absent but paired. In the lower body expedition will wait, in some directions, upon the long-agitated use of electric devices for voting and for answering the roll-call by simply pushing a button. The present roll-call consumes thirty-five to forty minutes when the title "Mr." is used before each name, and twenty-five whenever it is not. For certain of these time-saving devices arrangements have long since been made, and the forthcoming adjournment until December should permit of their installation.

La Follette is vigorously supporting for Governor of Wisconsin, not the winner in the Republican primary, but an independent candidate. This seems an anomalous position for the father of the direct primary, and the Senator perceives that an explanation is due from him. His explanation is twofold. In the first place, "the reactionaries of the two old parties have secured control on a fluke," the fluke being, presumably, the failure of the voters to exercise their right of second choice, which allowed the standpat candidate to win over a divided Progressive vote. But the portion of the explanation which will go home is that the primary nominee "has openly boasted of his repudiation of the direct primary ever since it became a law," and "has persistently refused to support Progressive Republican candidates nominated by overwhelming majorities." In politics, what your opponent does is lawful for you to do. Atrocity may be met by atrocity. Still, La Follette must realize that any such argument weakens the sacredness of the primary as he has preached it. His position emphasizes the truth, so hard for some of our political reformers to accept, that no mechanism is final; in the last resort, appeal must be made to the voter to do what the best machinery can only make more convenient for him.

The economic side of the probation system is emphasized in a report issued by the Civic Federation of Chicago. Year before last, the earnings of adult probationers in Cook County amounted to $540,000, and the amount of restitution made by them was something more than $20,000. Last year, their earnings were more than triple those named, the amount of restitution being $33,000. On the moral side of the system, the report is equally commendatory, pointing out the advantage of the opportunity for reëstablishing one's self without undergoing the stigma that imprisonment inevitably means. One defect is mentioned in the operation of the probation arrangements. "There have been instances," says the report, "where overworked judges have been prevailed upon to release prisoners on probation who are old offenders and should have been sent to prison. Such abuses are a menace to public safety, inadvertent though they be." A system that has resulted in a saving of well over two millions of dollars in two years would seem to deserve the expenditure of a few thousand dollars for additional judges in order to render it still more profitable, morally as well as financially.

That race prejudice should go so far as to prevent the sale of a white church to colored people because it is in "too good a district" seems almost incredible; yet it has actually done so in Richmond. The Immanuel Baptist Church had sold its property to colored people, apparently in the belief that no place was too good to worship in. But the Common Council knew better, and promptly passed a special ordinance which, if upheld by the courts, will prevent the colored people from carrying on religious observances within the sacred precincts at Fifth and Leigh Streets. Thus we have another deliberate interference with personal liberty of both whites and colored people through special legislation of the most obnoxious kind. We do not know if the black reconstruction Legislatures, to whom the South owes its public-school system, ever did anything like this, but it is easy to imagine how they were portrayed as shamelessly abusing power and authority if they did. What an outcry would rise to high Heaven were colored people to interfere in the slightest degree with the desires of whites! This reaction in Richmond, when it desires to be known as a progressive, up-to-date city, recalls the fact that just now they are quoting in India these words of a distinguished native as a reason for the marked loyalty to Great Britain in its present distress: "When I think of the large negro populations in the United States, as the republican Americans treat and govern them, I thank God that I am a British subject."

That the same American composer should twice in three years win a $10,000 prize for the best native opera argues well for his work, but may also argue something for the poverty of the competition. It is to be hoped that Professor Parker's "Fairyland" will have more of the elements which make for popular favor and for stage permanence than "Mona," which received the $10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1911. The decision of a jury, it has been said with some justice, is a good deal of a lottery; but to men honestly fired by the aspiration to do something for American drama or opera, the fact that such an impartial and competent body, unmoved by many of the commercial motives which appeal to managers, is to pass upon their work, counts for far more than the opportunity of winning a large prize in money.

NEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The cry of suffering and agony that comes to us from across the ocean finds us in a condition in which the needs of our own humane and charitable works are unusually pressing, and in which the resources for meeting those needs are materially impaired. In this state of things, it is not surprising that in one quarter and another voices are raised in protest against sending to the stricken peoples of Europe funds that might be applied to the relief of poverty at home or to the maintenance of those permanent works of social betterment which depend for their support on private generosity.

With the solicitude lest our own poor should be neglected, lest we fail in our duty to the thousands thrown out of employment through no fault of their own, lest injury may come to activities directed to the welfare of large classes and dependent for their effectiveness upon continuous maintenance—with this we are in the heartiest sympathy. Every person of right instincts should feel that whatever he has been contributing for charitable and humane work at home in past years, he must do that and more at a time of trial like the present. If he has to cut down his expenses, let him cut down first those which relate to his own indulgences and luxuries; let him reserve to the last that parsimony which consists in stinting the dole he has been in the habit of giving to those infinitely less fortunate than himself, and now in more need than ever. But to say that everybody should give at home as much as he has been in the habit of giving, and more, is a very different thing from saying that in order to give at home he should harden his heart or shut his mind to the appeal of unspeakable distress and desolation from across the sea. To fail in sending to the desolated sufferers in Europe, and especially in Belgium, contributions on a scale in some degree corresponding to our wealth, our luxury, our vast expenditure for selfish indulgences, would be a disgrace. To recommend that we should so fail is to offend against an instinct of compassion that will not be gainsaid.

Moreover, we do not believe that, as a matter of fact, the giving to the war-stricken sufferers of Europe does interfere in any perceptible degree with the giving at home. While we are piling up those funds with a fair degree of rapidity, the whole number of contributors to them is not very great. What is interfering with the collection of money needed by the various charitable enterprises and associations at home is a wholly different thing. The state of business, actual or prospective stoppage of dividends, inability to collect debts—such are the causes that really operate on a large scale to check the customary flow of giving. It is not because a man has given to the Belgian fund, but because he doesn't know what his investments are worth, or because his business has ceased to yield its usual income, that he thinks of holding back his customary aid to this or that good work. And it is to this disposition that exhortations not to fail in the duty of the hour should be addressed. The feeling is easy to understand, but it is none the less wrong. There are, of course, a certain number of cases in which losses are so serious as to amount to positive embarrassment; but as a rule the rich are still rich, the well-to-do still well-to-do, the comfortable still comfortable; and each and all—with the exception already noted—can, if they only choose, keep up their usual charitable donations, and even increase them, without suffering. It is merely a little imagination, a little realization of the true proportion of things, that is necessary. Aside from an extremely small number of persons, what people usually give is not in any true sense a sacrifice at all; and if at the present time the giving should assume somewhat of that character, is that any more than the occasion calls for? It ought to be a source of gratification to every right-minded man that, when the needs of the poor and unfortunate, in a time of extraordinary trial, demanded that he make something of an inroad on his own satisfactions, he did not hesitate to do that simple duty.

What well-to-do Americans are called upon to do is at best but an insignificant fraction of what would be demanded if we were ourselves at war. Millions in Europe are starving or homeless, hundreds of thousands of our own people are suffering from unemployment, and our permanent charitable and humane enterprises are having a hard time keeping up their sorely needed work. The spirit the time demands is one of generosity and large-mindedness and unselfishness. The question is not to which we shall give, but how much we shall give. Don't rob Peter to pay Paul; go down into your own pocket and pay both—even if it costs an effort, even if the pocket is not so full as usual. The need is exceptional, extraordinary, of a kind that comes only when the world is under the pall of a great calamity. Don't go about as though nothing of the kind existed; don't insist that because you have been hurt a little you cannot afford to do anything for those who have been struck down. Give to those causes which most appeal to you. But above all give generously; that is the one thing needful. If this spirit should spread as it ought to, there will be no need to trouble overmuch as to the particular allotment of the gifts.

THE WAR AND CREDULITY.

The chief duty of Americans, while the war in Europe is going on, has been many times said to be that of observing strict neutrality. In a public way, and officially, this may be true. But so far as the attitude of private citizens is concerned, there are other duties which come first. One of these is to preserve our intellectual integrity; to form our judgments on the basis of ascertained fact and reasonable probability; not to take rumor for proof; and, in general, to keep our heads at a time when it is so easy to let them be blown off our shoulders. Among the evil effects of the war has been a great temporary heightening of human credulity. Men are found to believe anything. Trifles light as air are retailed as if they were proofs from Holy Writ.

In regard to both the origin and the conduct of the war an immense mass of contradictory reports and assertions has been put before the public. It should have been subjected to tests of evidential values. Scraps torn from their context should have been put back in their rightful place. Gossip should not have been taken as the equivalent of testimony under oath and subject to cross-examination. Evidence at second or third hand should not have been put on the level of affidavits by eye-witnesses. Yet we all know how far these merely ordinary rules of caution in coming to a verdict have been disregarded. Nor is it simply the unthinking newspaper-reading public that has shown itself credulous in the extreme. Public men, clergymen, university professors have gulped down incredible stories. In fact, a large part of the controversy provoked by the war has been on the basis of unproved allegations or statements which could easily be shown to be false—on matter, that is, which in a court of justice would speedily be ruled out as irrelevant or unsupported. With the great war debate raging all over the world, there is nobody to hold the disputants to facts and logic, or to tell them that they will not be heard unless they confine themselves to the law and the testimony.

In consequence of the resulting confusion, all kinds of sudden discoveries or revelations of supposed secrets get, not only a hear-

ing, but acceptance as conclusive proofs of who and what caused the war. Anybody who has heard something or seen something which he regards as highly significant brings it forward. For example, we are just now in receipt of a letter from a highly esteemed German correspondent who thinks he has discovered proof that England had decided to declare war on Germany several days before the official action was taken. He was in the Canary Islands at the time, having landed at Teneriffe on July 28. Three days later he found himself in Puerto Oratava, where there is a small English colony. He proceeds with his personal experience:

> August 2 was a Sunday. That morning a Scotch lady, stopping at my hotel (there were but very few guests at the time), returned from church in great excitement, and, though our acquaintance was of the slightest, came up to me and said: "You ought to know this, sir. The English Consul has received official notification that England is going to go to war with Germany." I asked her how she knew, and she continued: "The Consul told us just now at church, after the service. There is no doubt about its being so. The English firms here know it since yesterday." I asked her how the firms knew, and she replied: "The Consul told them yesterday morning. Some clerks have already been discharged; everybody feels terribly disheartened. Business here will be ruined," etc. The following day a young Englishman told me he had been working all day Sunday, unloading a partly loaded fruit steamer. When I asked for the reason, he replied: "Why, don't you know we are going to make war on Germany?" On August 6 an English steamship, with some eighty-odd passengers, arrived from Liverpool that had been escorted all the way by a warship. It is a six or seven day voyage.

Here, then, was damning evidence that the English Government had early determined to attack Germany, and had so notified its Consuls in advance! We scarcely need point out that this confident inference by our correspondent is entirely unwarranted, *pace* his excited Scotch lady. All that his evidence shows is that England was doing, what doubtless every other European country was doing at the moment—namely, warning its diplomatic and consular service that there was imminent danger that the peace of Europe might be ruptured. Not to have done so would have been a gross oversight. All the world had known for more than a week—ever since the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, especially after Austria's declaration of war upon Servia—that the peril of a general war was acute. It was an elementary duty to put Ambassadors and Consuls at a distance on their guard. England did it like all the rest; and this is really all that our German friend discovered in the Canary Islands. What the English Government was actually doing at the time, in the critical negotiations with Germany and France and Russia, we know from the published official correspondence. Whatever word it sent to Teneriffe, must have fitted in with the word it was sending to Paris and St. Petersburg and Berlin. The really vital witnesses in the case are Sir Edward Grey and the German Chancellor and the Kaiser and the Czar and the various Ambassadors, whose language and attitude at the time we know, not an alarmed Scotch lady in the Canary Islands.

This particular instance is of small importance. It illustrates, however, the tendency we referred to, and to which we see so many yielding. It is partly a romantic tendency. We hate to stick to prosy fact and document. There must be some thrilling mystery, some plot, some stage-villain. It is also, in part, what John Fiske called the myth-making tendency. Plain tales will not do when we can just as well have brilliant fancies. And so we get Sir Valentine Chirol now convinced that the official papers shown to him a few years ago at the German Foreign Office were either garbled or forged. We get also the *Allgemeine Zeitung* with its vague secret Russian dispatches. Now, against all this, it is necessary to maintain a resolutely skeptical attitude. Keeping the mind open does not mean that we must permit our brains to be swept clear of reason by every idle surmise that blows. The war has brought a great rush of many kinds of human weaknesses; but we ought to do our best to prevent it from causing fresh inroads of credulity and superstition.

CLINGING TO WILSON'S COAT-TAILS.

Some rather amusing evidences are given of the way in which Democratic Congressmen, standing for reëlection, are depending upon President Wilson to pull them through. One Representative has sent broadcast through his district two letters. The first is a reprint of what the President wrote in September to the Chairman of the Democratic National Congressional Committee, stating that he felt it his duty to refrain from political campaigning, and to "stick to his job" in Washington. With this goes a letter from the Representative himself. In it he explains how his determination to stay in Washington and hold up the President's hands has prevented him from being "among my constituents" as frequently as usual. But he doubts not that they will approve his course. After pointing out the great work which has been done by Congress, he closes with a delightful personal touch:

> It is possible that there may be some matters in which you are especially interested that could be adjusted before this session of Congress ends. If there be any, kindly let me know at once, and I shall be pleased to serve you in any way in my power.

All this Democratic unanimity just now in saying ditto to Wilson is a growth of the past three months. Close observers in Washington early in the summer noted many signs of active discontent with the President, if not hostility to him, on the part of Democratic Congressmen. There he was holding them to their work when they wanted to go home. He was insisting upon further legislation in which they had small interest, and for which the country was displaying no enthusiasm. Moreover, business was not good, and the drift was against the party in power. Was there ever such stubbornly mistaken leadership? With such angry questions asked in the committee-rooms of Congress, and with all kinds of muttered dislike of the President given expression in Washington clubs and at dinners, it was only a question of time, so it was thought, when something like an avowed revolt would break out within the party.

Over the spirit of this dream, however, a change came suddenly. Instead of complaining that they were kept so long in the heated capital, Congressmen went in droves to the White House to volunteer staying in session indefinitely. And they began to send messages to their districts, in advance of the primaries, something to this effect: "Of course, boys, I should like to come home and make a square fight for renomination, but so long as the President wants me here, I must stand by him. I am only one Representative, to be sure, and can't do very much, but whatever I can do to help our heroic leader in this great crisis, I am going to do. If my people choose to turn me down for this, that's all right."

Needless to say, these moving appeals were usually successful in helping procure renomination. Equally needless is it to point out the reason for the marked change of heart in many of these Democratic Congressmen. They had seen the President rise to the unexpected and multiplied and severe demands thrust upon him by the war in Europe. They had seen him meet emergency after emergency with rapid but cool decision. Most significant of all, they had noted the way in which the country had shown full and grateful recognition of the high qualities displayed by the President. Why, the man was immensely popular! That was enough for the doubting Congressmen; and they instantly proceeded to hitch their wagons to the Presi-

dential star. It at once became obvious that the whole aspect of the political campaign was changed. The Republican hopes wilted under the Wilson sun. And Democratic managers and speakers began everywhere to make all their efforts appear to be to obtain an electoral endorsement of the President. Even his inveterate enemies among the bosses, like Nugent and Smith in New Jersey, threw up the sponge, and with grave faces aligned themselves with Wilson's supporters.

This remarkable political transformation has naturally left the Republicans a little dazed and uncertain of their tactics. How to attack a President whom everybody is praising? How nicely to discriminate, so that the voters will understand, between the leader of the Democratic party, whom all Republicans are bound to belittle, and the head of the nation in a great crisis, whom all the people are commending? It is a new and puzzling kind of campaigning which the Republicans are called upon to undertake. The old unqualified and swingeing epithets cannot be used. Yet to split hairs 'twixt north and northwest side is a poor way of campaigning. One brilliant diversion has been attempted by a Republican newspaper in Boston. It comes out with round denunciations of the Democrats for seeking to make party capital out of the great services of the President to the nation at a time of European war. The fame thus acquired ought, it appears, to be laid away in amber, as it were, and kept as a thing too precious to be thrown into party conflicts. But the more one looks at this argument the more one fears that it would be received only with laughter by people of ordinary sense. They will be apt to say that if they are asked to pass upon the President, they are entitled to take him for all that he is and has done; not to cast their votes thinking only of those things in him which the Republicans do not like.

THE CHURCH AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

There are peculiar reasons why Brown University's celebration of 150 years of full life invites a survey of the course of denominational education in America. Of the half-dozen colleges founded in America before the Revolution, Brown was the one most closely connected with wide ecclesiastical influences. Harvard was primarily the child of Boston, Kings of New York, Pennsylvania of Philadelphia; Princeton's charter of 1748 contained no denominational stipulations. Brown, however, while gaining a local impulse from the previous residence at Newport of the great Bishop Berkeley, was founded on Baptist endeavors which stretched from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The first step was taken in 1762 by the Baptist Association of Philadelphia; and support came from the Baptists of both Old and New Worlds. Brown University, moreover, may still be held to retain more of her ecclesiastical ties than her contemporaries; her presidents have all been ministers of the Baptist Church, and a majority of the trustees must also belong to that denomination. A university which has grown until its graduates number nearly 8,000; which has given the country laymen like Horace Mann, John Hay, Richard Olney, and Charles E. Hughes, and which is no more connected in the popular mind with any denomination than is the Baptist-founded University of Chicago, still looks with gratitude to the influences which established and nourished it.

In the history of Brown University, again, there is much that is typical of all the more important of the other colleges founded by church action. To those with no special knowledge of the subject, the number of our half-thousand institutions thus founded will be surprising. In the East, and especially the East before 1850, the influence of the churches is recognized. The great majority of the colleges were religious in origin. Yet in the South the record is as striking. By the middle of the century the Presbyterians could list Hampden-Sidney, Davidson, Erskine, Oglethorpe, and Center; the Baptists, Richmond, Wake Forest, Furman, Mercer, Howard, and Union; the Methodists, Randolph-Macon, Emory of Virginia, Henry, Trinity, Le Grange, and Emory of Georgia. In the West peculiar reasons made all the early colleges of Illinois and most of those of Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan religious; the people were poor, the populations diverse, materialism was rampant, and culture was best represented by theologians from the East who could obtain funds from the older States. Western Reserve was Presbyterian; Oberlin originated in a movement lamenting the "degeneracy of the church"; Marietta, Northwestern, and many more were denominational. Until the rise of the State Universities, they alone educated the people. And in virtually all of those which underwent any growth the tendency has been the same as at Brown.

The decay of the denominational impulse which might have been expected to persist in schools like Kenyon, or De Pauw, or Wabash, or Grinnell, or Dartmouth, if not in larger ones, was inevitable, and was often contemplated by the churches. Such schools were their offering to humanism and culture; they had no desire to keep them in leading strings. The purpose behind them was an enthusiastic motive of social betterment rather than one narrowly religious and sectarian. It must be pointed out, however, that in the country at large a great change in public opinion accompanied the growth of many colleges into a broader, freer air, and the rapid eclipse of others which refused to expand. General sentiment, the educator, Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, remarks in his autobiography, was once "almost unanimous in favor of entrusting the higher education to institutions established and controlled by religious people, rather than to those founded and governed by any political body." Against this sentiment militated the natural growth of the broadly social purpose of the larger colleges; the weakening of orthodoxy during the mid-century, and the patent failure of some colleges dominated by sectarian rivalries. Had the Christian bodies united, they might frequently have perpetuated large institutions primarily religious in foundation. But "after a time intelligent men, seeing the denominations entirely incapable of uniting," began to turn to institutions secularly endowed, or towards the State, "as the only hope for great and well-equipped seats of learning."

In some sections are still found colleges whose main excuse for being is their sectarian connection; they draw their support from it, and sometimes hide academic deficiencies under propagation of religious doctrine. In many such colleges the narrowness of the denominational connection is gradually being sloughed off. The process is, of course, one to be carried through in proper spirit. "Primarily," remarks President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation, "the college authorities ought to face fairly the question, 'What does our denominational connection mean to us?' If it means a real gain to the spiritual and intellectual life of the college, . . . the inquiry can go no further." But the real goal of the college is that which Brown set for itself at the start, in its charter declaration—the hope to form "the rising generation to virtue, knowledge, and useful literature"; to be attained by cherishing full and absolute freedom of conscience.

Chronicle of the War

It has become almost a commonplace to remark that the most notable feature of this war is the absence of definite victories or defeats. There have been plenty of actions on a large scale which in other wars would have been of sufficient importance to hasten measurably a definite issue to the campaign. These have been fought and won, or lost, but in relation to the whole campaign their importance has been almost insignificant. The Russians are defeated at Tannenberg, the Germans at Augustowo, the Austrians in Galicia, on a scale comparable to Waterloo; yet these are but skirmishes on the flanks of the great line of battle. We must speak in terms not of battles, but of campaigns; no subdivision can properly be made.

When, therefore, we read that the battle of the Aisne may be considered as ended and another battle in Flanders begun, we know that this is merely a convenient fashion of speaking to emphasize the fact that we have entered on a new phase of the campaign. The battle of the Aisne is obviously not terminated, because fighting is still in progress along this line, and neither side has gained a definite advantage. What is meant is that the centre of interest has shifted from the operations on the Aisne to those in Flanders. Only by a distortion of the meaning of words can it be held that the battle of the Aisne has resulted in victory for the Allies, but it has resulted in a change of the German strategical plan. The beginning of the siege of Antwerp may be considered to have marked the abandonment of the plan for a direct march on Paris. That was checked by the Allies' resumption of the offensive at the Marne and by the failure of the German offence on the Aisne. An alternative plan, then, had to be evolved. The objective is still Paris, but the route is down the coast of Belgium and northern France, to Havre and Rouen, and thence eastward up the valley of the Seine to the capital.

In its initial stages, as we saw last week, the German plan prospered. Antwerp was reduced in a surprisingly short time; a considerable portion of the Belgian army and a fair sprinkling of the British reinforcements which had been sent, as we must think by a mistake in judgment, to its assistance, were put out of action; the rest of the defending forces made good their escape only by forced marches and after a harassing retreat; the besieging army, consisting, at a conservative estimate, of between two and three army corps, was freed for service on the main line of battle. Bruges was occupied on October 14 and German troops marched without resistance into Ostend on the following day. The triumphant progress down the coast had begun; Dunkirk was to go next, then Calais. Not only would the German hosts be well advanced on their circuitous route to Paris, but from the port in which England has always retained an almost proprietary interest they could look across the Channel and glimpse the terrain of the most hated of their enemies.

That plan seems, for the present at any rate, to have been checked, but it was well conceived and how nearly it came to succeeding has only been made known since the danger was averted. Last week there was a noticeable tightening in the censorship, veiling the efforts that were being made to cut off the Belgian forces and the new British army (at the numbers and quality of which we can still only guess) on the northern coast. A dash for Calais was apparently made from Lille, and the Allied lines were forced back as far as St. Omer, twenty-five miles east of Calais. Could the attack have been pressed home to the coast city the capture of the British and Belgian forces in the Northwest must have ensued. At St. Omer, however, the line held and, the dash having been checked, the weight of numbers told. The German offensive from Lille was forced back a distance of thirty miles to Armentières and virtually on its base. The Belgian army along the Yser, from Nieuport, on the coast, ten miles south of Ostend, to Dixmude, ten miles to the southeast, also held, and was able to join with the British at Ypres and Armentières. These two armies have now linked up with the main Allied army and form its left wing, while an extension of the left is afforded by British battleships which are coöperating with the land forces. The line, then, may be imagined as extending almost due north and south, from Nieuport to Arras, and thence again due south to the point where it bends eastward at Noyon. There is a bend, however, in the north represented by the triangle Dixmude, Ypres, Roulers. The Belgians are reported to have reached this last place, and the position would seem to indicate an effort on the part of the Allies to drive a wedge through the German right cutting off the forces around Bruges and Ostend.

During the past week the right wing of the Allies has emerged from the comparative obscurity in which it has been shrouded and we hear of interesting operations around Verdun and in Alsace. Even Metz has come into the news, and reports from Paris on Friday stated that the French held the road from Nancy to Pagny, on the Lorraine frontier, about twelve miles from Metz. The Germans still hold St. Mihiel, but slight French gains in that region have been reported day by day. The constant failure of German attacks on Verdun seems curious by comparison with their success against other equally well fortified positions. The explanation probably is that this eastern barrier of fortresses has been held throughout the war by the French in enormous force. If reinforcements were required on the left, it was not from here that they were taken; evidently Gen. Joffre has regarded the impregnability of this line as a vital matter in his campaign. At the same time there is a strong presumption, from the fact that the Germans have here apparently been for some time acting entirely on the defensive, that their forces have been weakened to some extent in order that reinforcements might be sent to the west. The French appear now to have assumed a vigorous offensive in this region as well as in Alsace, and it is possible that before long the centre of interest may be shifted from the left of their line to the right. In Alsace they are well over the border, occupying Thann in the south, and a line between Le Bonhomme and Sulzern further to the north.

Since the sinking of the three British cruisers, Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue, by a German submarine, on September 22 there has been but little to record of naval operations. The past week, however, has been an exciting one at sea. On October 16 the cruisers Theseus and Hawke, on patrol duty in the North Sea, were attacked by a German submarine. The Theseus escaped, but the Hawke was sunk, with a loss of life estimated at 327 officers and men. In conformity with the orders of the Admiralty, after the disaster to the three other cruisers, no attempt was made by the Theseus to rescue the crew of her sister ship. The Hawke makes the fifth British warship lost by submarine attack.

The news of the disaster appears to have been the signal in England for a renewal of the outburst of protest against the "inactivity" of the fleet which greeted the former disaster. That there should be a feeling of irritation at the inability of the ships under the command of Sir John Jellicoe to execute to the letter the orders with which they were sent forth, to "capture or destroy the enemy," is perhaps understandable, but it is nevertheless in the highest degree illogical. The service which the fleet has so far performed has not been of that picturesque quality which appeals to the imagination, but it has been a very vital service for the welfare of England and it is difficult to see what else the fleet could have done. Clearly, to rush into the Kiel Canal and make an heroic attack on the German fleet in its home waters would be merely suicidal. As things are, except for guerrilla attacks by submarines, the German fleet has been rendered virtually non-existent and the seas have been kept open to English commerce and closed to German. The fact that Englishmen are able to eat three square meals a day is due almost entirely to that nerve-racking, silent watch which their ships are keeping in the North Sea.

The British fleet rather more than evened up its account with the German, and possibly did something to appease public opinion at home, by sinking four German destroyers off the Dutch coast on October 17. The British ships engaged in this action were a cruiser and four torpedo-boat destroyers, and the Admiralty's announcement of the British loss in the engagement was one officer and four men wounded. Even allowing for the numerical superiority of the British, the result of this, as of other engagements that have taken place in the open, clearly demonstrates the greater efficiency of British sailors in gunnery. That the German destroyers should have been able to inflict virtually no damage at all on the enemy is rather astonishing.

Dispatches from the eastern area of fighting have been meagre and, as usual, somewhat contradictory. They enable us, however, to gain a fair idea of the development of the situation and the alignment of the armies. The report which we accepted last week, that Przemysl had been relieved, turns out to have been inaccurate. The fortress is still besieged and has been desperately assaulted, but is holding out. The great battle along the East Prussian frontier and from there following the course of the Vistula and the San Rivers into Galicia is still in its preliminary stages. The German plan obviously requires that they shall obtain a decisive victory here before the hard winter sets in. Troops would then be released for service in the west, where through the milder winter of France operations may be continued without serious handicap.

Foreign Correspondence

GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND—"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON"—COMMANDEERING HUNTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 10.

The outbreak of the war was accompanied by active proceedings taken by the police against the horde of spies in a variety of disguises living in this country on the pay of an avowedly friendly Power. They were promptly and sharply dealt with. The cleverest, most highly placed, and therefore most valuable spy remains at large. During his frequent visits to this country the Kaiser, treated as an honored guest, enjoyed exceptionally full opportunity of spying out the land. Military manœuvres arranged for his pleasure enabled him with trained eye to gauge the value of the forces. Naval reviews were organized in the same lavish manner. He is not the kind of man to have missed or minimized opportunities thus generously thrust upon him.

I happen to have been a witness of his methods on such occasions. In 1889, during one of his visits to this country, a great naval review at Spithead was arranged in his honor. Among the mammoth liners drawn to the scene was the Teutonic, crowded with a distinguished company, the guests of Thomas Ismay, chairman of the White Star Line. On the morning of the second day of the review the Kaiser, escorted by the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, came aboard and was conducted by Mr. Ismay over the great ship about to make her maiden trip across the Atlantic. The Teutonic was one of the first passenger boats built under Admiralty regulations with the intention of being turned into swift armed cruisers in time of war. A few quick-firing guns were already placed in position about her decks. I chanced to be standing near one of these when the Kaiser in the course of inspection came by. His eye lighting on the gun, he abruptly stopped and made close inspection of the novel arm. As he turned away he, speaking in English, sharply said to one of his suite, "We must have some of those, and quickly too."

"The Lights o' London," which in mid-Victorian times effectually flashed on the stage, are just now turned depressingly low. A native returning home after three months' absence, ignorant of what had happened in the interval, would, taking an after-dinner walk down Fleet Street or other thoroughfares, come to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with the electric lights. We have not yet got back into the stage of the oil lamp which appropriately illuminated London when George III was King. But the appearance of familiar ways is just now reminiscent of what we lived through when gas was our sole illuminating power, and the managers of the gas companies had not yet been wakened up by the discovery of electric light to the necessity of bestirring themselves if they were to hold their own against the newcomers.

A month ago the Home Secretary, under powers conferred upon him by the Defence of the Realm Regulations, ordered a lowering of the lights in all the streets. This week the order has been enforced with greatly increased severity. The inside lighting of shop windows is ruthlessly lessened. In all the principal streets and on the river bridges, formerly flambeaux of brilliant lighting, the continuity of illumination is broken up by here and there extinguishing groups of lamps. The electric light flaring on lofty buildings, bold advertisement of whiskey, tea, coffee, and other articles of domestic commerce, no longer illuminates the banks of the river or the public thoroughfares. This precaution against the German habit of dropping bombs on defenceless masses of population has extended to towns on the seacoast. At all the principal watering places along the English Channel notices have been served upon householders and shopkeepers directing them to show as little light as possible in rooms which face the sea. Doubtless the same order prevails in towns and hamlets on the East Coast of England.

This enforced dwelling in semi-darkness is only one of the minor discomforts in private life arising out of the war. Another was brought under my notice while I was paying a week-end visit to a friend in Kent. He is (or was) a mighty hunter, the chief pride of his far-reaching estate in the loveliest district in the county being his stables. Here, regardless of expense, he homed a stud it would be hard to beat. They were the pride of his life, next to his children his most cherished possession. He told me that within twenty-four hours of the declaration of war he was waited upon by an officer of the Government who commandeered half his stud. Their money value per head was at least £500. "Out of the eight," said the sorrowing master with something suspiciously like tears in his eyes, "there were six I would not have been tempted to sell by an offer of £1,000 each. They gave me £280 for the four, £70 a head, being the maximum price allowed by the War Office. That I didn't mind. But they took away my horses, my daily companions who would feed out of my hand and turned round when I entered the stables to look at me with big, loving eyes." This was bad enough. But four days later the emissary of the War Office paid a second visit and carried off on the same terms the remainder of the stud.

It is obvious from the promptitude with which this individual case was dealt with that in the archives of the War Office were documents in which the possession of every man in town or country owning horses was carefully scheduled. At the time of the Boer War the Government had a useful resource in the stables of the London General Omnibus Company. At a small fee per head the horses were registered, and when war broke out the War Office exercised the option of purchasing them at a sum considerably less than my friend's hunters fetched. It was a well-worn joke in South Africa, happily varying the monotony of ill-luck inevitably following on faulty administration, that the only way to get a trooper's horse to start was to ring a bell in closest possible imitation of the omnibus signal to resume an interrupted journey. At the time Lord Kitchener reached the War Office the omnibus horse in London, as in other centres of big population, was a thing of the past. He, however, found an admirable substitute in motor cars, which have been commandeered as cheerily as if they had four legs instead of as many wheels.

ITALY AND THE EUROPEAN WAR—A PRESENTATION OF THE CASE FOR INTERVENTION.

ROME, September 29.

Italy's position in the Triple Alliance has for long been a source of anxiety to her most thoughtful and patriotic sons. Few will deny that when it was first made, in 1882, and for many years afterwards, it was a useful safeguard against France, then an outspoken malevolent neighbor; that it helped by maintaining the balance of power to secure for a while the peace of Europe, and that especially it enabled Italy to live as an ally in peace with her enemy, Austria. But from the beginning there was a cardinal weakness in this compact from the Italian point of view, in that it gave Italy no security in the Mediterranean. Italians have always, and justly, looked upon England as their friend, and when relations with France began to improve their statesmen were not slow to perceive the necessity of a good and permanent understanding with the two great Mediterranean Powers. Prinetti, as Foreign Minister from 1900 to 1903, came to terms with France and England in regard to Italy's predominating interests in Tripoli quite independently of Germany and Austria. And it will be remembered that at the Conference of Algeciras, in the spring of 1906, Italy's influence was thrown against Germany in favor of England and France.

The growing disfavor in which the Triple Alliance came to be held was strikingly revealed when it was last renewed in November of 1912, nearly two years before it would have expired by limitation. The most authoritative journals in Italy, beginning with the most authoritative of them all, the *Corriere della Sera,* of Milan, were unanimous in condemning so premature and dangerous an hypothecating of Italian interests. Even professed triplicists could show no good reason, from the Italian point of view, why the treaty should have been renewed so long before its term. There can be little doubt that Germany and Austria took advantage of the feeble and supine policy of Giolitti, the Premier, and of di San Giuliano, the Foreign Minister, to renew the compact in their own interests for fear that a later and stronger ministry might raise difficulties.* The immediate reason why they precipitated matters at that particular time was easily divined from the announcement, a few days after the publication of the new alliance, of the success of the Austrian loan. International bankers were evidently unwilling to finance this, in the weak economic condition of Austria then, as now, existing, unless the security of the Dual Monarchy were guaranteed for the term of the loan.

The subsequent conduct of Austria only served to increase the strength of this feeling against an outworn compact thus uselessly and prematurely renewed. Every one knows that the policy of the late Archduke Ferdinand was pro-Slavic even to the point of alienating many Germans. As against the Italian subjects of the monarchy, this policy became a systematic persecution. Within a year, that is, in the summer of 1913, Prince Hohenlöhe, the Governor of Trieste, issued an edict dismissing all Italian subjects em-

*The "Carthage" and "Manouba" incident, which may be called the Trent Affair of the Italo-Turkish War, and in which President, then Premier, Poincaré was much to blame, had just aroused some of the old animosity between Italy and France, and made it easier for Germany and Austria to accomplish their design.

ployed in the public services. Thus many hundreds were thrown out of work, for whom patriotic and charitable societies in Italy undertook to find relief and employment. Intense indignation pervaded the whole country, which steadily grew as the investigations of Italian journalists revealed Hohenlöhe's act as only a part, and not the most important part, of a deeply laid scheme of persecution. Of this I will merely say, without going into details, that it was obviously contrived to make an Italian country impossible for Italians to live in, and to throw it into the hands of Croats and Slavs.

This state of things lasted until the outbreak of the war, when all of a sudden Prince Hohenlöhe saw a great light. Having found himself, it should be observed, under the painful necessity of hanging some of his anti-Italian Slavic agents for complicity in the Serajevo murder, he forthwith proclaimed that Italians were bound by every consideration of sympathy and interest to ally themselves with the Germans and Austrians in a holy war against the Slav. The effect of this announcement upon the Italian public, as well as that of some loud, and unprecedented, *evviva*s for Italy in Vienna, may readily be imagined.

As correspondents of the *Nation* have already written, the Italian Government's proclamation of neutrality met with universal approval; but it was interpreted in different senses. The triplicists and the official Socialist organization soon declared themselves for neutrality to the end of the war. So far as I am aware, not even the most ardent triplicist has ventured to assert that Italy should take up arms for her allies. The Reformist Socialists, on the other hand, the Republicans, and the Nationalists, with other sections of the various constitutional groups, are by this time for war against Germany and Austria. And the chief merit for this stand, in which ideal as well as political considerations have much weight, unquestionably belongs to the new and vigorous Nationalist party.

As early as August 6, writing in the *Idea Nazionale*, the Nationalist organ, Signor R. Forges Davanzati, one of the ablest of the younger generation of Italian publicists, clearly pointed out that the consequences of Austria's and Germany's action should have been, not a promise of neutrality for the present or the future, but the immediate denunciation of the Triple Alliance, which had in effect ceased to exist. Some of the clauses of this treaty are secret, but it is known that it was defensive, not offensive, and that it was based on the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkans. "We had," said Signor Davanzati, "both the right and the duty to make clear our line of conduct as soon as Austria behaved in that manner towards Servia. We had the right and the duty resolutely to affirm both at Vienna and at Berlin that a conflict with Servia would greatly disturb the equilibrium in the Balkans, and would precipitate a European war; and that by reason of both these inevitable consequences, without ample and secure guarantees which the Monarchy has always shown itself unready to concede, Italy not only could not take the part of her allies, but could not even maintain towards them a friendly attitude." The observation has repeatedly been made that a word from the German Emperor while the crisis was maturing would have stayed Austria's hand. Likewise, such firm language as this might have given pause even to the war lords at Vienna and Berlin.

There is no question that at Vienna and Berlin they had deluded themselves into the notion that they could count upon Italy's compliance in whatever warlike enterprise they chose to undertake. They treated her in fact not as an ally but as a vassal. It seems that it was partly in consequence of the assurances of the Austrian Ambassador to the Quirinal, von Merey, that Italy would certainly, though perhaps not willingly, follow her allies into war, partly because he knew that she would not give her consent to further Austrian encroachments in the Balkans, that von Berchtold omitted to inform the Italian Government of his intentions in regard to Servia. The same von Merey, who has lately resigned because the Roman climate did not agree with him, said openly: "Les italiens ne veulent pas marcher avec nous, mais nous les ferons marcher quand même."

Not only could Italy never tolerate the aggrandizement of Austria in the Balkans, but a glance at the map and a moment's reflection will show that a Russo-Servian victory over Austria without the help of Italy, which would mean the winning of the whole of Dalmatia for the Servians, would be only less disastrous. The holders of the Dalmatian coast, with its islands, bays, and inlets, control the Adriatic. The holders of the Italian coast have nothing but sandy beach and watering-places. In any event, Servia, of which all are agreed that Montenegro will soon become a part, will have and will deserve, as the Italians themselves admit, a share in Dalmatia. And she will have it all, in the now probable case of the defeat of Austria, if Italy does not intervene. Italy, also, to control the Adriatic, must own or control Vallona, so that the distracted state of Albania only adds to the complexity and difficulty of the situation.

Such considerations, reiterated in all their changes by the most serious representatives of public opinion, including the sober and conservative *Corriere della Sera*, are having their effect, and the most trustworthy information I can obtain assures me that the best intelligence and patriotism of the country, as well as a numerical majority, are now or soon will be in favor of armed intervention. On the other hand, in addition to the easy-going, timorous bourgeoisie, who sagely reflect that if you go to war you may be worsted, there are influences tending in the opposite direction. Some have convinced themselves, in spite of all probability and of all that the authoritative French, English, and Russian press say to the contrary, that Italy may have what she wants at the end of the war as the price of neutrality. The unhappy "Carthage" and "Manouba" incident above referred to has revived in some Italians the old-time rancors against France. In fact, at the time, M. Barère, the French Ambassador at Rome, said ruefully that it had undone his fourteen years of labor for conciliation. Nor can it be denied that the Foreign Office, by its failure to denounce the alliance at the outset, has put the country in such a position that a tardy intervention will seem to be the result of a cowardly policy of waiting to see which side would win. But it is astonishing how little hostility towards Austria, justified though it be by recent insult and wrong as well as by ancient oppression, has had to do with the formation of public opinion.

Apart from the confirmed triplicists, who are really very few, and the orthodox Socialists, the only opposition to intervention which may be said to belong to a party is that of the Clericals. They are consistently on the side of the Austrians, and have been from the first. Cardinal Bourne, when he was in Rome to attend the Conclave, expressed to an acquaintance of mine his great surprise at the strength and extent of this sentiment. Extreme Clericals see in the downfall or weakening of the Austrian Empire the failure of the last chance for the restoration of the temporal power, while the more moderate ones, in the same eventuality, fear the extension of the Orthodox at the expense of the Catholic faith.

In this attitude, however, it is doubtful if the Clericals are to expect much encouragement from the newly elected Pontiff. Even Pius X showed himself on a number of occasions distinctly friendly to the Slavs. For example, in June of this year he signed a Concordat with Servia establishing an archbishopric at Belgrade in direct relation with the Holy See, instead of depending on the archdiocese of Temesvár, as was the desire of Austria. In 1901 a dispute of the southern Slavs with Austria about the possession of the church and seminary of San Girolamo degli Schiavoni, in Rome, was decided in favor of the Slavs, largely through the efforts of Mgr. Della Chiesa, at that time Sostituto in the Secretariat of State. And in 1912, when a Montenegrin was appointed to the archdiocese of Antivari, which had always been held by an Austrian, the Montenegrins again owed their triumph to Della Chiesa, whom they had chosen to plead their cause, and whom they trusted not only as a canon lawyer of the first rank, but also as a well-proved friend. It is hardly necessary in this connection to dwell upon the tradition of friendship for France which the Pope inherits from Cardinal Rampolla. The Roman Pontiff is, of course, the father and pastor of all the faithful, without difference as to race or nationality. But fathers sometimes have their favorite children, and, at times, particular children have need of special care. At any rate, so experienced a statesman as Benedict XV is not likely to lose the opportunity he now has of reconciling the Holy See with France, where the news of his election was received with profound satisfaction.

The Italian Government, as if its present difficulties were not enough, may soon have to decide a novel and very nice question of international law. The Law of Guarantees, passed in 1871, secures to the Pope complete liberty of correspondence and communication with the outside world, including all convenient immunities and privileges for Ambassadors accredited to the Vatican. But in the debate on the law in Parliament, it was pointed out that, in the event of a war between Italy and a power with a diplomatic representative at the Vatican, his presence in the country could hardly be tolerated. An amendment having been offered, providing for the suspension of this guarantee in time of war, Senator Ruggero Bonghi justly objected that, since war is an abnormal condition in any state, such a provision was useless, and might prove harmful. The amendment was lost, but there is little doubt that, if Italy enters the conflict against her former allies, the Ambassadors to the Holy See of Austria-Hungary, Bavaria, and Prussia will receive their passports. H. E.

The Lust of Empire

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PRESENT WAR—NIETZSCHE AND BERNHARDI AND THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHY OF MIGHT—ENGLISH OPPORTUNISM AND ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS—THE COMPARISON.

I.

There has been, one suspects, a certain change in the attitude of many thoughtful Americans towards the countries that are held most immediately responsible for the war. Their first feeling was a natural one of outrage against the titular rulers of those lands. As the *Nation* exclaimed, in words that have been widely quoted:

> Whatever happens, Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance—to give, on their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre.

But it did not take much reflection to see that, however these crowned bogeys might give the signal, the really maleficent spirit was the militarism which held the governments in its mailed fist and bade emperors and chancellors speak as it wished. And so the *Nation* of October 1, drawing a kind of forlorn hope from history, denounced this "terrible obsession":

> Because Stein and Bismarck drilled and organized, thereby succeeding, everybody must be given over to a passion for drilling and military organization. That this should have finally resulted in the elevation of the soldier above all his fellows, and the apotheosis of war, is a fearful thing, no doubt, but one can understand it. So could one understand the domination of slavery in this country. . . . One long and bloody war made an end of slavery. May we faintly trust the larger hope that another will rid the world of the curse of militarism?

And only a week later we were moved by reading a kind of deprecatory tribute to the patriotism and community of feeling aroused by the war in the whole German people—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the loyalty of those that stayed behind and their readiness to sacrifice all, "the great uplifting of soul on the part of German women."

There, I think, we touch the bottom of the matter. It may be true that the Kaiser and his ally of Austria might have stayed for a while the flaring up of the great conflagration; but sooner or later the spirit of militarism was bound to assert itself pragmatically, and the flames would leap forth. Nor does it seem to me that by militarism we should understand the mere dominance of the military caste, or their levying and drilling of armies in time of peace under the plea of "preparedness for war." It is at least a plausible thesis that these vast preparations rather in themselves retarded than hastened the conflict; just as two quarrelsome boys are quicker to fight than two trained athletes who know the cost of such an engagement. But however that may be, and there is much to say on both sides of the question, it ought to be clear that, for whatever reason, the so-called spirit of militarism has not been confined to a clique of Prussian officers, but has sunk deep into the hearts of the German people. The unanimity of the German press, the documents sent to this country by the most eminent scholars of the universities, the readiness of the leading poets and moralists of the land to condone the worst vandalism of the army—such things as these make it clear that something more is at work here than the machinations of a group of self-seeking soldiers and armament-makers, and that this marvellous unanimity is something different from the patriotism that is solidifying other countries.

All this we of America, who are so far from the contest as to stand as it were in the position of judging posterity, are beginning to perceive and to wonder at; and with the perception our condemnation of German policy grows wider than a mere democratic antagonism to the phantom of arbitrary power, and deeper than abhorrence of the ruthlessness of the Kaiser's troops under the plea of efficiency. This change, if I am right in suspecting its existence, is coming about from late acquaintance, mostly, of course, at second hand, with certain authors who, with almost incredible frankness, give voice to the inner creed of the nation. Above all, the name of Nietzsche is beginning, by the aid of the daily press, to take on a sinister meaning for the man in the street. Now, the gospel of that fanatic is nothing new. It has a respectable following in Russia and France, and through the efforts of a little body of propagandists in London and this country his works have been translated into English and expounded among us with great fervor and some cunning. But we of the English tongue are pragmatists by blood, endowed by nature with a plentiful scorn of philosophical speculation, and only the hammer of events could drive into us a suspicion that a metaphysical theory of life might have a serious influence on a national policy, and, as at once cause and effect, enter into the moulding of a people's character. And doubtless Nietzscheism itself would not have got such a hold in Germany had not a part of the doctrine been haunting the popular ear ever since Luther pronounced war to be "a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work."

Nietzscheism is indeed more than a glorification of war. It is in one sense almost anything you choose to make it, for its author was a master of the various epigram, with little care for verbal consistency, so that from his works the devil or the angels may quote texts with equal conviction, as they are said to quote from better books. But out of his broken discourses, taken as a whole, there does stream a pretty definite tendency of thought and feeling, and this is what has acted dynamically on so many practical minds of his Fatherland. Briefly, the force of Nietzscheism may be summed up thus: A violent repudiation of any faith or tradition which recognizes a power of right and justice lying beyond our impulsive nature and pronouncing a veto on the wilful expansion of that nature; an identification of self-restraint with degeneracy and of self-assertion with health, resulting in a deadening of the response to the value of harmony and proportion and voluntary moderation; a search for happiness in the conquest of others rather than in self-conquest, and a hatred of all sympathy for the weak which would involve even a partial surrender of the privilege of strength; a sharp distinction between the superior individual and the servile horde; a substitution of the Will to Power for the Darwinian Will to Live, with the consequent intensification of the unconscious and instinctive struggle for existence into a battle for conscious mastery; a sharpening of the competition of life, with its self-observed rules of fair play or its traditionally imposed limitations, into a glorification of war as the supreme test of strength, obtaining its justification in success.

Such, then, is the essence of the philosophy distilled by a master mind out of the pragmatism of Luther (whom he praised for his "depth and courage," but denounced for his religiosity), and Frederick the Great (whom he regarded, only less than Napoleon, as the "genius for war and conquest"), and out of the romantic deification of emotional expansion (himself a product of Rousseauism, though writhing in his fetters).

II.

One thing has tended to obscure the influence of Nietzsche. He was no patriot; he even condemned modern Nationalism as a *névrose nationale*, and, for very personal reasons, was most vitriolic against the particular Teutonic brand of chauvinism. "'German intellect,'" he exclaimed at the end of his life, "is my foul air: I breathe with difficulty in the neighborhood of this psychological uncleanliness that has now become instinctive—an uncleanliness which in every word and expression betrays a German," etc., etc. Now, there is something that sounds illogical in glorifying war and cosmopolitanism in the same breath, and certainly there is something not nice for German ears in Nietzsche's vituperative epithets; another mind was needed to make his philosophy thoroughly digestible for the home stomach, and Herr von Treitschke was the man to add the necessary ingredient of chauvinism. This he did in his "Deutsche Geschichte" and in his many lectures and essays, in all of which he really preaches a form of Nietzscheism while denouncing Nietzsche for his betrayal of the Fatherland. The essence of Treitschke's message is thus a tremendous chauvinism, facing the world unveiled and unabashed, facing with particular grimness across the Channel towards the centre of the British Empire. Germany, in his view, has been the great civilizer of mankind and the vigorous purger of shams. "Depth of conviction," he declares, "idealism, univerity, the power to look beyond all the limits of a finite existence, to sympathize with all that

is human, to traverse the realm of ideas in companionship with the noblest of all nations and ages—this has at all times been the German characteristic." Germany should be the leader and ruler of the world, and such she would now be, were it not that, while she has been indulging in dreams of the spirit, England has slyly and treacherously been laying her hand on the outlying regions of the globe and degrading mankind with her materialistic opportunism. But real power cannot always be concealed, and "a thing that is wholly a sham [that is, England, "the great robber-state"] cannot in this universe of ours endure for ever." War is the last revealer of power, and "God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race"; it is something more than a purge; it is, in the words of another militarist, the *schaffendes Weltprinzip*. With England, then, the war will come, the sooner the better; and might, which is also right, will prevail.

Such, it appears, are the ideas that dominate the whole school of what are called the Prussian historians, with Treitschke as their coryphæus. Their works have never really reached English readers, but since the outbreak of war their spirit has become sufficiently known across the Channel by the writings of a retired general of cavalry, Friedrich von Bernhardi,* who is an avowed disciple of Treitschke's. The deep-rooted Nietzscheism of this flamboyant militarist will be clear enough from a few sentences taken at random out of the pages of "Germany and the Next War":

> War is a biological necessity of the first importance. . . . "War is the father of all things." The sages of antiquity long before Darwin recognized this.
>
> "To supplant or to be supplanted is the essence of life," says Goethe, and the strong life gains the upper hand. The law of the stronger holds good everywhere.
>
> It is a persistent struggle for possessions, power, and sovereignty, which primarily governs the relations of one nation to another, and right is respected so far only as it is compatible with advantage.
>
> "Justice," says Goethe aptly, "is a quality and a phantom of the Germans."
>
> The end-all and be-all of a state is power.
>
> Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things.

Such statements as these would no doubt have passed unnoticed in England as being merely ideas and "academic," as would even the repetition of Treitschke's diatribes against British cant and senility, were it not that Bernhardi's most direct and audacious forecast of a war between Germany and Austria on the one side with France, Russia, and England on the other was so suddenly fulfilled and his theory of its strategy so largely carried out. The most impervious British mind could no longer overlook the fact that Germany was, with a vengeance, seeking for herself "a place in the sun," and attempting, as Frederick the Great once said, to *corriger la figure de la Prusse*. And events are proving that the military prophets were right in predicting that, whatever might be the immediate cause of hostilities and whoever might be the allied contestants, the struggle in the end was to be between Germany and Great Britain for empire, for *Weltmacht oder Niedergang*. At least that is overwhelmingly the passion of Germany at the present moment. Every report from that land shows that her desire to make an end forever of the French longing for *revanche* and her need to set a limit to Slavic expansion are almost swallowed up in a fierce hatred of England as the inaccessible obstacle to her lust of empire. Nor should old causes of detestation be forgotten. Long ago I asked a very intelligent German why he so hated England. His answer implied more than he said in words: "Do you remember Thackeray's picture of court life at Pumpernickel in 'Vanity Fair'?" England must be not only crushed but humiliated.

III.

And what of England herself? In a word, the matter lies thus: while in Germany the lust of empire has produced a tremendously efficient instrument of war, her rival, without any such avowed purpose and with no such efficiency, has somehow created an empire. I would not say that the vision of world-power has not floated before the minds of individual Englishmen, and at times stirred vaguely in the popular consciousness. Even in the early eighteenth century a minor poet, Thomas Tickell, could be lifted to eloquence by such a theme:

> Accept, great Anne, the tears their mem'ry draws
> Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause:
> For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
> Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
> Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
> (But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
> Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
> That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.
> Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs pale,
> On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale;
> Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
> On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
> From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand
> Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
> So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
> Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.

That note is not altogether uncommon in English literature; but it is not prevalent, and above all it was never developed into a practical and widely accepted philosophy. As a matter of fact, the history of the British Empire shows little purpose or guiding policy, but rather a blind following of chance and opportunity. Her great increase of power has come oftener from opposition to the ambition of some other nation than from a conscious ambition of her own. So it was when the navies of Spain were checked, and again when Marlborough stood against Louis XIV, and when Wellington put a stop to the Napoleonic dreams—and so it may happen to-day with Prussia, and to-morrow, who knows? with the sluggish Bear of Europe. She lost half a continent when her Government tried to enforce a theory of empire on her subjects of America; whereas her vast gains in India were rather thrust upon her by the greed of merchants at home and the independent vigor of distant agents beyond her control, just as the conquest of Africa was brought to her half-willing hands by the audacity of two or three irresponsible megalomaniacs.

There has never been anything in the English intelligence corresponding to Nietzscheism or Treitschkeism, and there is nothing like it to-day save perhaps in a few isolated minds, and that for reasons at once a credit and a discredit to the people. For the discredit we shall not hesitate to say, as Matthew Arnold and Bagehot and other good patriots have said very emphatically, that the English as a people are just, not intelligent, if by intelligence one means an interest in ideas for themselves or a pleasure in the operations of the mind apart from immediate utility. From the days of the Reformation to the present the only philosophy that has gained any genuine ascendence in that land is the doctrine of Bacon and Locke and Bentham, which has worked itself out logically in the creation of "comfort" and in the increase of "ingenious trade." Such writers as Nietzsche and Treitschke could not be national powers for this reason, if for no other, that, after all, those men were absorbed in ideas and in subjecting the crude material of life to a rigid theory.

That ever-growing indolence of the brain in England is discreditable; and, to mention a single symptom of the case, if the war can succeed in manifesting to London the hollowness of the mountebanks and decadents and hysterical women who are now supposed there to be making literature, it will have done one good thing at least. But there is a creditable side to British opportunism also—a glory, if you will, in the operation of instinctive, unreasoned character, and in the ready response to the call of duty. Jameson, a physician in far-away Africa, stung by the spirit of adventure and bringing about great international changes by his daring, is characteristic of his people. But more characteristic is the activity of a clerk like Clive, who, under the spur of necessity and without training, takes up the burden of government and creates an Empire.

The German mind, and to a certain extent the world at large, has never been able to understand this opportunism, which is mothered by lack of intelligence and purpose and fathered by a mute or magnificent response to the claim of the thing to be done now and here. So it is that to a philosophical historian such as Treitschke the whole record of the British Empire is a tale of treachery and underhand deal-

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**Germany and the Next War.* Translated by Allen H. Powles. New York: Chas. A. Eron.

On War of To-day. Translated by Hugh Rees.

How Germany Makes War. (A condensation of *On War of To-day.*) New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

ing, and the basis of British character is sham and lying pretence. This, too, is the source of that imputation of cant which is so often retorted upon British pride. And —such is the tangle of good and evil in human nature—the imputation is in part true. When the smug Briton arrogates to himself the virtues of his greater compatriots, when he attempts to give a reason for what his race has irrationally accomplished, when he wraps himself up in a vulgar self-complacency, he does sometimes fall a victim to an unpleasant simulacrum of righteousness. Cant is the sham of morality that confronts the sham intellectualism of Germany—for withal we must not forget that an intellectualism which honors purpose and intellect to the dishonor of the traditional sense of what is right, and which starts from a fundamental disregard of truth, is itself also a sham. But cant is only the shadow and not the substance of British character. The real contrast to Nietzscheism is patriotism. Now, it need scarcely be said that patriotism is not exclusively British, nor is all the so-called patriotism of that land admirable. Was it not Dr. Johnson who denounced the word as the last resort of scoundrels? But patriotism as a kind of philosophy opposed to Treitschkeism, if the paradox may be allowed, the profound emotion that accompanies the lack of reflection and the sense of duty, is peculiarly English.

If any one cares to see what is meant by this comparison of Treitschkeism and patriotism, let him read the little book which contains the lectures of the late Professor Cramb.* It is an eloquent piece of writing, informed with deep feeling, a trumpet call, one might almost say without metaphor, to rouse his countrymen to an understanding of what has been going on across the Channel and to the necessity of preparing for the war which has, since these lectures, actually broken out. Let me quote the words that must be engraved now in the heart of many of his hearers. After telling the story of the perishing of Capt. Scott and his comrades in the Antarctic snows, he continues:

> And then pass to the last stage in the drama—to that other death. There in the tent beside his dead the leader sits, still alive; there he sits, unvanquished and unappalled, his head propped against the tent-pole to ease his fatigue in the last slow dreadful vigil, whilst down over his magnificently English features a night deeper than the Polar night descends. And what are the thoughts which then flicker in front of him? We know them; we have them written in his own hand in that priceless record—priceless because authentic. "The greatness of England—my nation!" It is the greatness of England which uplifts him as death steals over his features like a marble mask. . . .

Now I suggest to you that one explanation of this extraordinary paradox in human history—the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war, after all, that is analogous to this heroism there in the Antarctic zone, something that transcends reason; that in war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought, art, and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason.

The lecturer's illustration of patriotism is clear and forcible; but his glorification of war becomes misty and transcendental, and when he attempts to reproduce for his hearers something corresponding to the Nietzscheism of Germany he begins to speak a language of which he has no understanding. For the clean-cut, shrill ideas of the German he has only a misty sentiment. Perhaps it is better that we should not try to reason too logically about some things; certainly it is better so, unless we are sure of our premises. And one thing we are longing for now is to see German militarism and its philosophy of empire fall before the power of British opportunism, however unreasoning that power may be, and however unlovely in its baser forms.

P. E. M.

**Germany and England.* By J. A. Cramb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1 net.

Correspondence

MR. WELLS AND "VERNON LEE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I will not trouble your readers with a lengthy reply to the remarkable "message" apropos of myself which Miss Paget ("Vernon Lee") has written you. For the most part she answers herself, or what she has to say has been quite adequately counteracted by other articles and letters in your columns. But most of your readers will not have read the article by me in relation to which she writes, and as manifestly she has misread it in her excitement, you will, I know, permit me to correct her upon certain specific points.

She declares I want America to "starve" the German people. There was no such suggestion in my article. So far as the internal Austrian and German food supply is concerned, Germany can, with a little economy, go on feeding herself without importation for an indefinite time. But feeding her armies at the front is a different matter. As my article pointed out—a thing "Vernon Lee" has either overlooked or ignored—the Rhine is a natural supply canal for these armies, and the peculiar position of Holland renders it much more convenient to supply them from America via Rotterdam, if America sees fit to play in such a game, than from the threatened granaries of Pommerania and Silesia. In the long struggle that is now reaching its climax, the question of supply is a dominating factor, and so I have no quarrel with the editor who threw up my phrase of Victualling Our Enemies into large type. That is exactly what I meant, our enemies, the German army, and exactly what "Vernon Lee" failed to grasp in her haste.

As for the "thousands of English men and women" who share my former friend's "shame and disgust" at my proposals, I ask you not to believe in their existence. Probably not a score of them have misread me, as "Vernon Lee" has done. I am indeed puzzled and distressed by these onslaughts of hers upon me, by her scarcely sane abuse of republican France, by her quotation, with approval, of such mere abuse as Professor Harnack's description of Russia as a "Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." She even accuses me of flattering America, in spite of the fact that I sent her my little book upon "The Future in America" when it appeared. She will end, I know, by calling me "pro-British"—the last sin of which a true-born Englishman is capable. Whatever other losses or gains this war brings about, it has, I fear, lost England "Vernon Lee." But we shall do our best to reconquer her for the sake of many precious things that she gave us before she was won from us by Berlin.

H. G. Wells.

London, October 2.

DR. CONYBEARE'S REPLY TO "VERNON LEE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I pass some criticisms on "Vernon Lee's" "Message to Americans" in your issue of September 17? Her contention is that she speaks on behalf of English Liberals; I, too, am a Liberal, and come of a family distinguished during two centuries for its liberalism. Nor am I ill-disposed to Germany. I owe my *Weltanschauung*, such as it is, to Kant and the great German Idealists of a hundred years ago; I owe more to German than to English intellectuals, to the teaching, and—I am proud to be able to add—to the friendship of such men as Harnack, Hermann Ugener, Krumbacher, von Dobschütz, Diels, Albrecht Dieterich, and many others, some of whom have been spared the fate of witnessing this terrible war.

"Vernon Lee" singles out for attack Mr. H. G. Wells, who may be the contemptible lightweight she supposes, but whom I anyhow decline to recognize as more than an ingenious imitator of the French author of "A Voyage Round the Moon." It appears that he wishes to see Germany starved into surrender. My opinion is that even in war she can probably stand years of starvation without being obliged by it to surrender; but I would fain ask "Vernon Lee" what she imagines Germany would do to England in this matter, had she the power. Were our oversea supplies of food stopped, we should be starved out in six months. Would Germany, therefore, scruple to stop them, if her fleet were strong enough to do so? Unto what end and against whom has she strained her every nerve and spared no expense to build her fleet? Had "Vernon Lee" made the most superficial study of newspapers read by her people, of the *Militär Wochenblatt* read by all her officers, she could entertain no doubt that Germany's aim is to starve us into abject surrender to her will. She finds it "atrocious" and "hideous" in Mr. Wells to contrive famine for Germany, but would apparently approve if Germany could inflict it on her own fair land of England; she is prepared to see the Prussians, after invasion of our shores, mete out to us the measure they are meting out to their Belgian victims.

We learn that "there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal Mr. Wells has ven-

tured to make in their name." In my turn, I ask, how many of the German governing class in 1870 felt shame and disgust at the methodical starving of two million people in Paris? How many of them would have scrupled the other day to repeat the operation on nearly four million Parisians? How many of them would scruple to starve out London? These people are hurling bombs on open, undefended, or, at least, unbesieged cities. Would they share the tender scruples of "Vernon Lee"? Are they not even strewing the high seas with mines, to the destruction of neutral crews and shipping?

Our authoress next contrasts Germany, the "best administered and best schooled of all great European nations," with Russia, much to the disadvantage of the latter, and she points to the oppression of Finland and of the Dumas. I agree with her that the treatment of the Finns and of the first crop of Russian Parliamentarians has been detestable; but has she never heard of Zabern, of the Hakatists in Posen, of the political murder of the Danes in Schleswig? Surely, if Germany is so much better schooled and administered than Russia, we should condemn her all the more severely for her failure during forty-four years to win the good-will of Alsace and Lorraine, during 60 of the Danes, during 120 of her Poles. Why do all these races still loathe German administration, if it be as exemplary as "Vernon Lee" pretends? She rails ironically at "the notoriously peace-loving Czar." She forgets that when he came to the throne his first thought was to unite all Europe in a lasting league of peace, and to substitute arbitration for war, that the German Government and press (except the Socialist papers) flouted his proposals, as they flouted the similar overtures of Campbell-Bannerman in 1906, and that the German Emperor has consistently rattled his sword and boasted of his "shining armor" ever since he mounted his throne.

"Vernon Lee" dwells upon the anti-Semitic excesses which are—I admit it as fully as she does—a disgrace to Russia. But is her enlightened Germany above reproach in this matter? There the Jews serve by thousands in her armies, but no Jew is admitted to the grade of officer; and Pan-German chauvinism, as represented by its chosen hierophant Herr Chamberlain, is as hostile to the race as any section of Russian opinion. German sentiment is being sedulously worked up by such writers towards the pogrom.

The authoress next turns to the idea of *Revanche*, which, she says, "has been fed up as sole unifying and purifying power even among the former stalwarts of Dreyfusist anti-militarism." On this side of the English Channel I was a champion of truth and justice outraged in the person of Dreyfus, and so became acquainted with many of those who wrestled in France, until they won, with that corrupt, fanatical, and inhumane faction which called itself Nationalist; but I never met with any other feelings among Dreyfusards than those of the warmest French patriotism. If Sussex and Kent were wrested from us in a war precipitated by a forged telegram, would the next generation of Englishmen have lost all desire to recover them, especially after their inhabitants had writhed for years under the soulless despotism of which Zabern is the symbol? Why condemn the French for cherishing patriotic aspirations? We would despise them, did they not do so; and, speaking for myself, I would never have touched the Dreyfus case, if—as "Vernon Lee" imagines—it had stood for a craven submission to German bullying. Were there ever purer and more single-hearted French patriots than Scheurer Kestner, than Zola, Clemenceau, and the other heroes of that episode?

"Vernon Lee" quotes with glee words of Professor Harnack, in which he speaks of the "inconceivable English betrayal of Western civilization into the hands of Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." She forgets—as does Professor Harnack (von Harnack he styles himself since he became a courtier and a reactionary)—that Germany has steadily now for fourteen years compassed the invasion and destruction of Great Britain; that she has scoffed at all our peaceful overtures; that she seized the occasion of our diminishing the growth of our navy to double her own; that she only waited for the completion of the Kiel Canal to embark on this war; that for twenty years her youth have been sedulously imbued with envy and hatred of us, with malice and all uncharitableness. In the last conversation I ever had with Bishop Creighton I was defending Germany, the Germany I knew as a young man, which I then believed fondly to be yet the true Germany. He answered me that I should, being much younger than himself, live to realize that the German Empire of Bismarck is a thoroughly predatory organism. Does not the martyrdom of Belgium, about which "Vernon Lee" keeps a guarded silence, bear out his words?

But to return to Russia and her "Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism." We must not forget that Byzantium kept alive and handed down to us the torch of ancient and, in particular, of Greek culture. No Byzantine Emperor ever set himself, as has this Kaiser, to imitate Attila, none ever encouraged his soldiers to emulate the Huns, none ever made war upon universities, libraries of precious manuscripts, ancient cathedrals. In our own generation Russia's literature is distinctly finer than German, her music and painting, at least, equal, if not superior; in learning alone she falls behind, but not much behind. If any one doubts this, let him examine the transactions published during the last fifty years by the Russian Academy. In chemistry what German can rival Mendiliev? If "Vernon Lee" would understand what Russia can accomplish in the way of ordered government, of well-laid-out and hygienic cities and streets, of engineering works, of carefully prepared statistics, let her visit the Russian dominions, as I have done, and she will drop von Harnack's falsetto rubbish about Russia's "Mongol semi-barbarism."

One last word in this connection about the Russian tongue, which I am privileged to read, though not to speak. I have no hesitation in saying that as an instrument of thought and expression it is vastly superior to High German, less cumbrous and involved, more musical and harmonious, richer, more plastic, akin in its clearness and simplicity to English and French. If "Vernon Lee" doubts this let her compare the first chapter of Turgeniev's novel "Fathers and Sons" with the German translation of the same (accounted elegant and excellent) by Wilhelm Lange. I turn to what "Vernon Lee" accounts the deeper cause of this war; namely, the upholding by Great Britain of the right to destroy or seize an enemy's seaborne goods. Germany, it is argued, would never have built a fleet if we had foregone this "piratical" right. Is she so simple as to suppose that Germany will forego the right, if she ever has the stronger navy? Is she foregoing it at this moment? Would she ever keep to any agreement not to use it? Von Bernhardi, in his "Germany and the Next War," recognizes, indeed, the importance of a German fleet for the protection of German commerce, but he regards this as only its secondary purpose. "We have come to see," he writes (p. 228), "that the protection of our commerce and the defence of our shores cannot possibly be the only object of such a fleet, but that it, like the land army, is an instrument for carrying out the political ends of the state and supporting its justifiable ambitions."

What these ends and ambitions are we learned but two months ago from the German Chancellor himself. They include the humiliation of France and the appropriation of her colonies. I suppose "Vernon Lee" would not account that ambition to be piratical. In the present war Germany has already occupied Belgium, and treats it as a conquered country which she intends to keep; is that not piratical? And Bernhardi (p. 158) informs us that Holland also will soon "prefer that adhesion to the German Empire which geography dictates." He shows the cloven hoof to ourselves pretty clearly when he prophesies that our self-governing colonies, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, will not "permanently retain any trace of the English spirit," and urges his compatriots to embark "in the hard struggle for the sovereignty of the world." He clearly intends that these self-governing colonies of Great Britain shall be annexed by the King of Prussia and Germanized; but, as a first step in the process, he would (p. 78) have "the isolated groups of Germans abroad, in the United States, in Brazil, and in the British colonies, supported in their struggle for existence, and thus kept loyal to their nationality." Such groups will, he declares, not only "obtain their goods from Germany, but they may also be useful to us politically, as we discover in America, where the German-Americans have formed a political alliance with the Irish, and thus united, constitute a power within the state with which the (American) Government must reckon."

In other words, German settlers in the States are no longer to become loyal American citizens. They will henceforth constitute an *imperium in imperio*, an insidious force arrayed to assist and further the designs of Potsdam. "From the point of view of civilization, it is imperative to preserve the German spirit, and by so doing to establish *foci* of universal culture." Yes, of the "culture" which has just razed Louvain and Rheims to the ground, and massacred civilians by hundreds. For this end the German Government spends nearly five million dollars annually; namely, in preventing German settlers oversea from becoming loyal sons of the country of their adoption; it is an insidious policy, calculated only in the long run to raise up around German settlers in all lands an atmosphere of odium and suspicion. I have said enough, and would only in conclusion ask "Vernon Lee" how she can reconcile the martydom of Belgium with her superior estimates of German polity and policy. It is as if an *apache* should violate an innocent girl, rob her, torture her, and, finally, flog her into becoming his bond-servant for ever. She has no word of condemnation for this foulest of crimes, nay, seeks to palliate

it by a sophistry which will deceive no one. She professes to address a "Message to Americans" in behalf of English Liberals, but Americans may rest assured that she represents no section of English opinion whatever, least of all English Liberalism.

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, Eng., September 29.

PRUSSIA AND GERMAN CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most references in our press to-day to Prussia's contribution to German culture seem to me to suffer from a neglect to consider, at least for the sake of clearness, the point of view of enlightened Prussians. Prussia recognizes clearly and frankly that the West and South of Germany have contributed principally and almost exclusively to the greatness of German culture. It has long since been able to see its own power to systematize as against the power to create of the rest of Germany. Up to the union of the German states under Prussian supremacy that stands out clearly enough. With the exception of a Kant and of some scientists, like the Humboldts, who were often also eminent statesmen, and therefore Prussian, the great creative geniuses have been subjects of the smaller southern and western states. Meanwhile, however, Prussia has been engaged in creating a mighty state and in developing the political foundations that are so sorely lacking in the more æsthetic Germany.

Ex-Chancellor von Bülow has given a clear and unbigoted exposition of this two-fold Germany in his "Imperial Germany," which should carry all the more weight not only because it was written before the stress of the war, but also because its author has always been superior to the bolsterous and more or less troublesome dogmatic leagues and parties of Germany. He recognizes as the most important and only really vital task of modern Germany, the "fusion of the Prussian and German spirit." "Prussian State life and German intellectual life," he says, "must become reconciled in such a way that both their growths become intertwined without weakening each other."

The possibility of such a fusion naturally depends upon the strength or weakness of the element common to the whole. Prussia, "the prosaic state of soldiers and officials," has often been sorely attacked by the democratic and æsthetic South in public sentiment and expression. On the other hand, the Prussian has shown too often a narrow-minded contempt for the finer qualities of his southern neighbor. If you add to that the political philistinism of all of Germany, a result of its long history of petty principalities, the quarrel seems almost hopeless, and the task of a fusion stupendous. However, that same philistinism carries within itself the germ of the quality to which the more enlightened of Germans look for the completion of this task. Local patriotism gives birth to an enormous variety of parties, and stubborn loyalty to party leaders accounts for the dogmatic philistinism these parties evince. From this, in addition to the ordinarily accepted arguments, the Prussian statesmen deduce the essentially monarchical character of German political thought. For the present, to be sure, this is still expressed in narrow-minded and geographically narrow loyalty; but if it is educated skilfully and in a broad-minded spirit to recognize and adopt as common protector the best organized and most powerful monarchy, the greatest common good must result.

This must not be done by a high-handed imposition of that Prussian monarchy upon the lesser states and principalities, but by a sympathetic smoothing over of the differences that exist. A solution of the problem along the lines of the abstract democratic ideals of the 'forties failed, thinks von Bülow, because of their violent antagonism to the monarchical character of the people and historical traditions of Germany and because they were too exclusively intellectual at the expense of the practical, as was all democratic propaganda in Germany.

If this delicate expansion of Prussian system can be effected, German intellect should be infinitely benefited, for under the protection of a strong guardian its output should become stronger and freer. Leopold von Ranke compares the function of Prussia in Germany to that of Rome, which by its military and political organization preserved classical culture. "The Prussian State became the guardian of German intellectual life by giving the German people a united state and a position on a level with the great empires of the world." But this task was subtle and hard, and is not yet completed. Above all, it is important to note how far superior it is to the narrow doctrines of a Treitschke. Men like von Bülow have met with much difficulty in attempting it, and these difficulties often were due more to the intolerance of their own Prussian countrymen than to the opposition of the West and South.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties, before there was mutual understanding and tolerance, the immediate effect of the preponderance of Prussia was actually a stifling of German intellect and æsthetics. But all great innovations must at first pay dearly for a seemingly inevitable lack of balance. The last decades of German intellectual life have, however, been stronger and richer, and are giving evidence of new leadership. If Prussian leaders, then, see in this war, whatever may have been its causes, an impetus towards the realization of their goal, and the rest of Germany realizes more than before Prussia's importance for its culture, each expressing his enthusiasm from his own standpoint, we may profitably take it upon ourselves to criticise the basis of their enthusiasms; but neglecting that, our criticisms have little importance.

Von Bülow, in a recent interview with a Swedish journalist, says: "The tempest of these days has swept away what was retrograde and petty in us. The complete harmony between political thought and national feeling, the conviction which has at last thoroughly imbued us, that the destiny of every single one is indissolubly bound to the destiny of the whole, has made immense inroads in these times." OTTO MANTHEY-ZORN.

Amherst College, October 13.

KULTUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a Roman general, in exhorting his troops, made the following comments on the Germans (Tacitus, "Histories," IV, 73): "Eadem semper causa Germanis transcendendi in Gallias, libido atque avaritia et mutandæ sedis amor, ut relictis paludibus et solitudinibus suis fecundissimum hoc solum vosque ipsos possiderent. Ceterum libertas et speciosa nomina prætexuntur; nec quisquam alienum servitium et dominationem sibi concupivit ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparet."

Nature's swamps and solitudes have now been replaced by the less attractive wilderness of German art. Among the fair-sounding names we hear more to-day of *Kultur* than of liberty. Instead of primitive ignorance there is now a superfluity of supreme intelligence, strangely unappreciated by the outside world. The rest is the same. One more *Völkerwanderung*. E. K. RAND.

Harvard University, October 10.

QUASI-LEGISLATIVE POWER OF JUDGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A vast number of American lawyers, especially lawyers under forty years of age, have been constrained to recognize a serious public problem in connection with the quasi-legislative power of judges in our Anglo-American system of jurisprudence. During the last half-century the most notable manifestations of this quasi-legislative power have been in those lawsuits where beneath the surface the real contest is not between individuals, but between classes, such as railways as a class, labor unions as a class, negroes as a class, working women as a class, members of the Republican party as a class. On account of well-known principles of American constitutionalism this quasi-legislative power of judges has been more obvious here than in England. But even in England a similar problem exists and has been commented upon by both scholars and statesmen —such as L. T. Hobhouse and Winston L. S. Churchill.

In this country, among a small but influential number of practicing lawyers, a regrettable and unprofessional tendency has appeared. It is a tendency to treat with scorn and impudence any lawyer, old or young, exalted or humble, who ventures to discuss the social and political effects of the law-making function of judges. As an illustration of this regrettable tendency I shall quote a short passage from page 8 of the printed report of the American Bar Association's outstanding "Committee to Oppose the Judicial Recall." (It is impossible for me to believe that this language has been approved by all members of the Committee.)

> Within the past year a chief justice of one of the oldest States, in an address avowedly intended for the people of the entire nation, held up to derision our Federal Constitution, its makers and expounders, as a basis for his advocacy of the decision recall and of other changes in our form of government. His attack upon the Federal Constitution and upon our system of government has never been surpassed in malignant vituperation by that of any socialist doctrinaire. The chairman of this committee recently had the pleasure, in the presence of that chief justice and before the Bar Association of his State, of denouncing such views of our institutions and the utterance of such views from such a source.

It is to be observed that the views of the Chief Justice of North Carolina, which the attorney of the Great Northern Railway Company takes pleasure in denouncing, are personal views on mooted questions of history and political science.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, Missouri, October 10.

Literature

HORACE WALPOLE'S "TWIN WIVES."

The Berry Papers: Being the Correspondence Hitherto Unpublished of Mary and Agnes Berry (1763-1852). By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Co. $6 net.

Into the later correspondence of Horace Walpole, when the outlook of even that brave Epicurean began to darken with the shadow of the nearing end, there falls, as every good Walpolian knows, a fresh and kindly light from the old man's acquaintance with the Misses Berry. These two sisters, with their widowed father, had taken a house at Twickenham in 1788, and their friendship with Walpole soon ripened into the closest intimacy. He was seventy-one at the time of meeting; they were respectively twenty-five and twenty-four—"exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and qualified to talk on any subject," as they appeared to the scrutinizing eyes in Strawberry Hill. They were his "twin-wives," his everything that is dear to a privileged "ancient"; and nothing is prettier in epistolary literature than this cynic's fond language of gallantry, and few things are finer than his appeal to the good sense of his friends to disregard the scandal—and how well he knew the sources and courses of guilty Rumor!—that soon began to buzz about their innocent intimacy. Their names would have been held in pleasant recollection were it only for their fragrance in Walpole's letters, and that still is their chief distinction. But Mary Berry, in particular, has other claims on memory; she was something of an author on her own account. Nominally to her father, but really to her care, Walpole bequeathed his manuscripts; and she was the editor of his Works as they appeared in five quarto volumes in 1798. Her other publications, whether original or editorial, are forgotten, save the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence," which issued from the press thirteen years after her death. These volumes, however, included only a selection from the papers left by her, and the volume now before us, from the busy editorial pen of Mr. Melville, is in the nature of a supplement to the earlier work.

Mr. Melville's gleanings consist mainly of letters to Miss Berry preserved in the British Museum, and among these the correspondence of the Hon. Mrs. Damer takes the first place, for bulk, if not for interest. Any one at home in Walpole's circle will be glad to know something more of Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards Mrs. Damer, Walpole's intimate friend and the daughter of the man to whom a number of his frankest letters were addressed. Some further information we get of her life—for instance, of a proposal of marriage which she rejected—and some acceptable light is thrown on her character; but her correspondence, as we now read it, is no nearer to literature than tons of such matter that are daily passing through the post; and it is so obscure from the intimacy of her tone as to be almost baffling to the reader. The interest becomes acute only when some passage brings out sharply the attitude of the writer or of Miss Berry to Walpole at the critical moment of Miss Berry's engagement. We already knew that Walpole, feeling himself old and gouty, acted towards these young women with all the exigency of a fond and petulant father, but this impression is happily strengthened by the present publication. "I was interrupted by Lord Orford," writes Mrs. Damer on one occasion. "He came complaining and tired, having been, he said, 'talked to death' [by] Lady C. Tufton at Mrs. Bute's last night, and is gone to the Doyleys'. The *child* has always a tendency to being fretful when you are not in the way to keep him in order, but I know not when I have seen him so little so, as [since] he came to town, which I hope may be set down to better health, for I am *sure* it cannot to less anxiety, less impatience, and less *fidget* about you." The tone of the writer is one of amused kindliness, but it becomes a bit acrid when Walpole's "fidget" was deepened to a querulous sulkiness by the dread of seeing his imaginary wife turned into the real wife of a younger man, and his comfortable habits outraged:

> I cannot be sorry [writes Mrs. Damer again] that Lord Orford shows his most unfair crossness to you now, because I know that it is there and exists in his breast, and, if *you*, by the most unlooked-for attentions, have not been able to extirpate the vile weed, it must grow stronger, and that, you may depend on it, it will, and increase by indulgence; were you to sacrifice all your best days to come and your whole existence to him, there would be no end to his encroaching fancies. This may sound harsh, but it is plain truth, and you, my own soul, have suffered enough in this vile world; try at least if you cannot recover a part of the heavy debt that is owing you. I do not, from your account, feel uneasy at his indisposition, as I rather conclude it over, and I am sure when I think of *what* his dinners are, and *how* he eats them, I wonder he and his cat are not sick together every day for their dessert.

There is a tradition that Lord Orford took his courage in his hands and himself proposed real marriage to Mary. Nothing in these new letters proves or disproves the story, though the absence of any direct reference to such a situation is strong negative evidence against it. As for Mary Berry's own romance, that is made clearer by the publication of several letters between her and the delinquent lover, General O'Hara. To spare Walpole and her sister for a while, and perhaps also from some uncertainty about her soldier's character, she refused immediate marriage and allowed him to go off as Governor of Gibraltar without her, where, after a manner not unknown among soldiers, he soon found consolation with other ladies. She was brave, but some of the light went out of her life. In 1844 she was able to write thus of the event:

> . . . All these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner, crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell swoop, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right And so it would, had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.

Why, one asks, did Mr. Melville print so few of the letters of this romantic episode, all of it apparently so creditable to his heroine, when he has reproduced the effusions of Mrs. Damer at such tedious length?

By all odds the most spritely letters he has recovered of Mary Berry's are those that she wrote to her sister from Paris, whither she had gone with Lord and Lady Hardwicke in 1816. There is not a great deal in them that is sufficiently salient to warrant quotation (unless it be her horror of Talleyrand—"Could you see him! such a mass of moral and physical corruption!"), but they are always clever and shrewd and affectionate. Far better as literature is the one long letter to Miss Berry from Mrs. John Austin, quite the best thing in the book.

Mr. Melville's editing does not inspire one with entire confidence. It is certain on the face of it that the printed text contains slips in the French that are not the fault of the writers, and this leads one to wonder how many other inaccuracies there may be which the reader has no means of suspecting. The notes are fairly full and judicious. The price of the book is out of all reason, simply exorbitant.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Copy Cat, and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

All the realism, all the terseness, of Mrs. Wilkins's ordinary vein is in these eight stories of New England village life; but in a majority the customary sombreness is palliated by idealism of effect, while fancifulness plays an unwonted part. The title story, with two others of child life, is almost sprightly in tone. In the remainder the characters are still frequently people of abnormal lives or perverted will, and the environment, cold, provincial, penurious, is still depressing; but the narratives somehow leave a flavor of sweetness. A theme of unusual difficulties is that of "Noblesse," in which a gentlewoman with superlative flesh, forced by poverty to travel with a cheap museum, wins the sympathy of a country landholder of similar obesity; he is unable to rescue her from her contract, and in his gallantry, seeing a crystalline, angelic soul under her bulk, assumes her place and shields her from the ordeal. "The Umbrella Man" is a like spir-

itual tragedy brought to a happy conclusion: a gentle old ex-convict, and a woman who has somehow wrecked her life without soiling her soul, meet in the country occupation by which they earn their bare livelihood, and from sheer loneliness and reciprocal sympathy unite their lives. The delicacy with which character is sketched in these tales is worthy of the author of "Evelina's Garden" and "By the Light of the Soul." Others are by no means so successful, falling back to a harsh monotony, unhappy and uninteresting—a monotony identical whether they are humorous or pathetic, and eloquent of the fact that the repressed lives with which Mrs. Wilkins so frequently deals cannot keep even a short story alive with incident. They amount merely to so many character sketches, placed against a landscape-painting.

The King Behind the King. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

In this tale are present all the elements that go to the making of an "historical" novel that sins against nothing but history. Fulk Ferrers and Isoult of the Rose meet in stirring times. The Peasants' Revolt is brewing, and she, betrayed by her peers, has cast in her lot with a rebel band, headed by one Merlin, the Grey Friar—a scurvy lot, as she soon discovers; he, King Richard's half-brother, in the way of business as the Duke of Lancaster's Riding Forester, catches her in the act of replenishing the larder of her ragamuffin friends—and the play is on.

Taken prisoner by the gang, the idea occurs to them to make use of Fulk's resemblance to the King for their own purposes, at first with the connivance of Isoult—but we do not propose to tell the story here. Among the many exciting episodes is the scene at Mile End, where Fulk, personating his poor, cowardly half-brother, saves the kingdom, does infinite violence to Dame History, and, incidentally, some injustice to Richard II, who, we hope, was not quite so detestable a poltroon as he is here represented. Poor Isoult has a bad time among her ragamuffins, whom she has betrayed, partly for love of Fulk and partly for the equally valid reason that they smell vilely. A certain pot-valiant Guy the Stallion spends a good deal of time dragging her around by the wrist, and, when he wearies of the diversion, Merlin attaches her to himself in the same unpleasant way. The sojourn of Fulk and Isoult in the House of the Black Mere begins as an idyll and ends in a glorious fight, in which Isoult's arrows account for a goodly percentage of the enemy.

Love Insurance. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In his second novel Mr. Biggers displays the same characteristics which marked his first, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and just as that was transformed from a novel into a highly successful farce, so we may expect to see the present work presented in the dramatic form to which in theme and in treatment it seems adapted. Indeed, in its stage version this story will very possibly prove more acceptable than in its present form. Mr. Biggers's humor is not particularly subtle, and it is aided considerably by the interpretation of the living voice and by the slap-dash methods of farce. The situation, in the unfolding of which we are invited to participate, is farcical enough. Lord Harrowby, an impecunious elder son of an English peer, engaged to and in love with an American millionairess of great sprightliness and charm, decides, in the gambling spirit which has brought his progenitors to penury, to insure at Lloyds against any hitch occurring, not of his own making, to interfere with the wedding. A romantically inclined speculator writes him a policy; and, although he expresses full confidence in the honor of an English nobleman, it is felt that it may be well to send a trustworthy representative of the firm to San Marco, where the wedding is to take place, to keep an eye on his lordship, and, so far as may be possible, to see to it that no hitch occurs. The story concerns the adventures and perplexities of this conscientious servant of Lloyds. It is sufficient to say that no servant of that famous institution was ever surrounded by more troubles or surmounted them with more ingenuity; nor has any small place ever seen gathered together a greater array of rogues, grafters, and conspirators than met at the sleepy Spanish town of San Marco for the confusion of the British nobility and a British insurance firm.

The Laughing Cavalier. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is no new thing for a picture or a statue to stimulate an author's fancy to the weaving around it of legends of his own creation. The Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo have inspired more than one piece of fiction—and many more than a century of sonnets. But, so far as we know, Frans Hals's irresistibly debonair Laughing Cavalier, with the merry eye, the rakish cock of hat, and the insolent twirl of moustache, has never before been made the hero of a novel. Baroness Orczy has seen the opportunity and seized it. Furthermore, she has ingeniously linked her latest book with an earlier success, by making the Laughing Cavalier an ancestor of that delicious daredevil of the Revolution, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." In daredeviltry the ancestor is worthy of his illustrious descendant; indeed, the characteristics of the two heroes are so similar that Baroness Orczy is wise in her generation in making them of one family: one is tempted to think that here resemblance explains consanguinity rather than consanguinity resemblance. The attempt to repeat a success is always fraught with perils, and these the author has not escaped. Comparison is invited and the later book suffers by it. But the story, the scene of which is laid in the Netherlands in the days when plots were rife against the life of Maurice of Nassau, Stadtholder of Holland, is exciting and readable, and the character of the Laughing Cavalier, a penniless soldier of fortune who wins through a series of thrilling adventures to wife and fortune, is well limned, and for those who, like the Baroness Orczy, have the seeing eye, may all be read in the wonderfully expressive face that looks out on us from the canvas painted nearly 300 years ago.

The Wall Between. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a sort of tract, dealing with the position of the non-commissioned officer in the American army. The hero is a son who has sacrificed his reputation to save his father's memory, has left his Eastern home under a cloud, and after some drifting has enlisted as a private of marines. He is a gentleman and (almost of course) an ex-college athlete. When the action opens he has made his way by merit to the responsible office of quartermaster-sergeant; but he is still an enlisted man, and therefore inferior socially to any officer who holds a commission. The particular officer chosen as a foil is a lieutenant, whose father is a Congressman and whose place has been virtually bought. He is a cad and a coward, and has no chance at all with the author or the hero, not to speak of the heroine. Our Sergeant Kendall has just reenlisted when he is discovered by a classmate, a rich man, who sees nothing in the army distinction between officer and enlisted man. Kendall pays him a visit as an equal, and the trouble begins. There is the beautiful girl ready to fall in love with him. She is naturally related to a superior officer in Kendall's station. The lieutenant appears on the scene, aspires to the lady, and tries to put down the sergeant. But, of course, the sergeant is not put down, and the lady is not put out, by the discovery of his debased rank. All that remains necessary is a sufficient number of incidents and adventures to make the course of true love rough enough to be interesting. They are duly supplied by an experienced caterer for the juvenile palate, and include the prescribed bit of South American warfare, in which the hero distinguishes himself beyond praise if not beyond belief.

THE CAREER OF EDWARD DOWDEN.

Letters of Edward Dowden and his Correspondents. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The daughters of the late Irish critic, Edward Dowden, have brought together in a somewhat hasty manner his letters, with some of the replies from his correspondents. Mr. J. D. McQuisten has prepared an incomplete index, and Mr. W. K. Magee contributes an encomiastic preface. The collection is welcome. Dowden, the critic, with his ethical preoccupations, his imaginative conjectures, his elucidation of the structural ideas underlying various creative works, is well known. These informal utterances reveal his diffident but winning personality, throw light on his professional and literary interests, and are in themselves valuable as a

record of life-long absorption in the best that is known and thought in the world.

Though from Cork, Dowden was reared in ignorance of Irish traditions and Irish aspirations. He strongly opposed the centenary celebration of Tom Moore's birth. Until he was nearly forty he "did not even know of the existence of Meave and Deirdre and Cuchullain." He could sincerely add: "I am infinitely glad that I spent my early enthusiasm on Wordsworth and Spenser and Shakespeare, and not on anything Ireland ever produced." So thoroughly did he disbelieve in whipping the Irish "on to a national sentimentalism prepense" that he "gave much time during twenty-five years to resisting Home Rule."

This seeming perversity is of a piece with the devotion of his whole life. After a brilliant undergraduate career in Trinity College, Dublin, he at the early age of twenty-four became professor of English literature and oratory there. His professional duties, however, were a thorn in the flesh. By the end of the first decade he was writing, "I have been eating the sands of existence, my inward parts are filled with the east wind." He deplored so deeply the loss of time in preparing lectures that when Johns Hopkins offered him five thousand dollars he declined, writing his brother: "Evidently this is the Hercules choice of poverty or riches offered me [his salary at Trinity was at the time about eight hundred dollars] and I should think my three bairns would have an opener career for their talents in Yankeedom. But 'to found a school of English literature' in Baltimore would mean a life of teaching what I already know, instead of trying to know more; and I do not choose to gain the world and lose my own soul."

His was a devotion that suffered no flagging and no distractions. For a time, to be sure, he found "almost pure pleasure" in writing verse. But even in his thirties he confessed it "hard to write verse except in clear spaces of time, unvexed by other concerns." He later agreed with J. B. Yeats's criticism that all his poems had a furtive look, as if he were ashamed to confess himself a poet. His family and some of his friends liked to think of his as a creative soul stifled under the burdens of work-a-day routine, but the present record indicates that the greater passion swallowed up the less. He cared for no form of recreation. From the age of sixteen, when we see him tramping the English Lake District in sunshine and rain, until his second marriage at fifty-two, when he began spending vacations at seashore or in travel, he seemed incapable of relaxing his varied literary interests. His only genuine pastime was book-collecting. In that he had rare success. For two shillings he got the original edition of "Epipsychidion," and a few minutes later discovered an "Empedocles on Etna." He was the first to pick up a copy of Shelley's "Refutation of Deism." Some nine years later he purchased for twopence the copy of it which Shelley had presented to Mary Godwin. In telling contrast with his summary treatment of travel or his satire on golf is his crowing over such finds.

Not even his enormous reading was recreation. During a troublesome cold he once wrote: "I have indulged myself in a lazy fit of reading without a purpose, which I find delightful for a while." From boyhood he had turned all his perusing of books and essays to account in a succession of articles contributed to the English reviews. The curious feature of his labors is that, though he had facile sympathy with many differing souls in literature, he cherished no abiding passion. He is best remembered for his Shakespeare criticism, yet his works on Shakespeare he refers to without pride, and it is now evident that he never acquired a love of dramatic poetry. Of his first book he wrote in the summer of 1874: "My Shakespeare lectures get on very slowly, but they will in the end get written." While he finished them that autumn, he only partly liked them, and hoped "to turn to other things." He did plan very soon a "Mind and Art of Goethe," but publishers kept him busy with Shakespeare-editing the remainder of his life—commissions which he accepted with reluctance and fulfilled without enthusiasm. Editing the "Sonnets" he regarded as "stupid industry." When Kegan Paul urged him to become chief editor of a new edition of Shakespeare, he remarked: "Possibly I may if it looks promising for pot-boiling ends."

The great dramatist made him a citizen of the world, but his vows he paid to other authors. Southey was not one of these. He much preferred to do Coleridge for Morley, but was at length persuaded to take up Southey. As a piece of writing he was rather complacent over it, but once it was done his thoughts seldom returned to it. Indeed, the only undertaking he entered upon with whole-hearted eagerness was the life of Shelley. When Sir Henry Taylor, who had been mightily pleased with his Southey, procured him the invitation to become Shelley's biographer, with the private material of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley at his command, he shouted that he was more delighted than if he had been offered a bishopric. He wrote everybody about it, declaring he meant to do his best with so fine a theme. His enthusiasm was maintained by many discoveries. One reason, probably a weighty reason, for the "adoration" of which Matthew Arnold so unreservedly complained, is betrayed in a letter to his brother. "My crucial chapter, which I read for you, has given entire satisfaction to Sir P. and Lady Shelley. This, although it was more like a judge's charge than an advocate's speech. And I am pleasantly surprised." Yet after its publication he wrote Aubrey de Vere: "I shall . . . leave Shelley, from whom I can now win little more impulse or instruction."

That is the history of his life. An unquenchable thirst for things of the mind, which, no sooner had he quaffed deeply of one spring, would send him off in search of others which he had glimpsed in his explorations. Though one fountain might gush forth more beautifully than the rest, he was ever lured on by some distant gleam or plashing. This youthful freshness of outlook was accompanied by an unflurried judgment—displayed notably in the matter of Shelley's life. After Matthew Arnold's chastisement in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1888, he declared to his brother that he had "not felt the least inclination to reply to Matt," adding, shrewdly, "Matt's article will not be accepted, except by a portion of my readers, and no restatement of my position probably would alter their feeling." Still, the memory rankled: his reference to the article as a "chastisement" came twelve years later.

There was nothing combative in his temperament. These letters, on the contrary, tell of a diffidence concerning his own attainments that in so respected a critic is peculiarly winning. He had an increasing number of friends while he lived, and his correspondence, with its revelation of rare modesty combined with unwavering interest in the intellectual life, may win many, even of those who do not admire his criticism, to regard Edward Dowden as worthy of Mr. Magee's apotheosis of him as a "saint of culture."

STORIES FROM THE ORIENT.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts, and Fairies. Translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk, by James S. Gale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Korean authors from whom these tales are taken were born two hundred years apart. Yi Ryuk was a contemporary of Erasmus, and lived before the cruel invasion of his country by the Japanese Hideyoshi, when Korea was still far ahead of her neighbor in civilization and letters. Im Bang was a contemporary of Dryden, and lived in the period of national listlessness that followed the Manchu conquest. Some of the cleverest of these stories are not folk tales at all, but racy anecdotes with a moral to them. Yi Ryuk, indeed, is very fond of the moralizing anecdote. There is much humor in Im Bang's story of "The Resourceful Wife"; it is much racier than the better-known one of the Korean Lucrece, who, by cutting off her nose, spoiled herself for the King's harem. A lustful tyrant sat on the throne of Korea, and was in the habit of snatching from her husband any Korean lady who took his fancy.

In these days of trouble there was a young wife of a certain minister who was very beautiful in form and face. One day it fell about that she was ordered into the palace. Other women, when called, would cry, and behave as though their lives were forfeited; but this young woman showed not the slightest sign of fear. She dressed and went straight into the palace. King Yong-san saw her, and ordered her to come close to him. She came, and then in a sudden manner the most terrible odor was noticeable. The King held his fan before his face, turned aside, spat, and said, "Dear me, I cannot stand this one; take her away," and so she escaped undefiled.

How it came about was thus: She knew that she was likely to be called at any moment, and so had planned a ruse by which to escape. Two slices of meat she had kept constantly on hand, decayed and foul-smelling, but always ready. She placed these under her arms as she dressed, and went into the palace, and so provided this awful and unaccountable odor. All that knew of it praised her bravery and sagacity.

Though careful in details—we note only one error, *Chol-lo* (Brass Tiger) for *Chol-ho*, at page 96—the translator is careless as a stylist. He is often particularly at fault in the ambiguous use of "he," that pitfall for inept writers, and is sometimes positively ungrammatical, as in the use of "she" for "her" (p. 16), and of "genii" as a singular noun (page 57). Why does he so constantly use "Korea's" in place of the simpler adjective form "Korean"? Seeing that a first edition appeared many years ago across the Atlantic, some of these defects should have been removed. Weak as to diction, he fails also to suggest the Korean manner of life and thought. Some of his preliminary remarks to the stories are open to grave objection. For instance, take this note regarding a magician's power of metamorphosing himself: "The transformation of men into beasts, bugs, and creeping things comes from Buddhism; one seldom finds it in Taoism." Now, Buddhism has the doctrine or principle of transmigration, the passing of souls after death into other bodies according to a moral scheme of retribution or reward; but it is not associated as a system with the caprices of magic. Taoism descended into all kinds of magic and necromancy, but not through the influence of Buddhism. And what about the native Shamanism, preceding all these foreign cults? Again, the story of Charan, which leads the series, portrays a young man of birth, the only son of fond parents, as dancing with a pretty dancing-girl, on his sixteenth birthday, and "delighting the assembled guests. . . . They came out and danced like fairies." His father, the Governor, commanded that "from that day forth she be the special dancing-maiden to attend upon his son." And yet at the foot of this same page we are told that his parents objected to the friendship that grew up between the two, because to "have a dancing-girl before you are married is not good form, and will interfere with your marriage prospects and promotion." Finally, the love-lorn youth ran away from home and official duties to pass a life in disguise with the girl. The story needs explanation or alteration; as it stands, it seems out of focus with Oriental notions of dignity and decency.

The various snake, fox, magpie, and ghost stories are interesting, both in themselves and to students of comparative folk-lore. But the narrative frequently halts as if the translator had not quite grasped the original story. It is a pity that the good material he uses lacks the final cultural and philosophical finish that would give it a permanent place on the shelf.

Notes

In noticing "My Days of Adventure," by Ernest A. Vizetelly, we gave the publishers as Chatto & Windus, London. We should have stated that the book is issued in this country by Duffield & Co.

Henry Holt & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "Belshazzar Court," by Simeon Strunsky; "The Changing Drama," by Archibald Henderson, and the English translation of the second volume of Martin Anderson Nexo's Danish novel, which is entitled "Pelle the Conqueror: Probation."

"Water Reptiles of the Past and Present," by Samuel Wendell Williston, is announced for publication by the University of Chicago Press.

A. C. McClurg & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "Britton of the Seventh," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and "The House of the Dawn," by Marah Ellis Ryan.

Paul Elder & Company will publish shortly: "Bohemian San Francisco," by Clarence E. Edwards; "Our Changed Conception of God," by Charles Sumner Nash; "Verses from Many Seas," by Fred Warner Carpenter.

Sorel's "Reflections on Violence" has been translated by T. E. Hulme and will be published shortly by B. W. Huebsch.

The Oxford University Press announces that the following volumes are in preparation: "A Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words," by W. W. Skeat, completed by A. L. Mayhew; "English University Drama, 1540-1603," by F. S. Boas; "Map's de Nugis Curialium," edited by M. R. James; "Studies in the Odyssey," by J. A. K. Thomson; "Concise Dante Dictionary," by Paget Toynbee; "Catalogue of Coins in the Punjab Museum, Lahore," by R. B. Whitehead; "Music of Hindostan," by A. H. Fox Strangways.

Announcement is made by the American-Scandinavian Foundation that it has undertaken the publication of a series of Scandinavian classics in English translation. The two volumes of the series already announced are: "Comedies by Holberg: Jeppe of the Hill, The Political Tinker, Erasmus Montanus," translated from the Danish by Oscar James Campbell, jr.; "Poems by Tegnér: The Children of the Lord's Supper, Frithiof's Saga," translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and the Rev. W. Lowery Blackley, with an introduction by Paul Robert Lieder. The Foundation also announces the establishment of a series of Scandinavian monographs, of which "The Voyages of the Norsemen to America," by William Hovgaard, is the first. The following classics are in preparation: "Master Olaf," by August Strindberg, translated by Edwin Björkman; "Poems and Songs of Björnson," translated by Arthur Hubbell Palmer; "Essays by Kierkegaard," translated by Lee M. Hollander; "Three Modern Icelandic Dramas," translated by the same: "The Prose Edda of Snorri Sturluson," translated by Arthur Brodeur; "Danish Popular Ballads," selected by Axel Olrik and translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier; "The Book of Little Brother," by Gustaf af Geijerstam, translated by Edwin Björkman.

The second series of Anatole France's "On Life and Letters" appears in a translation by A. W. Evans, published by John Lane as part of the complete works. These *causeries*, which were first printed in the *Temps* about twenty years ago, record the impressions and digressions of M. France's soul in the presence of the books of the day. For systematic criticism he avows his admiration and his incapacity. The best books, he holds, are those which set one to thinking of something else. Among these, presumably, are a French bibliography, which set him to thinking of a couple of old priestly quay-haunting bibliophiles of his acquaintance; Gazier's "New Illustrated School Dictionary," which set him to thinking of the weather and the time of year, and Renan's "History of the People of Israel," which plunged him into a revery upon the Noah's Ark and the illustrated Bible of his childhood. These illustrations perhaps exaggerate M. France's delightful irresponsibility as a reviewer. On sufficient provocation he can be both tart and systematic. There is neither deviation nor remorse in his demonstration that the novels of Georges Ohnet are "outside literature," in his exposure of Zola's "purity," or in his resentment at the symbolists for forcing him to disturb the dreams of life by attempting to understand them. To tell the truth, M. France was too much a lover of lucidity and distinction of style to be smitten with the younger generation. He is happiest when the work of a contemporary reminds him of a classic, and he can spend his critical virtue in describing his "pleasant astonishment before the beauty of things."

A recently published dispatch announces that M. France, now in his seventy-first year, has volunteered for the European war. Before accepting his sword the Ministry may well look into his previous military record as set down in "On Life and Letters," and consider how he is likely to spend his time in the trenches. "In 1870," he says, "we had gone to the war together, Fernand Calmette and I, as private soldiers in a regiment of the mobilized National Guard, under the orders of brave Capt. Chalamel. Side by side, wearing the cap with red piping and the brass-buttoned pilot jacket, we defended Paris as well as we could, but I must admit that we were soldiers of a special sort. I remember that, during the battle of December 2, having been placed in reserve under the fort of La Faisanderie, we read Virgil's 'Silenus,' amid the noise of shells falling into the Marne. Whilst the Prussian batteries sent white clouds of smoke afloat upon the hills on the horizon of the gray and bare country, we two, seated on the river bank, near the piled rifles, our heads leaning over a copy of Bliss's little 'Virgil,' which I have yet, and which is dear to me, were making comments upon that cosmogony, which the poet, by a delightful caprice, enshrined in an idyll." Since in this conflict, as we have been informed, the Prussians are fighting to defend their Virgils from the allied barbarians, the passage lends some color to the accusation that M. France is in sympathy with the enemy.

The fiction form adopted by Edward S. Curtis in his "Indian Days of the Long Ago" (Yonkers, N. Y.: World Book Company; $1) is not allowed to defeat the aim of the book, which is to give "a more intimate view

of Indian life in the old days." By this view is meant not merely the ways that all the Indians had in common, but also the less often presented divergencies among them, in dress and habits as well as in language. The little volume, which is attractively made, suggests the readers from which children nowadays learn in an interesting way more about the cave men than most of their parents will ever know from any other source. But it is not designed for persons quite so youthful, although it will be enjoyed by boys and girls who have passed the primer stage. The beauty and the value of its pages are enhanced not only by reproductions of photographs taken by the author and by drawings by F. N. Wilson, but also by musical scores of Indian tunes. The announcement of another book by the same author, with a similar aim, to be entitled "In the Days of Vancouver," moves one to envy young readers of the present day their opportunities in the way of books.

"The Girl Who Found the Blue Bird" (Dodd, Mead; $1 net) is the account of a visit to Helen Keller by Georgette Leblanc (Madame Maurice Maeterlinck). The translation is by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. The record is surcharged with emotion, Madame Maeterlinck burying her observations under an avalanche of sentiment. Miss Keller emerges here and there, and stands momentarily distinct, to the great relief of the onlooker. The little book is an unimportant addition to what we might as well begin to refer to as Kelleriana.

"As far as the material available admitted, I have allowed Ouida to tell her own story"—thus writes Elizabeth Lee in the preface to "Ouida: A Memoir" (Duffield & Co; $3 net). And this is the best way. The material here referred to consists largely of extracts from the novelist's letters, together with occasional self-revealing passages from her published works. Ouida's place in literature has already been settled, and judgment passed, so that, while part of the present book is devoted to that phase of the subject, we shall deal, rather, with the author's account of Ouida, the woman. This will be found to bear out, in the main, the estimate more or less generally current. Ouida was a mass of apparent contradictions. Possessed of considerable political *flair*, she made herself a laughing-stock by posing as a power in politics: "Once in London I wrote what threw a bill out of the Commons, and you know how rare it is for a writer to turn votes in England." In 1885, writing to the Marchesa Incontri, *née* Galitzin, she says: "A very great English statesman, were there such a thing, would have seen the grandeur of an alliance which, giving Russia Constantinople, and taking Afghanistan for Great Britain, would have laid the foundations of a durable accord, and held the ambition of Germany in check." Perhaps! In any case few will deny the advantage to England of an earlier good understanding with Russia. Her humanitarianism was very real, but its expression often ridiculous. Her dog-cemetery at the Villa Farinola shocked the thrifty Italians as being both irreligious and wasteful. Her superheated espousal of the cause of the Italian peasant leads us to look for her always on the side of the under-dog—a locution which must have appealed to her. Yet, in 1881, she writes: "Ireland is in a frightful state; it wants military law." Again in 1882: "Arabi should have been shot in the twenty-four hours." Of the guilt of Dreyfus she was "convinced." She was anti-Chamberlain before she was pro-Boer—which she was violently enough until the "burghers" gave in, when she felt "an unmixed disgust and disappointment. I thought the Boers, at least, knew how to die, and would show the old Thermopylean spirit to the end"—this in spite of her frequent fulminations against war. Her personal vanity was shameless, as it was piteous. Intellectually she was no less vain, as witness her advice to Fisher Unwin: "Keep my book at the head of your advertisement lists; you have nothing to equal it." And to Tauchnitz: "I think you will find 'The Massarenes' worth ten thousand 'Trilbys.'" Perhaps, as our author suggests, much that puzzles us in Ouida's character may be explained as the result of a certain self-absorption which grew on her till she "came to regard herself rather as a heroine of one of her own books than as an ordinary woman living in an ordinary world."

Serious students of philosophy are sure to welcome the volume of "Essays on Truth and Reality" (Oxford University Press; $4.15 net), in which F. H. Bradley reprints, among other papers, his contributions to *Mind* for several years past. Most of the essays represent more or less, says Mr. Bradley, "the chapters of a book which I once intended to write." No new theses are offered; the present volume is rather a development and a defence of absolute idealism with reference to the issues that have arisen since the publication of the author's "Appearance and Reality" and is concerned especially with the recent discussion of the meaning of truth. It is impossible to give any brief summary of the argument of so subtle and discursive a thinker. "In this volume I have urged that what matters and what is ultimately good is the Whole, and that there is no aspect of life which, abstracted and set utterly by itself, can retain goodness. And on the other side I have insisted . . . upon the absolute, the unassailable, right of every aspect of life to its own place, function, and liberty." Such special rights are considered in essays, or appendices, on pragmatism, for which the author apologizes, and on radical empiricism, which he gladly acknowledges, and on some points in the philosophy of Bertrand Russell. Mr. Bradley has lost none of his skill as a dialectician, but his tone has become less rasping and more comfortable for the reader. Despite the fact that absolute idealism now stands with its back to the wall against all other schools of philosophy, he is able to say in his preface that "It is a satisfaction to me, when approaching the end of my own career, to note (whatever school or tendency may from time to time be in fashion) the increasing devotion amongst us to metaphysical inquiry. There has been, I think, a rise in the general level of English philosophical thought such as fifty years ago might well have seemed incredible."

The "Collected Essays of Rudolf Eucken," translated by Meyrick Booth (Scribner; $4 net), are for the most part a monotonous, yet melodious, reiteration of the theme repeated in all of the eight or ten works that have appeared in English translation in the last two or three years. Whether the title be "In Defence of Morality," "The Education of the People," "Pessimism," "The Reflection of the Age in its Concepts," or "Philosophical Parties," the story is the same: the dispersion of aims in modern life, the need of a creative and unifying spiritual movement. Yet there are some exceptions. The essay on "Goethe in his Relation to Philosophy" is an instructive piece of criticism; "Metaphors and Similes in Kant's Philosophy" is both curious and suggestive; while "The Importance of Great Thinkers" is inspiring and brings out well the element of individualism in Eucken's philosophy.

Since the individuality mainly in question is the individuality, *i. e.*, the teleological wholeness, of the world-order, "The Problem of Individuality" is a rather misleading title for the little volume containing Hans Driesch's four lectures before the University of London (Macmillan; $1). The reader will look in vain for a statement of what constitutes an individual, biological or social. What he will find is a brief and clear, if not perfectly systematic, statement of the meaning of vitalism and the argument for it. This shows that vitalism has not yet gone beyond the negative attitude of Driesch's early papers. All that he can show is that physics and chemistry will not account for life. But if life is clearly not a mechanical process, it should be possible to state its distinguishing characteristics. And it is possible that, if Driesch should address himself to the task, he would find it no longer necessary to dwell upon the irrelevance of the non-mechanical and the psychical.

Guglielmo Ferrero's new volume, "Between the Old World and the New. A Moral and Philosophical Contrast," translated by A. Cecil Curtis (Putnam; $2.50 net), is an attempt to set forth by means of dialogue the same contrast between older and newer conceptions of civilization which found expression in different form in his chapters on Ancient Rome and Modern America. The dignified formality of the Greek or Roman dialogue is entirely wanting. In a chance group of passengers sailing out of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro for Genoa a reference to New York as "the most beautiful city in the world, the model for the cities of the future, the 'Urbs' of the twentieth century," at once develops a clash of sentiments and ideas which, of course, prove irreconcilable, and continually find new material to work upon until the end of the voyage is reached. To relieve the pages from over-seriousness a thread, perhaps one had better say a good stout rope, of gossip runs through them, concerning a woman passenger whose external appearance of vast wealth is deftly seconded by stories put in circulation by her maid. One man on board knows her secret, and so the truth gradually takes the place of extravagant imaginations. She is the wife of an enormously wealthy banker, with an important social standing in Europe, as well as in both Americas, and is hurrying to New York via Europe on receipt of cabled information that her husband is quietly seeking a divorce in her absence. With a certain class of readers one fears that she may appear to be the *raison d'être* of the book. In the end, the tragedy of her life is put into the scales as possibly typical of a serious class of disadvantages inherent in the modern ideal of a "civilization without limits."

The absence of limits is the distinctive point, as developed in these dialogues, in

which the newer civilization differs from the old. The civilized nations of the Old World attained the various perfections which history sets to their credit because they were willing to work within well-defined limits. But, after the discovery of the New World, with its vast store of material resources, thus breaking the geographical limits of the past, men conceived the idea of sweeping away other limits as well. Quantity, material abundance, took the place of quality as the criterion of successful effort, and traditional conceptions which bravely threw themselves in the way of the new movement were but trampled upon for their pains. We have not room to detail here the way in which these problems are handled, from the varying points of view of the half-dozen characters brought into the discussion. Ferrero's own misgivings as to the success and permanency of a civilization unwilling to hold itself within any sharply drawn limits are evident to the reader, though it must be said that he allows no one of the speakers to put up a very logical, consistent, and effective argument for the qualitative rather than the quantitative theory of progress. To say that both sides of the picture are exaggerated beyond the bounds of fact is only to say what is almost inevitably true of any literary contrast of the kind.

Charles Silvester Horne was not only one of the most eloquent preachers of his day, but a philanthropist of the highest type, who manifested by his zeal in good works the sincerity of his faith. "The Romance of Preaching" (Revell; $1.25 net), comprising the eight lectures which he delivered before Yale University, for the Lyman Beecher Foundation—his last public utterances—offers convincing proof of his cultivation, his catholicity, and his rare spirituality. The title was happily chosen. To him the office of the preacher was the noblest and most fruitful of all human vocations, and his brilliant review of its history from the earliest ages to the present time has all the glow and fascination of the loftiest romance. To the vagaries of theology, well versed as he was in them, he pays little attention. Making no assertion of its literal infallibility, he sturdily upholds the Bible as the one sufficient and indisputable record of divine truth and the Gospel of Christ as the only philosophy of life that can insure the happiness of man now or his perfection hereafter. It is not necessary to follow the course of his narrative, but it should be said that his studies of the great prophets or preachers of the ages—from Moses and other Old Testament worthies through the apostolic period to the days of Athanasius, Chrysostom, Francis of Assisi, John Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and more modern churchmen—are singularly able and discriminating. The true significance of his book lies not so much in its robust faith as in its contempt for the mystifications arising out of mere ecclesiastical creeds, and its insistence upon the divine brotherhood of man and the rights to which that brotherhood entitles him. In that respect, though his arguments have a religious and spiritual rather than a social or economic basis, Mr. Horne is in full sympathy with the best secular thought. In his eyes there is the potentiality of the ancient prophet in every preacher who is fully alive to the privileges and responsibilities of his mission. The need of the world, he proclaims, is a spiritual renaissance. Therefore he lays great stress upon the urgent need for a better equipped and a more spiritually devoted clergy. Nothing could be more fallacious, he argues, than the idea that a preacher, if sincere in his own belief, could afford to despise the resources of the highest culture. No weapon in the armories of literature or science is superfluous to the Christian warrior. Apart from its nobility of intent, and its practical common-sense, this book exercises a special charm by virtue of its grace and vigor of literary style, its rich and apt quotation, and its complete freedom from sentimental gush. The most hardened skeptic on the subject of divine inspiration could scarcely doubt either the wisdom or the practicability of its social philosophy.

To the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, Major-Gen. A. W. Greely contributes a suggestive account of the France of to-day, in which he treats of the every-day life of its people, mainly derived from personal impressions. Much useful information of the same character in regard to Belgium, "the innocent bystander," is given by Mr. W. J. Showalter. The concluding article is upon the German nation, in which the writer, whose name is not given, shows the recent marvellous progress of the people in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and education. In the coming numbers, it is announced, there will be similar articles on Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, and other countries now at war. The admirable illustrations, 106 in number, are of great interest.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The social strain of the war is being felt in some of the London clubs. British born and bred members are objecting to the unpleasant experience of having to drink their coffee or read their papers in the same rooms with persons of German or Austrian origin, even though these unwelcome immigrants have long ago been naturalized. In one club, at least, the committee has sent out a notice to the latter class of members requesting them to refrain from visiting the club during the war. The result, of course, has been several resignations, and many indignant comments from victims who declare themselves "as good Englishmen" as any member of the committee.

The English universities open the new academic year under conditions that have had no parallel since the Civil War in the seventeenth century. Pembroke College, Cambridge, has only 65 undergraduates in residence, as against 274 last year. Cambridge, as a whole, is expected to number no more than about 1,500, out of a normal 3,500. Both at Oxford and Cambridge some of the college buildings left vacant by the enlistment of members of the University are housing wounded soldiers. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Dr. T. B. Strong, has announced that he intends to recognize military uniform as academic dress.

In the course of his speech on being admitted to office for the second year, the Vice-Chancellor—who is also Dean of Christ Church—made a kindly reference to the Germans who had come to Oxford of recent years in increasing numbers, both under the Rhodes trust and otherwise. Oxonians had welcomed them, he said, and loved them. They had never believed, and they did not believe now, that these men were spies, and that all their frank and direct intercourse with them was unreal. Dr. Strong spoke rather pessimistically as to the future. The two nations were at war on such terms that it was difficult to see how a time of real friendship could ever come again. If the catastrophe could have been prevented for a few years longer, it might have been averted altogether, for there might have been so many private friendships that the state of public war might have been impossible.

Gustave Hervé is that university professor whose picturesque expression of Socialism in the past brought him and his popular paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, into trouble again and again. His violent opposition to the nationalism which so often blocks the international action of labor led him to his most notorious utterance about "planting the flag in the dunghill." The explosion of war has cleared his thought. From the start, he reminded French Socialists in rude terms that their internationalism did not mean lying down under the German military heel, and that all their duty was to France that bore them. His tone has become that of Paul Deroulède's prophetic verse:

Strike for your Mother,
If you love her!

To Hervé as much as to any one is due the hearty union of Revolutionary France—Socialists and Syndicalists and Anarchists even—with all the rest of the French people in fighting as one man for their national existence. No one wields a greater power of speech; and he knows the part of sentiment in popular movements. Each day his paper prints a war song, giving no uncertain sound. The best one is not far from great poetry, with all its simplicity. It is signed "Silvain Pitt," an unknown and perhaps an occasional name, but surely of a true poet of France. The names on which he rings his changes will be recognized as those of places in which the bitter fight has been waged:

CHIMES OF VICTORY.

All names of France are beautiful!
Names of cities, names of hills,
Names of woods and villages,
Names of oaks and names of elms,
Names of families, names of towns,
Names of wines and cider too—
Of Brittany or Normandy,
Isle of France or Picardy!
Noyon, Guiscard, and Coucy!
Quertancourt! Lassigny!
Compiègne!
Compiègne!

Drink to the health of France, my friends!
Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, and Cléry!
Friends of England, Friends of Russia,
Friends of Cracow and of Warsaw,
Each bit of earth snatched from the foe,
Washed in our blood, to us be dearer!
Montmirail! Luzancy!
Meaux! Manteuil! Château-Thierry!
Poland!
Poland!

Like us, glass to glass,
Heart to heart,
Ring, Bells—Cannon, thunder in the air
Without blame and without fear:
Ring for our kindred, ring for our friends!
Ring for the newborn and for those who marry!
Ring a second and a fourth, and the third of Picardy!
Ring for those who die at the front for their country!
For Liège and for Louvain, and for Brussels too,
For Compiègne and Maubeuge, for Rheims and for Nancy!
Saint-Quentin! Saint-Denis!
Senlis! Soissons and Corbie!
Péronne!
Péronne!
France is in danger!
If metal should fall,
O Bells and Chimes,

Down from your bell-towers
And turn you to cannon!
When our Country's risen again,
When new Easters we must sing,
To bells we'll melt you once again!
Blévancourt! Carlepont!
Sens! Tonnerre! Clermont! Dijon!
Argonne!
Argonne!
Châteaudun, Domrémy!
Lyons, Rennes, Strasburg, and Paris!
Versailles!
Versailles!

Science

FOODS APPROVED BY DR. WILEY.

How to Cook and Why. By Elizabeth Condit and Jessie A. Long. New York: Harper & Bros. $1 net.

1001 Tests of Foods, Beverages, and Toilet Accessories. By Harvey W. Wiley. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $1.25 net.

Until a few years ago a cookbook was simply a collection of recipes, giving the ingredients of hundreds of classified dishes. For experienced cooks such a book was a help, but for beginners it was a most incomplete guide. It did not seem to occur to those who compiled these volumes that to put a book of recipes in the hands of a young wife, and place her in front of the stove in the expectation of having her at once prepare an edible meal for her husband, was as ridiculous as it would be to seat a girl at the piano with a collection of pieces before her and expect her to play them without previous instruction. In recent years several cookbooks have appeared in which the elementary principles of cooking were discussed, and now we are getting books in which there are no recipes at all, but only general information about foods and the different ways of preparing them for the table. The latest of these is by Elizabeth Condit, assistant supervisor in household science at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and Jessie A. Long, instructor in cooking at the same institution. It is intended as a "first aid" to school-girls learning to cook and to housewives in general.

The authors have scant sympathy with the housewife who said in a tone of virtuous rebuke: "I give very little time to cooking. We eat to live only." Their appeal is to those who realize how greatly our health, efficiency, and happiness are dependent on the intelligent selection and preparation of our daily meals. What these pages attempt to answer is the question: "How can I plan the food of the family so as to give them the right foods rightly prepared at the least cost?" One of the principal lessons inculcated is the need of variety in American meals, and the writers explain how an ingenious housewife can cultivate the taste of children and adults, making them eager for vegetables and other foods previously scorned by them. Those who think—and there are many who do—that, largely for reasons of economy, they must have potatoes two or three times a day, are confronted with the statement that "macaroni, rice, cornmeal, carrots, offer practically the same material at less cost."

The chapter heading The Indispensable Vegetable, does not mean that the authors advocate a meatless diet, for another chapter is entitled Why Meat is Important. In speaking of seafood, they repeat the groundless charge that lobster is indigestible. A more serious matter is the amazing hopefulness regarding the quality of American butter, manifested on pages 140-141, in face of the Government authorities' discouraging observations on the subject. An epicure must object to the statement that fish, no matter how cooked, is made more appetizing by being served with a tart sauce. Much to be commended, on the other hand, are the remarks on hot bread, and why it is shunned by many. The gastronomic millennium will be near when Americans realize that "underdone bread is the cause of more than half the dyspepsia in the land." Among the other maxims one feels tempted to quote, as warnings much needed, are these: "It is not advisable for young children to eat the uncooked banana"; and "The housekeeper who goes to the market selects the best vegetables, while what is left goes to fill the telephoned order."

Dr. Wiley's new book is one which will be eagerly consulted by all those who, while willing to do their own marketing, do not always know what to buy, because of the many conflicting claims of excellence to be found in the advertising pages of periodicals. What are the best baking powders, the best flours, cereals, coffees, teas, and chocolates in the market? What canned soups, meats, fish, vegetables are free from objectionable preservatives and coloring matter? What candies and condiments are safe to use? These and similar questions regarding dried fruits, olive oil, butter and its substitutes, as well as regarding household remedies and disinfectants, soaps, tooth powders, perfumes, and other toilet articles, are answered briefly, the verdicts being based on careful chemical tests. The book does not attempt to cover all the brands and labels in the market, and it is not intended either as a white list or a black list. Those articles which were found most in accordance with the highest standards are starred. Others are marked with an N, denoting a non-committal rating between 76 and 84, while a third class comprises disapproved products, which are marked D. One should note, however, that it is explained, where necessary, that not a few of the best known foods and toilet articles are denied the star, not because they are not good, but because too much is asserted of them. By toning down their claims on the labels, the makers of these products can earn the star.

This is one of the ways in which Dr. Wiley has benefited the community. The tests have been made under his direction, and arranged by Anne Lewis Pierce, formerly of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture. They were first published in the *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, the manufacturers thus receiving a chance to win a star, or at least an N, by improving their products or modifying their claims before the lists appeared in book form. In an introductory chapter Dr. Wiley briefly describes the "Pure Food Battle" in Washington, which "was and is a struggle for human rights as much as the Revolution or the Civil War," being "a battle for the privilege of going free of robbery and with a guarantee of health." He explains that he finally resigned in order to leave a place in which "all the foremen had been my enemies," ready to "stab me in the back." Needless to say, there are some fierce thrusts at the Remsen Board, thanks to which "a food manufacturer may put a shovelful of benzoate into any quantity of food," besides continuing to use other preservatives the dangerous nature of which was pointed out by Dr. Wiley seven years ago.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Drama

"PYGMALION."

With strange foresight Bernard Shaw caused his "Pygmalion" to be brought out first in Germany and so made hay before the advent of the war-cloud. After profitable runs in that country and in London, it comes to New York at a time when his nonsense offers welcome relief. In business sagacity Mr. Shaw is as forward as in all other matters.

"Pygmalion" is indeed something more than amusing. Though lacking the verbal smartness of "Man and Superman," and the "go" of even "Fanny's First Play," it holds forth a promise implicit in none of his former pieces. It shows signs that his humor is mellowing. A whole series of impertinences which were formerly urged with a downrightness of serious argument now fall into subordinate positions, and receive the right emphasis to provoke unreserved merriment. So his favorite propaganda against middle-class morality issues from the lips of a "dustman," one below the station of middle class who thus may be treated with no more respect by the audience than that accorded to one of Shakespeare's wise fools. It would be splendid irony if we could believe that Shaw had accepted a lesson from the great master whom he pretends to contemn.

The question of Shaw's conscious intention in this respect need not be pressed. It is quite possible that he had no such design; that having a central theme with no direct bearings upon moral smugness, he chose to satirize this in a minor capacity simply that he might obtain delectable filling. But he is too shrewd not to observe the satisfactory result. There is thus a chance that his eyes may be opened to the real opportunity for his cherished attacks. Emphasis in such matters is everything. No dramatist should hope to uproot traditions of the most vital importance by means of a play or two. His best hope should be to cause certain, probably small, modifications, and these will not come from leaving his audiences no legs to stand on. At most, people will roar and forthwith settle back into their old ways as being the best at their disposal. But indirect satire injects stings without opening the author to the reproach of being a nihilist in sacred matters.

In a word, "Pygmalion" is the first of Shaw's plays which will appear to most per-

sons to be rightly centred. For its chief concern it has an object which may be riddled in the typical Shavian manner without offending decency. We have the diverting spectacle of a cockney flower-girl developing in six months into an almost perfect lady of fashion through the agency of a skilled phonetician who has taken her in hand. The ludicrous transformation, while losing none of its humor, perhaps gets an added bit of probability by presentation in this country, where mushroom growths are not unknown. Yet in any land it will be accepted as a clever bit of satire.

For the purposes of a play Shaw felt obliged to give some depth to a character whose interest for the audience lies mainly on the surface. In chance meetings with persons it is, after all, the superficial appearance that counts, and in the present drama what the spectators are concerned about is the extent to which a girl of pleasing looks must mend her speech in order to pass in an assemblage as a lady. Eliza's gradual improvement, together with the occasional "breaks" made in public, is in itself matter of sufficient amusement. It cannot but bring up the picture, in lesser degree, of the valiant struggle of many a "beauty" of humble origin who has waked up to find herself possessed of title. The world knows by this time the scandal of Eliza's "bloody," but it is merely the climax of slips which the author has so contrived as to give them both a diverting and a pathetic interest; for it is pathetic, too, in a measure, to see Eliza make such a brave showing at Mrs. Higgins's tea, all the "h's" going well.

If the play had contained no more than such a study it would have been complete enough. Yet, with an actress of emotional power, like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at his command, the temptation must have been great to any author to suggest complications of a deeper nature. These are being prepared for, even while the audience is intent upon Eliza's verbal success. For it is evident that she cannot long dwell in the household of her bachelor preceptor, even though properly chaperoned by a housekeeper, without becoming amorously susceptible. This situation, to which is given the greater share of the final scenes, is handled with some skill. The upshot of it all is not the usual exchange of vows, but an indication given that each has learned enough from the other to set up a mutual regard which may lead to something in the future. Eliza makes it clear that the professor has left out of the reckoning all thought of soul, and that, in this regard—the greatest, after all—the experiment is a total failure. Nor has the professor suspected that he himself will in vital ways miss the unfolding chrysalis, when the process is complete. Altogether, it is a neat ending, and represents Shaw's typical concession, made in last moments of his plays, that his cocksure heroes are themselves vulnerable.

One is tempted to dwell upon this play; it brings out so singularly the special province of Shaw's best talent. A man said to be earnest in the radical doctrines he preaches, he can claim distinction as a critic solely as a tester of life's consistency. He goes about with his little lantern looking for logical leaks, and discovers many. How they are to be plugged he scarcely even hints, and usually they are too big for his own finger. Yet his demonstration that they exist is often thrilling, and is seldom without suggestiveness. With this limited capability, he might well confine his main subjects to the airy, as in the present play, and, so far as concerns stuff of more serious moment, insinuate it by the way. By such methods he has it in him to create works of sparkling felicity.

Mrs. Campbell gave an excellent performance of Eliza, and though, at least to an American, a flower-girl would seem to be a "slip of a thing," one often forgot Mrs. Campbell's maturer appearance in her splendid art. Particularly fine was her suggestion of depth and superior instinct in the final scenes. The danger of overdoing the emotional was nicely met. The part of Professor Higgins, which was taken in London by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, was well cared for by Philip Merivale. Indeed, American audiences are fortunate to see him in the part. He has the required eccentric energy and lacks the peculiar mannerisms which Sir Herbert would doubtless have exhibited. F.

"A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS."

We fear that Mr. Cyril Harcourt, the author of the new play which Mr. Winthrop Ames presents at the Little Theatre, will not be disposed to plead with Sheridan, in his preface to "The Rivals," "an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept." From long experience in stage matters, Mr. Harcourt evidently knows the tricks of the trade, and his judgment as to which one is sure to please an audience is good enough.

The idea of a play within a play was popular two thousand years before Hamlet, and few stage extravaganzas nowadays dispense with it; so we have, in the first act of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," a dress rehearsal of a play at a house party. That a divorced husband and wife should meet on such an occasion is almost inevitable, and what more natural than for the repentant (though almost innocent) husband to seek and give an explanation by stealing, in act second, properly disguised, into his former wife's bedroom—only to find there another man, before her marriage an adorer of his wife, but now the accepted lover of the *ingénue* of the play? The young man, of course, got there by accident, and he and the wife gag and tie the husband, naturally supposed to be a burglar, and lock him up in the bath-room, whence he escapes before the accidental entrance of the *ingénue*, who is somewhat surprised at the presence of her lover. The third act unravels the knot, and the husband, who, as he meant no harm, never suspected anybody, displays triumphantly the pair of silk stockings with which the not wholly innocent pair (there had been an exchange of kisses) had tied his legs. This satisfies the *ingénue*, and apparently the audience, which obviously enjoys both the play and the acting.

It would, perhaps, be scarcely worth while to inquire how much laughter all this provokes, were it not that, in the case of plays of this kind, the degree of hilarity is almost the only criterion of popular success. Lessing, in speaking of a performance of Regnard's "Démocrite," said that the play was a mass of faults and absurdities, that the plot was barren and the dialogue insipid, that there were on the stage a lot of persons who had nothing in particular to do, and yet that the audience laughed—the critic as well as the most ignorant spectator. Hence it follows, Lessing remarks, that the play must have possessed general merit which atoned for its faults. The faults of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" are evident. Plot and characterization are both conventional, and the dialogue, though amusing enough in parts, is superficial and not particularly original. The outstanding merits of the production are to be found in the manner of its presentation. It is smoothly rendered by an exceedingly level and capable cast, in which are included Mr. Cyril Harcourt, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Clayton Greene, Miss Caroline Bayley, Miss Hamley-Clifford, and Miss Sybil Carlisle. Whatever success the piece achieves will be due in no small degree to the efforts of these players and of those who fill competently the subordinate rôles. P.

"MR. WU."

"Mr. Wu," the play in which Mr. Walker Whiteside appears at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is a grim production in an Oriental setting, but we recognize it as the same old friend of whose popularity there has been a notable revival this year. It is simply old-fashioned melodrama, with a touch of novelty supplied by the unfamiliar setting. There is originality, too, and a welcome consistency in the fact that all of the Chinese characters who cannot be expected to have an acquaintance with the English language converse in their native tongue—or at any rate in as near an approach to that inaccessible language as the ingenuity of the individual players suggests to them. Artistically the play suffers from the prevalent complaint of stellaritis. It is built up for the glorification of the modulated accents and impressive impassivity of the star, and the subordinate rôles are not characters at all, but mere foils for the principal character.

For Mr. Whiteside's performance of Mr. Wu there can be nothing but praise. He portrays admirably the dignified celestial of aristocratic birth, and the combination of Western culture with Oriental traditions is well suggested. The plot is simple and time-honored. Mr. Wu, a Mandarin of Hongkong and a graduate of Oxford, has a dear daughter who loves unwisely a young Englishman, Basil Gregory. The liaison is discovered, and the rest of the action is devoted to the vengeance of Mr. Wu, whose respect for his ancestors has constrained him to kill his erring daughter. Basil is kidnapped, and the business of Basil's father is subjected to a series of mysterious misfortunes. Finally the boy's mother appeals to Mr. Wu to use the influence which he notoriously exercises among the natives to recover her son. The mechanism whereby the arrangement is made that she shall come alone to his house, where her son will be restored to her, creaks a little, but it is necessary to lead up to the "big scene." The price of the son's freedom is to be the mother's dishonor—this is Mr. Wu's revenge. Naturally, so unpleasant a dénouement has to be averted, but the device by which a package of poison, intended for the mother as a last resort, is thrown through a window by a faithful maid, and is subsequently drunk by Mr. Wu (arrayed in robes of a passionate red), is of almost inconceivable clumsiness. Mr. Whiteside, however, dies a lingering and impressively realistic death; so this must justify the device.

It is all very blood-curdling and thrilling, but the objections that we have noted remain. And even granting that Mr. Whiteside is the whole affair, the play would be

a good deal more effective were the minor characters less incompetently acted. We must mention two exceptions: Miss Deirdre Doyle, as the mother, plays a part of considerable difficulty with distinction and restraint, resisting a temptation to rant which would prove invincible to an inferior actress, and Miss Antoinette Walker gives a pleasing performance in the first act as Nang Ping, Mr. Wu's daughter. One regrets that the ethics of the house of Wu demand her removal after this act. S. W.

The three little plays of J. Hartley Manners which were performed at a series of special matinées in this city some time ago now appear in book form (Dodd, Mead; $1 net). Two of them, "Happiness" and "Just as Well," do not, in their printed form, exhibit any special literary quality to entitle them to present consideration. Both have certain peculiarly theatrical merits, but the one is labored and unreal and the other an amusing but somewhat silly trifle. The third, and most ambitious, "The Day of Dupes," is well written, and, in a way, impressive, but perfectly incredible to human experience. It tells the story of a disillusioned courtesan, who, inheriting a fortune, after drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs, realizes the bitterness of them, and, summoning her various lovers, representatives of wealth, politics, literature, and art, returns their gifts in full, and peremptorily dismisses them. The main point of the fable is contained in her rebuke to the artist who first seduced her from innocence, on the plea that all love should be free. He acknowledges that he has learned too late that his theory was wrong, that life at its fullest can only be attained by the perfect union of man and woman, but, when she asks him whether he is prepared to marry her, he balks. She makes the obvious retort that his inspiration had been won at the price of her degradation. Her homily is eloquent and firmly rooted in social philosophy and ethics, but in the circumstances lacks the requisite note of tragic sincerity. It comes from the life of a woman who was content to follow her profession until a stroke of good luck made her independent of it, and who, apparently, has been unscarred, in mind or body, by a long and dissolute career. Mr. Manners had a good dramatic motive, but he has weakened it incalculably by ignoring the facts of life for the sake of what he wrongly deems the exigencies of the theatre.

Writing of the performance of "The Impossible Woman" ("Tante") in the Haymarket Theatre, London, a critic says: "Perhaps the struggle for the affection of Karen would be more imposing if the girl had some marked individuality, if she gave you a clear impression that she was worth fighting about. But no, she is just a silly little goose, though Miss Hilda Bayley does contrive to make her a very dainty and winsome little goose. And Mr. Godfrey Tearle makes, of course, a very manly and handsome husband for her. But you don't care greatly about the young couple, for you know all the time that they are a mere pretext—a pretext for the exhibition of Mercedes. Miss Lillah McCarthy throws herself (throws is the word) into the part with a devil-may-care abandonment. . . . A fascinatingly repellent figure she makes of it, which is just, of course, what artistically had to be made of it."

Music

American composers will have a hearing at the Little Theatre this season. Its director, Winthrop Ames, has decided that all his musical programmes shall be made up of American pieces, and Rudolph Schirmer declares that he shall be glad to consider for publication the works that are selected. They must be arranged for Conductor Schenck's quartet, violin, 'cello, piano, and organ. Manuscripts must be sent to Elliott Schenck at the Little Theatre, not later than November 15, 1914.

The musical programme of the Institute of Arts and Science of Columbia University for the coming season includes the following: (1) Recitals by David Bispham, Oscar Seagle, George Harris, jr., and Miss Harriet Marple; and joint recitals by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Nichols, Mrs. Woods Bawden and Miss Josephine McCulloh, Prof. Cornelius Rübner, and Miss Dagmar Rübner, Mr. and Mrs. T. Foster Why, Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Coudert, and Mrs. Agnes Alsop Ward and Mr. Wilfred Edge; (2) concerts by the Marum Quartet, the Dethier-Durieux-Diller Trio, the Tollefsen Trio, the Russian Bayan Quartet, the English Folk-Song Quartet, the Elsa Fischer Quartet, the New York Vocal Quartet, and the Dannreuther Quartet; (3) lecture recitals by Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason, assisted by Mr. Edouard Dethier, "The Violin Sonata, Old and New"; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Remy, "The Wagnerian Music-Dramas"; Dr. John S. Van Cleve, "The Romantic Movement in Music," and Miss Beatrice Wainwright, "Old English Songs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." There will be thirty-five musical events altogether, and the season's programme also includes lectures on art, literature, drama, and popular lectures on social questions. The Institute entered its second year Tuesday evening, October 13. Membership is open to all without requirements.

"Fireworks" is the title of a composition by the Russian "musical nihilist," Strawinsky, which made a sensation in London last season. It is to be one of the novelties of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at its concerts in Carnegie Hall this season. Other novelties to be conducted by Mr. Stransky are: the "Sinfonietta" of Erich Korngold; Max Reger's serenade for two orchestras; Hadley's "Lucifer"; Novak's "Slavic Suite," and the "Endymion" suite of Hinton. Among local composers represented are three members of the Philharmonic Orchestra—Burke, Laucella, and Stahlberg—the pieces chosen being a "Meditation," an "Oriental Temple Dance," and a Funeral Rhapsody. Another local composer, Stojowski, whose music is much favored by Paderewski, will contribute a suite (opus 9). Paderewski himself will be represented at these Philharmonic concerts by the dazzling ballet music from his melodious opera, "Manru." Other quasi-novelties promised are: Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," for 'cello and orchestra (played by Leo Schulz); the overture to D'Albert's opera "Der Improvisator"; the "Roma" suite by the composer of "Carmen"; Debussy's "The Children's Corner"; Dvorák's superb "Scherzo Capriccioso," and D'Indy's symphonic variations from "Istar." There will also be special Wagner and Tchaikovsky programmes.

Among the soloists engaged are: Lucrezia Bori, Alma Gluck, Lucille Weingartner-Marcel, Julia Culp, Pasquale Amato, Fritz Kreisler, Efrem Zimbalist, Arrigo Serato, Jacques Thibaud, Leo Schulz, Eleanor Spencer, Germaine Schnitzer. Ferruccio Busoni, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Carl Friedberg, and David Sapirstein. In addition, Kitty Cheatham has been engaged to entertain the little people at two concerts.

The Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, announces a series of eight Friday and sixteen Sunday afternoon concerts to be given in Aeolian Hall. The first concert will occur on Friday afternoon, October 23. The soloists at these concerts are announced as: Alma Gluck, Harold Bauer, Efrem Zimbalist, Olive Fremstad, Ferruccio Busoni, Fritz Kreisler, Elena Gerhardt, Schumann-Heink, Frank Gittelson, Josef Hofmann, Emilio de Gogorza, Leonard Borwick, Carl Flesch, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Alexander Saslavsky, and George Barrère. Among the important works to be performed are: "A Comedy Overture," "The Pierrot of the Minuet," by Bantock; a tableau musicale, "Sadko," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; an overture, "Polyeucte," by Paul Dukas; an overture, "Cockaigne" (in London Town), by Elgar; "The Swan," by Sibelius; "Death and Transfiguration," by Strauss, and "Les Fêtes d'Hébé," by Rameau; also symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, and Saint-Saëns. Some of the important novelties include: "Islamey, Fantaisie Orientale," by Balakireff; "British Folk Music and Dances," by Grainger; "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," by Liszt; "Daphnis and Chloe," by Ravel; "Le Festin de l'Araignée," by Roussel; "Scherzo," "Le Joli Jeu de Furet,'" by Roger Ducasse. A Brahms programme is announced as including the coöperation of Fritz Kreisler in the Violin Concerto, and a programme will be devoted to an illustration of the remarkable development of ballet music in France from the time of Rameau to Ravel. A programme of Bohemian music will include a Pastoral Suite by Dvorák, new here, and a novelty by Suk, who is considered the representative Czech composer living to-day. As the piano concertos of Chopin have not been heard in the concerts of the Society for several years, his E minor and F minor will be played by Mr. Hofmann and Mr. Busoni.

Philadelphia now boasts of one of the most notable philanthropic institutions in the country, Theodore Presser's Home for Retired Music Teachers. It was dedicated in the presence of a notable assemblage, and speeches were made by a number of persons prominent in social and musical circles, including Mayor Blankenburg. Maud Powell and David Bispham contributed to the musical entertainment, and also spoke briefly. The building, an imposing structure (pictured in *Musical America* of October 3), accommodates about one hundred persons. With the endowment it already represents an investment on Mr. Presser's part of half a million, which is to be increased to a million dollars. Before planning the home, Mr. Presser had gone to Milan to study Verdi's home for musicians. In his address he remarked that "the building of the home was made possible through the commercial support of music teachers during the past half-century. The day has now come for me to return to the music teachers,

in a measure, what belonged to them. In this home the music teacher will find a haven of rest, for there will be no caste or sect distinction. The humble teacher who has labored faithfully in a village is as welcome as the metropolitan teacher who once thrilled thousands in the concert room. . . . There are several hundred thousand music teachers in the United States, so that many such institutions are needed, and I hope to live to see some of them founded."

Finance

MARKETS AND WAR NEWS.

Commenting on the news from Belgium, an experienced member of the Stock Exchange remarked at his club, last week: "It has been curiously interesting, for those in touch with Wall Street, to see how, even in the fragments of markets which are now in operation, the trend is influenced, almost imperceptibly, by the war news." He meant that these markets had been moving adversely during the advance on Paris, had begun to get into tangibly better position when the retreat from the Marne occurred and while the Allied line was slowly pressing forward, but had fallen back into hesitating apathy when Antwerp fell.

Financial markets do not move because of impulsive feeling or individual sympathy. It apparently followed that they did not believe that the present war could be settled by German victories. Now, the financial markets may have been acting on erroneous judgment. History gives instances enough of wars which resulted very differently from what the average man in the street imagined when the fighting started. It is conceivable that, in the present case, the American community may for various reasons have been more attentive to the point of view at London than at Berlin. But these very possibilities make it interesting to inquire, what has been the attitude of such financial markets, in the early part of other wars whose results are now recorded history.

When the American Civil War began, a considerable part of the New York business community had been hoping that the North would make no resistance to secession. The political tension of that period reached its climax; Fort Sumter was fired on, and the response of the North was such as proved that the Government would meet the challenge of the South. The immediate response of the Stock Exchange was a vigorous advance. From that time forward, until April, 1865, the financial markets improved with every Union victory, and fell back with every victory—and there were a good many of them—by the Confederacy.

If the markets in the early stages of our Civil War correctly measured the prospects of the conflict, the markets of 1870 were even more accurate in their judgment of the preliminary campaigning of the Franco-Prussian War. Nothing could be more opposite than their attitude towards the German advance that year on Paris, and towards the similar advance last August. Beginning with the smaller initial German victories in 1870, all news of such successes caused a rise on the London Stock Exchange, though England's actual sympathy was largely on the side of France.

Our own markets, and the markets of the European Continent, broke violently during the early and serious English reverses in the Transvaal War. Had they believed in the possibility of a final victory by the Boers, the logic of the situation would have led to action precisely opposite. During the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, from the participants in which we were financially more remote than in any of the other wars referred to, Stock Exchange prices, in Paris as well as London, rose on each announcement of Japanese successes. The financial attitude in this respect, during the Balkan War, would be harder to determine; but in that case the paramount interest of the markets was, not whether Turkey or her Balkan antagonists would win, nor even how long the war itself would last, but whether the neutral European Powers could be kept from fighting when it ended.

So that past experience rather strongly indicates that the composite judgment of the financial community, on the outbreak of a war, is usually correct as to its probable results. It may be a good while before we shall know how the rule has fitted in this present war.

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Florer, W. W. Luther's Use of the Pre-Lutheran Versions of the Bible. Article I. Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr. 35 cents net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

Summary of the News

An international question of some complexity has arisen between the United States and Great Britain as a result of the seizure by the latter country of three ships belonging to the Standard Oil Company. The ships concerned were the John D. Rockefeller, the Brindilla, and the Platuria. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, announced on October 22 that the first-named vessel had been released on it being ascertained that the oil in her tanks was destined for the Danish Petroleum Company and that there is in Denmark an embargo on the export of oil. She was detained, the statement declared, because her cargo was only consigned "to order." The Brindilla was also ordered released on Monday, and it is expected that the release of the Platuria will follow. The situation in connection with these two ships is somewhat complicated by the fact that they have only recently changed from the German to the American flag, and the question has been raised whether the change is bona fide. That question, however, the British Government is understood to regard as a minor matter. The vital point is whether the oil which the ships carry is destined ultimately to find its way into the tanks of the German army at Kiel or the Zeppelin bases along the Rhine.

The question that is raised concerns the rights of neutrals with respect to what is known as "conditional contraband" of war. Oil is included under this classification. Conditional contraband, according to Article XXXIII of the Declaration of London, "is liable to capture if it is shown that it is destined for the use of the armed forces of a Government Department of the enemy State, unless in this latter case the circumstances show that the article cannot in fact be used for the purposes of the war in progress." The contention of the British Government is that imports of gasolene, illuminating oil, and oil fuel have shown a considerable increase in neutral states accessible to Germany since the commencement of the war, and the supposition is that supplies of this character have been transshipped from Copenhagen and other neutral ports to Germany. If this is so, it is apparent that there is some reason for the British action, and it is comparable with the course adopted by the United States in the Civil War, when the Supreme Court declared that vast quantities of supplies shipped from England to the neutral port of Nassau and transshipped for the use of the Confederate army were contraband of war. Nevertheless, the burden of proof rests with Great Britain. If the shipments of oil are genuinely consigned to private firms in Copenhagen or other neutral ports, then the exporters in the United States are clearly acting within their rights and the question is one between Great Britain and Denmark. The imposition of an embargo on oil by the latter country should serve to simplify the difficulty, which in any case, so far as this country and Great Britain were concerned, was bound to yield to an amicable settlement.

Acting Secretary of State Lansing announced on Sunday that assurances had been given by Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Minister, that American cotton was not in the list of contraband and that its shipment would not be interfered with as such by the British Government.

The conference report on the War Revenue bill was adopted by the House on October 22 by a vote of 126 to 52, and was passed by the Senate and signed by the President on the same day. In the final stage of the bill amendments proposed by the Senate to increase the tax on beer from $1.50 to $1.75 a barrel, and imposing a levy of five cents a gallon on rectified spirits, were eliminated. Failure to substitute in lieu of these amendments Representative Underwood's proposal to restore the tax of two cents a gallon on gasolene, as contained in the House bill, will reduce the amount of revenue as estimated in the Senate bill at $105,000,000 to $90,000,000.

The adjournment of Congress, which was expected to follow immediately the passing of the War Revenue bill, was postponed from Thursday to Saturday of last week through a filibuster started by Southern Senators who were fighting for the passage of legislation to aid the cotton-planters. There was some talk of the President exercising his constitutional power and adjourning Congress, but the filibuster was abandoned on Saturday (it was reported, after assurances had been exacted that a measure for the relief of the cotton situation should have the right of way when Congress reconvened in regular session on December 7), and both houses adjourned.

It was made known by the State Department on Saturday of last week that on September 3 a note had been received from Count von Bernstorff denying emphatically that Germany, in the event of her success in the present war, would seek expansion in South America. On the following day the German Ambassador amplified the official note of his Government by making the interesting, but presumably unofficial, suggestion that the invasion of Canada by German troops would not violate the Monroe Doctrine. The suggestion, which has a pleasant academic flavor, is discussed in other columns.

As a result of negotiations with the British Government through the United States Embassy in London, the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium made arrangements for the shipment last Tuesday of 2,500 tons of cereals on a Dutch boat by way of Holland. Assurances have also been received that the exportation of other cereals already purchased will be permitted. Field Marshal von der Goltz, German Governor in Belgium, has given assurances to the United States Minister, Brand Whitlock, that foodstuffs supplied through the Committee shall be devoted exclusively to the use of the civil population of Belgium.

The situation in Mexico has remained somewhat inscrutable. It is apparent that Gen. Carranza has not taken in good part the decision of the Convention at Aguascalientes to constitute itself into a kind of commission of government for Mexico over the head of the First Chief. The latter is understood to have expressed a willingness to retire temporarily from political life provided that Villa and Zapata would sever all connection with the military forces of which they are in command, and that he himself should not be prohibited from becoming a candidate for election to the Presidency at the first election to be held in the republic. It is needless to say that there is not the smallest prospect of these terms appealing to Villa and Zapata. The arrival on Tuesday of twenty-eight Zapatista delegates presumably puts Villa's faction in control of the Convention, and there are said to be signs that the atmosphere in the Convention has cleared to some extent. The belief is expressed in some quarters that the resignation of Carranza will now be accepted whether he wishes it or not, and that Gen. Antonio Villareal, the chairman of the Convention, may be its choice as Provisional President.

Abortive uprisings on the part of the monarchists occurred at various places in Portugal, especially in the north, on October 20 and October 21. According to dispatches from Lisbon, on Friday of last week, the outbreaks were not of a serious character and were easily put down.

According to dispatches from Brussels to the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, the testimony of German and Belgian witnesses taken at the judicial inquiry into the destruction of Louvain, as was not wholly unexpected, shows that the citizens fired on German troops and were therefore, according to the *Lokalanzeiger*, entirely to blame for the razing of their town.

According to reports from Athens, the enterprising Essad Pasha, who recently set up a provisional presidency in Albania, last week addressed an ultimatum to the Government of Epirus demanding the evacuation of North Epirus, and, receiving no reply, ordered the invasion of the country. It is stated that after a fierce fight the invaders were repulsed with heavy losses.

The revolt in South Africa of Lieut.-Col. Maritz and his commando has apparently turned out not to be a particularly serious matter. According to dispatches from Capetown, Maritz's force of about 1,000 men has been completely defeated at Kakamas, Cape Province. On Wednesday, however, came the news that Gen. De Wet, in the north of the Orange Free State, and Gen. Beyers in the western Transvaal had raised the standard of revolt. The seriousness of the situation cannot at present be estimated, but the South African Government has taken energetic steps to suppress the rebellion.

The deaths of the week include: Robert Arthur, Dr. Bukk G. Carleton, Justice Edward B. Amend, Rev. Washington Frothingham, October 20; Julius Robertson, October 21; General Brayton Ives, Theodore de Joly de Sabla, Bernard R. Green, Prof. William F. Bradbury, October 22; Gen. Edward F. Winslow, October 23; Colin H. Campbell, October 24; Sir Charles Douglas, ex-President José Evaristo Uriburu, October 25; John Hull Browning, October 26.

The Week

Count von Bernstorff's assurance that Germany will not consent to waive her right to invade Canada because of the Monroe Doctrine need keep no one awake o'nights, either here or in the Dominion. A little trifle like the British fleet still stands in the way. But this harmless intellectual exercise of conquering oversea domain by fancy is being indulged in on all sides. There are no doubt Germans in plenty who firmly believe that their troops will enter London ere long. Was there not a rumor a little while ago that fifty armored lighters are being built at Kiel, each to carry 500 Prussians of the expeditionary force which is to hunt Kitchener in his lair as soon as the German submarines have disposed of Jellicoe's remaining ships? Do we not read that submarine transports are being built? In England the most popular game is still that of dividing up the German Empire. Seriously speaking, it is wise of the Germans to make it clear that they have not thought of seeking South American territory in the event of their conquering the Allies. There is a great deal of loose talk to this effect going the rounds—that we shall "have Germany on our necks if she wins." Every assurance which she can give that this will not be her policy, if it is based on something more definite than a scrap of paper, will be to her advantage.

How immense is the task of relieving the war-stricken in even England appears from the difficulty of organizing all the agencies of assistance, private and governmental. At their head stands the Cabinet Committee administering the Prince of Wales's—now the National Relief—Fund, which works through local citizens' committees formed in every district of 20,000 population. Government measures have been taken to prevent its plans overlapping those of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Relief Association, and those of the Poor Law and National Insurance authorities. But there is already serious complaint that it has not availed of the knowledge and energy of the thousands of well-equipped societies which deal year in and year out with social and charitable problems, and which have been moved to redoubled effort by the crisis—the Charity Organization Society, the Church Army, the Board of Guardians, the Children's Aid Association, and so on. In many localities these have formed Bureaus of Personal Service to coöperate with the Cabinet Committee's organization; in others they have complained bitterly of the maladjustment of relief. In addition, there are bodies like the Queen's Employment Committee, with its fund to establish workrooms; and the disorganized activities of hundreds of localities in providing special road and building schemes, 600 of which were submitted for government approval between August 4 and September 21 alone. The country not only faces the present dislocation of employment, the care of widows and orphans, the congestion of hospitals, but must look forward to such tremendous problems as the re-absorption of a huge army into industry at the war's end—a process miserable and disheartening even after the Boer War.

Congress, which adjourned on Saturday, holds its record as the longest continuous sitting of the legislative body of the United States. Special and regular sessions combined, it has been at its post since April 7, 1913—about eighteen and one-half months, or 550 days. The most protracted regular session previously on record—excluding one which was interrupted by very lengthy recesses—was that extending from December 3, 1849, to September 30, 1850, or 302 days. It was occupied with the Compromise Measure, it heard four great speeches by Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Seward, and there joined in its debates Benton, Hale, Douglas, Jefferson Davis, and Salmon P. Chase. No piece of oratory of the present session will rank with the Seventh of March speech. As for special sessions, there have been nineteen in the period from 1789 to 1913, lasting from ten days to eight months each—but very few over six months. Not many Presidents have cared to assume the responsibilities they involve. It is to be pointed out that but for the length of the first regular session of the Sixty-second Congress, December 4, 1911, to August 26, 1912, the longest in thirty years, the mark now set by the combined sessions would be still more striking.

The full report of Secretary McAdoo on the receipts from individuals under the income tax from March 1 to December 31, 1913, is in many respects surprising. The yield is certainly much less than most observers had expected. In his annual report to Congress a year ago, the Secretary predicted an income of $54,000,000 from individuals under the tax; and despite the manifest elements of uncertainty in any calculation, many thought that it should produce more. It was a heavy reduction from the yield of over $80,000,000 upon which the Congressmen who drew up the bill had counted. Last July, again, upon the completion of the task of collection, the Secretary issued another estimate to the effect that the receipts would approximate $31,000,000. Surprising as this was, the full returns now show the amount to be actually about $28,000,000. The Secretary's original estimate is almost halved, and that of Congress nearly cut in three. The number of returns is as disappointing as the aggregate revenue, for but 357,598 were made, though Congress, in its $80,000,000 estimate, had counted upon half a million. Yet it is to be remembered that all estimates were purely conjectural, the uncollected income tax of 1894 having offered no guide to the law's productiveness. The Internal Revenue Bureau promises a report upon the delinquents, of whom it is thought there are many; but the discrepancy between expectation and result is so great that delinquency can at most account for but a part of the miscalculation.

The formal announcement by the Treasury Department that the new regional banks will be opened November 16 foreshadows events with a highly interesting bearing on our troubled financial situation. It is now evident—as it was, indeed, to thoughtful students of the question when the new system was planned—that an important function of the regional banks will be that of leadership in matters of banking policy. Every one familiar with the history of our financial panics knew that on such occasions the existence of a powerful central institution, holding the ultimate cash reserve for banks of its district and exercising organizational supervision over them, would insure the maximum of efficiency in dealing with the crisis. The present situation could not possibly have been foreseen; yet no situation can be imagined in which precisely this centralized authority and power would be more urgently needed. Laborious voluntary effort of a few individuals or institutions has succeeded in organizing such "emergency relief movements" as the $100,000,000 fund contributed by New York banks to protect this city's foreign engagements, and the $100,000,000 fund for regulating the exchange market, in which the larger banks throughout the country joined. Now, in the same unofficial way, the problem of financing a partly unsalable cotton crop is being dealt with. It needs no argument to show how much more effectively all this could be done with the regional banks and the national board in full operation.

The rejection by the House, as well as the Senate, of the plan to relieve the cotton exigency by a $250,000,000 issue of Government bonds, cannot bitterly disappoint the South. Such action was foreshadowed from the beginning; while, in spite of all that the Georgia and Alabama members said of the "Macedonian cry" from their sections, it is hard to believe that the better judgment of a large part of the Southern people was not really against the proposal. The six Southern Governors who met recently to agree upon legislation limiting the cotton-growing area or encouraging other crops, took no desperate view of the necessity for Federal relief, and there are Southern newspapers that have opposed it. Part of the support it has had in Congress was sincere, but a large part was admittedly political. It must be hoped that any who believed in it received a clear lesson by the vote and the unequivocal debate in Congress, and that the South at large will understand that its best part is to help itself and not to come to Congress for special privileges. Congressman Glass, of Virginia, to whom much of the credit for defeating the bill is to be given, repeatedly emphasized his judgment that "we already have upon the statute book laws which, with the bills proposed by the Banking and Currency Committee, are sufficient to relieve the situation"; and everything now indicates the success of the proposed bankers' cotton pool.

We know that the Republican party cannot change its spots, because the Colonel has so stated. Only an academic interest, accordingly, attaches to Chairman Hilles's announcement that the plan proposed last December for reducing the Southern representation in national Republican conventions has been adopted, through its ratification by conventions in States that cast a majority of votes in the present Electoral College. The Convention of 1916 will have 89 fewer delegates than the Convention of 1912, and most of this loss will be in the delegations from the South. It is noteworthy that the South itself has accepted the reduction, Texas being the only State to vote against it; her loss will be sixteen delegates, twice the loss of any other State. The only Northern State to lose in representation is New York, and it loses but two delegates. Chairman Hilles is at pains to point out that "the system of unequal numerical representation, against which many States constantly contended, was the legacy of years and of political custom, and therefore not in any way identified with the Convention of 1912." Not a word about the real objection to it, that it stood in the way of an ex-President's ambition!

The American Bar Association disposed of the question of admitting negroes to membership by a resolution providing that in submitting lists of candidates for membership, the local councils shall give information as to the race, sex, and any other matters pertaining to the candidates that are required by the Executive Committee of the Association. This saves the Association from the stigma of drawing a racial line, even if it makes it possible to reject a candidate upon that ground alone. This action followed the adoption of a resolution submitted by Moorfield Storey, repealing the resolution of two years ago declaring that it was not contemplated that colored men should be admitted to membership. The Association is to be congratulated upon extricating itself from a most discreditable position, and one that had resulted in the resignation of a number of members.

Congressman Vare's attack upon Senator Penrose in the House, calling upon him to deny categorically the authenticity of the "information" from Penrose on which the Philadelphia *North American* bases charges concerning Vare's alleged use of bribes in 1911, revives a feud that will make Pennsylvania Democrats jubilant. The quarrel may be only temporary, for a general denial has already come from Penrose, and the Republicans will put forth every effort to reconcile the two leaders. The following of Vare is more personal than partisan; if Penrose cannot prove misstatement on the part of the *North American*, and Vare carries his resentment to an extreme, he should cut down the inevitable Penrose majority in Philadelphia by 40,000 or 50,000. The *North American* charges that, in an effort to help that journal defeat Vare's nomination in 1911, Penrose "made the most astounding and specific charges of corruption to which we have ever listened, bluntly naming as the corrupters . . . his own political and business associates." A few days before election, the mine is well sprung.

Instances of resort to the recall are so few that discussion of the device is still limited in the main to general considerations. California has just furnished an example of its use, however, which should be added to the list. Two years ago, at the last State election, a Senator was chosen by a narrow majority of the reform as opposed to the machine adherents. He took a firm stand at Sacramento against vice and kindred evils, not only upon general grounds, but also because of the approaching Exposition. The climax of his activity in this direction was reached by his introduction of a bill to abate the "redlight" conditions in San Francisco. A movement was started to recall him. The petition received the requisite number of signatures, and at the election he was defeated by an open champion of the interests that he had been fighting. The significant feature of the affair is that only half of the registered voters went to the special election; naturally, the interests antagonized were represented in good numbers. Of course, it was the duty of the citizens, if they approved of the course of their Senator, to go to the polls and vote to retain him. But it is matter of common observation that special elections do not receive the attention that is paid to regular ones. This particular election strengthens the position of those who hold that the recall tends to operate against the man in office, especially if he has been the exponent of a vigorous policy.

The notable celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's perfection of the incandescent lamp is gratifying evidence that Americans are beginning properly to take note of events in the lives of their men of science during their lifetime. Who can measure the world's debt to Mr. Edison for his development of the electric light and the complete revolution in illumination which it has brought about? The amazing thing about it all is that these electrical wonders, including the trolley-car and electric train, have become universal so quickly. The increase in comfort due to the incandescent light no one of the younger generation can understand, but if our cities could go back for even a day to the old gaslight, everybody would appreciate in fullest degree just what the "Wizard of Menlo Park" has accomplished in this field. As it is, the modest inventor will be grateful, no doubt, for the evidences of public appreciation so widely displayed. There is something inspiring in every phase of Mr. Edison's life, but best of all is his absolute devotion to his work, his refusal to splurge, or to be exploited, and his intense desire to confer other lasting benefits upon his fellowmen.

Time has still left the country a handful of forty-niners; but those who were connected with the picturesque early history of the West are fast passing. Of this the death of

a character immortalized in "Roughing It" has just reminded California. Calvin H. Higbie, civil engineer and miner, and long a partner of the humorist, figures in the story and in its dedication. There are two good reasons for believing that he was peculiarly fitted for companionship with Mark Twain. His life, in which he won and lost at least one large fortune, was full of hopeful, adventurous Americanism; and to Paine's biography of Clemens he was persuaded to contribute a few lines that betoken an appreciative spirit. Speaking of Mark Twain's enjoyment of the pleasures of a "great ball" at Aurora, he wrote:

> In changing partners, whenever he saw a hand raised he would grasp it with great pleasure and sail off into another set, oblivious to his surroundings. Sometimes he would act as though there were no use in trying to go right or to dance like other people, and with his eyes closed he would do a hoe-down or a double-shuffle all alone, talking to himself and saying that he never dreamed there was so much pleasure to be obtained at a ball. It was all as natural as a child's play. By the second set, all the ladies were falling over themselves to get him for a partner, and most of the crowd, too full of mirth to dance, were standing or sitting around, dying with laughter.

To have seen such days, and to have been chum to Mark Twain, a Western periodical explains, was not to have lived in vain.

The Hartford *Courant* is celebrating the completion of a hundred and fifty years of continuous existence under one name. In this respect, it has a unique place in American journalism. Founded on October 29, 1764, it has lived to see the end of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries and the opening of the twentieth. Yet this distinguished record does not make it the oldest daily newspaper in the country. The *Courant* started as a weekly, and did not become a daily until 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession. At that time, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore all had old daily newspapers. One of these, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which was owned for a while by Franklin, had been started as a weekly as early as 1729; the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, now the *Baltimore American*, had its first issue in 1773; the New York *Commercial Advertiser* had been started in 1793 as the *Minerva* by Noah Webster, and the *Evening Post* had first seen the light in 1801. All of these, with the exception of the last-named, have undergone changes of name, and the oldest of them was absorbed by the Philadelphia *North American* in 1845—not the present enterprising sheet of that name, but its predecessor.

He who coins a word is greater than he who bombarded Rheims Cathedral. It must have been a genius who invented "to fashionize." It leaped from his brain when cotton became the craze. At least, we are told it is the craze. The Southern Society is going to dance in it. A perfectly new bride in her first attempt at matrimony will walk to the altar arrayed in it; the Women's New York Democratic Club, always by principle inclined to simplicity, will henceforth urge other women to wear it. "Pretty," "inexpensive," "lasting," "patriotic" precede the noun, even when purists write of the product of the South. But will all this endeavor, this praise, this wooing accomplish its purpose? Will the farmers rid themselves of the obnoxious stuff? There is one way, and only one, to "fashionize" cotton. If it is done by society, Hoke Smith may stop filibustering. But there must be no doubt as to its being the real Society. The amiable daughters of Queen Victoria wrapped themselves from crown to sole in Irish lace to further Irish industry, and the student of history will remember that one married the grandson of a shoemaker and another one of her Majesty's subjects, and that in time a large appropriation (see George Birmingham) had to be made for wharves on the Irish coast, where there was no necessity for wharves. Yet the daughters of the Queen were not Society. That body, tiny, exclusive, remote, has never lacked judgment or taste. It is to it the Southern farmer should cotton.

Nobody has a kind word for the Huns. The name is the last word in vituperation. England applies it to the Germans. Germany applies it to the Cossacks. Presumably the Austrians apply it to the Serbs, unless Vienna is held back by the thought that a very large part of the Hapsburg dominions bears the name of Hungary. The name is used loosely to denote every Asiatic enemy who from time to time has threatened the integrity of European civilization—Huns, Arabs, Turks. In this latter sense it is especially favored by the Kaiser's people, whose patriotic poets have drawn parallels between the great battle of 451 near Châlons, in which Attila was done for, and the battle of the Masur Lakes, in which von Hindenburg did for the Slavic hordes about two months ago. Thus, while the British use Huns as a sign of temper, the German nation characteristically imparts to the name a philosophico-historical significance. To be sure, the practice involves certain ethnographical difficulties. The battle of Châlons was fought in France; where is the appropriateness of the citation in a German mouth? So we must remember that the inhabitants of France in 451 were Franks and Goths—in other words, Teutons. If the Roman Aetius took part in the battle, the fact is overlooked in the heat of polemic. Actually there is a great deal of nonsense about this claim of one European nation or another to have served as the bulwark of western civilization against the Asiatic peril. At any rate, the Teutons are in no position to assert a monopoly. If one recalls rightly, it was a Visigoth—that is, a Teuton—by the name of Count Julian, who invited the Arabs into Spain. Historians now generally admit that it was the Byzantines—a race whom German patriot historians of the Houston Stewart Chamberlain type particularly despise—who did valiant service on the European frontier against the Saracen and Turk for a thousand years. It was a Slavic peril by the name of John Sobieski who shattered the Turkish power at the gates of Vienna. And Turkey to-day is a good friend of the Kaiser. Why drag in the Asiatic?

The dispatch from Petrograd that the Czar has assured the Russian Union of Abstinence that he "long ago decided to interdict for all time in Russia the sale of alcoholic drinks by the Government" scarcely means that one-seventh of the habitable globe will pass under permanent prohibition. Various measures, it is true, have stopped the sale of liquor in Russia since the war began; and Count Witte, uncompromising foe of the Government monopoly, hails the Czar's announcement as meaning that "naturally after the war is finished these measures should be developed in the direction of permanent prohibition." That radical steps will be taken to limit the consumption of alcohol is certain, for the Government showed months ago that it had taken to heart the evils growing out of excessive drinking. But to talk of absolute prohibition is to forget that drinking has for generations had its hold on the population, and that the taking over of control of the distilleries in 1895 was with the object of checking it. That object was forgotten, and the output of the distilleries has increased more than 10,000,000 gallons in the last five years. The best method of slowly bringing the liquor trade under control is probably that suggested by Count Witte: the abolition of the Government retail shops in favor of a careful license system, with the retention of Government control over the distilleries, so as to limit their operations.

BLUNDERING GERMAN PROFESSORS.

To the unbiassed it is plain that Germany has suffered grievously since the beginning of the war in her reputation as a seat of wisdom and the abode of scientific inquiry into the truth of all matters. To all who have profited by her learning and the instruction of her great teachers, this is a sorrowful thing. But it is precisely the German teachers of to-day who are producing a most unpleasant impression on this side of the water in their efforts to win American public opinion for their cause. Nowhere is there any evidence of a desire to undertake an unbiassed investigation of facts; nowhere proof of a philosophical examination of recent occurrences. Logic is thrown to the winds. We are treated to a flood of rhetoric and of unsupported statements. The assertions of the Allies are flung away as unbelievable, because they are from the Allies; the assumption being that the Germans alone are capable of telling the truth in this crisis, and that from the rest of the world there comes nothing but falsehood. The failure to deal with the fundamental moral questions from a detached, ethical point of view may be the inevitable result of the wave of patriotism that has swept over Germany, but it is none the less amazing. The world had a right, it seems to us, to expect better things, even if it could not hope for calmness in such a national crisis.

It really seems as if some of the professors who have rushed into print to defend Germany's cause are doing it quite as much harm as the enemy. Take, for instance, the appeal "To the Civilized World," published by ninety-three German *savants*, which has just reached us. Some of the most distinguished names in Germany are signed to it —Eucken, Haeckel, Fulda, Humperdinck, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Lamprecht, Kaulbach, Dörpfeld—every one notable in his field. Yet the appeal itself is discreditable to their intelligence, and is certain to react against their cause. We waive the fact that the English in which it is couched is grotesque, with merely one citation: "The iron mouth of events has proved the untruth of the fictitious German defeats, consequently misrepresentation and calumny are all the more eagerly at work." But their statement is marked by total absence of logic. Thus they state that "it is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium. It has been proved that France and England had resolved on such a trespass, and it has likewise been proved that Belgium had agreed to their doing so. It would have been suicide on our part not to have been beforehand."

Thus in the first sentence they deny what they admit in the last. As for their assertions in regard to France and England, no proof whatever is offered, or has been offered, from any source. The worst that we have discovered is the fact that England and France had planned how they would act if Germany did precisely what she has done. To say that it was a violation of neutrality for England and France to plan in advance how, if necessary, they would perform the duties put upon them by the treaty establishing Belgian neutrality is to insult the intelligence. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the contention is true, what does it boil down to? That Germany violated a law because some one else was going to. If anybody was going to murder Belgian neutrality, she was going to be first at the job. What a shocking position for moralists, for teachers of ethics and religion to assume! They had much better fall back openly upon the highwayman's argument used by the German Chancellor that he preferred the law of necessity to that laid down in a "mere scrap of paper."

Next we are told by our ninety-three men of light and leading that "it is not true that the combat against our so-called militarism is not a combat against our civilization, as our enemies hypocritically pretend it is. Were it not for German militarism, German civilization would long since have been extirpated." What are we to think of all the German teachings of philosophy and religion, if this is true? What kind of civilization is that which rests only upon force, and how valuable is it going to be in the long run? "Have faith in us," the appeal concludes. Faith, yes; but how can we have faith in their judgment hereafter? We could cite many similarly astonishing utterances from professors that have come direct to this newspaper, in which men of international reputation accept as facts matters for which no proof whatever is offered or can be offered. Were they to carry on their teaching or their scientific researches in any such manner they would be promptly expelled from their chairs.

But it is not only the professors in Germany who are injuring their cause. The British Government might well petition for Professor Münsterberg's release from Harvard, with the stipulation that he devote all his time to writing and speaking for Germany. There is Prof. Kuno Francke, of Harvard, too. Only a few years ago he was writing books showing a complete hostility to Kaiser, bureaucracy, and militarism. Now Germany in his eyes is almost beyond criticism. Then there is Prof. Eugen Kühnemann, an exchange professor from Breslau. In an address in Boston, the other day, his assertion that Germany ought not to have violated Belgian territory, but had to do it, called forth laughter from his audience and a pointed remark from the chairman as to the professor's irrationality. To this the agile professor promptly replied that "Americans did not seem to understand that life was always irrational"! That Americans could only hope to understand Germany if we were situated in America as Germany is in Europe was another of his contentions. In this crisis our learned German friends seem to fail to understand that the American is a reasoning animal who can recognize a logical absurdity when he sees one, and knows how to differentiate between an assertion and a fact. Germany, says Professor Kühnemann, is "very much satisfied with the state civilization has reached within her country"; and he adds, "German militarism is the concentrated power of self-defence against a world of enemies." Might her learned men not now take time to inquire whether all is well with a civilization that surrounds itself with a world of enemies?

THE CENSORSHIP ABROAD.

That the British censorship of the war news has reflected credit neither upon the intelligence of the officials nor upon their reputation for fair play is daily becoming more and more evident. It has plainly been controlled chiefly by a desire to conceal from the rest of the world the extent of any German successes, to blacken the enemy's character as much as possible, and generally to win the aid of public opinion in the United States by any means available. The censorship may not be responsible for a deliberate falsification of the official German dispatch of September 11, which was brought specially to our attention; but if it is not, this merely transfers the blame to the newspapers which printed the dispatch, or to the news association which supplied it. We have reason to believe that the German press is justified in asserting that this is not the only case in which official dispatches have been altered to German disadvantage. Major Redway, in the London *Globe*, has charged that "we must learn to look upon the manufacture of mendacities during the war as a heroic attempt to keep us going in the absence of truth." Mr. Herbert Corey, correspondent of the New York *Globe*, last week flatly charged that British censors were forging dispatches, and states that Hilaire Belloc

is protesting in a weekly journal that the censorship is steadily misleading the British public.

That the British reputation for manliness and square dealing towards an adversary is thus much impaired, is one of the saddest facts about the war. Englishmen have always been held up to our youth as model sportsmen; now it appears that when they enter into a great war they take unfair advantage. That the British public itself would never approve of this policy, we are certain; but thus far British protests have naturally dwelt much less upon the dishonorable side of the censorship than upon its stupidities. Of these there are no end. Thus Mr. Asquith's first recruiting speech was not permitted to cross the ocean save fragmentarily, on the perhaps correct, but none the less amazing, ground that it might hurt Great Britain abroad. Of course, being printed in full in London, it was in Germany in forty-eight hours and in New York a week later. Asquith's speech in Dublin announcing the arrival of the Indian troops that day, Mr. Corey declares, was permitted to be printed in Ireland, but not in England! Some of the official German dispatches were suppressed, so that the United States should not be aware of the truth, the censors being sublimely ignorant of the fact that the same dispatches were being received here daily by wireless.

Again, when the Associated Press filed the news of the Pope's note to the Cardinals urging upon them prayers for peace, it was at first suppressed, and then only a few lines permitted. The excuse for suppression was that if the millions of Catholics here and elsewhere learned of the Pope's desire for peace, it might interfere with the conduct of the war! The stupid half-pay colonel who so ruled is to be thanked for thus making it clear how antagonistic militarism is to the Church; but he resembled the proverbial ostrich. He quite forgot that mails from Italy reach this country. The censor in London apparently thinks, too. that we are not receiving the German newspapers as antidotes to his poison. He was for a long time not aware that the liberties he was taking with the Associated Press telegrams were being checked up here by the simple device of sending to New York the dispatches as filed with the censor. The discovery of any garblings or omissions was thus very easy. We sincerely hope that, in justice to itself, its members, and the reputation of American newspapers for honest reporting, the Associated Press will soon see its way clear to publishing the exact facts for the information of the American public, which has suffered by this London narrow-mindedness and folly. That conditions have improved the last few days is, it is to be hoped, a sign of a realization that wars are not to be won by misrepresentation or by permitting the other fellow's alleged atrocities to be dwelt upon while your own doings are suppressed.

That any ideal censorship could ever be worked out, we very much doubt, for it is founded on suppression, deceit, and concealment; but there are instances in which it has worked well. The difficulty lies in the censor's inevitable tendency to drift from things military to things political, as is the case in England to-day. In France, too, there has been grave complaint that the Government has erred, as in 1870, in not being frank enough with the public. The *Journal des Débats* has recently protested at the almost complete suppression not only of news, but of intelligent discussion of the military situation. In England it is suggested that the initial lack of popular interest in the war was due to the scarcity of news from the front. It is a fact that our own newspapers seem fuller than those in London, despite our remoteness. At any rate, it is difficult to keep men excited to the point of offering themselves for slaughter if there is no more thrilling news than the statement that on the twenty-seventh day of the Battle of the Aisne the British army was getting well-accustomed to digging trenches. In Germany, they have had a strict censorship, but have given daily official bulletins, which on the whole have proved trustworthy and bear no marks of a deliberate intent to deceive, though they very often suppress when things go badly, or at least try to palliate. Their correspondents in the field are, however, grumbling, as are their *confrères* in France and England. But the German Government does allow full discussion by experts, and some of these are usually highly illuminating.

ELECTION FORECASTS.

Both the New York *Sun* and *World* printed on Sunday elaborate forecasts of the results of the election next Tuesday. They relate chiefly to the control of the next Congress. That this will be retained by the Democratic party is conceded by both of the estimates. It will undoubtedly retain the Senate, probably increasing its majority there by two or three votes. But it is equally certain that the overwhelming Democratic preponderance in the House will be reduced, the only question being by how much. In the present House the Democrats have about 160 majority over the Republicans. But this was plainly in consequence of the highly exceptional conditions in the voting of 1912. The Progressive split allowed many Democratic Representatives to slip in who could not hope to be returned this year. But even with a reverting to something like normal party divisions this year, it would be an enormous task for the Republicans to win as many as eighty seats, which they would need to do in order to be in control of the next House. Neither of the forecasts admits the possibility that they can do it. A Republican gain of from fifty to sixty members is the best that can be done, according to these calculations. And they are borne out by the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, who states that "conservative estimates" at the capital indicate that the Democrats will control the next House, though by a "substantially reduced majority." An averaging of the various guesses would give the Democrats a majority of from 25 to 50.

We ask no credence for these or any other figures. Carrying elections on paper and in advance is a harmless amusement, but does not beget certitude in the cautious mind. Too many beautiful election forecasts have been wrecked by the unfeeling event. What interests us in these attempts to read the book of fate is less the exact details—which are, obviously, of the kind that can be altered while you wait—than the methods of reasoning employed. These may seem to be less elusive than the figures given, but we are not sure that examination will show them to be so.

The first great postulate is that the Progressive vote is to vanish like the Cheshire Cat. Only by presuming on its virtual disappearance can the Republicans even pretend to hope that they will be able to capture the next House. But there are several uncertainties in this reckoning. The Progressives are not, indeed, everywhere active, yet in several critical States they are doing a good deal of campaigning. They may succeed in casting sufficient votes in a few closely contested districts to prevent Republican candidates from winning. It is the avowed aim and hope of Col. Roosevelt to "prove to the Republicans that they can't win"; and enough of his followers may be imbued with his spirit to make it certain that the Republicans cannot win at least the next House. Furthermore, the Republican prophets all take it for granted that all who voted the Progressive ticket two years ago, and who have since made up their minds to abandon that new-party movement, will

throw themselves into the welcoming arms of Republicans. But this does not necessarily follow. Not a few Progressives of 1912 were originally Democrats; and if they now "go back," it may be to their old party fold. And it is highly probable that many former Republicans who voted for Roosevelt two years ago will now, if they are to change party allegiance once more, quietly vote in support of President Wilson. It is easy to see how either one of these suppositions as regards the effect of the Progressive vote—much more, all of them together—may vitiate the election tables printed before the election.

Then there is another element of great uncertainty, as it affects the minds of voters, though the preëlection estimates deal with it as if it were absolutely a known quantity. We refer to the European war. It seems to be generally accepted as the salvation of the Democratic party. The Republicans say they are certain of it. But this may mean only that, in the event of Democratic success, they will say that they would have whipped the other party out of its boots but for the war. The process of thought, if such it can be called, is set forth at length in the *Tribune*. Four months ago, everything looked rosy for the Republicans. Times were not good, and the country was getting ready to give the Wilson Administration a severe rebuke at the polls. But then came the war to make business conditions "still worse." At that moment, however, the people altered their attitude. That they did so "illogically," the *Tribune* admits; but the melancholy fact is that all the trouble caused by Democratic legislation was at once swallowed up in the immensely larger troubles due to the war, and then general sentiment attributed the whole to "influences beyond the control of the party in power." Ergo, the party in power is not to be punished. Ergo, Republican hopes wither. Ergo, the war was a life-saver to President Wilson.

This little anticipatory essay in divining the popular heart is so confident as almost to carry conviction—especially as its conclusion goes counter to the political desires of the newspaper that produces it. And there are undeniably many surface indications in confirmation of it. We know that Democratic candidates for Congress are appealing for votes, less on their own merits than to support President Wilson. And in so far as this appeal is based on the feeling that the President stands for peace, has thus far kept this country out of war, and may yet obtain for the United States a leading rôle in securing peace in Europe, its force cannot be questioned. But the fact remains that nobody can predict what will occur on November 3. The very absorption of the people in the war has prevented political sentiment from declaring itself so plainly as it often does. The campaign has been rather spiritless; the registration does not imply keen interest and the result is more than usually on the lap of the gods.

AGE AND YOUTH IN POLITICS.

Col. Roosevelt spoke in Ithaca last Thursday, and the venerable ex-President White of Cornell paid him the compliment of going to hear him. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* gives this detail of their meeting each other:

> "I wish you were in the fight with us," said the Colonel. "You ought to be, for you stand for what is right and decent."
>
> Dr. White smilingly shook his head and remarked: "You will come back."

Mr. Roosevelt presently took occasion to declare in his address that he would "never go back," casting a meaning glance towards the wings of the stage where Dr. White was sitting. He added, characteristically, that what has to take place is that the Republican party must come forward. This leaves the situation, in our opinion, one in which a little skilful manœuvring could overcome the difficulty. If the Colonel were to march off obliquely—not "back," of course—and the Republican party would edge forward on a bias, the two might be surprised to find that they were together again.

That a kind of pathetic significance attaches to this passing encounter between Andrew D. White and Theodore Roosevelt, the dullest must feel. Long friends—still friends in everything but politics—their public ways have parted. Dr. White stands for the Republicanism of the old school and the best type. In the days of his political activity he was as forward-looking a man as Roosevelt himself. He was eminently the scholar in politics. With sufficient independence, he yet managed to work with his party, serving it and being honored by it. Now he is an old man. His age is eighty-two. Col. Roosevelt is—well, never mind what the year-books say, he is eternally a young man. He is one of Lowell's "incurable youth." So that the meeting between him and Dr. White was one between age and youth. In the act Col. Roosevelt showed how young he is by vehemently using the word "never." An English political sage has said that no one but a very young man will use the word "never" in politics.

Passing beyond the two persons in question, may it not be said that this exchange of greetings at Ithaca symbolizes the political forces that have wrought party estrangements? It would be absurd to denounce Dr. White as a reactionary. He is not that any more than Col. Roosevelt is, at heart, a Jack Cade. But the two stand for different ways of looking at public questions, and for different methods of attaining their desired goal. The contrast is not precisely that between the conservative and the radical. It is rather a question of temperament and attitude. On one side, we have the veteran of many a hard political fight, earnestly wishing to hold fast to that which is good. On the other, we see impatience, impetuosity, a certain touch of recklessness, insisting upon cutting loose from the past and making all things new in a day. Embody these two tendencies in thousands and tens of thousands of people, and do we not get pretty close to a good explanation of the splitting away of the Progressives from the Republican party?

The whole story is not told by adding up the years of a man's life. It is undoubtedly true that men incline to be more conservative as they grow older—though they might say that they were content with the triumph of the radical ideas of their youth. Mr. Bryce has spoken humorously of a Radical Club which was formed in England some fifty years ago. Every one of its flaming agitators that lived any length of time became a fine old crusted Tory. But the rule does not always work that way. Gladstone was a stern and unbending Tory until he was fifty. Then he became Liberal, and successively took up such novel political doctrines, down to extreme old age, that he came to be called the "Old Man in a Hurry"—in a hurry, that is, to revolutionize England before he died. It is not the calendar, but the spirit, that signifies. If Theodore Roosevelt lives to be eighty, can anybody imagine him warming his shrunk hands by the fire while he discourses on the degeneracy of the times and the inconceivable folly of upstart boys setting out to reform the nation?

Obviously, the hopes of any political party for the future must be pinned to its young men. It was long the boast of the Republicans that they were steadily attracting the pick of American youth. There was a decided break in this tendency in 1874-76, when there was such a turning of young men in our colleges and elsewhere to the hope of needed reforms through the Democratic party. Grover Cleveland

a larger following from this class than did Tilden. The Progressives have taken great and justifiable pride in the large proportion of young recruits who rallied to the Roosevelt banner. But if youth is ardent and aspiring, it also has a kind of impatience that easily lapses into instability and fickleness. Often it cannot face and endure the prolonged struggle. It wants short-cuts to victory; and if they are nowhere in sight, it is apt to fall away. And the ominous shrinkage in the Progressive registration and vote, all over the country, together with the lists of open desertions of the party, now so extended, indicates that the spell over the young men is being broken. The thoughts of youth are, indeed, long, long thoughts, but the thought of 1916, possibly 1920, with the leader steadily aging, is evidently a bit too long.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

A series of sketches which the humorist, Ian Hay, has been publishing in *Blackwood's* under the above title, has more than anecdotal interest to those who can see in the boy the father of the man. The spirit of the English public schools has been the theme of energetic quarrelling; but between Rudyard Kipling, whose "Stalky & Co." our own Roosevelt denounced as brutal, and Dean Farrar, whose "St. Winifred's" and "Eric; or, Little by Little" touch depths of bathetic priggishness, "Tom Brown at Rugby" strikes a credible mean, and expresses, with books like "A Day of My Life at Eton" and Mr. Hay's sketches, what may fairly be taken as the characteristics of young Englishmen in those little republics. Mr. Hay expresses the dominant quality as a dislike for mental cleverness coupled with "worship of force of character." "It is not good form to appear deeply interested in anything, or to hold any serious views about anything, or possess any special knowledge about anything." The youth who can easily excel in sports and studies is admired, but the youth who excels by plodding is despised. There is Sparkleigh of the Sixth, for example, drunk the night before examinations, but prize-winner nevertheless. "On Sunday afternoons he would disappear upon a long country walk, ostentatiously exhibiting a cigarette case. In reality he sat behind a hedge in an east wind and translated Demosthenes." He is the man, also, who affects to fall asleep in class, but in reality is mentally pulling and polishing his Latin hexameters. Even more than he hates to seem to strive after intelligence and efficiency, the English boy hates to boast of what he has done.

These same qualities, but as real and not assumed, an American writer in the *Hibbert Journal* last year emphasized as distinguishing the mature Englishman—indifference and mental bluntness, growing out of an emphasis upon moral over intellectual excellences. It is at any rate clear that the young American's school life centres in very different ideals. The Briton calls his fellow who becomes a good cricketer by hours and hours of practice a "rotter." To the American, on the other hand, as to the Scotchman, success is far too important a thing to be jeopardized by false modesty. The competition is as overt as it is strenuous, in class and out of it. The rowing crew is assembled and practiced, under driving coaches, a year beforehand, and the football team works in field and gymnasium, night and day, until by practice it evolves a perfect combination. The American is too intent on his goal to understand the English pose, just as the English boy has a vague feeling that such pains are unsportsmanlike. This seriousness and democratic keenness of American school effort may even seem to expel all lightness and color from its life, but only to those who lack true perspective. Comradeship, love of a good time, the enjoyment of give and take, are as real in one part of the Anglo-Saxon world as in another. The American motto is simply "thorough," while the English foster passion for and pride in work silently. But there is probably a fundamental difference in the fact that the English boy has sought moral character, before and after Arnold, as much as the American has always sought a sort of business efficiency.

In some ways the spirit of school life is so identical with the national spirit that it is impossible to speak of its features as responsible for the graduate. Convention, for example, is a fixed element in the whole British social system; and no one can read Thomas Hughes without noting how strongly it checked intellectual initiative at Rugby. The most energetic character is the boy who has been identified as Dean Stanley, and it is not his mind, but his unconventional conscience and rare moral courage, that gave him energy. It is thus in school and out. The Briton minds his own business and dislikes undertaking a responsibility not his own. He is always a man who sticks to his own form; but his sense of duty is such that, like Arthur Stanley, when once convinced that a task is indubitably his, he will undertake it at no matter what sacrifice.

Chronicle of the War

The English and French critics who, rather more than two weeks ago, after the fall of Antwerp, saw the tide of German success at its flood and confidently prophesied that presently it would ebb, may, if they will, take this comfort to themselves in any event—that in a sense they are bound to win, for even should the German armies ultimately triumph the German experts, generals, and professors who wrote glibly of "the next war" will have been convicted of erroneous judgment. In the view of these experts the very cornerstone of German success in that hypothetical war was a lightning-like offensive which should crush the enemies of the Fatherland individually and before they could command their full resources. Failure to achieve this result would, according to the experts, involve failure of the German cause. Now, as we approach the end of the third month of the war, it is not too early, we think, to declare that the plan which von Bernhardi and other German military experts considered vital to success has failed. This does not, of course, mean that Germany is even within measurable distance of losing the war, but it would mean that if the German experts were right.

It may be well at this time to give a brief résumé of what has happened. After the preliminary stages of the war in Belgium, where the resistance of the Belgian army delayed the German advance for three weeks and gave the Allies much-needed time for concentration, the general advance on Paris began with the retreat of the British from Mons on August 24. By September 2 the Germans were at Creil, only thirty miles from Paris. Then Gen. Joffre launched the army of Gen. d'Amade against von Kluck's army on the German right. Simultaneously, as has since become plain, the army of the Crown Prince on the left was in difficulties. The battle of the Marne was followed by a retreat of the whole German army, lasting from September 5 to September 12, to the Aisne. The taking up of the defensive position between Soissons and Verdun may be considered to have marked definitely the termination of the first great German offensive. Desperate efforts were made at various points on the line to resume the offensive, but attacks were met with counter-attacks, and on the whole we may regard the fighting on the Aisne as having resolved itself into the maintenance of a powerful German defensive.

Meanwhile we have the caterpillar-like extension of the two lines of battle from Noyon in a northerly direction up into Belgium, the Allies making constant efforts to outflank the German right wing, the Germans constantly extending their line to keep pace with the Allied advance, and both sides ever bringing up new reinforcements. With the prospect of the Allied line creeping towards Antwerp and joining hands with the troublesome Belgian army in that city, the German General Staff abandoned altogether its original plan of a direct sweep from the Belgian boundary down to Paris, and by the commencement of the siege of Antwerp on September 28 we may date the initiation of a second great offensive movement. Antwerp must be taken as the preliminary to a dash down the coast to Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais, and a second ad-

vance on Paris by way of Havre, thus cutting off the direct routes of communication with England. Antwerp was occupied on October 9, and Ostend on October 15. The dash on Calais and Dunkirk was undertaken simultaneously from Ostend and from Lille. The troops from the latter place, as we recorded last week, even penetrated as far as St. Omer, twenty-five miles east of Calais. There, however, they were checked and driven back to a point between Armentières and Lille. At the same time the portion of the Belgian army which had escaped from Antwerp, supported by the guns of British and French ships, held the line of the Yser, between Nieuport and Dixmude, while the British troops on their right drove a wedge into the German line by the occupation of Roulers.

Thus the situation stands at the present time. We learned from the official French announcement on Sunday that after desperate fighting the Germans had succeeded in crossing the Yser, and the Allied line has also been bent back at La Bassée, to the southwest of Lille, but at both these points the German advance has been checked and, as we write, no further progress has been made. Experience has taught us that a line may be bent far back without breaking. According to the latest information, the Allied line in this region is something in the form of the letter S, running from Nieuport, on the west of the Yser, to Dixmude, southeast to Roulers, southwest again to Ypres, due south to a point between Armentières and Lille. From there the line curves westward again and runs through points west of La Bassée and Lens, to a point east of Arras, where it resumes its southerly course to the bend of the line at Noyon. Between the Oise and the Argonne region, artillery duels are said to have resulted in substantial gains by the Allies. There have also been interesting developments in the Woevre district. There, to the north and south of St. Mihiel, a French gain of some ten miles is reported, and we learned from Sunday's announcement by the French War Office, which has not been contradicted from German sources, that the French artillery holds under its fire the road connecting Thiaucourt, Nonsard, Bruxerulles, and Woinville. This is an important item of intelligence, for this road from Metz to St. Mihiel is one of the two lines of communication for the latter place, the other running two miles to the north. Could the French also gain control of the latter route, the German forces at St. Mihiel would be cut off. Considerable French progress is also reported in Lorraine.

It is doubtless too early to assert roundly that the second German offensive in the west has failed, but at least it has not succeeded with the rapidity which the German experts have in the past considered essential; nor does there seem to be any good ground for supposing that the Allied lines will be unable to hold approximately their present positions for an indefinite period. They are only just beginning to feel the benefit of England's resources, and France has still troops in reserve which await only equipment. The initial advantage on which Germany counted, of throwing herself fully prepared upon enemies only partially prepared, grows less with every day that passes.

In the eastern field of operations not only is there a similar lack of any quick or decisive success for German arms to be recorded, but the armies commanded by Gen. von Hindenburg have suffered a very serious setback. Indeed, all that has so far been exhibited of Russian strategy and military organization tends to reverse completely the judgment that was pronounced after the Japanese war. It has shown itself as cautious but daring, and willing to take a great risk for sake of a commensurate gain. Only once have the Russian armies been seriously defeated; that was when Rennenkampf's army was caught by the astute von Hindenburg in the Mazur Lakes region of East Prussia and barely escaped annihilation near Tannenberg, on August 29. But even then the purpose of the incursion into East Prussia, which was partly to clear the right flank of the main army from the danger of a turning movement, but principally to relieve the pressure on the Allies in France, had been accomplished, and good generalship enabled the broken troops to reform and to recover some of the lost ground by the victory of Augustowo in the week ending October 2.

Clever strategy was also displayed in Galicia, where the task of the Russian army there was to clear the left wing and to dispose, if possible, of the Austrian army. By a retreat on Lublin the Austrians were lured on to defeat there, which paved the way for a second Russian victory at Lemberg and enabled the Russians, leaving Przemysl invested, to penetrate by September 25 as far as Tarnow. So far the "jump" had been on the side of the Russians. Their mobilization had gone forward with a rapidity that had upset the calculations of the German experts. By the end of last month, however, the German General Staff had readjusted itself to the unexpected development of affairs and in accordance with the accepted principles of German strategy decided on a strong offensive in Poland. The Austrian armies in Galicia, reinforced by German troops and apparently under German leadership, were reformed and again advanced in conjunction with the huge main army that went forward from the Thorn-Kalisch line to strike at Warsaw and Ivangorod. The Russian armies fell back along the whole line, except in the north, where the position on the East Prussian border was maintained, and retreated to a battleground of their own selection on the rivers Vistula and San. Warsaw was offered, as Lublin had been, as a bait to Gen. von Hindenburg, now the leader of the Austro-German armies in the East, and his troops pressed on over difficult, marshy country, through which communications were hard to maintain, till by October 13 the left wing was within eight miles of Warsaw. There they met a tremendous counter-attack and at the same time were exposed to an assault on the rear by cavalry which had been concentrated at the junction of the Vistula and Bug Rivers. The result was a severe defeat for the centre of the German army, which by October 23 had been driven back a distance of nearly fifty miles. The Russians are, as we write, in possession of Lowicz, Skierniewice, and Rawa. The position of the German forces at this part of the line must be considered as critical in view of the difficult ground which they must cross in their retreat, and it seems probable that no stand will be made till the natural defensive line of the Warthe is reached, a hundred miles east of the Vistula.

Foreign Correspondence

THE PRESS BUREAU — AN ARCHAIC ANOMALY — THE INDIAN TROOPS — TREACHERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 16.

The patience of the British public, upon occasion becoming phlegmatic, is strikingly illustrated in presence of the newly constituted, fundamentally un-British, institution of the Press Censor. Even if it were intelligently administrated the office would be objectionable. Its blunders are systematically ludicrous. To the wholesome indignation of the American press, it vexatiously delays, sometimes absolutely prohibits, transmission of costly cable dispatches conveying news that has for days been broadcast in the English press. It makes nonsense of dispatches from war correspondents hungrily picking up crumbs of news from the battlefields extracted from the wallet of wounded soldiers. Its stereotyped postscript runs to the effect that, while it does not take any responsibility for the news conveyed, it has no objection to its publication. Meanwhile the censor has moved his blue pencil all over the sheet, striking out the names of localities mentioned, including that of the correspondent's address, and obliterating whole passages at places where the narrative seems to be approaching its only interesting part.

The censor's greatest triumph has been the authorized publication of a wholly misleading account of the state of the British army just before the Allies victoriously turned upon the Germans and drove them sixty miles north and east of Paris, the censor adding a final paragraph of his own composition cleverly drawing the moral that if Britons are still determined never to be slaves they must really buck up and swell the flood of recruits. Next in succession to this great *coup* was the postponement for five days of publication of letters sent by special correspondents describing the arrival and enthusiastic reception of the Indian troops at Marseilles. What was the object of this strategy only Heaven and the censor know.

There is no doubt that this state of things, new in the history of England since the press was emancipated from the control of royalty and its parasites, is due to the initiative of Lord Kitchener. A great soldier, a born organizer of military machinery, he has the contempt for the public which finds its nearest parallel in modern times in the habitual attitude towards the public of the late Marquis of Salisbury. "What does the public want with descriptions of big battles, great achievements, and narrow escapes? I am looking after the war. Leave it to me. Occasionally when there is time and the news is safely stale the papers shall have half a column, or even a whole column, of bald facts related in a manner designed to give as little information as possible to the enemy—who, by the bye, having taken part in the affair recorded, must already know something about it."

Thus Lord Kitchener in fragmentary answer to complaints of muffling the press, depriving gallant soldiers of the just meed of praise, and, incidentally, checking the flow of recruiting, which in former times instantly responded to stirring accounts from the battlefield sent home post haste by Archibald

Forbes, McGahan, and other famous war correspondents.

It was popularly expected that, having arrived at Marseilles, the Indian contingent would forthwith proceed to reinforce Sir John French's hardly pressed little army. In accordance with Lord Kitchener's pet policy they have since vanished into earth or air. The latest whisper is that they were at Ostend. And now Ostend is evacuated. Anyhow, it is certain that the Kaiser knows all about them and their whereabouts, just as five days before the British public were let into the secret he learned of their arrival at Marseilles. The explanation of the delay in their getting to the front given me by a military authority is the necessity for bringing their horses into condition after a long sea voyage. He assured me this process would take at least a fortnight. But more than a fortnight has elapsed since the force disembarked at Marseilles. Moreover, a large proportion of it is infantry.

The treachery of the Boer commander of British troops in South Africa, who has gone over to the enemy, taking with him some of his officers and men, brings sharply home recognition of what might have happened in South Africa upon a larger scale but for the far-seeing statesmanship of Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues in the Liberal administration that followed upon the overthrow of the ironically self-styled "Unionists." It is evident that the Kaiser's emissaries had for many months prior to the outbreak of war in Europe been busy intriguing to seduce the Boers from their allegiance to the British flag. When the proper moment arrived Col. Maritz was able to produce a warrant conferring upon him the rank of a general commanding the German troops. In his calculation of side-advantages that would assist him in his conflict with England, the Kaiser confidently counted upon revival of the Boer rebellion. Expectation has been realized in this individual case. The splendid outburst of loyalty on the part of our former enemy is response to the establishment of a state of things that Mr. Balfour passionately denounced, and which, had he at the critical time been still in office, would have been made impossible.

THE TURKS AND THE WAR—GERMAN SYMPATHIES—THE CAPITULATIONS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 30.

Will Turkey fight? I have been hearing that question, in various accents and degrees of interest, all the way from Persia to the Bosphorus. The way it was asked in Hamadan, whence I started in the fourth week of the war, made me wonder whether it would be possible to get through. For to reach Constantinople, which as the crow flies is a bit over a thousand miles from Hamadan, you have to travel nearer two thousand, through the Caspian, the Caucasus, and the Black Sea—unless you have time and money for the Bagdad route. But the Bagdad route was closed by reason of the Turkish mobilization, English ships were withdrawing from the head of the Persian Gulf, and the Turkish Consul was confidentially giving out that his people were about to occupy the Caucasus.

The Caucasus, however, as I presently had occasion to learn, is not unaware that Turkey would like to play Germany to Persia's Belgium. Not only did I myself see evidences of Russian military activity on the road to the Caspian, but Frenchmen with whom I afterwards travelled told me that Azerbaïjan was being fortified like a Russian frontier province. As for the Caucasus itself, I found it prepared to give the Turks a warmer welcome than perhaps they imagine—yet hospitable enough to a citizen of a neutral state, not unduly curious about his passport, and good-humoredly willing that he should see what he could of Cossacks bound for the Turkish frontier. They were chiefly to be seen in Batum, where the question of Turkey's fighting comes nearer home than in Tiflis or Baku. And how those Cossacks can ride! Batum lies just within the border, it has been Russian for barely a generation, and it still contains a large Turkish element. Such members of it as might be disposed to swell the armies of the Sultan were not finding it easy to get away, I was told, and there were steamers in the harbor that preferred to remain there rather than risk being held up in the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles. But two English ones left during my stay. And I myself found it possible to sail on the Italian liner which I had planned to take.

The next morning in Trebizond it was given a wandering impressionist to see something of the other side of the medal. My old friend the Turkish soldier was toot-tooting on the shore in the way known to him alone. And I must say that at close quarters he looked a very solid specimen. I did notice though that his equipment left something to be desired, especially in the article of boots. He was shod for the most part in the slippers or moccasins of his country, which are better for his feet than Government boots, but which in a campaign among mountains or in a hostile country would soon put him in a bad way. In Kerasund it was the same. In Samsun it was the same. In Inebuli it was the same. And on the fifth morning we arrived off the mouth of the Bosphorus, just behind a big French liner from Odessa, and were promptly stopped by a plunging torpedo boat. The Black Sea looked its name as we plunged with the torpedo boat in the long swell. Outcries, even tears, burst from the more apprehensive of our company, who expected to be thrown into chains or to be ordered back to Batum. As we continued to plunge, however, I wondered if the Turks might not be playing a favorite game of theirs which the French express so much better than we—of *épater*-ing the bourgeois. At any rate, I had a chance, for once, to discover the two rocky islets which gave rise to the myth of the Symplegades. I also wondered if a ruin on the European shore were the one falsely known as Ovid's tower. Then at last a tug slowly piloted the Frenchman into the Bosphorus and we followed at his heels. When I saw a sailing vessel or two beat in and out of the strait with apparently no reference to pilot or mines, I could not help asking myself whether the tug and its zigzag course were not another trick to *épater* the bourgeois.

Constantinople proved to be asking, with even greater interest than Batum, the question I had first heard in Persia. Some people find an answer to it in the omnipresent signs of mobilization. Martial law, which Batum had not yet thought necessary to declare, is in vigor. So is the moratorium. The War Office is filling its coffers, or at least a few of them, with service exemption taxes of $200 a man. And requisitioning goes gayly on. This is to the Turks an old diversion under a new name, and they practice it with a zeal which sometimes outruns military necessity. There may be reasons why Gen. Liman von Sanders, the German reorganizer of the army, should be using a motor-car taken from an Englishman, but it is less clear why the chief of police should roll through Stambul in another Englishman's car, or why the naval authorities should seize in an English shop the napery they required for a state banquet. I must say for them that they eventually consented to pay for their table linen. But there is no reason why minor military authorities should walk off with whatever happens to strike their fancy. And the major military authorities have made the great mistake of killing what little commerce still attempted to thrive. They proceeded to requisition all incoming cargoes of coal, rice, flour, sugar, salt, etc., paying for them if at all at prices below their actual first cost. The consequence is that no merchant cares to take the risk of importing further shipments, and the cost of living rises alarmingly. It is the more unnecessary because the crops were unusually good in Asia Minor this year. They are now rotting in the fields, thanks to the general mobilization at harvest time.

Another and more significant answer to the question of the day is the remarkable manner in which the Turks interpret neutrality. A story is going around Pera of a Belgian diplomat with whom a Turkish official condoled on the occupation of Belgium. The diplomat thanked the official and offered condolences in return. "But why?" inquired the Turk in surprise. "Because," replied the Belgian, "Constantinople is also in the hands of the Germans." Turkish sympathies are almost vindictively in favor of the latter, Turkish papers print none but news made in Germany, and the large German contingent in the army and the navy is daily swelled by new arrivals. Before reaching Constantinople I had imagined that the comedy of the Goeben and the Breslau had ended by the sale of the two ships to Turkey. I do not believe now that the Turks have bought them any more than they have bought the Tennessee and the North Carolina. The comedy is still on the boards, and no one need be surprised if the two fugitives open a new act of it by raiding on their own account. In the meantime they parade up and down the Bosphorus to *épater* the bourgeois. They fly the Turkish flag, but the arms of Germany are still emblazoned on their bows, and their German crews do not even take the trouble to wear fezzes. There are a few Turkish sailors and officers on board; but the admiral in command has categorically refused to increase the proportion of Turkish sailors to as much as 50 per cent., while on board the Goeben at least no Turk is allowed below a certain deck. And the agent who supplies them recently cashed in a local German bank a check for £2,000 signed by the German Ambassador. All of which looks very little as if they belonged to the Turks.

At first sight the Turkish attitude seems inexplicable to one who has been out of Constantinople for some time and who has known the old prestige of England in the Levant. Yet, after all, the case is comprehensible enough. The change began very soon after the revolution, when the new British Ambassador, Sir Gerard Lowther, who had been welcomed with extraordinary demonstrations of friendliness, refused to receive the leaders of the Committee of Union

and Progress before he had presented his credentials to the Sultan. The Young Turks became further embittered against him during the events which preceded the mutiny of 1909, and the attitude of the *Times* towards them completed the revulsion of feeling. And the Germans were not slow to turn the situation to their own advantage. Then the part played by Sir Edward Grey in the settlements of the Balkan War, and the recent sequestration of the two Dreadnoughts on which Turkey counted so much, exasperated public opinion against England, while she and her allies, who rule so many Moslem subjects, are accounted the arch enemies of Islam. It is universally believed that the triumph of the Entente would mean the partition of Turkey. Whereas the Turks seem to imagine that the Germans have no territorial ambitions in Asia Minor. They have a sentiment, too, towards the Emperor William, who is the only European sovereign of the first rank to have visited Constantinople. Then the military and Hebrew elements of the Committee have strong personal leanings towards Germany. And those elements control not only the press but the country. So it is not remarkable that the Turks sympathize with Germany.

That, however, does not necessarily mean that they will allow themselves to be dragged into the war. In the first place, it has been a surprise to them that the Germans did not take Paris as quickly as the Bulgarians took Kirk-Kilisseh. The attitude of Egypt and India, too, to say nothing of South Africa, has been even a greater surprise, accustomed as they are to their own relations with subject territories. And a third surprise has been Bulgaria's refusal to allow them free transit into Macedonia. Indeed, there are rumors of a new Balkan understanding which make them very uneasy. Moreover, they are beginning to realize that Russia is not altogether unprepared in the Caucasus, and it has also been pointed out to them very succinctly that if they go to war with Russia the English and French fleets in the Mediterranean are in a position to inflict incalculable damage upon them. But, most important of all, they are not ready for war. They have not had time to repair the losses of their last war, and their financial prospects are not brilliant. They lack uniforms, they lack boots, they lack tents, they lack blankets—and they lack rifles. Against Greece alone they might risk a war, but hardly against the world. It is extremely annoying to Enver Pasha, who is spoiling for a fight, and who thought at first that every one else was too busy to interfere with him. In the meantime he has helped his friends the Germans not a little by mobilizing, and by closing—or allowing them to close—the Dardanelles. He thereby cuts communications, however temporarily, between Marseilles and Odessa, and he forces the Russians to keep in the Caucasus an army which might be more profitably employed in the west. Still, what with his own chauvinism and the high-handedness of Admiral Suchon, things have come to such a pass that at any moment the country may be plunged into the war.

The calling out of the army probably has reference, as much as anything, to the suppression of the capitulations. That topic of interest is the only one which can hold its own in local gossip against the exploits of Admiral Suchon and the Goeben. The event offered, of course, the best, the most characteristic, of occasions to *épater* the bourgeois. The bourgeois was sufficiently *épaté*, but he had small idea what it was all about. Several hundred such as he, belonging chiefly to the guilds of the porters and lightermen, were ordered to march with flags to St. Sophia on the 10th of September and to shout. At least that was what one of them told a friend of his and mine. The lighterman added that he thought it was to frighten the guild of the bakers, who had raised the price of bread. A more amusing story is told of a demonstrator who gave out that the procession was to celebrate the fall of Catipoulasionne. Asked what Catipoulasionne might be, he replied that it was a town in France and that the Germans had taken it. *Se non è vero . . .* ! More authentic and very nearly as good were the answers received by a diplomatic acquaintance of mine. The first Turk of whom he inquired told him that the demonstration was in honor of the moratorium, while the second treated him to the surprising news that the Italians had taken Paris.

These anecdotes are interesting in more ways than one, as showing the popular attitude towards the war and how the Turkish man in the street takes for granted the status of foreigners in his country. For the rest, if his ideas on the capitulations are a trifle vague, I doubt whether the American man in the street could give him much light on the subject. The capitulations, so called from the term applied in mediæval Latin to articles or headings, are treaties made by the Sultans with Christian countries and renewed from time to time, whereby citizens of those countries resident in Turkey were exempted from Turkish law. Their houses were inviolable, they paid no direct taxes, and in judicial matters they were subject to their own courts. This state of affairs, inherited directly from the Byzantine Empire and indirectly from all the civilized nations of antiquity, was not a privilege extorted from the Turks. It was a natural corollary of their theocratic system of government, which regarded civil and religious law as one and which considered the infidel as lying outside its pale. But with the lapse of time, the gradual secularization of law in Turkey, and the very marked change in the balance of power between East and West, the advantage of the capitulations has come to rest chiefly with their Christian signatories. What the Turks particularly resent has been the exemption of foreigners from direct taxation, the right exercised by the European Powers to regulate Turkish customs rates, and the maintenance by the six Powers of their own post offices in Turkey.

One cannot blame the Turks for wishing to rule their own house and to put into their own pockets revenues which rightfully belong there. At the same time they seem to forget that the capitulations were not treaties imposed upon them by force, but instruments to which two parties were signatory; that there are solid historic reasons for their existence, and that to abrogate all treaties with all foreign countries except Persia is to put themselves into a singularly unhappy position. Least of all do they seem to realize that to suppress the capitulations entails a revolution more far-reaching than any they have yet dreamed of. For it necessarily means the complete and final secularization of law. And it is a question whether the Young Turks are strong enough to insist against the religious element of their own people that law and religion shall once for all be separated. We enter, therefore, upon a period the most interesting in recent Turkish history. It may be that the Turks will be able to carry off their *coup*. A simple disregard of precedent has sometimes been known to succeed magnificently. In that case the end will justify the naïve and high-handed means, and Turkey will at last become an orderly state. But let the Turks take note that it will become less Turkish, for then all elements of the population must necessarily stand equal before the law. On the other hand, Europe and America will submit to no such arbitrary and unjust treatment as the Turks have hitherto dealt out to their non-Moslem subjects. Of that also let the Turks take note.

HENRY GRISWOLD.

THE AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION IN RUSSIA—IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR—A CLOUDY DAY.

KIEV, Russia, August 23.

(Delayed in transmission.)

It is easy to imagine that interest in the eclipse has taken second place. With a city full of soldiers—for Kiev is the centre of mobilization for southern Russia—science makes but a cold appeal. Soldiers occupy all public buildings, all empty apartments, and even the unoccupied rooms in private houses. Red Cross automobiles fly through the streets. All automobiles are requisitioned by the Government, and no private individuals are allowed even to buy gasolene. As I write, my ears are full of the squeak of new cow-hide boots on the pavement, the endless tramp, tramp, tramp of sad-looking soldiers. Just so they have been steadily marching past since 4 A. M.

When small boys leap fences and dash through flower-beds on the way to the Bibikovski Boulevard, we know that more prisoners of war are arriving, companies of Austrians hemmed in by a double row of Russian soldiers. Their officers are conveyed in carriages. A question that is much discussed in Kiev just now is what to do with these prisoners of war. Hordes of them coming in every day must be housed and fed. Can they be sent to help colonize Siberia, perhaps, in place of the exiles who are offering their services in defence of the country which has exiled them?

Characteristic of the kind of thing one is constantly hearing is the following incident, told by a gentleman whose estate is near the Austrian frontier. Hearing that Austrian troops were advancing in his direction, he drove off towards Kiev at full speed, four horses abreast. After twenty miles or so, a cloud of dust appeared to be overtaking him. His driver whipped up the horses and they raced madly on for miles. But the cloud of dust kept growing bigger and bigger. Suddenly a wheel of his carriage struck a rock, the carriage tipped over, and he was rolled in the ditch. When he could look up, he saw that the riders were Cossacks, two hundred of them, being pursued full tilt by at least six hundred Austrian dragoons. Just before they reached the spot where he lay, the Cossacks spread out in a single line, two hundred more Cossacks apparently rose out of the earth, where they and their horses had been lying concealed. They surrounded the Austrians, and after a few moments, of six hundred Austrians only sixteen were able to ride away. One imagines one has killed a Cossack. He may fall from his horse, but he will come up again on the

other side. A Cossack is armed with rifle, pistols, sword, and a leather thong attached to a stick, with a piece of lead at one end. With this deadly weapon he can rip up a fur coat at a single stroke.

Having occasion to go to the station last night, I saw the trains of dumb-looking cars with red crosses which had just returned from the frontier. They must have been more or less suggestive to the soldiers piling into the long train about to leave for Austria. Into each empty car climbed forty soldiers, and one second-class wagon was full of officers. They are dressed like the soldiers; only their epaulets indicate their rank. All were singing, even hurrahing, and they lifted their caps with a smile as they passed under an arc light.

In the middle of the night one can see trams full of cartridges being silently taken from one place to another. It is reported that the street-railway company is constructing specially designed cars for transporting the wounded from the station to the hospital —a grim comment on the number they expect to accommodate. The wounded are brought in mostly at night—sixteen hundred and fifty yesterday—these cold, clear nights of full moonlight. People meet them at the station and take them home in carriages. The University has been turned into a clinic. Red Cross flags are flying from half the houses, wherever wounded are being cared for. The jolly crowds in the streets are subdued to the rhythm of soldiers' feet. Young girls study the theory of nursing, though they may not yet be allowed to practice. The Red Cross is admirably organized here. The house of the Governor-General is the centre of the sewing-bees where scores of ladies are measuring out cloth, whirring on Singer sewing-machines, and giving garments already cut out to all sorts and conditions of women who volunteer to sew them up. When they are finished, they are done up in bundles and Red Cross wagons take them away. Anybody can help, though the services of dressmakers, who find it a dull season, are perhaps more acceptable than those of ardent ladies who sew up the garments hind-side-foremost. They have made seven thousand garments in ten days, coats and trousers open on the sides for the wounded. But they confess to being somewhat appalled by an order just received from St. Petersburg for 850,000 more.

As for the eclipse itself, in Kiev and the vicinity, the sky was cloudy and all expeditions were a complete failure. Professor Todd viewed the eclipse from Smela. His instruments had miscarried on account of the congestion of traffic caused by the mobilization, but he was able to rig up some jury instruments, and in Smela totality was shrouded in thinner clouds than elsewhere, so that, of six exposures made by Professor Todd, varying in time from one-half second to two seconds, four turned out fairly well, showing a good deal of detail of the inner corona. Unexpectedly the sky was clear in Norway and Sweden, across the Baltic Sea, in Riga, and as far south as Minsk. From Minsk to the Crimea it was almost totally cloudy, the precise section of the track which had best chances of being clear.

One interesting comment was that of a peasant, terrified at the approach of totality. He declared that an Austrian aeroplane was causing the damage—a somewhat modern phase of primitive superstition!

MILLICENT TODD.

Brown's Celebration

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

As seventh of the nine pre-Revolutionary colleges in the order of foundation, Brown University has just paused to reckon up its inheritance and to renew its notes of obligation to the future.

This occasion, lasting from October 11 to 17, was, in the judgment of benevolent critics, peculiarly successful in giving well-rounded expression both to the early and to the developed ideal of Brown in its relation to all phases of public and private life. Historical data, both colonial and post-Revolutionary; the purely academic side; the drama, music, art; varied forms of social intercourse; the popular spectacle in the guise of parade and pageant, athletic contests, and folk-dances by school children, found their place in due proportion. And all this was preceded, as was fitting, by exercises emphasizing the religious basis of the University's foundation.

Three of the formal ceremonies took place in the stately and beautiful First Baptist Meeting House, built, as the records show, in the year 1775, "for the public worship of Almighty God and also to hold commencements in." The first commencement celebrated there took place in the year 1776.

The President of the University, in opening the festival with the University sermon, struck the keynote that was to pervade the whole celebration by his own "catholic and liberal" treatment of his theme. The unique charter of Brown University, as he showed, forestalled sectarianism by the catholicity of its allegiance to religion. The charter states: "Into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious Tests; But on the contrary all the Members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute, and uninterrupted Liberty of Conscience." Commenting on the charter, Dr. Faunce said: "Many colleges have obtained this freedom with a great price, but Brown was free born." The priority of Brown in blazing the pathway of religious liberty was, it may here be noted, generously emphasized by President Lowell and Mr. Taft, speaking for Harvard and Yale respectively, at the University dinner, which closed the celebration.

The Sunday sermon was followed by specific religious addresses on Monday. Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Long Island, spoke in Sayles Hall on "The University and the Christian Ministry," and Dr. Horr, president of the Newton Theological Institution, on "The University and Christian Missions." At another session President E. Y. Mullins, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College; President J. M. Thomas, of Middlebury College, and Bishop J. de W. Perry, of Rhode Island, discussed the educational history and ideas of their respective denominations. This feature of the programme was arranged because of a remarkable provision of the charter devised by the founders to exclude the possibility of sectarianism. In accordance with this the board of trustees consists of representatives of the four sects—Baptists, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians—recognized in the early colony.

Three productions, open only to invited guests, were given of the first play performed in New England, "The Provoked Husband." For this a special setting, "In Colony Times," was written, making it a play within a play, which dealt skilfully with local names and events of the period. This admirable production was a distinct contribution to the tone of colonial reminiscence that pervaded the celebration. On Tuesday evening a torchlight procession reinforced this reminiscence. Narragansett Indians, Puritans, Quakers, French soldiers and sailors, Continental soldiers and soldiers of the United States army, Revolutionary and contemporary; gentlemen of the colonial period and of the early nineteenth century, undergraduates, and a long contingent of alumni, including college presidents, professors, judges, professional and business men, all wearing brown and white caps and gowns, made up an unexpectedly brilliant pageant. On the beautifully illuminated and decorated campus the procession disbanded by old University Hall, where the soldiers of Lafayette were quartered while the whole college was absent fighting the battles of the Revolutionary war. Candles burning in the small panes of the old building spread a mellow light of antiquity, reproducing the evening, as recorded in the Providence *Gazette* of 1790, when "the President and many others took a Walk on the College Green, to view the Illumination of that Edifice, which was done by the Students, and made a most splendid Appearance."* At commencement, a fortnight later, President Washington received the degree of LL.D.

At Warren, where, under the name of "Rhode Island College," Brown University in 1764 began its career, Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, gave on Tuesday the main address in commemoration of the early colonial history of the institution.

Another feature, although technically independent of the University management, may be mentioned here. On three afternoons there was given by the citizens of Warren on the beautiful estate, Maxwelton, a pageant dealing with their local history: the Indian tribes and the early settlers; the arrival of the Welsh; the founding of Rhode Island College and its first commencement; Revolutionary episodes, introducing the King's troops, the burning of the boats, Lafayette and Washington, and other scenes.

*Cf. W. C. Bronson's new *History of Brown University*, p. 88, itself an important contribution to the present celebration.

The remainder of Tuesday was given up to the alumni. There were various class-reunion luncheons, and, before the evening parade, a large alumnæ dinner was held at the gymnasium of the Women's College, "affiliated" with Brown University.

On Wednesday occurred the first purely academic event, beginning with the procession of the senior classes, the alumni and alumnæ, the officers of the State and of the University, the faculty, guests, and delegates, with the usual display of academic costumes and preceded by the Sheriff, according to the ancient custom, with his sword and blue sash. The exercises in the old church consisted of an historical address by an alumnus, Mr. Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court, followed by the presentation of delegates. The address was an adequate presentation of the facts, setting forth the rise and growth of the institution and pervaded by a tone of filial affection and of justifiable pride in the services of the college to State and nation, and in its original stand for unimpeded liberty of conscience. The address, marked by a fine restraint, contained passages of eloquent beauty. Calling attention to the fact that Brown University has not the advantage (nor, he might have added, the dangers) of State endowment, Mr. Hughes said: "The roots of Brown are struck deep in Rhode Island soil, but the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

The presentation of delegates produced the usual beneficent impression of academic kinship. This was marred only in part by the present severance of human relations which kept away, with one exception, the delegates expected from Continental Europe, the Royal Frederick's University of Christiania, Norway, being represented by Prof. N. Wille. From the various parts of the British Empire, however, came thirteen delegates, representing the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh, New Brunswick, Toronto, London, Durham, Manchester, New Zealand, Wales, and Queensland. More than one hundred delegates were welcomed from academic institutions at home. Many of the delegates brought formal greetings. Two of these were read—the address from Manchester and that from Rutgers College, which was next to Brown in the order of its foundation. In addition to the delegates more than fifty specially invited guests were present from South and North America.

On Thursday morning another procession formed and a large audience assembled to hear the University address by William Peterson, principal of McGill University, and to witness the conferring of honorary degrees. Dr. Peterson, long recognized as an eloquent exponent of the humanities, had obtained in advance the good will and attention of his distinguished and composite audience. His words reinforced the duties and the privileges of sound scholarship, especially with reference to an institution holding a middle place between the largest and the smaller colleges. There cropped out in his address more than a bare reference to the European war, as was perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, although not entailed by his academic theme.

Thirty-seven honorary degrees were conferred. They epitomized the University's catholic conception of its relation to the world. Executives and leaders in science, literature, medicine, law, religion, philanthropy, diplomacy, and statecraft were included. The one woman on the list, President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, the consistent champion, at every cost, of the most exacting standards of scholarship, emphasized also, in her person, the just recognition of the affiliated Women's College. The heads of the six colonial colleges, preceding Brown chronologically, by their acceptance of degrees, renewed the bond that united them despite centrifugal tendencies. In conferring the doctorate of laws upon Mr. Taft, Dr. Faunce referred with humor to his "promotion from the White House to the professor's chair," adding with felicitous exactness, "Retiring from the one amid universal expressions of good will, and welcomed to the other by all the scholars of the land." And with words aptly spoken at a time when academic men grieve at the defection from their high calling of former co-workers to preach the propaganda of ruthless Force, he thus conferred the degree upon John Bassett Moore: "Counsellor of our Government, teacher of that international law which, when it shall have might as it has right, will establish among the warring nations an enduring peace."

Of other features of the celebration a few words only can be said here. Music was provided for by daily organ recitals in Sayles Hall and by the rare pleasure afforded by the Mendelssohn Club, which, by special exception, courteously consented to come from New York to sing on Wednesday evening. The art collections of the Rhode Island School of Design, with an especial colonial exhibit, were thrown open by the courtesy of the trustees at a reception on the same evening. On Wednesday the University entertained its guests and alumni at luncheon and at an afternoon reception, and the Women's College, quick to assume its share of hospitality, gave a charming luncheon on Thursday between the conferring of degrees and the afternoon of games and dances on Andrews Field.

Finally, the University dinner, with which the fifth day closed, seemed to many of the participants to maintain and even heighten the high tone of the whole celebration. Dr. Keen, the toastmaster, skilfully guided with urbane wit the spirit of the occasion. President Lowell, Archdeacon Cunningham of Cambridge, Romulo S. Naón, Ambassador for Argentina; R. C. Smith, K.C., of Montreal; Mr. Taft, and President Faunce, each made a vital contribution to the dignity and brilliancy of the evening.

Even yet the celebration has not ended. From November until April the University will offer a series of open lectures by distinguished foreign and American scholars.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University.

Poetry

THE SUPERMAN.

The horror-haunted Belgium plains riven by shot and shell
Are strewn with her undaunted sons who stayed the jaws of hell.
In every sunny vale of France death is the countersign.
The purest blood in Britain's veins is being poured like wine.

Far, far across the crimsoned map the impassioned armies sweep.
Destruction flashes down the sky and penetrates the deep.
The Dreadnought knows the silent dread, and seas incarnadine
Attest the carnival of strife, the madman's battle scene.

Relentless, savage, hot, and grim the infuriate columns press
Where terror simulates disdain and danger is largess,
Where greedy youth claims death for bride and agony seems bliss.
It is the cause, the cause, my soul! which sanctifies all this.

Ride, Cossacks, ride! Charge, Turcos, charge! The fateful hour has come.
Let all the guns of Britain roar or be forever dumb.
The Superman has burst his bonds. With Kultur-flag unfurled
And prayer on lip he runs amuck, imperilling the world.

The impious creed that might is right in him personified
Bids all creation bend before the insatiate Teuton pride,
Which, nourished on Valhalla dreams of empire unconfined,
Would make the cannon and the sword the despots of mankind.

Efficient, thorough, strong, and brave—his vision is to kill.
Force is the hearthstone of his might, the pole-star of his will.
His forges glow malevolent; their minions never tire
To deck the goddess of his lust whose twins are blood and fire.

O world grown sick with butchery and manifold distress!
O broken Belgium robbed of all save grief and ghastliness!
Should Prussian power enslave the world and arrogance prevail,
Let chaos come, let Moloch rule, and Christ give place to Baal.

ROBERT GRANT.

Correspondence

THE WAR THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.*

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Germany is honestly convinced that her cause is righteous. Never since the Lord God of Hosts went forth with the armies of Israel did a great nation declare war with a clearer conscience. Germany is the coming world-Power, and her rise will elevate the world's standard of civilization, art, and commerce. She has drawn the sword in the name of Culture, and she confidently prays that God may defend the right. The Kaiser used no hyperbole when he addressed his troops in these memorable words:

> Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers.

There has been nothing like it since the days of Mohammed; but, for the Kaiser and for his Germans, it is a simple statement of fact; and, if we fail to appreciate the absolute sincerity of German conviction in this regard, we shall altogether fail to understand why Belgian neutrality was violated on the 4th of August, 1914. The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Austria's ultimatum to Servia, French and Russian mobilization; all these were merely proximate causes. The real, the fundamental reason of Germany's intervention was Germany's determination to impose German civilization on a reluctant world. Her duty, as she conceives it, is to overwhelm France, to incorporate Holland and Belgium, to break the power of England, and then, when all Europe is at her feet, to found a powerful German colony in Brazil and in the vast and fertile regions to the southward. A map of "Antarctic Germany," comprising at least these territories, has already been published, if not with the approval, at any rate with the tacit consent, of the Government. "After Europe, and especially England, has been reduced, Germany counts on the United States finding themselves isolated and unable effectively to assert the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine." "Empire or Downfall—*Weltmacht oder Niedergang.*" That is Germany's watchword, iterated and reiterated in the pages of Gen. von Bernhardi. It is a dazzling vision, a splendid ideal, worth living and worth dying for; a regenerated world under German auspices. Neither is it devoid of ethical justification. "For, observe, this world-dominion of which Germany dreams is not simply a material dominion. Germany is not blind to the lessons inculcated by the Napoleonic tyranny. Force alone, violence or brute strength, by its mere presence or by its loud manifestation in war, may be necessary to establish this dominion; but its ends are spiritual. The triumph of the Empire will be the triumph of German culture, of the German world-vision in all the phases and departments of human life and energy, in religion, poetry, science, art, politics, and social endeavor."

And how shall Germany spread this civilization of hers except by the sword? How shall she find room to expand? Must she rest content to be suffocated within her narrow boundaries while thousands of her sons are forced to emigrate and are lost forever to the Fatherland? England, unwarlike and sated with conquest, sprawls across the Old World. In the New, the United States, with their ridiculous Monroe Doctrine, have locked and barred the doors against her. Must the greatest of all the nations be satisfied with crumbs because she has come late to the banqueting hall? Perish the thought! "The whole realm of human knowledge," says Gen. von Bernhardi, "is concentrated in the German brain"; "the dominion of German thought can only be extended under the ægis of political power, and, unless we act in conformity to this idea, we shall be untrue to our great duties towards the human race." "We must not hold back in the hard struggle for the sovereignty of the world."

That is the mission of modern Germany and that the doctrine taught unceasingly in all the schools and universities of the Empire. Lord Palmerston once described Germany as "that damned land of professors," and it is still the professors who mould the aspirations of the German nation. Before and during the blood and iron age, Virchow, Treitschke, and Mommsen were the field marshals of German thought. Their ideals still survive. Their successors have never ceased to expound the doctrine that the Germans are the *Urvolk* to whom the great heritage belongs, and, even in affairs of state, their influence is not excelled by that of any other caste. Professors of divinity and history are among the favorite councillors of the Kaiser. "It is from Harnack, Delitzsch, and Pfleiderer, the theologians; from Wagner, Schmoller, and Bernhard, the political economists; from Schiemann, Meyer, and Delbrück, the historians; from Haeckel and Ostwald, the philosophers; from Zorn, Kohler, and von Liszt, the jurists, that modern, mighty, material Germany derives its chief intellectual inspiration." Schools, art, letters, the drama, even religion itself, have become "mere feeders and dependents of the dominant political system." From the cradle to the grave, the German is taught by those he reverences most that the spread of German power and German civilization is his first and greatest duty, the neglect of which would be treason to the Fatherland. And in all this there is nothing contrary to the highest dictates of an enlightened conscience. "Christian morality is personal and social in its nature; it cannot be political. Its object is to promote morality in the individual, in order to strengthen him to work unselfishly in the interests of the community." The old Machiavellian doctrine is as true to-day as it was in the sixteenth century, for surely it must be admitted by every good citizen that "where the bare salvation of the Fatherland is at stake, there no consideration of justice or injustice can find a place, nor any of mercy or cruelty, or of honor or disgrace; every scruple must be set aside, and that plan followed which saves its life and maintains its liberty."

As to the actions of the state, they "cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality." The be-all and end-all of the state is power, and, therefore, it is obvious that "of all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost." "He who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics." Thus too, war, if necessary for the well-being of the state, must be waged relentlessly. War is "an indispensable factor of culture in which a truly civilized nation finds its highest expression of strength and vitality." "Without war, inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy budding elements, and a universal decadence would follow." Πόλεμος πατὴρ πάντων. It is no exaggeration to speak of "the idealism, the blessing of war." Such are the teachings of Treitschke and of Bernhardi. Ever since the consolidation of Germany with Prussia, this "Religion of War" has been persistently propagated by the whole official and educational machinery of the Empire. In the belief of modern Germany,

> Force rules the world still,
> Has ruled it, shall rule it;
> Meekness is weakness,
> Strength is triumphant;
> Over the whole earth
> Still it is Thor's-day.

And this recrudescence of those elements in the German character which puling pacifists consider barbarous was foretold by Heine over three-quarters of a century ago:

> Christianity—and that is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, though it could not destroy, the brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless, Berserker fury of which the northern poets say and sing so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up and shatter to pieces the Gothic cathedrals.

The prophecy has found its fulfilment in Rheims and in Louvain; but no true German will grieve for that. "In the business of war, men must not regard the massacres, the burnings." War is "divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking or any other work." Shall Germany cease to preach the gospel of German civilization for the sake of old cathedrals and palaces? Rather let her go forward to victory in the mighty name of Culture. The old stone gods have risen to fight beside her. Surely she will have her reward.

William Heywood.

Torquay, England, October 1.

*The following have been my sources:

Germany and the Next War. By Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. (Longmans, Green; 75 cents net.)

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. Translated by M. A. Lewenz. (Dodd, Mead; $3 net.)

Pan-Germanism. By R. G. Usher. (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75 net.)

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb. (Dutton; $1 net.)

Germany and America. By W. Haggard. In the *Times*, September 22, 1914.

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson. (Longmans, Green; $3.75.)

Men Around the Kaiser. By Frederic William Wile. (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.25 net.)

Modern Germany and the Modern World. By M. E. Sadler. (London: Macmillan; 2d.)

Germany's Swelled Head. By Emil Reich. (London: Melrose; 1s. net.)

Why We Are at War. Great Britain's Case. By Members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History. (Clarendon Press; 2s. net.)

The Round Table. A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire. Special War Edition. No. XVI. September, 1914. (London: Macmillan; 2s. 6d.)

The War That Was Foretold. Germany and England. By Robert Blatchford. (Reprinted from the *Daily Mail*; 1d.)

The War Lord. A character-study of Kaiser William II. by means of his speeches, letters, and telegrams. Compiled by J. M. Kennedy. (London: Palmer; 7d. net.)

"DR. GRAVES" AS HISTORIAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, Secret Agent," is so extraordinary a book that every reader in lack of external evidence seeks for internal evidence as to its credibility. "Dr. Graves" describes himself, page 4, as one who, ever fond of study, had taken his degrees in philosophy and medicine in one of the old classic universities of Europe before reaching his twenty-second birthday; and yet this same scholar, in discussing, page 230, the importance to an army of quickness of motion, ascribes to it much of the success of *"Hannibal's campaign against Cæsar."* Are we to judge his knowledge of modern history by his ignorance of ancient?

F. Warren Wright,
Assistant Professor of Latin.

Smith College, October 9.

RUSSIA, GERMANY, AND THE BALTIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In England we are deeply grateful to you for your articles upon the causes which have led to the present terrible war. But you have not given enough prominence to the circumstance that the semi-official press of Germany has during recent years advanced a pretension to make the Baltic a German *mare clausum.* Consider what this means. The ever-growing commerce of North and Central Russia, of Siberia and Russian Asia, if it follows the great circle, can only reach the ocean through the Great Belt or the Kiel Canal. So long as Germany controls these entrances of the Baltic, she has her clutch upon the throat of her great rival and can throttle her whenever and as often as she likes. It is evident, therefore, that if the Russians win, they will put an end to so intolerable a situation by instituting some sort of condominium with Germany over the approaches of the Baltic, and what would best please the Danes would be a powerful Russian garrison along the north bank of the Kiel Canal. After Germany's cynical violation of her own guarantee of Belgian independence, no pledge given by her to respect Russia's right of egress and ingress would suffice. She would treat it as a mere scrap of paper, the moment it suited her to do so.

German publicists during the past few weeks have denounced England as the arch-breaker of treaties and chief violator of the territory of small states. They furnish no examples, but there is a significant contrast between their treatment of Belgium now and our treatment of Portugal in the Transvaal war. Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marques, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal? I am far from justifying the Transvaal war, which I believe we might have avoided if we had set the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Salisbury, and not Chamberlain, to negotiate with Krüger; but I do maintain that in respecting the neutrality of Portugal we set an example which Germany might well have followed. The modern German, alas, imagines he has a divine right to flout and oppress the weak. I was visiting the other day the German patients in our military hospital and asked some of them what they thought of the Belgians, and this was the answer I got: "We do not complain of the French fighting us, for they are our *Erbfeinde,* and you English have a good cause of quarrel with us; but why were the Belgians so ill-natured as to shoot at us? We were not at war with them." This answer, made with the utmost naïveté, exactly renders German popular feeling on such matters. They cannot understand that any weak nation should hesitate for a moment to make itself a doormat for the Prussian heel.

Again let me express my appreciation of the stand you have made—like your President, Dr. Wilson—for the upholding of a moral standard between states and for respecting treaties solemnly made.

Fred. C. Conybeare.

Oxford, October 6.

BERNARD RICHARDSON GREEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A distinguished figure has dropped out of the activities of Washington with the death of Bernard Richardson Green. His tall, spare form, gentle dignity of bearing, strong features, and firm but kindly eyes, made him a marked man in any assemblage, and his character and career, familiar to the great body of his fellow-citizens at the capital, amply accounted for the esteem in which they held him. A native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University in the class of 1863, he was one of a small group of young engineers whose services the Government requisitioned at that stage of the Civil War for the construction or reconstruction of its fortifications on the New England coast. This employment brought him into contact with the engineer officers of the army, and thus largely shaped his future, for thenceforward he remained associated with their corps almost as closely as if actually a member of it. No higher tribute could be paid to his professional competency or his personal tact than the fact that these exacting critics were continually summoning him to assist in the solution of some especially perplexing problem, or to take the helm of some enterprise which had failed of accomplishment in other hands.

A notable instance was that which, in 1877, made him a permanent resident of Washington. Supervising Architect Mullett had spent himself on the State, War and Navy Department Building, and Col. Casey, later Chief of Engineers, had been detailed to finish it. Mr. Mullett's ambition to diversify the public architecture of the city had led him into the adoption of an unfortunate design, and Congress had hampered the progress of the work by requiring that it be done piecemeal. Thus the Government had become involved in contracts both labyrinthine and extravagant, and matters were in a seemingly hopeless muddle when Col. Casey called in the aid of Mr. Green. His grasp of the situation was so masterly that, by revising a specification here, changing an order for material there, rearranging the programme of work somewhere else so that the gangs would not get into one another's way, and mercilessly cutting red tape and reducing expenditures on every hand, he succeeded in saving for the Government some $2,250,000 from the amount the building would have cost if its construction had continued on the former basis.

Another of his famous undertakings was the completion of the Washington Monument, which had languished for a whole generation, and over which a multitude of counsellors were in controversy. It appeared that not sufficient attention had been paid to the adaptation of the ground on which the unfinished pile had stood for so many years, for sustaining the weight of a stone shaft 555 feet high. Some advisers urged the abandonment of the original plan, and the capping of the Monument at the point it had then reached, or with only an inconsiderable addition. Others pleaded for the razing of the work already done and the rearing of a new monument on a better site. Brought into consultation at this juncture, Mr. Green suggested a device for inserting under the existing structure a new concrete base of such solidity that nothing short of a convulsion of nature could disturb it. His plan was bold, and not without its serious elements of peril, but it proved entirely wise and practical. With laying out the surroundings of the shaft, also, Mr. Green had a great deal to do; so that to-day the Monument owes largely to his cleverness both its structural strength and the æsthetic effectiveness of its approach.

From the Monument he was almost immediately called to the chaos at the new Library of Congress. The design had been made and remade, altered and touched up so many times, and Mr. Smithmeyer, the architect, had had to submit to so much interference from Congress and its agents in his long struggle to get the thing started, that a thorough reorganization had become necessary. Mr. Pelz, formerly a partner of Smithmeyer, superseded him as architect, and the responsibility for the construction as a whole was committed to Gen. Casey, who refused to touch it unless he could have a free hand. This pledge given him, his first act was to summon Mr. Green, for whom a position was soon specially created, with the title of Superintendent of the Library, and he continued to fill it till his death. In this case his triumph over political contractors and material-men was as noteworthy as in his first department building experiment. Setting a day when Congress might look for the finished edifice, and an outlay to which he believed it could be held down, he carried out both promises, and even turned back a little money to the Treasury.

The incidents here cited are only a few of the more colorful in a career crowded with interest. Not only do a half-dozen fine public buildings in Washington bear testimony to his resourcefulness and good judgment, but his fame spread abroad so that he was subject to appeals from all over the country for advice in local emergencies. In spite of his incessant activity, which in the presence of a problem treated sleep and meals as negligible items, he cherished throughout his life a love of music that found expression in the promotion of artistic enterprises of some magnitude in Washington.

Had it been left for Mr. Green to tell his own story, it would never have been told, for no more modest man has been known to Washington within the memory of the present writer. The loss the American people have suffered in his death will not be generally realized till some fresh exigency arises demanding for its settlement a combination of expert technical skill, incorruptible honesty, and an administrative efficiency amounting to positive genius.

Francis E. Leupp.

Washington, D. C., October 24.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB

Literature

A SHAVIAN CLEOPATRA.

The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. By Arthur E. P. Brome Weigall. With maps and illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Charles Oman, in an entirely praiseworthy attempt to dim the halo which a school of imperialistic historians has thrown around the head of Julius Cæsar, spoke of him as ready to lapse, at the age of fifty-four, into undignified amours with "a clever and worthless little Egyptian princess." The passage only proves that, however well Mr. Oman understood the defects of Cæsar, he had never really comprehended the significance of Cleopatra. Various writers have made more or less serious efforts at the problem, but few really interested readers, one imagines, would admit that its difficulties have been satisfactorily solved.

That such a result is to be found in the volume of Mr. Weigall, no careful student will expect after reading the few pages of his Introduction. He is going to give an interpretation of events almost entirely new, we are informed, and admittedly open to discussion; but so far as concerns specific reference to original evidence on which alleged new interpretations are based, in the way of footnotes or otherwise, "the sooner this kind of jargon of scholarship is swept into the world's dust-bin the better will it be for public education." Any reader, he tells us, who doubts his interpretation "may easily check my statements by referring to the classical authors." These, we are assured, may be found in any big library, and consist of Plutarch, Cicero, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Appian, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and a baker's dozen more, to whom he adds a few modern names, notably not including the volume of Adolf Stahr and the discriminating treatment of Cleopatra in Gardthausen's "Augustus und seine Zeit." Of course, it is nonsense in Mr. Weigall to suggest that "any reader," or even one reader in a hundred, could apply any adequate test as to how accurately his book is based upon these authorities when specific references to the original passages involved are given only spasmodically, and even then with no apparent concern for relative importance. It is, of course, open to any man to publish his views on Cleopatra or any other ancient character for popular reading without providing the apparatus necessary to a feasible test of those views. When he pretends, however, to be upsetting the work of previous scholars, and then girds at the only really available means by which any considerable number of his possible readers might test his views, he comes perilously near to putting himself out of court before his case is fairly opened.

Mr. Weigall's Cleopatra, at the time of her dramatic secret introduction into the presence of Julius Cæsar, is simply "an unmarried girl of some twenty-one years of age against whose moral character not one shred of trustworthy evidence can be advanced," a harum-scarum little thing, happy-go-lucky, a dare-devil even, irresponsible, and so on, but, be it carefully remembered, with nothing really bad about her. This simple-minded little innocent, Cæsar, with his long and varied experience in the arts and wiles of a wicked world, immediately proceeds to lead astray. All this of a daughter of the Ptolemies, heir of the social and moral traditions of Alexandrian court life, at the remarkably tender age of twenty-one years. There is far clearer insight in Gardthausen's delicious summing up of that fateful night when, wrapped in a rug for concealment, she was carried into Cæsar's presence and the bundle unrolled before his astonished eyes: "Sie kam, er sah, und sie siegte." No, the confiding little innocent, cruelly betrayed by the practiced seducer, is no more the real Cleopatra than is Oman's "clever and worthless little Egyptian princess."

It is not worth while to follow Mr. Weigall through point by point and indicate where he seems to be plainly wrong, probably right, or simply questionable in his deductions. We must protest, however, against a method of "reasoning" which may fairly be symbolized thus: A was possibly B, and there is no trustworthy evidence that B was not C: therefore A was indisputably C. It would be hard to find a book of serious intent in which "must have been," "might have been," "possibly," "probably," and other such symbols of lack of evidence are so persistently made the cornerstones of imposing structures of alleged certainty. Even in a single sentence one finds a *possibility* that Cleopatra, when she met Cæsar, had already gone through a formal marriage with her brother in accordance with the provisions of their father's will, a *high unlikeliness* (in spite of well-known custom to the contrary, be it added), that this was anything more than the emptiest formality, and finally an *entire absence of any reason to doubt* that she was still unwedded.

In chapter vii, "must have beens," strewn almost as thick as poppies in a Sicilian wheat field, lead up to the conclusion that this young queen, but recently so tender and unsophisticated a victim of Cæsar's seductive art, became so perfect a persuader in her turn that the whole idea in Cæsar's mind of a world-empire, with himself at the head, was of her instigation. When Cæsar undertook to reform the Roman calendar he decided, "very probably at the Queen of Egypt's suggestion," to invite some of the Alexandrian court astronomers to his aid, and out of this probability, within a dozen lines, it becomes "not without interest to recollect that but for Cleopatra some entirely different set of months would now be used throughout the world." In the author's mind Cleopatra was of the purest Macedonian Greek, to the very core. He is quite sure that she spoke of the Egyptians of the interior as "confounded niggers," and also that everybody in Rome "must have known that she had not one drop of Egyptian blood in her veins." This pugnacious certainty forces one back to the fact that her own father was but an illegitimate scion of the Ptolemaic line, the composition of whose blood can hardly be safely analyzed in the absence of evidence, to say nothing of earlier marital vagaries among the Egyptian Ptolemies.

The goal to which Mr. Weigall comes in the end is that Cleopatra's ambitions, awakened after her harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky, dare-devil, irresponsible, unsophicated days had closed, finally had their reallzation in a government in which what we commonly call Roman Emperors were, so far as the consciousness of Egypt was concerned, primarily Egyptian Pharaohs, ruling certain oversea dominions centred in a river called the Tiber. And if Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar, failed to get his rightful inheritance, the claims of legitimate descent were at least fairly met by the fact that Augustus and his line went back to Julius through legal adoption. All this is interesting, but the reader who wishes an adequate conception of Cleopatra, really a great and accomplished woman, will go rather to writers who have more respect than Mr. Weigall for careful historical method.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Revolt of the Angels. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. New York: John Lane Co.

Philosophic pessimism is here expressed in impious persiflage, and political satire in a fantastic burlesque. The author conceives the guardian angels of men infected, in wandering about the pavements of Paris, with a divine discontent, throwing off their allegiance to Ialdabaoth, the Most High, assuming mortal vices, and plotting here a revolt against Heaven in which their bomb-making activities cause the police a good deal of perturbation. If they are prudent, their leader, Arcade, remarks, they cannot fail to take Ialdabaoth by surprise. "He foresees everything, but in order to leave us our free will he acts towards us absolutely as if he foresaw nothing. . . . The obligation which he has undertaken, to reconcile with his prescience the liberty of both men and angels, throws him constantly into inextricable difficulties. He never sees further than the end of his nose. He did not expect Adam's disobedience, and so little did he anticipate the wickedness of men that he regretted having made them." Neither the victory of the fallen angels nor their defeat would satisfy M. France's doctrine of the negative tendency of all things. His rebellious archangel falls into a dream, in which he images his triumph, and perceiving that it would but put a new God in Heaven and a new Satan in Hell, while the condition of mankind remained the same, chooses to remain below. Here at least he can complete the emancipation of humanity from its old deity. The non-supernatural aspects of the book are two:

an ironic handling of the Minister of Justice who would so manipulate a discovery of the angelic bomb-making as to procure for himself the reputation of saviour of the Republic; and a disagreeable stripping of the social vices of certain Parisians whom the guardian angels in their original function attended. The translation, as in the others of this series, is correct enough, but gives little sense of the felicity and delicacy of Anatole France's prose.

The Lone Wolf: A Melodrama. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

That very active and versatile and still young performer, Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, has, after his single excursion into realism, returned whole-heartedly, or at least high-spiritedly, to that land of romantic adventure in which he has made himself a popular guide. Up to this time he has written, according to his own classification, one novel, eight romances, and three extravaganzas. The subtitle of his new story seems to knock at the door of a fourth category. He uses the word melodrama, we suppose, not to belittle his work, but to place it. A melodrama is a deliberately conventional form of moral romance. Character in black and white, atmosphere in cloud and flame, action vainly struggling with the mandates of poetic justice—these are chief requirements.

It is now recognized that much skill is needed to employ this form at its best. Mr. Vance's story is really too slight to fit the term. It differs little from several of the earlier tales which he calls romances. Its general tone is of adventurous comedy. Its chief claim upon the august name of melodrama would lie in the conversion of the hero and the confusion of the villain and his accomplices, and an attempted infusion of serious "heart interest." The hero, to be sure, would have been disqualified as such in old-fashioned melodrama, by his profession; but we have got beyond the point of expecting heroism to set out from virtue. Many recent plays of the kind (for example, "The Master Mind," which has recently scored so marked a success) adopt the crook frankly as a new type of hero.

"The Lone Wolf" is understood to be the greatest and most mysterious member of the under-world. He operates in both continents, where his methods are recognized, but his identity remains unknown even to members of his own profession. He has magical skill in opening safes without cracking them. The real beginning of the action finds him returned to Paris from a sensational *coup* in London which has put him in possession of some famous jewels belonging to a Parisienne. Scotland Yard is in pursuit; and at the same moment "the Pack," an organization of criminals more properly known as the "International Underworld Limited," identifies him as "the Lone Wolf," and attempts to force him to membership in their order.

The adventures that follow are neither more nor less plausible than is necessary in this kind of fiction. A great many thrillingly absurd things happen in rapid succession. A certain novelty lies in their happening after the "Lone Wolf," having met a girl, determines to reform. She is nurse to the consumptive Bannon, arch-villain, and the leader of "the Pack." Not until the very end do we discover that she, as well as Bannon's secretary and attendant demon, is in the pay of Scotland Yard. She remains our heroine by resigning to become the wife of the Lone Wolf, who by that token is lone and a wolf no longer. The fatal weakness of the tale as melodrama is that this gentleman of crime and mystery is from the outset simply that good-humored and athletic and harmless young gentleman who has figured as hero in so many of Mr. Vance's blithe yarns.

The Presentation. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Co.

Whatever the highways or byways, we are generally pleased to have met Mr. Stacpoole. This time it is in the Paris of Louis XV. The "Presentation" is, of course, that of the royal mistress, which Choiseul, backed by the whole Faubourg St. Germain, is straining every resource to prevent. The "hairdresser" conspiracy is on, and the arrangements for stealing the favorite's coach, gown, and coiffeur are well under way—when the Comte de Rochefort intervenes. Mr. Stacpoole's Rochefort is possessed of all the virtues and recklessness of his position, a punctilio which is no less effective for being somewhat *vieux jeu*, a sense of honor intelligible even to us of a feebler age, and a sturdy common-sense which, in the end, extricates him from his troubles. Involved in his adventures is Lavenne, an agent of the Minister of Police, who, while investigating the death of the King's dog, Atalanta, uncovers the villany of Comte Camus, and exposes his whole bag of tricks, especially a poisoned rose—this in defiance of the latest scientific opinion. Then there is Ferminard, the best actor and the worst dramatist in Paris, who, impersonating the Comtesse de Bearn, presents Du Barry to the King. Last, but not least, we have Javotte, a servant of the Du Barrys, who stands between Rochefort and his foes—not forgetting the aforesaid punctilio—loves him devotedly, though at first hopelessly, and, in the end, is carried off as his wife to the country and "people who know how to value worth." We are not telling the story—which indeed has mostly been told before, though not all in the same book. What is original about it is largely in the telling and in a certain daintiness of touch which Mr. Stacpoole has made peculiarly his own.

Big Tremaine. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The proud Southern gentleman of the old school, the prouder Southern matron, the faithful black mammy, the noble old estate now far gone on its way to the hammer, the fair and high-spirited daughter of the South, the hero under a cloud—these are among the familiar and, as it begins to seem, almost inevitable materials of Southern romance. Miss Van Vorst's handling of them is neither perfunctory nor inspired. In one respect at least she varies from the formula—the hero's cloud does not consist in his quality of poor white or Yankee. But, alas! he belongs to that order of hero who has deliberately blasted his life by shouldering the crime of another. Very recently "The Wall Between," of Mr. Ralph D. Paine, has given us opportunity to rub up our ancient acquaintance with him. That paladin of marines undertook to protect the name of his dead father by sacrificing his own future. "Big Tremaine," as a boy, has done the same kind of thing by his brother. Let us examine the curious ethics of this typical romantic situation. The brother is a thief and a hypocrite, but he is his mother's favorite son. He is also about to marry the girl to whom Tremaine himself has been secretly engaged. He has stolen ten thousand dollars in cold blood, and is perfectly willing that his brother stand the blame. But it is understood to be a noble thing for the good brother to sacrifice himself for the bad, in order that two women may be fooled into a false idol-worship. The worthless brother has learned his superficial lesson. He becomes a judge, and remains the idol of his mother, though his wife sees through him. Then he dies, and the black sheep of the Tremaines, who has won distinction and wealth in South Africa, returns to rescue the family estate, to win his mother's respect and love in spite of her, and in the end to be altogether rehabilitated, with the special premium of the hand of the only girl he has ever really loved. That he is chiefly a fool who has paid the penalty of his folly is far enough from the mind of the creator of that strong, dark, taciturn, mysterious, altogether heroic male, Big Tremaine. Apart from its inherent absurdity, this story has merits of detail beyond the customary romance of the type.

THE ARGENTINE.

The Amazing Argentine, a New Land of Enterprise. By John Foster Fraser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50.

The development of our commercial relations with Latin America has received a tremendous impetus since Germany, our closest competitor, has perforce withdrawn from the field. The newspapers are full of "articles," but they contain such elementary information regarding possibilities for trade in South America that one surmises a very large number of Americans have only recently waked up to its existence. Fortunately, during the last few years far-sighted publishers have foreseen just such a demand for information, and books, particularly on the Argentine, have been fairly plentiful. Mr. Fraser's is one of the best, if not the best, that we have seen. Using for illustrations very good and somewhat unusual photographs, the author has taken the trouble to place them so that they illustrate the text.

Mr. Fraser is an experienced traveller, and has breadth of view, keen power of analysis, and a ready pen. He is perfectly willing to see both sides of the shield. The Argentines most hospitably entertained him, as they do so many other visitors, but he was not blinded by their banquets, nor did he feel placed under obligations to overlook their defects. His one idea is to give a faithful picture of this marvellous country which, thanks to its rich soil and good climate, seems destined to have an even greater growth in the near future than it has had in the past.

Here is Mr. Fraser's picture of the Argentine citizen:

He has no pride of historic race. When he makes money and visits Europe it is not to find the ancestral home in Spain or Italy. It is to have a good time in Paris. . . . The Argentines are a dignified people, keen, alert, successful, ostentatious, pagan—a people that has a destiny and knows it. . . . There are Argentines, who would be offended if refused the name of gentleman, who think it excellent sport to walk in the Florida in the evening and mutter obscenities to every unprotected woman who passes. Buenos Aires is the most immoral city in the world. . . . Ostentation is one of the stars of life in the Argentine. Appearances count for everything. You must have a motor-car, even though you have not the money to pay for it. . . . Argentina is a land without ideals. Religion is at a discount, and as yet nothing worthy of the world's note has been produced in art or literature. There is no national conscience. It is a country for money making.

As regards the attitude of the Argentine towards the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Fraser is very frank and fully alive to the real situation, which a recent distinguished American traveller has tried to gloss over. The Argentines believe, says Mr. Fraser, that

the Monroe Doctrine is but a design to permit the United States to become the ruling factor in American higher politics, if not to extend her sphere of authority the entire length of the continent. . . . Both in Argentina and Brazil, when I conversed with public men, I was given to understand how deep-seated is this dislike of the United States.

There is annoyance at the manner in which President Woodrow Wilson has lectured the Latin Republics of America for granting concessions to European syndicates for the development of their countries. . . . This over-lordship, this placing of the Latin Republics in a position of tutelage to the great Republic of the north, is denounced and repudiated by every Latin-American public man.

Mr. Fraser believes that the Argentine attitude towards foreigners may be summed up as follows:

They accept the English because in round figures five hundred millions of British capital in gold have aided in developing the country. They dislike the citizen of the United States because the big brother Republic of the north patronizes them, and they need nobody's help. They have a contempt for all other Latins beneath the Isthmus of Panama, particularly the Brazilians.

The Argentines probably will not like this very frank and keenly observant Britisher, but he has succeeded in writing a thoroughly satisfactory description of their country. And it is highly significant that in his closing chapter he is able to say with conviction:

Having some acquaintance with the great business countries of the world, I say unreservedly that if I had a son, and intended to put him into commerce in the hope of his making a fortune quickly, I would have him taught Spanish and send him to South America.

THE ISLE OF OPPORTUNISM.

Democracy in New Zealand. By André Siegfried. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

M. Siegfried's resemblance to De Tocqueville is unmistakable. De Tocqueville, to be sure, was expansive and stately, while Siegfried is succinct and familiar; but there is the same calm judgment, the same excellent sense of proportion, the same keenness in noting the metes and bounds of the forces under survey. While it cannot be said that, taken for all in all, they are of equal authority, one need have no hesitation in pronouncing "Democracy in New Zealand" a memorable production.

Though written nearly ten years ago, it appears now for the first time in English. Mr. E. V. Burns has made an agreeable translation, and Mr. William Downie Stewart, of Dunedin, New Zealand, contributes an admirable introduction. When M. Siegfried visited New Zealand the late Mr. Seddon was still, to all appearance, in the zenith of his power—the idol of the small holders and workingmen. Under his leadership the Liberal-Labor coalition seemed to have found the secret of political immortality. The workers were content to merge their political identity in a party which yielded them all they demanded. As practical men they realized that, while they remained merged in the Liberal party, their influence was, perhaps, all the greater because the exact strength of their vote was unknown, and that, as their success was conditioned by the support of the rural class, it would be a blunder to exchange a bird in hand for two in the bush. At the present time the Labor party is in process of being organized as a distinct political party. One branch of it is distinguished by the very characteristics which M. Siegfried noted as being almost entirely absent in the make-up of the New Zealand worker—that is, class-consciousness and the espousal of revolutionary Socialism. The other branch represents the trade unions in their political capacity: its members are, in fact, Fabians.

Yet, when everything is said, time has not impaired the value of this work. It still gives us a "profound insight into the spirit and character of the New Zealand democracy, into the constitution of political parties, and into the attitude of New Zealand towards Imperial problems." It pictures the New Zealander in his essentials. He has not carried his European atmosphere to the Antipodes; he is unmistakably a "colonial," he talks of the mother country with a contemptuous pity; yet the dormant Englishman is still there. At one moment, as circumstances impel, he throws ancient traditions to the wind; at another, he shows himself a lover of ancient forms and established hierarchies, "more than half a snob," and in his way almost a conservative. English at heart, environment has made him a thoroughgoing opportunist of cynical caste.

Ten years ago M. Siegfried said that the absence of revolutionary ideas was striking. In view of the I. W. W. propaganda, culminating in the great strike of some months ago, this is not quite true to-day. But in the main the statement holds good. New Zealanders have pushed the application of Socialism farther than any other people, but M. Siegfried contends that it is not Socialistic doctrines which inspire them. The English, and *a fortiori* the New Zealanders, have nothing of the theorizing of the French, or the dreaminess of the Germans. They reck little of general ideas and great principles. It is true that occasionally, when talking for effect, they will invoke pompous formulæ, but without attaching much importance to them, and simply because they make a good show on programmes and in speeches. The truth is that they have not enough vigor of mind to draw up a reasoned and coherent basis. Even if they could, they perhaps would not do it, for they do not feel the need. More than any one, they have the art of taking questions successively, and they are only interested in solving them as they arise. It is needless to ask whether the working classes of New Zealand, in dictating the laws which have made the colony unique in the eyes of the world, were Socialists, communists, collectivists, or anything else. They had recourse to the state, not in virtue of a conscious creed of state intervention, but because, being masters of a parliamentary majority, they could do exactly as they pleased with the state. They surrounded themselves with laws protecting labor, not for the pleasure of the thing, but because they desired to get for themselves as good a place in the sun as possible. Thus government became, in the opinion of every one, a special providence.

Seddon died in 1906. His party continued to hold office until 1911, when it was disastrously crippled, the final break-up occurring in 1912. Its place has been taken by the party that was in opposition when M. Siegfried visited New Zealand. But the downfall of the Liberal-Labor Government was not wholly due to the departure of Seddon. Even before his death the small landowners and the workingmen, the double basis of his power, were gradually tending asunder. The small landowners were growing prosperous and conservative, and the workingmen were being seduced by the success of the Independent Labor Party in Australia. Moreover, the general trend of public opinion was changing. There was a more or less conscious desire to call a halt and make a valuation of the results that had been secured.

The change in public opinion since M. Siegfried wrote the work before us has perhaps been most apparent in connection with the Arbitration Act, which in recent years has not been so effective or so universally esteemed as it was ten years ago, and the question of land nationalization, which has also assumed quite new aspects. But if by reason of these things the people of New Zealand no longer feel the same confidence and self-assurance in legislative panaceas that M. Siegfried attributed to them in 1904, there is nothing to show that, as a whole, they are less opportunistic in spirit. We can perhaps get no better inkling of the trait which M. Siegfried seems to think most distinctive of the New Zealanders than the remark of a workman discussing immigration: "There is a cake to be divided; let us be as few as possible when the division comes." We suspect, too, that to their cynical opportunism may be traced their "Yellow Peril." The moral danger from the presence of the Chinese is what the New Zealanders, like the Australians, are most inclined to place in the foreground, and M. Siegfried thinks that this is no mere pretext to hide the ill-feeling with which a disturbing and dangerous competition fills them. Yet he adds that by the side of the moral danger there is an economic danger, "which causes much greater alarm in Australasia." He thinks that the Englishman who said that the Chinaman was hated as much for his virtues as for his vices was not entirely wrong. The Chinaman is too successful, and that is the principal grievance against him. In the cynical words of a Wellington baker before a commission of inquiry: "We all know that the Chinese are a very industrious race, and that is just why we are against them."

New Zealand was the first Australasian colony to give women the right to vote. This, we are told, was entirely a matter of chance, of circumstance, and of personalities. The feminist movement, without having any deep roots, sprang up almost suddenly, and, it might be said, to the astonishment of everybody. It would be labor thrown away to search for fundamental reasons going to the very heart of things; for Mr. Reeves himself, who, if any one, holds a brief for the New Zealanders, says with cruel irony: "There are no doubt excellent reasons for giving women the right to vote, but these are not what determined John Stuart Mill." M. Siegfried's view is that New Zealand came across a group of men and women determined to realize the idea of woman suffrage, who, after a few unsuccessful efforts, at last managed to overcome the indifference of the many and the opposition of the few. While this may not be called opportunism, it certainly is its twin-brother.

We glimpse the same feeling when we study New Zealanders' attitude to Australian Federation. Though their supreme satisfaction with themselves has no doubt had a great deal to do with keeping them out of the Federation, there is reason to suspect that their decision has been based largely on the economic consideration, Will it pay? The working class, whose word was law when the subject of union with the Australian states was broached, asked, "Will this scheme result either in increasing wages or in lowering the cost of living?" The farmers, the merchants, the manufacturers, likewise viewed the matter from the point of view of their individual interests. With equal decision they all rejected the idea of federation.

In striking contrast to this distrust of Australia is the unlimited confidence which New Zealand has accorded to England. For the latter she has reserved all her devotion, all her favors, all her gratitude. In this attitude, which is spontaneous and sincere, sentiment coincides with interests; and we should entirely misunderstand the New Zealander if we did not see in him under his colonial varnish a real Englishman in race, in heart, and in mind. Such was M. Siegfried's estimate of him ten years ago, an estimate which the events of the last three months have fully justified.

Notes

Little, Brown & Co. announce for immediate publication "What Germany Wants," by Edmund von Mach.

"The River," by Ednah Aiken, will be published on Saturday by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Captain of His Soul," by Henry James Forman.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication this month of a volume containing four plays by Sir James M. Barrie, "Pantaloon," "The Twelve Pound Look," "Rosalind," and "The Will."

The Century Company announces for publication next month "Design in Landscape Gardening," by Ralph Rodney Root; "The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Period" by H. G. Bourne, and "Abroad at Home," by Julian Street and Wallace Morgan.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer is preparing the authorized life of John Hay, for the American Statesmen series. He will be grateful if any persons who have letters of Secretary Hay will communicate with him. Address, 8 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Folio American State Papers (Foreign Affairs), which ceased in 1828, have fair indexes; and an index to the annual diplomatic correspondence, which begins in 1861, has been published. The period between these dates, however, has been without such guide. The first step towards filling the gap is taken by the publication of Part I, A to H, of an index to our documents relating to foreign affairs from 1828 to 1861. This section is a huge volume of nearly 800 pages by Adelaide R. Hasse, chief of the public documents division of the New York Public Library. It is published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The thoroughness of the plan that has been adopted for the Index is indicated by the statement that, in addition to the entry of every paper and also of its writer, every subject handled in this mass of material is listed, even when this means several entries for a single paper. The entire collection of items is arranged in one alphabet, in the manner of the ordinary library catalogue, but the arrangement of individual entries under any head is, as one would expect, chronological. The usefulness, not to say need, of such an index may be judged from the fact that the entries under a topic of so recent and important discussion as "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty" fill more than eight columns.

"The Woman's Who's Who of America" (American Commonwealth Company; $5 net) is a compilation full of surprises. There is, on the one hand, no name so distinguished that one may be sure of finding it, and, on the other, none so obscure that one may predict its omission. A cursory examination reveals the following absences: Grace Ellery Channing, Mary Antin, Elsie Clews Parsons, Anne Morgan, and Lizette Woodworth Reese; while at the same time many of those who are enrolled appear to have achieved fame by merely being graduated from a college. For all that, the book is useful, whether regarded as a book of reference in the ordinary sense or as something like a national directory of club and college women.

If the report is true that familiar histories are usurping the place of fiction in popular favor, a corresponding appropriation of methods would be natural. Memoir-making, as a rule, addresses itself pretty frankly either to lovers of gossip or to lovers of romance. The chronicler in this kind who does not leer is prone to ogle. The writer of "Old Court Life in Spain" (Putnam; $2.50 net) adopts an almost voluptuously romantic style. What she has to write about is not really "court life" in the common and alluring sense. She has simply taken the most striking figures and incidents out of old Spanish history, and dressed them in fustian. Her style is the sentimental-exclamatory: "How great is Spain! How mighty!" she begins. "From the rugged mountains of the Asturias, their base washed by stormy waves, and the giddy heights of the Pyrenean precipices—an eternal barrier between rival peoples—to the balmy plains of the South, where summer ever reigns! A world within itself, with a world's variety!" Her anecdotes, which range from the sixth century to the sixteenth, are cast largely in the form of dialogue—such dialogue as would not have shamed Amadis of Gaul or the great Don himself. That, for example, is an eloquent scene between Bernardo del Carpio and Alonso the Chaste. Bernardo is anxious to learn who his parents are:

"Great God! whence am I sprung? The very beasts have dams that suckle them, and is Bernardo alone deprived of the common claims of nature?"

No answer came from the king, no sign, no yielding. Bernardo's question had struck him to the quick.

"As you pray for mercy, sire, speak one word," urged Bernardo, the trembling of his lips telling what he suffered. "Are father and mother dead?"

"Both to me," was the stern answer. "The mortal spark of life can never reanimate the soul dead in sin. Question me no more, audacious youth. And think not, because my blood runs in your veins that I will favor your ambition. Rather have I called in the stranger to occupy the throne. Now you

know my mind. Were I dead, my spirit would stand as with a flaming sword to shut you out."

"Then sweeter far than life and honour and glory come death!" exclaimed Bernardo, throwing up his arms. "From this day I am a desperate man. My sword is to me the staff of life, bloodshed and carnage the food on which I live! Come now over the grey heights of the mountains the Frankish host, and I will meet them as never mortal did his country's foes!"

If there are readers whose souls do not echo to this strain, the book is not for them.

Richard Curle, the author of "Joseph Conrad: A Study" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25 net), who has written two volumes of tales and a book about George Meredith, is more zealous than discreet. His facts, he says, have Conrad's authorization; and a list here set down of Conrad's ships and the books inspired by them, is said to have been "scribbled from Conrad's dictation." Nevertheless, we suspect that Conrad's personal connection with the book and its author may have been of the slightest, limited, very likely, to a casual "interview" or so. It is impossible to believe that the author of "The Mirror of the Sea" has deliberately encouraged the critical assiduities of an admirer so injudicious. To begin with, his facts are very few. If there were anything which readers of Conrad might have been grateful for, it would have been a filling in of that tantalizingly fragmentary outline of the novelist's life afforded by his two volumes of reminiscence. Mr. Curle affects to think this a matter of small account. He rehearses very briefly the familiar items about Conrad's life at sea, and dismisses the twenty years that have followed his retirement from the sea with the remark that "from henceforward his life is mainly the history of his books, and does not concern us." In truth, what really interests this commentator is his commentary. He has a high sense of the importance of his task. He begins with the assumption that little or nothing of value has been written about Conrad, and that it remains for himself to reveal a master to the world. Further, he thinks Conrad is comparatively little read, and that most people who read him misunderstand him. "It seems to me," he laments (or exults), "that the really poetical and thrilling things in Conrad are largely ignored, and that they are ignored because most of the critics are upon the 'wrong tack.'" Mr. Curle's proposed office is to set these false critics right by supplying a true criticism. This is a perfectly respectable thing to attempt; unluckily the author goes about his work in a manner both bumptious and patronizing. It is one thing for him to put his fellow-critics in their places, and another for him to pat his idol on the back; we get the impression that he is really trying to boost Conrad! As for the substance of his criticism, it offers little that is either fresh or sound. Striking it is in spots, in the paradoxical manner of the passing hour. For the rest, Mr. Curle has an irritating habit of calling attention to the importance of what he is about to say, proceeding to utter something perfectly clear and obvious, and then lamenting that he has probably been talking over the reader's head: "I know I put my case roughly. Such impressions are often only highly sensitive reactions and as such quite beyond positive proof. A parrot cry is easy to lay hold of, but a mental attitude is like a will-o'-the-wisp." As nearly as we can make out from this book, Conrad is an unsuspected genius, a master of English style, a realist, a romancer, a psychologist, a pessimist, remarkable for his atmosphere, his irony; and so on. And Curle is his prophet.

The third volume of Kluchevsky's "History of Russia," translated by C. J. Hogarth (Dutton; $2.50 net), covers the period from the extinction of the old dynasty in 1598 to the beginning of the reign of Peter the Great in 1689. The admirable qualities of Kluchevsky's work have already been commented on in the *Nation* (October 2, 1913). In his treatment of seventeenth-century Russia the topics that will most interest western readers are the development of serfdom, the rise and fall of a primitive sort of Parliament in the Muscovite state, and the gradual penetration of European ideals into that state. Unfortunately, the translation of this volume is no whit better than that of its predecessor. Two quotations from the first chapter will illustrate the extreme caution with which Mr. Hogarth's version must be used. Of the following sentence it is hard to make even sense:

New Europeanised Russia was, for four or five generations, a Russia merely of Guards' barracks, Government offices, and country houses; the latter leading to the first and the second through an easy course of scions through native schools or exotic *pensions*, whence she received, in exchange, retired brigadiers in uniform (p. 8).

The original, though clumsy, is at least clear:

New Europeanized Russia was for four or five generations a Russia of guards' barracks, government offices, and country houses of the gentry: the last [the country houses] guided their young lads to the first and the second [the barracks and offices] by means of an easy transforming process [literally, distillation] in native [literally, home-grown] schools or exotic *pensions;* and in place of these young lads they received back from them [the barracks and offices] retired brigadiers in uniform.

In the following passage Mr. Hogarth not only obscures but reverses the sense of the original:

But before that accession came about, the Muscovite Empire expericnced an upheaval which shook it to its foundations, and gave the first, and a very serious, check to the onward march of the ideas of which the majority of State orders built upon the extinction of dynasties stand most in need (p. 13).

Kluchevsky's words are as follows:

But before that accession came about, the Muscovite Empire experienced a terrible shock, which shook its deepest foundations. This also gave a first and a very painful impulse to the movement of new ideas, ideas that had been absent in the state order built up by the extinct dynasty.

The resemblances between the Babylonian and the Hebrew myths and ideas have often been described. What Prof. Morris Jastrow proposes in his "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions" (Scribner; $2.50), as he explains in his preface, is to set forth the differences between them. This point has not been ignored by other writers, but Jastrow's treatment is more detailed than is to be found elsewhere. The volume shows admirable mastery of the material; the analyses and interpretations of the Babylonian mythical stories are particularly interesting. Four points are selected for comparison: the story of creation, the Sabbath, the life after death, and the ethical standard. In these, the author holds, though the two peoples began with about the same mass of myths and religious and moral conceptions, the Hebrews finally passed far beyond their neighbors in elevation and religious effectiveness of thought. As the Babylonian national life was extinguished by the Persian conquest in the sixth century (B. C. 539), and the subsequent religious career of the people is a blank except in the elaboration of the astrological-theological astral cult, comparison between them and the Hebrews as to other conceptions can be made properly only in the period ending with the conquest; we do not know, Professor Jastrow observes, what Babylonia might have accomplished if its national development had not been violently interrupted—it was the group of great prophets (a body unknown in Babylonia) that established in Israel the conception of a moral government of the world—only, Yahweh's care was confined to Israel, the welfare of other peoples was not considered.

In the two histories of creation in Genesis we see, says Jastrow, how far the Hebrew view, under the influence of ethical monotheism, diverged from the earlier conception common to the two peoples. In the first chapter of Genesis particularly, the one God, quite divorced from physical phenomena, accomplishes creation, not as an artificer, but by a word—he is a spiritual being. As for man, his rôle, according to the Hebrew, is to have dominion over the lower animals; a Babylonian inscription declares that he was created to worship the gods. Dr. Jastrow thinks the Hebrew the nobler conception; but the Babylonian may have in mind that the cult of the divine Powers is the most important thing in life, and that man's task is to be its custodian. The remarkable Hebrew development of the Sabbath is clearly brought out by Jastrow. This day, originally a lunar period (the day of the full moon), a time of transition, it is here called, of doubt and danger, when the favor of the gods was to be sought, was divorced from lunar changes in the later Jewish period and transformed into a season of rational religious devotion—an epoch-making step for the organization of public and private religion. The future life had no attraction for the old Semites, Babylonian and Hebrew; the historical question is when the doctrine of ethical immortality was adopted by the latter (it is first distinctly stated in the first century B. C. in the book of "Wisdom," and, as some think, in Ps. xlix and lxxiii). Dr. Jastrow regards it as a natural evolution of Jewish thought, helped on by Persian and Greek influences. Finally, as to the ethical development, the ethical codes of Babylonians and Hebrews were virtually identical, the divine Powers favored moral goodness, and the blessings sought were chiefly national and physical; but in the later Jewish writings we have a more definite sense of sin, desire for moral purity, and the hope of spiritual communion with God. Scattered throughout the volume are illumining expositions of customs and ideas, the whole forming a picture of the pre-Christian Semitic religious life; note, for example, the discussions of the pessimism of Gen. iii and the skepticism of Job and Ecclesiastes. The ethical idea finally reached by the Jews, says Jastrow, was perfection of character as the end of existence.

As a manual for college use "A History of Philosophy," by Frank Thilly, professor in Cornell University (Holt; $2.50), possesses two important advantages over any other work of available size: it is more encyclo-

pædic as a whole and more systematic and complete in its exposition of individual philosophical theories. But it suffers from the defects inevitable to so comprehensive a plan in that the treatment of many minor writers is too summary to be very illuminating, while the greater philosophers, notably Plato and Aristotle, hardly receive adequate interpretation. There are some defects, also, that are not inevitable. As a piece of exposition, the book is no more than a good example of mechanical work. Although the writer intends to consider the thinker as well as his times, his point-by-point analysis hardly takes account of the personal motives and conflict of motives, such as the conflict of considerations presented by the complex relations of form and matter to Aristotle and by Berkeley's subjective and objective idealism, which give unity to the very contradictions of a philosophical system and make it personally intelligible. And the style is rather colorless and loose. Thus "the scholars of the church found in this basal conception [realism] a splendid *buttress* upon which to rest their entire intellectual and ecclesiastical structure" (168). Only a pragmatist could say (365) that Puffendorf "introduced natural law into Germany." It is a little disturbing to find Socrates replying to a quotation from Ovid, and prosaically false to think of Plato's *Eros* as the "love of truth." There is a notable rise in vigor both of style and of thought at the point where, as a conclusion to the "History," the author appends his admirable address before the Philosophical Association in defence of rationalism.

For the moment our interest in American achievements on the Isthmus is almost entirely overshadowed by our concern in matters transatlantic. It is doubtful whether many readers will care to find the time to read "Panama and the Canal: the Story of Its Achievement, Its Problems, and Its Prospects," by Willis J. Abbot (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). We have already had a number of books on Panama, and there appears to be no particular excuse for this one. Apparently every author who has a chance to cross the Isthmus is stirred up to write and make words. It is easy to get quantities of good pictures, and after watching the laborers "make the dirt fly" and being courteously treated by Col. Goethals's polite assistants, there are few more agreeable tasks than to sit down and tell about it. It must be said in fairness that the present volume is very comprehensive and omits little which the curious reader desires to know of a voyage to Panama and what may be seen after one arrives. It is gossipy and readable, but hardly worth reading.

"Big Business" a few years ago preferred to keep as much as possible in the dark. Its ways were devious, and it had no desire to court public opinion. Evidently recent events have changed all that, for here is the first volume of a series entitled The Romance of Big Business. It is called "Conquest of the Tropics: The Story of the Creative Enterprises Conducted by the United Fruit Company," and was written by Frederick Upham Adams (Doubleday, Page; $2 net). Why Mr. Adams, who has heretofore been known to fame as the author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires" and "The Bottom of the Well," should have been selected as the apologist of the United Fruit Company, is a little difficult to see, although there may be a subtle connection here. Perhaps it was felt that a romanticist would do more justice to this colossal and well-managed enterprise than a more sober historical writer. It must have been rather hard on the novelist to have to close his book with a categorical interview with the President of the Company, but Mr. Adams's account of the President's "frank answers to my rather pointed questions" is a little bit too disingenuous. The volume is well illustrated, and ought to be widely distributed by the United Fruit Company. The most interesting part of the book is the romantic rise of Minor C. Keith, that pioneer of so many broad-minded and successful efforts to develop Central America.

Science

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Black's Medical Dictionary. By John D. Comrie. New York: The Macmillan Co. Fifth edition, illustrated. $2.50.

This is not a dictionary in the sense of a lexicon, but is rather an abbreviated compendium of medicine. As the author states, it occupies a position "somewhere between that of a technical dictionary of medicine and one intended merely for the domestic treatment of commoner ailments," and it is hoped that "district nurses, teachers, clergymen, and professional men generally, ship-captains, colonists, business men, and others" may find the volume useful. To aid in this use of the book the preface is followed by a page printed in red, which gives the titles to be examined in case of accidents, drowning, poisoning, and so forth. An examination of some of these titles shows a very satisfactory treatment. Thus, "bandages" are treated in ten pages, with seventeen illustrations; under "bites," those of the dog, serpents, spiders, and smaller insects are described, and the treatment is briefly outlined. In none of the articles is much attention given to diagnosis, for, as the author states in his preface, diagnosis is a highly technical matter which lies entirely in the province of the medical man. It is difficult, however, in view of this statement, to understand why four of the thirteen full-page colored plates should be devoted to the reproduction of the rash of chicken-pox, German measles, measles, and scarlet fever, respectively. These pictures can have only one object—to aid in diagnosis without the help of a physician. This is a dangerous thing under any circumstances, but most unfortunate in the group of contagious diseases here represented, because of the attendant neglect, in the absence of a physician, of isolation and quarantine, so important in preventing their spread. Any factor which tends to discourage that exact diagnosis upon which depends rational treatment and, in the case of the infectious diseases, the prevention of disease, is to be condemned. It is doubtful, therefore, no matter what benefits may accrue to the smaller group represented by "ship-captains" and "colonists," whether the larger public is benefited by the encouragement which the book offers to "home" diagnosis and treatment. Certain it is that it would be better for "district nurses, teachers, clergymen, and professional men generally" to depend upon a physician than upon the brief descriptions of treatment offered in this dictionary.

As a lexicon the work is disappointing in its treatment of modern scientific medicine. A cursory survey shows no mention of the words Anaphylaxis, Metabolism, Purins, Chromosome, Lipoid, Hook-worm disease. Adrenalin is given, but nothing is said about its physiologic action; the few paragraphs on Immunity might have been written twenty years ago; and the treatment of Vaccines, other than that for smallpox, is most fragmentary.

It is evident that the book is not intended for physicians; it is of no value, because incomplete, to the general student who wishes an exact definition of a medical word or a description of a medical procedure, and, in that it encourages the treatment of the sick without trained medical aid, it is of doubtful value to the general public. As for the "ship-captain" and the "dwellers in remote districts," they can procure in two volumes modern scientific treatises on medicine and surgery which together total less of weight and bulk than the volume under discussion.

In the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for October, Capt. F. M. Bailey describes his exploration on the Tsangpo or Upper Brahmaputra, the least known and most inaccessible region in the world. He succeeded in unravelling a problem which has troubled geographers for more than fifty years by proving that the tremendous waterfall by which, according to the lamas, the Tsangpo breaks through the Himalayas is non-existent. Another interesting problem, whether there are one or two continents at the South Pole, is discussed by Griffith Taylor, senior geologist to Capt. Scott's expedition. Among other results of his researches is the conviction that "between 2,000 and 3,000 feet represents the thickness of the ice-cap" that covers the land. In "Some Rough War Notes," Prof. L. W. Lyde gives a brief but clear and suggestive statement of the geographical characteristics of the various sections of the field of war.

Dr. Bukk G. Carleton, surgeon and author of many medical books, who died on October 20, was born in Whitefield, N. H., on November 11, 1856. He was educated at the Littleton, N. H., High School, and received his medical degree from the New York Homeopathic Medical College in 1876. For a year he was in the medical department of New York University. He was pathologist for the Homeopathic and Metropolitan Hospitals from 1877-81, visiting physician from 1881-95, and since then one of the hospital's surgeons, and also surgeon for the Department of Public Charities. Dr. Carleton was demonstrator of anatomy at the Homeopathic Medical College 1879-80, and had been consulting surgeon of the Hahnemann Hospital since 1897. He had been professor of medical ethics and clinical urology since 1910 at the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Hospital and visiting surgeon at Flower Hospital since 1902. He was president of its medical board 1906-7. Dr. Carleton had been consulting surgeon of Grace Hospital, New Haven, Conn., since 1906.

Drama

"THE SALAMANDER."

It seems probable that in dramatizing his novel, Mr. Owen Johnson felt obliged to relinquish his original conception of the Salamander. Though on the programme of the play he is careful to state that "in ancient mythology the Salamander was a creature that could live in fire without being burned," his Dodo Baxter is something more and less than this. One fails, indeed, to see how the heroine of the novel could be transported bodily into an emotional drama. In the former she is a recognizable type, a creature akin to Robert Herrick's grafting society women, though found in a lower stratum. The Salamander is on and off the stage, acting when dire need requires and staking all on the pique of her prettiness. In return for flowers and dinners from fashionable men about town, she gives only an unfulfilled promise, and even cashes in her gifts at the firms from which they come. If she is not burnt by this haphazard play, it is because she has too many admirers at once to allow her emotions to become concentrated. However Mr. Johnson may have depicted this class in his novel, he was at least dealing in actual persons who are probably to be seriously reckoned with in a city like New York.

But in a play, because of its artistic sharpening, this particular material becomes most difficult to handle. Dodo Baxter, living in rooms with others who are true to the type of the book, stands out from them not solely because their traits are excessively developed in her, but mainly because of a difference in quality. Some of the scenes in which her three admirers visit her hold forth a promise of much intensity. Sassoon, the rich married roué, may be dismissed as one true to the demands of the novel. But Judge Massingale, who gives up wife and home to convince her of his love, and Lindaberry, whom she later marries, leave her far from indifferent, and in moments with them she becomes a weak edition of Camille, and the audience cannot, any more than her lovers, understand what she is intended to signify. This is both bad art and bad psychology, though the difficulty in the way of making her anything else is, as we have pointed out, almost fundamental.

The difficulty was manifest in the acting of Miss Carroll McComas, who had the principal part. In the presence of the real Salamanders, who, by the way, were well picked, especially Miss Francine Larrimore as the illustrator's model, she seemed at a disadvantage, probably because she felt the necessity of indicating constantly some earnest of deeper emotion to come. Hence she wore a partly tragic air where simple shallowness would have served better. But in the larger scenes she was often adequate, though even here she seemed to sense, even while indulging in it, that tragic despair exceeded the bounds of the original conception. The three men, as played by Orme Caldara, A. E. Anson, and Albert Bruning, were not unconvincing. Mr. Bruning, as Sassoon, saved as well as was possible a scene which in its outspokenness is offensive. It is to be hoped that such scenes may disappear from the American stage; but if they are here to stay, our playwrights might practice a manner which contrives to suggest without being blatant. A good word should be spoken for the restraint of Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, who played the part of Dodo's confidante. F.

"BIG JIM GARRITY."

It is too bad that an experienced actor like John Mason was not provided with a better play than that now running at the New York Theatre. That "Big Jim Garrity" is melodrama of the frankest sort might have been much in its favor in this season, when a certain relaxation is noticeable in dramatic performances. Melodrama, in particular, has been tried out repeatedly, and there was hope that from these experiments some one successful piece might emerge. War has reduced the whole world to a mood which is most aware of the fundamental facts of life and death and right and wrong—a mood, in a word, which is almost specially prepared for the obvious morality wherein melodrama *par excellence* is accustomed to deal. But a good melodrama is not the easy thing to write that one might suppose.

"Big Jim Garrity," for instance, is poorly constructed. Though the plot is fairly simple, it is resolved not so much by the exigencies of the action as by gratuitous admissions on the part of the actors, nicely timed to keep the play going. To any discerning person it is clear from the start that John Dexter, railway owner of California, who is soon revealed to the audience as Big Jim, an escaped convict, with nineteen years yet to serve, could never have committed the murder for which he was sentenced. His whole character points the other way. And the audience is intent upon seeing him, exculpated, to be sure, in the end, but for the time being carrying on a masterly struggle with the villain who is trying to keep him under. In Dr. Malone, the real murderer, who has, in addition, inflicted the morphine habit upon Dexter's wife, he seems at first to have a worthy foe, and promise is given of a solid encounter. The introduction as butler of a former prison-mate of Dexter's, and as maid of the woman who loves this rascal, also holds forth promise of interesting complications. But they are short-lived. Such a coward is Dawson that a threat from one of Dexter's big fists would have made him divulge at any moment enough to incriminate the villain. The struggle becomes half-hearted. For this reason, "Big Jim Garrity," though seeking sensation and thrills in gunplay and the use of morphine and chloroform, is not a little tame. The acting was well above the level of the play. F.

"KICK IN."

Willard Mack's play, which A. H. Woods presents at the Longacre Theatre, is a tragedy, not in its substance, but in its incidence. It demonstrates the tragedy of lost opportunity, for it is at least a season, perhaps two or three seasons, too late. Under the most favorable circumstances, when use had not blunted or custom staled our appetite for "crook" plays, it might have passed muster. But familiarity has had its familiar effect. We know exactly now how gruff, burly, deep-voiced policemen behave on the stage; we could ourselves assist at "sweating" a recalcitrant witness at headquarters, and were we so unfortunate as to be in the witness's place, we flatter curselves that we could parry neatly some of the officer's most deadly thrusts—certainly we should not fail to discomfit him and raise a laugh from the audience by inquiring after the health of his wife or mother. There may have been a time when some of our deepest emotions were aroused by hearing a police official warn a shivering witness not to "pull any of that raw stuff," but if so it was long ago, and such is the callousness of the human heart that the spectacle of a reformed crook hounded by police persecution to further crookedness no longer moves either fear or pity.

"Kick In" is merely a "crook" play of the familiar type, but of somewhat inferior construction, having for its motive the difficulty experienced by a man once convicted of crime in rehabilitating himself in the face of police suspicion, and the curtain goes down on the time-honored but hardly plausible solution—the hard heart of the police official moved to temporary pity by the thought of his little children. The cast is competent and does what is possible with the unpromising material. A clever and careful piece of characterization is Miss Katherine Harris's interpretation of the young daughter of a lodging-house keeper. John Barrymore's impersonation of the unfortunate hero, Chick Hewes, persecuted by fate and the police, would be more plausible did he emphasize the reformation more and the crook less. S. W.

"Mary Goes First," in three acts and an epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones (Doubleday, Page & Co.), which has been played with great success in London and is to be seen here next week, is, as Clayton Hamilton rightly says in a preface, a genuine comedy. Moreover, it is, in its way, a model of constructive skill. Starting from an incident of the most trivial nature, it develops a series of amusing dramatic situations, in perfectly logical fashion, by a close observance of the inter-relationship between character and circumstance, and reaches a final solution of the resultant complications in a way that is natural, simple, and human. The story of the plot, which in itself is a matter of very little consequence, need not be told at this time. In view of the coming representation, it might not be altogether fair to do so. The true value of the piece lies in the excellence of its literary and theatrical workmanship, in the nice consistency of its characterization, and its general fidelity as a study of middle-class society in the neighborhood of a big English provincial town. Incidentally it furnishes some lively satire upon current practices in law and politics. All the personages are sketched with firm and facile touch. If not original in design they are delightfully true to type. Chief among them, of course, is Mary Whichello, the sharp-tongued, aspiring and indomitable little woman, who, having long enjoyed the leadership of her own set, won by unfailing tact and activity, finds herself suddenly robbed of her precedence by a knighthood conferred upon the husband of a despised rival, who was only a grocer's daughter. A gibe which she flings at this detested object is the source of the whole dramatic imbroglio. She is an engaging little creature, alive and feminine in every fibre. Equally lifelike is her easy-going, golf-loving husband, who is unwillingly involved in her tea-cup tempest and all sorts of perplexities, but is, nevertheless, compelled by her strategy to supply the means of the triumph, which she generously foregoes. The striving young lawyer, of elastic principles; the stupid, pompous knight and his unlucky spouse—the feeble, emotional butt of

Mary's witticisms; the old country attorney; the junior liberal "whip," and the eminent metropolitan physician are all recognizable portraits and are woven into the scheme with admirable ingenuity. Whether a play so completely English in its motive, its coloring, and its references, so entirely free from any kind of theatrical sensationalism, and so dependent for success upon its veracity, its humor—which is largely local—and the superior quality of its dialogue, will meet with full appreciation when submitted to the judgment of an ordinary New York audience, remains to be seen. But it will afford an hour's hearty enjoyment to any intelligent reader and is entirely worthy of the reputation of its able author.

Arrangements are going forward by which Julia Arthur will make two reappearances upon the stage, one in Boston in November and one in New York in December, for the benefit of actors' families made destitute by war. She will act in "Mercedes," T. B. Aldrich's powerful little tragedy, and she will be supported by William Courtleigh, Madame Cottrelly, Ernest Glendinning, and Forest Robinson.

When "Drake" has run its course at His Majesty's Theatre in London, Sir Herbert Tree will produce the First Part of "King Henry IV." In it, of course, he will resume the part of Falstaff, which he first played at the London Haymarket in 1906. It will be interesting to note how much his conception has matured in twenty years.

Art

With the fifth and sixth volumes, Mr. John Murray completes the authorized revision of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "A History of Painting in Italy" (Scribner; $6 net, each). Dr. Tancred Borenius, who had shown his mettle in the three volumes on Northern Italy, has assumed editorial supervision over these last two volumes of the six on the Central Italian schools, and his work here is better than that of his predecessor—more succinct, judicious, and accurate. According to the plan of the edition, his part is limited to additional notes, sometimes corrections of the original text, more often additions from the literature of the fifty years which have elapsed since this classic work was first published. Where much correction is necessary, as, for example, in the lives of Signorelli and Perugino, the procedure forces upon the reader a bewilderment of adjustment of text to notes, but this was inevitable in the very nature of the enterprise. One could wish for some typographical device by which material corrections to such a standard text might be made in the margin or inset at the place to be corrected. Such a plan would save a reader's eyes and temper. However, one must, on any terms, be grateful to publisher and editor for this careful revision of a standard work. In general, Dr. Borenius has made a pretty clean sweep of all relevant material, but, like all European critics, he is insufficiently informed as to American collections. Within the field of these two volumes, New Haven would have furnished a very important Ridolfo Ghirlandaio and a good Pietà from the shop of Fra Bartolommeo; the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, no less than three Signorellis; the Metropolitan Museum, examples of Sano di Pietro, Bugiardini, Benvenuto da Siena, and Lorenzo di Credi. It is strange indeed that the editor of such a work should appear to be ignorant of the existence of the very necessary and authoritative *Bulletin* issued every month by the Metropolitan Museum, in which all important acquisitions are duly reproduced and discussed. The similar publications of the museums of Worcester, Chicago, and Boston might also have been consulted to advantage. These omissions are, after all, venial, and the volumes, attesting a sound and cautious scholarship, should long remain standard.

Volume V is devoted to "The Umbrian and Sienese Masters of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." It begins with Pietro della Francesca and ends with the followers of Perugino. On the way such great estrays as Gentile da Fabriano come in. The whole Sienese-Umbrian field has been the object of constant investigation for fifteen years past. In no period was a thoroughgoing revision of the original "C & C" more necessary, and the editor has acquitted himself with credit of a task at once difficult and delicate. The final volume, which treats of the Florentine and Sienese painters who stand on the verge of the Classical Renaissance, for instance, Pietro di Cosimo, Granacci, Fra Bartolommeo, his partner, Albertinelli; Andrea del Sarto, Fungai, Pacchiarotto, Peruzzi, has required less overhauling whether as to fact or critical opinion. After fifty years, the estimates of Crowe and Cavalcaselle need very little shading or reversal. One can only regret that their great work stopped short of Michelangelo and of such very personal followers as Pontormo and Bronzino. There still seems to be room for a couple of supplementary volumes, which should carry the general history of Italian painting in Rome, Venice, Florence, Parma, and Bologna, at least to the death of Titian. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Raphael" and "Titian" fill this need only in part. Should the publishers venture to extend this classic work, they evidently would have in Dr. Borenius an entirely competent supplementer.

A good book to take to the farmhouse for guidance in experimenting is "The Craft of Home Made Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks (McBride; $2). It is essentially a manual for amateurs, with practical suggestions for making floor covering and hangings from household left-overs and cast-offs. That the home-fashioned rug in skilful hands, animated by good taste and sense of design, may be a very artistic product, has been abundantly shown in the past fifteen years. The author gives an invaluable chapter on dyeing and good technical descriptions of the braided, scalloped, knitted, crocheted, hooked, needle-woven, and loom-woven types of rug. She is rather liberal in her attitude towards the re-use of machine-made fabrics, urging that "it is wise to work fundamentally and thoroughly, but if we cannot do so with absolute thoroughness we must do so as conscientiously and well as conditions will let us." One wishes that she had given a recipe for knotting the drawn rug. This can be done to great advantage of the wearing quality. While mentioning the rug-making industries at Cranberry Island and Chocorua it would have been just to give credit to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Volk for the pioneer enterprise of the kind, that at Centre Lovell, Me. With possibly a few other minor defects of this character the book is, nevertheless, one of the most useful of its kind yet published.

Finance

THE TURN FOR THE BETTER.

A series of incidents, at the opening of this week, has pointed to decided improvement in the peculiar situation into which this country's financial and business enterprise had been thrown by the European war. These incidents comprise the announcement that our new banking system will be formally established in a fortnight; England's declaration that the sea is open for export, even to hostile countries, of non-contraband articles, such as cotton; largely increased purchases of materials here by Europe; disappearance on Saturday of the deficit in New York bank reserves; evidence that the bankers' coöperative plan to finance the portion of our cotton crop which the war might make unsalable was progressing satisfactorily.

To close observers of the markets, this turn for the better in the situation did not come unheralded. Inasmuch as the dilemma which has confronted this country since July has had primarily to do with the problem of international finance and trade, it was altogether logical that the foreign exchange market should give the first sign of what was going on. Exchange on London, in the week when Germany's declaration of war was plainly impending, rose to the extraordinary rate of $7 in the pound sterling. In a normal market, it cannot rise above 4.89½, because at that figure it is profitable to export gold and draw exchange against it. The $7 rate at the end of last July measured the frantic haste of financial Europe to draw at any price on its American credits, to strengthen a home position where the impending war seemed to threaten general bankruptcy. The war began; London relieved its own situation by a series of unprecedented financial expedients.

Yet it continued to draw heavily on New York, and exchange rates, even at the opening of this month, stood at the quite abnormal level of $5 in the pound. In the well-known language of Lombard Street, the exchanges were moving heavily against us; and the extent of that adverse movement seemed to measure the depth of our financial predicament. About a week ago, the rate began to fall. Three or four days ago, the movement in our favor became extremely rapid. On Monday, for the first time since the third week of July, exchange on London, at 4.89, reached a familiar and normal level.

So striking a reversal of position, in the market most sensitive to the present drift of affairs, suggests a review of the actual situation. Our particular difficulties, which developed during the second month of war, were four in number. We were cut off from access to the supplies of European capital which our markets habitually use; so much so, that even renewal of existing loans was doubtful. We were threatened, or believed ourselves to be, with prodigious realizing sales of the mass of American securities held in Europe, and, for that reason, dared not

reopen our Stock Exchange. Our export trade was heavily cut down, despite the large grain shipments, by the collapse of the European demand for certain of our staple products, notably cotton. Finally, our banks were doing business on a basis of emergency banknote issues and clearing-house loan certificates, and their cash reserves were almost as far below the legal ratio to deposits as they were in the panic weeks of 1907.

The problem how far our markets, and our industrial undertakings, as a result of the war's huge requisitions on European capital resources, will have to dispense with the usual assistance from that quarter, is still unsolved. It is not yet clear how much the absence of this European capital will affect our country's business situation. The facts, however, which stand forth without dispute, are that, despite a natural preliminary hesitation, we have maintained our credit by exporting gold in large amount to meet pressing liabilities in the foreign markets, and that meantime the United States, alone of the great financial nations, is proceeding with its own accumulation of capital, purely for use in peaceful industry.

Nor can the question be described as settled what the attitude of European holders of American securities would be, if a free market were to be opened here on which they could be sold. But the assumption that enormous liquidation would at once ensue is pure conjecture. Financial Europe is no longer in the state of panic which prevailed last August; the Government borrowings have not disturbed its markets; its banking houses are not confronted with insolvency, and at least a considerable motive must exist among them to keep a substantial part of their investment funds in a field where financial undertakings are in no respect directly jeopardized by war.

These are the more obscure considerations in the situation. In the export trade and the bank position, we have something more tangible to observe. Our excess of merchandise exports over imports in September was less by $31,000,000 than in 1913. But if our cotton exports had been only half as large as they were the year before, the total export excess would have been fully as great as in the previous September. Now, last month's weekly cotton exports by us to Europe averaged barely one-ninth of the 1913 figures, whereas the weekly average thus far in October has been nearly one-third of a year ago. This recovery cannot fail to be stimulated by the wider opening of European markets hitherto shut off, if not through the suggested taking of cotton by the London banking community as security for advance of capital from there.

As to the home banking situation, we have still to reckon with the mass of emergency banknote issues, the outstanding Clearing House loan certificates, the unsettled loans on Stock Exchange collateral, and the unusual burdens assumed in financing, first New York city's foreign debt, next the requirements for export gold, and finally the cotton trade's position. But we can also see that, in the face of all these handicaps, the New York banks have restored their surplus reserve, and that not only they, but the national banks of the country as a whole, now actually hold in their reserves more gold than they held a year ago.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Browne, A. C. The Prophet's Wife. Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.
Caine, William. But She Meant Well. Lane. $1.30 net.
Gale, Zona. Neighborhood Stories. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Haiken, E. The River. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Johnston, M. The Witch. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Kimball, A. The Prince of Mercuria. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.
Klein, C., and Hornblow, A. The Money Makers. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Lippmann, J. M. Martha and Cupid. Holt. $1 net.
O'Donovan, G. Father Ralph. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.40 net.
Peterson, M. Blind Eyes. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co. $1.30 net.
Standish, B. L. Lefty o' the Bush. Barse & Hopkins. 60 cents net.
Tracey, V. Persons Unknown. Century. $1.35 net.
Turner, G. K. The Last Christian. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.
Vachel, H. A. Quinneys'. Doran. $1.25 net.
Vanardy, V. The Night Wind's Promise. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Wylie, I. A. R. The Red Mirage. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Young, F. E. M. Valley of a Thousand Hills. Lane. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Apcar, Diana A. The Great Evil. Privately printed.
Black, Hugh. The Open Door. Revell. $1 net.
Bristol, Frank M. Heroines of History. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Calkins, H. R. A Man and His Money. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.
Crane, Dr. Frank. Footnotes to Life. Lane. $1 net.
Cruse, Amy. English Literature Through the Ages. Stokes. $2 net.
Dickinson, G. L. Appearances. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Essays in Exposition. Edited by B. P. Kurtz, H. E. Cory, F. T. Blanchard, and G. R. MacMinn. Boston: Ginn. $1.30 net.
Gauss, C. Selections from the Works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Princeton University Press. 65 cents net.
Graham, Winifred. The Enemy of Woman. New Edition. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.
Irwin, F. Nullo Auction. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Jessop, A. England's Peasantry and Other Essays. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Lippmann, W. Drift and Mastery. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Mable, Hamilton W. Japan Today and Tomorrow. Macmillan. $2 net.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Unknown Guest. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Morehouse, F. M. The Discipline of the School. Heath. $1.25.
Walsh, William S. Heroes and Heroines of Fiction. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Wright, A. H. North American Anura. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anderson, F. L. The Man of Nazareth. Macmillan. $1 net.
Baines-Griffiths, D. Our Brother of Joy. The Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents net.
Clough, J. C. Social Christianity in the Orient. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Painter, G. S. The Philosophy of Christ's Temptation. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.50 net.
Richard, E. God's Paths to Peace. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Corwin, E. S. The Doctrine of Judicial Review. Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.
Dobson, M. At the Edge of the Pit. California News Publishing Co.
Fiske, A. K. Honest Business. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Money, L. G. C. The Future of Work. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
Price, G. M. The Modern Factory. J. Wiley & Sons. $4 net.
Wheeler, H. F. B. The French Revolution. Stokes. $2.50 net.
White, H. Money and Banking. Boston: Ginn. $1.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

Summary of the News

Returns of the elections held on Tuesday show a large decrease in the Democratic majority in the House. The full returns are not in as we write, but the figures indicated are: Democrats, 223; Republicans, 199; Progressives, 11; Socialist, 1; Prohibitionist, 1. The Democratic majority, which in the present House is 163, will thus be reduced to 11, and possibly, when the returns are complete, to less. In the representation in the Senate there is virtually no change. In New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania there were Republican landslides. In New York, District Attorney Charles S. Whitman (Republican) was elected Governor by a plurality estimated at 133,000 over Gov. Martin H. Glynn (Democrat). The deposed Governor, William Sulzer, ran third, polling more than twice the votes cast for the Progressive candidate, Frederick M. Davenport. James W. Wadsworth, jr. (Republican) was elected to the Senate by a plurality of 80,000 over James W. Gerard (Democrat).

The long-postponed decision of Turkey as to her attitude in the war was apparently taken on October 29, when Turkish torpedo-boat destroyers entered the harbor of Odessa on the Black Sea and sank a Russian gunboat. Sebastopol has also been bombarded by the Turkish fleet, assisted by the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, and reports on Monday stated that Turkish troops, which had long been concentrated on the frontier, had crossed into Egyptian territory.

All this would appear to the simple understanding indistinguishable from a state of war; but the situation, as we write, is far more complicated and peculiar, though not uncharacteristic of Ottoman methods of diplomacy. On Friday of last week an ultimatum was sent to Turkey by the Allies demanding explanations of and reparation for the activities of the Turkish navy, and also disarmament of the two German cruisers and the dismissal of their crews. In reply to this ultimatum the Turkish Grand Vizier appears to have tendered his profound regrets for what has occurred, without, however, suggesting any reparation or alluding to the question of disarmament. Meanwhile, diplomatic relations between the Porte and the Allied countries have been severed, and we may accept Turkey's entry into the war on the side of Germany as an accomplished fact.

The interest of Ottoman intervention lies mainly, as we point out elsewhere, in the effect that it will have upon the position of the other Balkan states and of Italy. It may be taken as probable that Greece will join the Allies. Apart from her historic sympathies with France and England, her material interests, the retention of the Ægean Islands and of Salonica, make it imperative for her to throw whatever resources she has in the scale against the possible victory of Turkey. The position that will be taken up by Bulgaria and Rumania is not so clear. A dispatch to the London *Times*, dated November 1, which professes to be well informed, has already announced the neutrality of the former country. There have been constant rumors of a secret understanding between Bulgaria and Turkey, but even if Bulgaria entered the war against the Allies, and the German cause should prove victorious, it seems not improbable that she might find herself, at the final settlement, so far as any territorial expansion was concerned, ground between the upper and the nether millstones of Austria and Turkey. On the other hand, there is her natural hostility to Servia and Greece, the legacy of the last Balkan war, and her resentment against Russia to disincline her to an alliance with those countries. It is possible, therefore, that in the preservation of neutrality Bulgaria may find the solution of her difficulties. Meanwhile, she is prepared for eventualities, and the mobilization of her second-line troops is reported.

Public sentiment in Rumania has been described as strongly in favor of the Allies, and it is hard to conceive of any presentation of the Turco-German case that should change it, or of the Rumanian Government making a decision that would involve the country in war on the unpopular side. So long, therefore, as Bulgaria shall remain neutral there would appear to be no pressing reason why Rumania should enter the war. The case of Italy is different. As a result of the success of the Teutonic Alliance and Turkey she would be threatened on all sides, in her hard-won colonial possessions of Africa by a recreated Ottoman Empire, in the Adriatic by a powerful Austria-Hungary. The importance which Italy attaches to her interests in Albania was emphasized only last week when she occupied the Island of Saseno, commanding the port of Avlona. It is certainly not mere coincidence that almost simultaneously with the entry of Turkey into the war, the Cabinet of Signor Salandra should have resigned, and the balance of probability is well reflected in the insurance rate of eighty guineas per cent. offered by Lloyds against a declaration of war by Italy on one of the great Powers before the end of November. As we write, the Cabinet has not been reconstituted, but there appears to be a movement on foot for the formation of a coalition government, made up of strong men from all parties.

In consequence of a peculiar and none too creditable agitation in a section of the press, Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg on Thursday of last week resigned his position as First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty. Prince Louis of Battenberg has been a British subject for forty-six years and has served the navy with faithfulness and distinction, owing the high position to which he had attained not to his royal connections, but to his own distinguished merits. He was, however, born in Austria, and on this ground the yellower section of the British press has clamored for his removal. He is succeeded by Lord Fisher, who is regarded as, more than any other man, responsible for the fleet as it is to-day and who thus returns to the post which he held from 1904 to 1910.

The rebellion in South Africa headed by Gen. Beyers and Gen. De Wet has not apparently assumed serious proportions. The Government appears to have taken vigorous action and to have received the support of the overwhelming majority of the Dutch population. Dispatches from South Africa on the subject are somewhat obscure, but the forces of Maritz and of Beyers seem to have been decisively defeated and broken up, and a dispatch to the London *Daily Mail* on Monday stated that an armistice of five days had been arranged with De Wet "presumably in order to arrange peace."

Rehearing on the application of Eastern railways for a general increase in the freight rate was concluded before the Interstate Commerce Commission on October 30. The Commission was expected to consider the case this week, and an early decision was looked for.

Criminal indictments were returned on Monday against twenty-one directors and ex-directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Those indicted are charged under Section 2 of the Sherman Anti-Trust law with "having combined and conspired together with numerous other persons to monopolize commerce consisting in the transportation business."

As a result of consultations between Sir George Paish, on behalf of the British Government, and representatives of the United States, it is understood that a plan has been agreed upon, subject to the approval of the British Government, which will provide a solution of the question of foreign exchange. It is thought that Great Britain will not demand an immediate payment of current and accruing obligations of American business firms, but will provide for acceptances of sixty or ninety days, in which interval the balance of trade may turn in favor of the United States, thus obviating to a considerable extent the shipment of gold abroad.

Another of New York's periodic prison scandals has come to light with the investigation ordered by Gov. Glynn into the administration of Sing Sing by Warden Thomas J. McCormick, who has been suspended. Evidence has tended to show that unusual privileges have been granted to David A. Sullivan, a convict who is serving a term for assisting to wreck a bank in Brooklyn. Sullivan, it is stated, has been allowed to roam about the countryside in an automobile with the warden and has even been permitted to enjoy the night life of Broadway. Mr. McCormick, it may be added, before his elevation to the wardenship of Sing Sing was a plumber, and doubtless an excellent one. The connection, however, between skill in plumbing and the extremely difficult and delicate task of administering a prison is somewhat obscure, save to the seeing eye of the politician.

The deaths of the week include: Dr. Robert Lilley, October 29; Brig.-Gen. John Simpson, October 30; Lieut.-Gen. Adna K. Chaffee, John P. Lyman, Peter S. G. Mackenzie, November 1.

The Week

The outstanding fact about the result of the election in the country at large is that our national psychology has not changed. How far it might be possible that the profound impression made upon the nation by the character and ability of President Wilson would save his party from the experience which has invariably attended every party in a similar situation could not be known until the vote was taken; but it was, of course, inevitable that the Democrats would lose a very large part of the lead they had won two years ago. It turns out that their majority in the House has been completely, or almost completely, wiped out, and that in a number of the most important States of the Union they have suffered decisive defeats. This is what has always happened to the party in power when the country has suffered seriously from business depression; and in this instance there entered another factor of very great importance, the return to the Republican ranks of almost the whole body of Progressives which had deserted them in the extraordinary flare-up of 1912. That the party should have come so near holding its own as it has is evidence of soundness and strength, and gives sufficient ground for it to face the national contest of 1916 with courage and self-confidence. What the alignment of parties in that contest will be, it is too early to forecast; and, so far as one vital element in the Democratic victory of 1912 is concerned—the presence of a Progressive ticket in the field—the party will have to reckon on this playing an insignificant rôle. On the other hand, the country may by that time be in the full swing of prosperity, and the Opposition be thus deprived of its biggest card.

Even Mr. Roosevelt's opponents must have a kindly feeling towards him these days. With ex-President Taft, they are quite "reconciled" to what happened to him on Tuesday. Yet they have one justifiable complaint left. He refuses to make any comment on the elections. But how, if he keeps silent, are we to know what they signify? We have come to depend upon him to explain everything that occurs. Upon only one subject does he decline to enlighten his fellow-countrymen, and that is his own defeat. "Not a word." And this from a man who has endless words on every other conceivable topic! On that, he leaves unguided citizens to form their own opinion. Of course, they will make sad mistakes, without his aid to right understanding, but as at present advised, and trusting only to their own feeble lights—and the election returns—they will conclude that Theodore Roosevelt received a terrible blow on Tuesday. All his exertions in the campaign were futile, and every prediction of his fell to the earth. As a political leader, his fortunes are at their lowest ebb. Subject to correction from Oyster Bay, this is what the whole country is saying.

Hope of an eleventh hour—or rather a thirteenth hour—prevention of the inclusion of Turkey in the array of warring states has all along been of the faintest. Mere apology could not, of course, have been accepted as wiping out the acts of war, on a considerable scale, for which Turkey had, whether deliberately and of set purpose or not, made herself responsible; and, on the other hand, the demands made by France and England, requiring the dismissal of the German officers of the Goeben and the Breslau, and the internment of those warships for the remainder of the war, were such as it was hardly possible to expect Turkey to accede to. To say that the Ottoman Government has been between the devil and the deep sea in all this is to put the case too favorably for its unfortunate position. Whatever it might itself desire, supposing that were as clear as noonday, it could not act upon without an overshadowing sense of its weakness in relation to either of the two mighty leagues that are contending for the mastery in Europe. But, so far from its own purpose or desire being clear, it is suffering from internal division that reduces it to a condition bordering on paralysis. Turkey seems to have drifted half-unconsciously into the war, but it is no longer possible that she will be able to extricate herself from it, and it does not seem likely that she will be equal to playing a part of real significance in its development.

Throwing the bars across an ocean gateway of something like three hundred miles—that is what Great Britain's determination to close the North Sea amounts to. After to-day the northern entrance into the North Sea, from Iceland south through the Faroe Islands and the Hebrides, will be lined with a chain of British mines. Neutral commerce for northern Europe must pass in through the Straits of Dover and make its way through a lane of British warships to the vicinity of Holy Island, off the Northumberland coast near the Scottish border, whence the route—"if possible"—will be northeast to Cape Lindesnaes, the southernmost point of the Scandinavian peninsula. This step, according to the British Admiralty, has been forced by the planting of German mines off the north coast of Ireland, evidently from neutral ships. But if mines can be planted from neutral ships, it is plain that even the route designated by the Admiralty along the east coast of Great Britain must be carefully watched. So that actually neutral commerce will henceforth be passing through a gantlet of British ships sharply on the lookout for such desultory mischief as the dropping of an isolated mine or two. The patrol duty now exercised by the British navy will grow closer than ever. But, on the other hand, the navy will be largely released from patrolling the three hundred miles of sea from the Scotch coast to the Scandinavian peninsula, since the chain of mines from the Hebrides to Iceland will serve just as effectually to keep German ships from making a dash into the open.

In deciding to bar the way into and out of the North Sea except by the Straits of Dover, the British Admiralty has probably foreseen that dissatisfaction will be aroused among the smaller neutral nations of North Europe, notably Norway and Denmark, whose fishing interests seem bound to suffer. If the whole of the North Sea becomes a military area, a menace to peaceful navigation except along well-defined lanes, the difficulties under which the fishing industries of the Scandinavian countries have been carried on will increase enormously. A very large part of Norway's fisheries, the total value of which is probably twenty million dollars a year, is carried on off the coast of Iceland. This, apparently, must suffer. A second ground of irritation will come with the closer supervision that will be exercised over neutral commerce. Great Britain has been looking askance at Norwegian trade, which, it suspects, is largely a shipping trade for the benefit of Germany. Now that neutral ships must all pass through the British cordon in the Straits of Dover and the Channel, there will undoubtedly be exercised a closer right of search, with consequent discontent in the countries affected.

The growing spirit of bitterness between Germans and British which is to be one of the saddest heritages of the world war is illustrated by the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg from the British Admiralty, because of his German birth and ancestry. That the Government should permit so able an officer and so unusual a personality to retire under fire can only be ex-

plained on the ground that it has found itself so shaken by the press campaign against Mr. Churchill, and the public impatience with Jellicoe's correct policy of watchful waiting on the North Sea, as to make necessary some compromise. The cruellest rumors have been afloat about Prince Louis; it has been openly said in London that he was a prisoner in the Tower at the moment when he was working day and night at the Admiralty, and his nephews were offering their lives for the country in France. Really, if a man of this type is to be forced out of service by blind popular suspicion because of his birth, one wonders if somebody will not begin to recall how much German blood King George himself possesses and to remember that he is a first cousin of the Kaiser as well. It all bears an unhappy aspect; and so far from allaying the Admiralty's troubles, is bound to create in thoughtful people's minds an impression of weakness at the point where England was supposed to be strongest. If Battenberg can be forced out now, would not Churchill have to go if a serious disaster were reported?

A counterpart to the press campaign in England against Winston Churchill is seen in the bitter criticisms of the German Chancellor printed by Berlin newspapers. Referring to these, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* expresses its surprise that they should have evaded the "rigorous military censorship." This is very nearly an intimation that the attacks on Bethmann-Hollweg are permitted, if not inspired, by the Government. It certainly would be very unfair to the Chancellor to seek to hold him responsible for what has befallen Germany. It is true that the diplomatic negotiations before the war, especially with England, were wretchedly conducted by the German Foreign Office. Open-minded Germans have admitted this. They have doubtless recalled with a sigh the warning uttered by Bismarck in his old age, when he said that "not only military equipment" but a "correct political eye" would be required to guide Germany "through the currents of coalitions to which we are exposed." That correct political eye was wanting in Berlin, during the last week of July, but the Chancellor was not the man chiefly to blame. He was the Kaiser's personal appointee, answerable only to him, and the final decisions were taken out of his hands. One thing for which Bethmann-Hollweg is now assailed in Germany is said by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to be "his views in regard to Belgium." We presume that the reference is to the Chancellor's frank admission to the Reichstag that the invasion of Belgian territory was a violation of international law. If he had only had an opportunity to consult with our own Professor Burgess, he would have discovered that the neutrality of Belgium had no warrant in law or treaty!

A most welcome announcement is that made by the Rockefeller Foundation, of its plans for the relief of the non-combatant sufferers in the war-stricken countries of Europe. The immediate shipment to Belgium of food supplies to the value of nearly $300,000 is but a first instalment of the great work contemplated. That the succor extended to destitute and starving human beings, though directed by no partiality as between the nations affected, will in the main go to Belgium for a long time to come, may be regarded as practically certain; and this not only because the suffering there is most widespread and the need most urgent, but for another reason even more vital. In all the other countries, the resources of the nation remain comparatively intact, and accordingly help, though not in adequate measure, is sure to be forthcoming in great quantity from the fellow-countrymen of the sufferers. In Belgium, almost the whole land has felt the devastating scourge of the war, its industries have been paralyzed, and a large part of the land laid waste by fire and sword. If the Belgians are to be saved from starvation it must be through help from other countries. In taking hold of this great labor of mercy, the Rockefeller Foundation has gone about its task not only upon the large scale which its financial resources make possible, but with that intelligence, foresight, and care which mark its operations generally, and which have characterized in general the philanthropic activities initiated by Mr. Rockefeller, thus vastly increasing the amount of good accomplished.

The one drawback that might possibly exist in the making of this great contribution is, as a matter of fact, non-existent. Were it not for the appalling extent of the need, the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation had taken hold might serve to make ordinary contributors feel less called upon to help. In reality, however, great as may be the sums which the Foundation will devote to the purpose, they will fall far short of supplying even the most desperate needs, not to speak of providing in anything like sufficient degree for the relief of those sufferers who are in sore straits though not in downright danger of starvation. It is upon our country that the duty and privilege falls of providing help upon a scale corresponding to the requirements of this world-wide calamity. All that we shall do, though we do our best, will go but a small way towards alleviating the unspeakable distress of millions of innocent human beings. Let every person contribute according to his means; and let the result be such, not only in its total but in the multitude of the persons participating, that we shall be able hereafter to look back upon the record with satisfaction.

That "Truth crushed to the earth shall rise again" we all believe; but if "Error, wounded, writhes with pain," he manages to put on a very cheerful face during the process; and though he "dies among his worshippers," he is apt to be an unconscionable time about it. Professor Taussig recently took the trouble to trace as far back as possible the foolish remark about the tariff which has been ascribed to Lincoln and exploited in protectionist quarters for a number of years past. It is usually given in some such form as this: "I do not know much about the tariff, but I do know this much—when we buy goods abroad, we get the goods, and the foreigner gets the money; when we buy goods made at home, we get both the goods and the money." Its first appearance in any form, so far as Professor Taussig was able to discover, was in the *American Economist*, nearly thirty years after Lincoln's death; and the most diligent inquiry has failed to elicit any authority whatever for the statement that Lincoln ever said anything of the kind.

The prompt action of the Department of Agriculture in stopping the shipments of cattle and hogs from five States—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan—is thoroughly justified by the rapidity with which the foot and mouth disease spreads, and must meet the approval of all experts in Western live stock. From a sporadic outbreak in Michigan in August, the disease has now reached widely separated sections of the Middle West; were "stockers" and "feeders" shipped as usual to the great centres at Chicago and East St. Louis and thence distributed, the contagion might run a course far more disastrous than that in the British Isles a year ago. By closing the Union Stock Yards and interdicting all shipments, Federal inspectors can isolate the communities in which it has appeared, and kill or treat all the live stock therein. Meanwhile, adjacent but unaffected localities may be opened to the market. Hardship must for a time be wrought, for some markets predict

a meat shortage, and virtually all a rise in prices. But the situation requires drastic measures, and the more drastic are the first steps the sooner all restrictions may be removed.

The report of the Federal Public Health Service that pellagra is not a communicable disease, but is "dependent on some yet undetermined fault in a diet in which the animal or leguminous protein component is disproportionately small," has not received publicity commensurate with its importance to many sections. It should have the effect of virtually ending the long controversy on the origin of the disease, for it reinforces a similar recent report by the Italian National Investigation Committee, and the opinion of the majority of independent inquirers; while in any event it points clearly to the preventives. Physicians and social workers are advised to give over looking for agents of infection. So simple a step as a general introduction of dried legumes into the dietary of the South ought to eradicate pellagra from the country. The commission does not guarantee that a well-balanced ration will cure advanced cases, but it lays emphasis on the duty of State and private agents to increase the consumption of proteins as an infallible precaution. Proof that the disease is not hereditary does not, of course, affect the fact that the offspring of pellagrous parents are frequently defective mentally and physically. This has made the problem one of great sociological importance.

Bryan's failure now and then to carry Nebraska, and even his own city of Lincoln, has been the fruitful subject of Republican jest, but as an illustration of the proverbial position of the prophet in his own country it is far outdone by the report that La Follette has failed to draw audiences in Wisconsin. Janesville, according to the statisticians, supplied an audience of seven out of its 15,000; Beloit did better, 200 of its 17,000 turning out to listen; but at Kenosha, a city of 25,000, only 30 left their less entertaining occupations to hear their master's voice, while the speech scheduled for Racine was omitted, owing to the small attendance. For this failure, La Follette had an explanation. He had not been sufficiently advertised! This explanation will surprise the country more than the lack of auditors, for the impression in these parts at least has been that the mere rumor in a Wisconsin town that La Follette was coming was enough to send the entire population to the public square. It would be rash to base an opinion of the Senator's popularity upon the size of his audiences in the places named. But, coming as it does after the recent defeat of his candidates in the Wisconsin primaries, this inattention upon the part of a once enthusiastic constituency will be widely heralded as an ill omen for his reëlection campaign two years hence.

The special recall election in Portland, Oregon, last week, in which the attacked Mayor and Commissioners secured a two-to-one majority, has disclosed a notable discontent with the workings of the recall provision. Since the State voted in 1908 to make every public officer, including judges, "subject to recall by the legal voters of the State or of the election district," its cities have frequently been harassed by restless groups intent upon forcing a satisfied majority into a new political agitation. The present futile election was brought about by a small minority moved by nothing more important than the ambition of their leaders, who might as well have waited until the next regular election. It cost the city $25,000, and aroused so little interest that but half the voters participated —there having been fears before the election that this indifference, despite the remarkable lining up of sound civic elements behind the present officers, might result in their defeat. Factitious contests on vague charges of "incompetence and extravagance" may yet disgust the State with the whole recall law.

Every meeting of the Commission of Fine Arts which Congress provided in 1910 causes regret that it was not established twenty years ago, for the benefit not merely of Washington, but of other cities which, as Baltimore has just done, might have sought its advice. In the session just ended the Commission inspected plans for eight memorials to famous men—statues to Washington, John Sullivan, and Matthew Maury in the capital, to De Lesseps and to "Universal Peace" at the Canal Zone, and to Gen. Lawton and Admirals Porter and Wilkes at Arlington—which would once have been eight opportunities for small or great artistic mistakes. It also simplified the designs for a new building for the Interior Department, and inspected twenty-seven historical paintings—portraits and battle pictures. Like some millionaire buying books by the yard, Congress would once have purchased these pictures without reference to their artistic merit. The Commission is a guarantee that our capital, by increasing degrees one of the finest in the world, will be saved from such errors as in London are a stock argument for a Ministry of Fine Arts.

A variant of the Los Angeles plan for furnishing free legal assistance to the poor in civil cases, as well as "public defenders" to the accused in criminal courts, is disclosed in the report of eighteen months' work by the new Conciliation Court of Cleveland. Dealing only with petty cases, it allows the parties a free statement, and depends largely upon the effect of letting the litigant "have his say." The judge, having brought out the essential facts, seeks to effect an amicable adjustment of the differences; and is stated by the *Survey* to have thus disposed of 5,884 cases out of 6,184 filed. As in Los Angeles, most cases relate to the attempts of workmen to collect small sums, or landladies small rents. Such conciliation courts are stated to have existed in Scandinavia for a century; but the novelty of the Cleveland institution is in giving a fair legal remedy at no cost. It is to be noted, as an example, along with our juvenile and domestic relations courts, of the growing desire for "a socialized jurisprudence."

The Wall Street Business Men's Association has revolted against our Yankee-written Revolutionary records. This promises not only to show up the lying Clio again, but to make history itself in what may be called the battle of the historical societies. The call for local mobilization is backed by the statement that eighty Massachusetts organizations, doubtless led on by Mr. Worthington Ford and Mr. Adams, will try to repel any proof that New York was not a city of "Tories and Treason." According to the Association, the difficulty is that Boston has always cornered the supply of historians. It is unbelievable, for example, that Bancroft did not know that the battle of Golden Hill antedated the Boston Massacre; that the first revolt against the tea tax occurred in New York, and that the earliest plans for the Union were laid on May 23, 1774, in the Old Merchants' Coffee House. He plainly disregarded these facts out of local patriotism. Fiske, in later days, perpetuated this story of Boston's preëminence in his widely popular books. Two difficulties must be met by the Association: the tenacity of historical tradition once it gains a general footing, and the eternal jealousy of other cities towards new claims. Ex-Gov. Pennypacker has just published a new book asserting Philadelphia's claim to the first tea-party; and amid such conflicting voices the world will probably go on crediting it to Boston.

RACIAL PREJUDICES AFLAME.

Not the least of the dreadful evils entailed by the world war is the awakening of race prejudice in quarters where it has never existed, and its reawakening in others where it had been gradually yielding to the slow processes of time and the still slower spread of the teaching of the brotherhood of man. In an atmosphere of peace and good will alone can Christian doctrine gain ground. Let war break out, and we not only cease to love a group of our fellowmen, but we endow them overnight with the blackest of characters. Harmless Spaniards become torturing fiends in the twinkling of an eye. Yesterday they seemed endowed with the traits of honesty, thrift, and industry; to-day they are such monsters in human form we wonder how we could have let any of them enter our harbors and settle among us. So to masses of the Allied nations, the Germans they praised yesterday for many admirable and very human qualities have become as devils incarnate. And the Germans in multitudes are just now asking themselves how it is that they were unaware of the abominable character of the British, of whom they have been happy to harbor so many thousands these last four decades.

But it is not merely national prejudices whose recrudescence we are now witnessing. It is the more subtle, and infinitely more dangerous, race prejudice with which we have to deal. In Germany, for instance, there has up to this time been no such thing as color prejudice. Chinese and Japanese men of learning and military officers have married into German families as a matter of course. An American negro could travel anywhere in Europe and have the unique experience of being treated on his merits as a human being. This has all been changed as by a magician's wand. The dragging into the war of Japanese and Indian troops by Great Britain and of black troops from Africa by the French has given rise to the bitterest outbursts in the German press. For the first time the hateful word "nigger" has found its way into print there. Cartoons of astounding malice treat particularly of the Japanese. Thus the chief organ in Germany of an oppressed race makes the pictured suggestion that the Japanese remaining in Berlin be imprisoned in the chimpanzee cages of the Zoölogical Garden, "no matter how much the chimpanzees may object." The intensity of the German bitterness against the English grows day by day, and a chief means of fanning the flames is the statement that England has brought in the "mongrels of civilization" to break down the high culture of a pure race, of the same stock as her own.

For the moment this has overshadowed the race question which was foremost in the first few days of the cataclysm—the charge that this was a concerted Slavic movement against the civilization of Europe was the first German explanation of the "Russian attack." As every one knows, the friction which led Servia and Austria to fire the deadly train is at bottom racial—the Slavs including Croatians, against the Austrian Germans; and this historic racial strife has now flamed up as never before. Into it all is now to be injected the Mohammedan problem; at least the entrance of Turkey into the hostilities on the side of Germany makes possible a tremendous religious explosion throughout the East. If the Turkish ally should make it awkward for Germany to assert that she is defending European culture, that ally also renders it easy for Germany's opponents to declare that she has called to her aid the historic enemy of Western culture and of Christianity. The next few days will show whether or not the war-ravaged Balkans are again to be trampled by marching hordes, burning, devastating, murdering as they go, for the third time within a trifle over two years. If they are, the race hatreds of that unhappy portion of the globe will grow to a proportion and an intensity almost to defy healing.

If the long-promised holy war should come in Egypt and elsewhere, it will easily take on a racial form, for it will be not merely Mohammedan against Christian, but the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav against the Turk, the Egyptian, and the natives of India and black Africans as well—a hideous prospect, indeed, for the twentieth century of Christianity! There is but one race which bids fair to gain a little from it all—the Jewish. If the Czar, so often faithless, keeps his word this time, there may be a great change for the unhappy Jews among his subjects. Having been permitted to die for the Little Father only as private soldiers, they are now to furnish officers for the slaughter, and there are intimations of other distinctions and privileges. In Germany, too, some bars of race seem to have been let down in the war; and the Czar has held out hopes of a Polish re-nationalization as well.

Here are perhaps some brands to be snatched from the burning—but what trifles, if we survey the whole world! We were just beginning, by greater knowledge of one another, through our race congresses, through the awakening of the East, through the strengthening of international bonds by trade, by the travel of thousands, by the interdependence of business everywhere, to get to know and respect one another. Now we see, by reason of the accursed system of European alliances and armaments, the whole work checked, if not undone. Dying antipathies are warmed back to life with new and deepened intensity; the whole world is thrust back to the Middle-Age state, when every people feared every other, like a thief in the night; when to be a stranger of different customs and habits was to be a barbarian, to kill whom was justified. Everywhere that men are different it will be easy now to arouse hatred and scorn and enmity. The brotherhood of man, the fundamental teaching that one should love one's neighbor as one's self—these are for the hour mere subjects for mocking and flouting by those who believe that man's mission is only to kill and burn. But this can be only for the hour. The doctrines of brotherly love and of Christian peace have survived as great cataclysms and gone steadily on to wider conquests by the nobility of their ideals. They are certain in the end to overthrow all enemies and to unite in one friendliness the Slav and the Teuton, the black, the yellow, and the white alike.

ENTER THE BALKANS—AND ITALY?

The reasons that would impel Turkey to enter the war on the side of the Teutonic Allies are comprehensible enough. The astonishing thing is that Constantinople, after blowing hot and cold for three months now, should cast in her lot with Germany at a moment when the Kaiser's fortunes are as low as they have ever been. If Turkey had entered the war in the first week of September, when her ancient enemy, Russia, was still staggering under the terrible defeat administered by Von Hindenburg at the East Prussian lakes, when Von Kluck's army was almost within cannon shot of the Paris fortifications, the step would have been easily explainable. Or if Turkey had joined in only two weeks ago, when German armies were striking into Poland, when Warsaw was almost resigned to a surrender, when the Russian armies in Galicia were falling back before the Austrians even more rapidly than they had advanced, the step would have seemed natural. But that the Porte should throw down the gage precisely at the moment when German armies are in full retreat in Poland, when Austrian armies are beginning to sag back once more towards

Cracow, when Russia's victory is unquestionably stirring the Slav spirit in the Balkans to new confidence—that is not so easy to account for.

We must assume that passion rather than a cold balancing of reasons has forced the decision at Constantinople—the traditional hatred and fear of Russia, the fresh memories of the Slav triumph in the recent Balkan War, and the desperate argument that, since triumph of the Allies would in any case mean the downfall of Turkey in Europe, one might as well go down fighting. But passion alone would probably not have brought about the step at the present moment if not for German pressure, direct and indirect. By direct pressure we mean the probable threat that, unless Turkey came into camp, the Kaiser would abandon her cause, and thus make her ruin certain. In the way of indirect pressure there would probably come the promise of military assistance through a strong Austrian demonstration against Servia. But more important perhaps in influencing a decision at Constantinople would be the representation of the general war situation in a light highly favorable to Germany. It is easily conceivable that the German defeat in Poland may not have been fully appreciated at Constantinople when war was decided on; that conditions in India were described as ominous for Great Britain; that the withdrawal of Russian troops from middle Asia was represented as offering an opportunity for a Turkish attempt against Russian Armenia and the Caucasus; and, finally, that Turkey's lead would be followed by other Balkan and Mediterranean nations.

What possible combination justifying the momentous step she has taken could Turkey have foreseen? Of Servia and Greece there can, of course, be no doubt. Turkish action ranges almost automatically against her the two Balkan nations which have profited most by her recent defeats, and which will divide the bulk of future profits at Ottoman expense. The uncertain quantity is Bulgaria. There, we may imagine, the traditional hatred against the Turk has been overlaid by the smarting memory of defeat—and treacherous defeat, as Bulgaria sees it—by Servia and Greece. But whereas Bulgaria would have no hesitation in turning on her former allies in a localized Balkan war, she may well hesitate when it comes to entering the lists against Russia, the great protector of the Balkan Slavs, Russia, which created modern Bulgaria, and which even in defeat must retain its historic rôle in the Balkans. That Bulgarian sentiment cannot be swung solidly against the Czar is indicated by the fact that her most distinguished soldier, Dimitrieff, is now with the Russian armies in Galicia. There enters finally the case of Rumania, only the other day in the field against Bulgaria. Against Rumania, one imagines, Bulgarian sentiment must be fully as violent as German sentiment against Great Britain, since Rumania joined hands with Servia and Greece against Bulgaria without provocation, and wrenched away a heavy slice of Bulgarian territory. Thus the Balkan problem stands: Turkey could hardly have gone in without being persuaded that Bulgaria would join. Bulgaria could hardly go in against Servia, Greece, and Rumania, and may have been persuaded that Rumania, too, would be on the side of the Teutonic Alliance.

But assuming that German diplomacy has succeeded in persuading Turkey that Bulgaria and Rumania might be found on her side, what becomes of Italian neutrality? At Berlin it will have been recognized that the latest move in the Near East must bring Italy perilously near to the verge of conflict. And if Italy enters the war, on what side will she be? It is not difficult to show that even if the question of anti-Austrian sentiment be left out of the reckoning, Italy's practical interests point to coöperation with the enemies of Austria. A victorious Austria would be more formidable than ever as a rival to Italian aspirations across the Adriatic. A victory for the Teutonic Alliance, with Turkey as a member, would endanger Italy's recent conquests in North Africa. It is conceivable, of course, that the Teutonic Alliance has made handsome offers to Italy: the promise of immunity in Tripoli, of accessions in North Africa at the expense of France, of aggrandizement in the Ægean, and who knows?—in the case of a British *débâcle*, Malta, Cyprus, might be the prizes dangled before the eyes of Italy. But always there is the factor that these promises, which would have been of value when German armies were carrying everything before them, can hardly be effective now that German armies are held stalemate in the west and beaten in the east.

ALL MUGWUMPS NOW.

"A Vote Against Penrose is a Vote for the Republican Party." This is the title of a pointed little editorial which appeared last week in the New York *Tribune*. This paper recalled with justified satisfaction the fact that it "was prompt to urge the Republicans of Pennsylvania to vote against their corrupt and debasing leader." Even more remarkable is the aggressive fight which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* made against the Pennsylvania Republican boss. The *Ledger* is almost fanatical in its advocacy of a high tariff, but this did not prevent it from carrying on, in the very citadel of protectionism, a most energetic campaign against Penrose. Like the *Tribune*, it steadily maintained the view that the defeat of this leading Republican candidate would be not an injury, but a service, to the Republican party throughout the country. In a recent editorial it quoted with hearty approval the words of Senator Norris—who, though a Republican, was stumping Pennsylvania against Penrose—to this effect. "The candidacy of Mr. Penrose," says the Nebraska Senator, "is doing untold injury to the Republican party in all parts of the nation, and nothing would help the party more, in my judgment, than his defeat on November 3." And, so far as its own State was concerned, the *Ledger* summed up the case in the declaration that "the Republicans of Pennsylvania can better afford a temporary defeat than a permanent degradation."

Now, this is precisely the doctrine for which the Mugwumps of forty, and thirty, and twenty years ago fought in season and out of season. It is the doctrine which earned for them all sorts of contemptuous epithets. The stalwarts, the thoroughbreds, the red-blooded men, the genuine Americans, had no use for any such effeminate notions of politics or government. It might be all very well for silkstockings, and mollycoddles, and damned literary fellers to be squeamish about a Quay or a Platt; but the plain people, and the practical men, and indeed everybody who had any real contact with the life of this great and lusty young nation, knew that you had to have parties, and parties had to have leaders, and you had to let the leaders do their own work in their own way. It is true that Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Schurz, and the Mugwump leaders generally, professed to be champions of the people against the men who were in politics for "what there was in it"; but that notion was like the rest of their academic dreaming. And so the country went on, year after year, doing just that thing which the opponents of Penrose—and of bosses of similar stripe in other States—are now so effectively, and in such great numbers, fighting against. With few exceptions, the "better element" was kept in line for the bosses. The principle on which they acted was the opposite of that which we have just quoted from the *Ledger;* in lining themselves up behind a Quay, or a Platt, or a Gorman, they virtually declared that their

party could better afford permanent degradation than temporary defeat.

How profound and sweeping has been the change that has come over public sentiment in this respect is but very imperfectly shown by such developments as those now conspicuous in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, and other States, notable as these are. What does show it in its true character and importance is not so much the extent of the manifestation as the nature of the appeals that are made by the opponents of the bosses. The Mugwumps of the seventies and the eighties and the nineties attacked the boss system primarily as an outrage against the first principles of honest and rational government. That this was necessarily an outrage against the people and a profound injury to their vital interests was to them self-evident; but it was a long time before the people could be got to take much interest in the issue. Now, "the people against the bosses" is the cry, all along the line. It is as "the enemies of government by the people" that Senator Norris attacks the supporters of the Pennsylvania boss. Nobody ever dreams of disposing of the opponents of Penrose in Pennsylvania, or Sullivan in Illinois, or Barnes in New York, by calling them weaklings or academicians. Most remarkable of all, the Progressive campaign this year, throughout the country, took on almost exclusively the character of a fight against bossism. All the rest of the issues of the 1912 Armageddon were in abeyance. The "party of the people" bothered very little about social justice, the initiative and referendum, or anything else except the attack on bossism. If one were to judge of its objects by the news of the present campaign, one would be led to the conclusion that the slogan "Let the people rule" had been replaced by the merely Mugwumpian cry of "Down with the bosses."

If we turn from the Progressive party to its chief, all this comes out with greatly added point. In the days of the Mugwump movement, Mr. Roosevelt occupied a unique position as a representative of the doctrine on which the bosses' immunity rested. Unlike the general run of straight party men, he was a vigorous advocate of reform, and especially of civil service reform. But, so far from recognizing the principle that a party "can better afford a temporary defeat than a permanent degradation," he persistently acted on the view that conformity with the existing order was the paramount duty of party men. He was anxious to change that order, no doubt; but any man who went the length of outright resistance was in his mind an unpractical doctrinaire, who would never accomplish anything. In the crucial struggle to save the nation's standard of the Presidency in 1884, he supported Blaine; when he was Governor of New York, he recognized Platt as a coördinate power in the Government; when brave men in Pennsylvania were making a determined and hopeful effort to shake off the disgrace of Quay, they got no countenance from President Roosevelt; even towards Addicks he maintained an attitude of "friendly neutrality." What language would the Colonel find strong enough for such a record on the part of any public man towards the bosses of to-day? What condemnation would be adequate to characterize their treason to the people? And who can say how much of the real grievances of the people—our giving away of franchises, our neglect of conservation, our slowness in taking up great measures of social betterment—might have been avoided if the doctrine of the Mugwumps had found, three or four decades ago, such acceptance as it is now enjoying?

ANOTHER PENSION YEAR.

The lately published annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions is noteworthy for two things: the rapid decrease in the number of pensioners, and the marked economies in administration he is able to record. The period, long foreseen, when there would be a sudden slump in the number of Civil War pensioners, is now at hand. Thus, in 1909 the percentage of loss by death among these veterans on the rolls was 5.2 per cent. It has steadily risen each year since, until now it is 7.3 per cent., with every prospect of a further rise. There was a total shrinkage in the pension roll of 39,174 during the last fiscal year; of these no less than 33,025 were Civil War soldiers pensioned under various acts. Of the others stricken from the rolls, 249 were survivors of the Mexican War and 424 widows of Mexican War veterans. There are still 4,699 women drawing pensions because their husbands took part in the Mexican War, concluded sixty-five years ago. Fortunately, the country is not to face a new class of Mexican War pensioners, as appeared probable at the time of the occupation of Vera Cruz.

Going further back, there are still 170 widows of veterans of the War of 1812 on the rolls, and the tenacity with which they cling to their pensions is illustrated by the fact that only twenty-nine died during the period covered by the report. The survivors and soldiers' widows of our Indian wars showed a decrease, in the one case from 1,066 to 915, and in the other from 2,330 to 2,182. Two groups of pensioners usually grow, those whose claims are due to service with the regular army and those who figure on the lists because of the war with Spain; but this year there is a decrease in the latter. Gen. Shafter placed 16,000 troops on the firing line in 1898; to-day there is an army of 28,910 pensioners as a result of that, and of the service of the fleet, and later of troops in the Philippines, where there were at one time as many as 70,000 under Gen. MacArthur. Of these 28,910, 24,250 are ex-soldiers; the rest are widows or dependents, the list showing a net loss of 105 during the year. The list of pensioners who have gained this consideration as a result of service with the regulars is 18,958, a gain of 395; this figure being, of course, exclusive of the retired lists of officers and men. That the pensioners of the war with Spain will show a slight growth year by year is to be expected on the basis of our experience with other wars, great and small; 2,763 mothers of the 1898 soldiers, 428 fathers, and 225 children are now being, in part, supported by the Government.

Since 1892, when the total number of pensioners was 999,446, the number has steadily decreased, until it is now 785,239, a loss, chiefly by death, of 214,107. But while there has been a steady decrease in the total number of pensioners ever since 1892, the cost to the country has steadily risen, so great being the increases in the amounts granted by reason of recent legislation, until this year. The Commissioner's report before us would, therefore, be notable if only for the fact that he records a drop in pension expenditure from $174,171,660.80 to $172,417,546.63. He asserts that the maximum has been reached and that the decrease in cost to the taxpayer should steadily continue. Commissioner Saltzgaber also reports that he has reduced his force by 145 employees without disturbing the old soldiers or widows of soldiers, but he adds "with great travail." The acts of May 11, 1912, and March 4, 1913, have greatly curtailed the work of the Bureau, and the Commissioner warns his subordinates that other sweeping changes must be made next July; from now on, the Pension Bureau, if we do not go to war again, will steadily sink in relative importance. Yet it has expended since 1866 alone $4,461,094,380.45 for pensions at a cost of $125,871,965.64.

In only one respect is the report unsatisfactory. It does not show sufficient effort to purge the roll of frauds and unworthy pensioners. Thus, there are now only sixty-two special examiners in the field, and but fifty-

nine new cases were presented by the law division of the Bureau to the Department of Justice for prosecution on account of offences against the pension laws. Forty-one indictments were found, and there were thirty-one convictions during the year, eighty cases being still in the hands of the Government attorneys. Of the four civil suits, two were won by the Government, and the sum of $967.32 was recovered, but, as every one who has made any study of the pension rolls knows, this is an absurdly small figure. Enormous sums have been fraudulently obtained from the Government, and many thousands of dollars are probably still wasted, but the Commissioner records the recovery of his beggarly $967.32 as if it were in any way in proportion.

Finally, he makes a just and excellent plea for the Bureau of Archives, which this journal has so frequently urged, and so many departments are demanding. It is not only because of the need of centralizing all the Government records, with the vast economies which this would bring about, but because of the necessity of having a fireproof structure to contain them. The Commissioner has done admirably in rearranging the Revolutionary War archives, and in protecting them from the destruction which menaced them. In the course of this task it was discovered that the total number of soldiers actually pensioned for service in our War of Independence was but 52,504. The Commissioner is also at work on a card index and flat filing of claims and documents growing out of the War of 1812—a work of great value. That he should feel, because of these two undertakings, the need of a Federal hall of archives ought to carry great weight with Congress.

MUSIC AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

Musicians are always among the first to be called upon to aid the needy, but in these calamitous times not a few of them are obliged to live up to the maxim that charity begins at home. This is especially so in the countries involved in the war; and even in some that are not directly concerned, like Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, the situation is not much more favorable. In France and Austria the opera houses and concert halls are nearly all closed, or else converted into hospitals or places for the distribution of food. Many thousands of singers and players are thus thrown out of employment, without being able, as in times of peace, to earn an extra penny by teaching, for which there is little demand. Viennese journals call special attention to the distress among the *Volksmusiker*, many hundreds of whom have been honorably earning their living, but who are now reduced to the status of street musicians and beggars.

In Berlin and a few other German cities the situation is somewhat better. Opera houses are open and performances are given regularly. But the prices of admission are only a fraction of what they were, and the singers and players receive about one-half of their usual emoluments, which never were large. Some of the leading choral associations of Berlin announce a few concerts, but Nikisch will conduct only half-a-dozen orchestra programmes. In Leipzig, however, he will preside over the usual number of Gewandhaus concerts. Being a great admirer of the music of Russia and France, he is not likely to banish the composers of those countries from his programmes. In Paris, the venerable Saint-Saëns has pronounced sentence of exile on Wagner, but when the war is over the French will not be likely to indulge in any chauvinistic folly of this sort, were it only because without Wagner it is impossible to make operatic ends meet. France is the only country that so far records a serious loss, by the death of Albêric Magnard, the eminent composer, who was executed for having, as a civilian, fired on the German invaders. The report that the baritone, Vanni Marcoux, was killed has proved false, like the same report concerning the great Austrian, Fritz Kreisler. He was only wounded; unfortunately, he may return to the front.

In England most of the autumn festivals and operatic projects have been abandoned, and it is said that all touring soloists have cancelled their contracts, with the exception of Clara Butt, who has promised to turn over all her receipts to charity. At first there was a disposition to boycott German music. This caused the Germans to express derisive regrets that they could not retaliate, there being no English music to ban. Better counsel promptly prevailed in London; what had Bach and Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner, to do with the present war? But there is such a thing as being too magnanimous and Germanic, according to one of the critics, who remarks concerning the prospectus of the Classical Concert Society that "really, one might be in Berlin, so completely is the scheme out of touch with contemporary conditions."

In Canadian cities the war seems to have cast its blight on most musical societies and enterprises; touring artists speak of cancelled dates. It does not seem at all likely that Montreal will have its own opera company, and if it does, it will not be able to borrow singers from Boston or Chicago, for both these cities have abandoned their operatic enterprises. For this the war has been held responsible; but there are reasons for believing that the financial condition of these institutions made the directors welcome an opportunity to call a halt—temporarily, at any rate. The early departure of the Century Company from New York does not appear to have any connection with enforced economies due to the war, for the audiences have so far been larger than they were last year, in consequence of a decided improvement in the quality of the performances.

Alone of all the great operatic institutions in the world, our Metropolitan Opera House will carry out its programme precisely as if the globe had remained at peace, except that two of the singers (not of superlative importance) will not be able to come back. There were rumors in Germany that we were to have no German opera, because of the prevailing American attitude towards the European belligerents; but the only ground for doubt was that it was believed that those two indispensable Wagnerian artists, Otto Goritz and Albert Reiss, would be unable to return. But Reiss, who was a prisoner in France, has been released through the intercession of the French Embassy in Washington, while Goritz, when he cabled the order giving up his apartment in New York, which alarmed his friends, simply meant to change his residence! On Monday the steamer Canopic arrived in Boston with a precious cargo of singers, seventy in all, among them Bori, Farrar, Destinn, Hempel, Urlus, and Caruso. Fancy what the loss of this steamer, which also held the greatest of Italian conductors, Toscanini and Polacco, would have meant to the musical world!

Concerning two others of the world's leading conductors, Muck and Stransky, there was doubt until a few weeks ago whether they could return. Fortunately, neither of them was needed in the army. In the matter of personnel, also, neither the Boston Symphony nor the New York Philharmonic has suffered any serious damage. Both announce, moreover, an increased subscription list, as also does the New York Symphony Society. The Oratorio and Musical Art Societies will be heard as usual, and so will the Kneisels and the Flonzaleys. Of touring singers, violinists, pianists, and other givers of recitals, we shall have a superabundance, for obvious reasons; so that, altogether, the present season promises to be exceptionally bountiful and alluring.

Chronicle of the War

That Turkey will drift into the war through the agitation of chauvinists at home and the gentle persuasions of Germany abroad seems, as we point out elsewhere, beyond a doubt. It is also unquestioned that Germany has exerted every effort to win over this new ally. Germany, therefore, must attach considerable importance to the military assistance which she expects the Ottoman forces to render. It becomes interesting, then, to inquire in what way Turkey can be of use to her allies. With the coöperation of Bulgaria, the way would, of course, be opened to an attack on Servia, and Austria would automatically be relieved of the harassment of the Servian and Montenegrin forces in her Bosnian province. Without that coöperation, it is difficult to see how the land forces of Turkey can enter the struggle in Europe. The only point at which Turkey touches Russian territory is at the natural barrier of the Caucasian Mountains between Batum, on the Black Sea, and Mt. Ararat. Here is a defensive position which Russia could maintain indefinitely without affecting appreciably the strength of her armies on the Prussian frontier. We may assume, therefore, that no serious offensive is contemplated at this point. On the other hand, Russia might well spare forces to make a demonstration here.

The only other point at which the Ottoman Empire touches the territory of one of the Allies is at the frontier of Egypt, 150 miles east of Port Said and the entrance to the Suez Canal. Here Turkish troops are already reported to have crossed the frontier, and it is obviously to the effect of a successful invasion of Egypt that Germany looks for valuable service on the part of her ally. On this point, therefore, we may assume that the most serious efforts of the Turkish arm will be concentrated, in the hope that, with the coming of the Moslem hosts, the Mohammedan subjects of Great Britain in Egypt and India will be stirred to revolt, and that a "holy war" will ensue. From all the information from British sources that has come to hand, it seems extremely doubtful whether these pious aspirations of Germany and Turkey will be realized; but, putting that question aside, the prospect of Turkey accomplishing an invasion of Egypt in any force appears not to be too promising.

The army has been in process of reorganization since the recent wars with Italy and the Balkan Confederacy, and it is difficult to give even approximately its precise strength. Furthermore, most reports agree that it is seriously lacking in equipment. Its peace strength, however, is stated to be 230,000 men, comprised in forty-three divisions, giving 5,000 men to a division and 10,000 to a corps. On a war footing we may probably put the corps at about 15,000 men. For the invasion of Egypt only a fraction of the total strength of the army could be employed. The European forces must be kept where they are to watch events in the Balkans. A considerable army, comprising most of the Anatolian troops, must be concentrated on the Caucasian frontier to repel a possible invasion by Russia; indeed, already reports declare that 300,000 men are assembled on this frontier. But whatever the number of troops considered necessary to defend this line, there they must be kept, for there are not the railway facilities in the Ottoman Empire for the rapid concentration of forces at a threatened point. For the invasion of Egypt it appears highly improbable that more than two army corps at the most will be available. These will be the forces in Yemen, which are commonly employed against the chronically rebellious tribes of Arabia. We may, therefore, put the possible invading army of Egypt at between 20,000 and 30,000 men. Against these there are the British army of occupation, numbering in normal times some 6,000 men, and the native army, numbering 17,000. These numbers have no doubt been considerably augmented since the war started by the dispatch of second-line troops from England, and by the colonials, who are reported on the line of the Suez Canal.

The Turkish navy may possibly exercise more influence. At present, with the cooperation of the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, it is superior in armament to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Against this superiority in armament, however, must be set a numerical superiority on the side of Russia. At the end of 1913 Russia's Black Sea fleet consisted of six pre-Dreadnought battleships, two protected cruisers, twenty-five destroyers, sixteen torpedo boats, and fourteen submarines. The Turkish fleet, deprived of the new Dreadnoughts Osman and Reshadieh, appropriated in their yards by England at the beginning of the war, consists of three old battleships (one launched in 1874), two small cruisers, three torpedo gunboats, and a number of small gunboats, eight destroyers, and nine torpedo boats. The German battle cruiser Goeben, however, of 22,400 tons, armed with four torpedo tubes and ten 11-inch, twelve 5.9-inch, and twelve 3.4-inch guns, is by far the most powerful vessel in either fleet, the most powerful of the Russian battleships being only of 12,480 tons, and armed with four 12-inch, eight 6-inch, and four 4.7-inch guns.

The naval fighting, so far as Turkey is concerned, must apparently resolve itself into a duel with the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. The combined French and British fleet in the Mediterranean is sufficiently strong to bar egress from the Dardanelles and to destroy what units are at present abroad in the Ægean. Hence the Turkish fleet can hardly take part in the threatened blockade of the Suez Canal and at the same time Turkey will find it impossible, if she desired to do so, to transport her European troops by sea to Asia Minor to participate in the invasion of Egypt, just as in the Balkan war the Greek fleet played an important part in preventing the maritime transportation of troops from Asia Minor to Europe. There have been rumors that the Allied fleet would attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles in order to bring aid to the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Such an attempt is not beyond the bounds of possibility, but it is improbable. Whether it will be made or not depends no doubt upon the condition of the fortifications of the Dardanelles. Before the war these were strong, but were armed with antiquated guns. It is probable, however, that since Germany has taken so absorbing an interest in Turkish affairs the obsolete guns have been replaced by more effective weapons from Essen, and in that case to attempt to force a passage would be an extremely hazardous enterprise.

In neither the western nor the eastern areas of warfare is there anything of momentous importance to record. In the west there has been the ding-dong battle with which we are familiar, either side making slight advances at various points along the line, but leaving the general front of battle virtually unchanged. Thus the line, from Nieuport south to Noyon, and thence west to Verdun, with slight deviations at different points, remains virtually as we described it last week. The fighting that has taken place during the past week on the line Nieuport, Dixmude, Ypres, Armentières is described as the most severe of the entire war. South of Ypres the Germans have made slight progress, having occupied the village of Messines, which is reported to have changed hands four times in the course of twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the Allies have advanced on the line of the Yser, the left bank of which has been abandoned by German troops. The dikes at this point were cut by the Belgians at the end of last week and the district inundated; this compelled a German retreat, which appears to have been effected with great loss. Poelkapelle also is reported in the Belgian official statement as having been surrounded by the Allies, and emphasis is laid on the importance of this position as being the centre of the network of communication of roads and railways between Dixmude, Ypres, Roulers, and Thourout. This information, however, would seem to indicate that the wedge which the Allies had driven into the German line as far as Roulers had been pushed back slightly, as Poelkapelle is some eight miles to the west of Roulers.

In the east the German retreat in Poland, following a defeat in the general engagement on the Vistula, has continued, and, as we stated last week, it appears improbable that the retreat will be halted until the defensive line of the Wartha River is reached, close to the Posen frontier. The Russians seem to have penetrated as far as the line Lodz, Petrokow, Kielce, from which points the Germans are retreating in the direction Kalisz, Czenstochowa, and Cracow. The main German army is thus retreating in a southwesterly direction and leaving a gap of some 125 miles between itself and the army of East Prussia on its left. On the East Prussian border there has been a renewal of the German offensive, the army there evidently making desperate efforts to relieve the pressure on the forces in Poland. So far, however, according to dispatches from Petrograd, all attacks have been successfully repulsed. The gap that is left between the two armies is an obvious source of danger. If the Russians can conduct a sufficiently vigorous pursuit and if they have the necessary reinforcements, and there seems no reason to suppose that they have not, there is the possibility that they may be able to detach forces northwards to outflank the German army in East Prussia. In Galicia the Russians appear to be conducting principally a defensive campaign, having doubtless weakened their forces there to increase the pressure on the German centre in Poland. Vienna has reported victories between Sambor and Turka, but Petrograd declares that an attempted sortie from Przemysl has resulted in the capture of 4,000 prisoners.

Foreign Correspondence

THE OSTRICH AT THE WAR OFFICE—PREPARING FOR THE INVADER—THE RESURRECTION OF BELGIUM—A NEW DRINK FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, October 23.

Fullest recognition is given to the administration of Lord Kitchener at the War Office, a business method that leaves no flaw in the systematic supply whether of men, guns, ammunition, food, or drink. All the same, the public is irritated at the ostrich-like futility that marks his policy, in large matters and in small. At any turn of events, he is prone to bury his face in the sand and think nobody secs him. The latest development of this unfortunate tendency is forthcoming in his treatment of Sir John French's anxiously awaited dispatches. On Monday last, being October 19, they were published in the morning papers, occupying two complete pages. The reader observed with consternation that the first, covering the operations of the British army from August 21 to August 28, was dated September 7. The second, describing the continuance of the retreat on Paris up to the momentous midday of September 6, when the signal was given to take the offensive, was dated September 17. On October 8 Sir John French, taking up his pen with new pleasure, gave a graphic account of the defeat and pursuit of the German army and of the battle of the Aisne up to the last day in September.

What the bewildered public wants to know is why these pages of history should have been secreted in pigeon-holes at the War Office while the country was hungering and thirsting for news, the dissemination of which from non-official quarters was rigorously forbidden. The only conceivable answer is that, in accordance with his habit, Lord Kitchener was afraid of giving information that might be useful to the enemy. It is probable that long before October 19 the Germans knew all about the halt in the prolonged retreat of the Allied armies and the sudden assumption of the offensive which took place on September 6.

The War Office has, within the last few days, taken proceedings significant of the situation. It has addressed to the Urban and Rural Councils throughout the kingdom a circular marked "Urgent," requesting them to ascertain what labor would be available in their several districts in case of necessity for (1) digging trenches, (2) clearing away trees, (3) rough timber work. It is necessary, the circular states, to have a complete organization, and to know the names and addresses of all men willing to undertake this work, should emergency arise. The men, of whom a great number might be needed, would be engaged for three days, and would receive double the ordinary rates of pay. They would be required to assemble at a stated rendezvous within a few hours of receiving notice, and would forthwith proceed to the section of work allotted to the Council in the immediate neighborhood. The labor would be carried out under the direction of a Royal Engineer officer. Tools would be provided for those who do not possess them. It is added that, "to prevent anything in the nature of a scare, it is well to mention that the contingency of the men being called upon is at present happily remote. But it is neecssary to be prepared without delay." Forms were enclosed, with the request that they should be returned not later than Monday last.

Reading day by day of the desolation and levastation of what but yesterday was the fair and fruitful field and garden of Belgium, one recalls a verse quoted by Stevenson in his delightful "Travels with a Donkey." Passing through the country of the Camisards, a little more than 200 years ago the scene of butchery only excelled in these modern days, he recites the verse:

> We travelled in the prints of olden wars
> Yet all the land was green;
> And love we found and peace
> Where fire and war had been.
> They pass and smile the children of the sword.
> No more the sword they wield;
> And O how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield!

We in England possess the sites of old battlefields fought in the Wars of the Roses, and later between Royalists and Roundheads. Some of them now are towns or hamlets. In others still afield the fructifying influence hinted at in the last two lines of the verse has worn itself out. By and by, when Kaiser Wilhelm is a fugitive and Germany a republic, Belgium will bloom again.

> And O how deep the corn
> Along the battlefield!

An example of petty revenge taken by the Germans against harmless and helpless Englishmen is supplied by the experience of Mr. Yerburgh, the popular Member for Chester. Three months ago, at the bidding of his doctor, he, accompanied by his wife, repaired to Nauheim, a German watering-place extolled for its treatment of heart disease. When war was declared he proposed to return home, but found his way barred. The normal period of the Nauheim "cure" is three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Yerburgh were compelled to stay for nearly three months, their visit being prolonged amid circumstances especially detrimental to folk suffering from a weak heart. A week ago announcement appeared in the London newspapers that they had arrived at Zürich, and people wondered that, after their unpleasant experience, they should not hurry home. Explanation is forthcoming in a letter received yesterday from Mr. Yerburgh. He writes that, after repeated solicitation, he and his wife were permitted to leave Germany only upon their giving an undertaking to proceed to Switzerland and remain there for three weeks. Why this condition was imposed is beyond the range of average comprehension. Mr. Yerburgh, writing from Vevey, whither he removed from Zürich, says his parole will expire on Sunday, when he hopes to commence his journey home. Meanwhile, the strain of his daily life during the past eleven weeks has told severely upon a state of health for whose recuperation he in a luckless moment sought the "cure" at Nauheim.

Among the latest war news is a message from the Far East announcing that the Crown Prince of Japan has presented to the British troops operating with the Japanese before Tsing-tau a supply of sake. It would be interesting to know what Tommy Atkins thinks of this form of liquid refreshment. My recollection of personal acquaintance made with it during a visit to Japan is that it tasted something like the washingout of a sherry decanter. The sturdy farmer, asked how he liked a nip of old brandy served in a liqueur glass, said he would "tak some more in a moog"!

The national Japanese drink would have to be served out to Tommy in a bucket before he realized the homely feeling of "getting forrader."

THE LATE COUNT ALBERT DE MUN—AN APPRECIATION OF HIS PLACE IN THE LIFE OF FRANCE.

PARIS, October 10.

"To-night, when I have written these lines, I shall lie down to sleep with hope in my heart. By the time they are being read, may I wake to enthusiasm."

Last Tuesday, as he was finishing his daily article at Bordeaux, the seat of Government, in time to telegraph it for next morning's *Echo de Paris*, Albert de Mun wrote these words. Of his three sons who are fighting at the front for their country, one who was supposed to be lost or a prisoner had suddenly reappeared on a mission to Government, and was able to dine with his father. Rumors of decisive victory were in the air. During his sleep, the heart ailment which for twelve years had kept the great orator from speaking in Parliament—except once—quenched the life which was still strong in him.

It is something more than a power of speech that disappears with Count Albert de Mun, although that, too, is noteworthy. He was a French gentleman belated in a society that has little use for Frenchmen of his type. His quality was aggravated by the conscientiousness of his adherence to the traditional Christianity of France. And he passed over the heads of dominant politicians and men of money to workmen traditionally hostile to his class and found understanding and sympathy among them. Speaking of his death and the works that follow him, the ultra-revolutionary Gustave Hervé says with his usual frankness: "Perhaps on this ground of social justice—when the war is over—we may be able to meet Catholics in the way."

With the leaders of politics, the Royalist Count de Mun was esteemed for his talent and integrity; but they could not understand his "rallying" to the Republic at the bidding of the Pope. In the present effort at a National Government which should represent the whole nation, it was proposed to name him a Minister without portfolio as has been done for Jules Guesde, the Socialist leader who is equally refractory to the capitalist Republic. Somehow the project fell through; but it can scarcely have been Prime Minister Viviani's fault, for he has been a known admirer of the aged leader of the Right, as Gambetta was when the young Royalist Count was the only orator of Parliament able to cope with him in eloquence.

Perhaps the kind of Republic which is passing with a war that found it unprepared will merge in the swelling Social Democracy that has the likeliest chance of uniting Frenchmen of all classes when war is over. Of this, by strangely mingled heredity and by life and conviction, Albert de Mun was the natural precursor. His ancient though petty feudal title was from a knight's fief in the Pyrenees; and through the Counts of Navarre he was descended in right line from Clovis, the first Christian King of the Franks, and from Louis the Twelfth, the last of the French Kings before Renaissance and

Reform and Counter-Reform brought in absolute monarchy. His great-grandfather was the eighteenth-century *philosophe* Helvétius, with his wife the closest Paris friends of our American Franklin. His grandfather was the Marquis de Mun, who was Napoleon's chamberlain, but so representative of a class that the Restored Bourbons made him a peer of France. And his father, by marrying a daughter of the Count de la Ferronaye, who was so long French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, made him a descendant of the Rostopchin who withstood Napoleon at Moscow. In the classic "Sister's Story" of Mrs. Augustus Craven, who was Albert de Mun's aunt, this very French and very modern family has been portrayed for the edification of many generations. The Broglies and Haussonvilles, with their nobility mingling in the blood of the Swiss banker Necker and his daughter Mme. de Staël, are not more varied in descent. Only George Sand, with her wild ancestry—royalties of Saxony and Marshal Maurice, romantic Koenigmarcks and Rousseau's pupil Dupin—has surpassed it.

When Albert de Mun grew up, he embraced the military career and went at once from his training at Saint-Cyr to the campaigns of Algiers. His strong mental acquirement and sturdy moral character are an instructive comment on the fairness of the type of officer of the Second Empire which has been foisted on the world. He came back to fight for the existence of France against Prussian invasion, and won the Legion of Honor fighting at Metz. He was attached to the staff of Gen. de Ladmirault during the repression of the Commune. It was then, while guarding the lonely galleries of the Louvre and communing with a fellow-officer, La Tour du Pin, of like ancient origin and modern temper as himself, that he found his way; and this he never left until death. The two thought and talked of their people's hurt and found it in the neglect, the isolation, the parking aside from the rest of the community of the laboring masses.

In spite, perhaps because, of the Socialist Revolution of 1848, which the Second Empire had suppressed to the general satisfaction of the French people whose society is based on property-holding, such thought and talk were bold in the reaction of the days that followed the Commune. Count de Mun has persisted in them and more than once has needed the protection of the Pope from scandalized ones of his own religion. In 1875 he resigned his commission in the army—he was captain of Cuirassiers—to give himself entirely to the work of Catholic workmen's clubs. The next year the Bretons sent him to Parliament, and there, with only a year or so of intermission, they have kept him faithfully. In the Dreyfus affair, he stuck to his army traditions, to the offence of many on both sides.

It would be difficult to form an exact opinion of the extent which the movement inaugurated by Albert de Mun and La Tour du Pin among French workmen has taken. It has not the relief of politics to make it known, and, like all popular movements in which religion is a leading force, it runs deep with little froth and scum at the surface.

Four years ago, when the railway workers of France were supposed to have begun the general strike expected to revolutionize society, these Catholic workmen's clubs suddenly blocked the way. They were but a fraction, but they brought to light the portentous fact that the Syndicalists who were to lead the new Revolution are also but a fraction of the labor world; and that labor, in its own interests, is unwilling to separate itself sharply from the rest of the community. Even the Syndicalists have shown a respect for these religious clubs unwonted in their usual hostility to the "yellows." The present outbreak of war, with its struggle for the life of all, has thrown all Frenchmen into the one melting-pot. Perhaps, as Gustave Hervé says, they may all yet meet on Count de Mun's common ground of social justice.

Once only in recent years had Albert de Mun tried to speak as of old in Parliament. His voice was muffled, but he found much of his old vigor and all the respect of his fellow-members as he warned them against the German danger. His voice was overborne—it was in 1911—largely by that of Jaurès, who alone with him represented the old, ample Parliamentary eloquence. The strength of Count de Mun was in his plain, resonant, winning sincerity. Some of his speeches, which gained him a seat in the Academy, will be read when the politics of the time have entered into history; for they are prophetic words of one who looked forward and not back in the movement of humanity.

S. D.

The Civil War is generally held accountable for the preponderance of women in the teaching profession in America. The European war may possibly have a similar effect in the Old World. In London, at any rate, the enlistment of nearly 1,000 male teachers has caused so great a shortage in the staff of the Council schools that the educational authorities have had to allot a considerable proportion of their female teachers to the boys' side. As many of the students in the training colleges have also joined the colors, the innovation is likely to be permanent.

The war is beginning to affect the habits of Londoners. Now that the lights everywhere are turned so low, to discourage Zeppelins, the town has become far less attractive after dark. People are, therefore, much less inclined to come up from the suburbs in the evenings for the sake of amusements. Two of the most popular theatres, recognizing this change, have set the fashion of giving their matinées six times a week and their evening performances only twice—the exact reverse of the usual proportion.

L'indépendance belge may have disappeared for the time, but *L'Indépendance Belge* is still active and vigorous. Driven from Brussels to Ghent, and thence to Ostend, it has now found refuge in London. It has settled in the Whitefriars newspaper district, where it publishes an edition every evening. Practically the whole of the editorial staff has taken part in the migration. The first London issue, published on October 21, contained poems by Emil Verhaeren and Maurice Kufferath, and a message of greeting from Mr. Asquith. A good circulation is expected among French-reading Englishmen, but the paper will, of course, serve mainly the interests of the crowds of refugees. An Antwerp paper, *La Métropole*, whose offices were burned by the Germans, will carry on its work through an arrangement with the London *Standard*, which has placed at its disposal a page of each day's issue.

French Fiction

CERTAIN TENDENCIES WHICH STORY-WRITERS ARE PRETTY SURE TO FOLLOW AFTER THE WAR—THE CONTRAST OF FRENCH FICTION BEFORE THE WAR.

PARIS, September 30.

"You should have seen the moon before the war!" was American humor's way of saying to the next generation that the War of Secession had wrought universal change. It is much the same for novels published in France less than two months ago. Even in fiction, life will never again be as it was before. It is foolish to prophesy before war is over; but it may be said now, and it may be reasoned out from the books latest published, that the thoughts of the men who are being subjected to this strain and all their literature are bound to follow soon certain lines of tendency, and not others.

The first is towards pure Socialism, that is, towards a remaking of human society from within so that all sorts and conditions of men shall stand or fall together as they have been doing all through this war; and this will lead to forgetfulness of the dividing Radicalism which is already so discredited in its effects, and of Pacifism which now seems but puling, and of Social Service which has all along been scarcely more than a class religion. Any fragmentary good that may have existed under these deluding labels will be caught up in the resistless stream, on which extreme Conservatives will be the first to embark. The second sure tendency is towards traditional religion; and this need not be opposed to the first, just as pure Socialism in France has hitherto kept itself independent of political opposition to religion.

It is discouraging to have to express by such abstract labels the very real movement of individual minds and feelings as disclosed in fiction-writing, which is the most personal of literature. And it is disappointing not to be able yet to affix names belonging to what we have always accounted Progress and Civilization—freedom from the oppression of great nations and militarism; liberty of individuals and individual associations as against that all-absorbing association called the state; and self-government in the town-meeting sense of our primitive American anarchy which, with all its passing failures, has borne so brave a crop of human well-being. How far these, too, will enter into the tide of patriotism, sure to flow from these weeks of a war that threatens the existence of France, no one can tell; but the beginning of sane tendency is already apparent in the "Regionalism" of these late French books. Some, of course, are indifferent to space and time or of the already past.

"L'Œil clair" is a posthumous series of sketches and dialogues by Jules Renard, whose "Poil de Carotte" was hailed as the New Literature twenty-five years ago by such outside students of France as Professor Byvanck of Leyden. In the revolution of

these few years, this literature, with all the narrow perfection which Jules Renard gave to it, seems weary and old. He was a close Realist of short spread, an instantaneous photographer of his village, and with violent village prejudices, humorous and without general views of life or man or the world or anything. And, except for a certain jerky adequacy of expression, his literature has the same worth that village photography has in art.

"Dix Sept Histoires de Marins" is another volume of short stories, by the naval officer who writes under the name of Claude Farrère. His stories are, naturally, of sailors—"all round the Horn"—and, as often as not, they thrill and grip and start a sob. They are partly of death and heroism and partly of loves—more and more like Maupassant and less like Pierre Loti. The generation after the war may still read of sailors.

"Nigelle," by G. Franay, whose writing for *la jeune personne* has already been crowned by the French Academy, tells of Danish country life, with a deal of Hans Andersen in it. "Autour d'une Fortune," by Louis Noël, is a real sort of story that could only have happened before the war. A grocer has made a fortune and retired to a country town to enjoy it. "Around the fortune," local Freemasons and clergy wage what hitherto has seemed to be their endless war. The curé manages to fill the emptiness of the retired grocer's soul by getting him elected to Parliament, and so wins the credit of the fortune for—was it the church or his party? And shall this still be a typical story of French life in a year to come? The same author has a pretty story, "Le Trésor des Précy," of a good young girl in need who discovers a treasure hid by her ancestors during the Revolution. It "can be put in any hands."

"Nous, les Mères . . ." is a close study of women by Paul Margueritte, a man. "We mothers" are those whose children have been married away from them. It is not the story—as old as Mother Eve—of the difficult life together of two women, each differently dependent on the one man who is son of this and husband of that. Ages ago, American mothers were persuaded that Fanny Fern's lively description of a daughter-in-law's experience must be real; and Thackeray, in Clive Newcome, quite exhausted the son-in-law's possibilities. The French writer observes the mother's situation; and she tells the story of her years as she reasons herself into a life apart from the children who leave father and mother and cleave to wife or husband. It is a more reasonable and more refined world than the English or American writer gave; and, for a great part of the story, there is a delightful grandmother looking on with the philosophy of age at the inevitable readjustments of each generation as it follows another. The mother ends her story in relative peace—and entire loneliness:

> It is a year since I fled from Paris. . . . I have undergone my crisis and it was atrocious, like that of the Fathers of the Desert. . . . My children are grown; they no longer need me. My task to bring them up is over. All I could do for them, I have done. Nothing is left me but to love them—with space and time between us. If experience could be taught to others, instead of each one acquiring it at her own risk and peril, I would persuade women like myself to give without expecting to receive. This is the mother's privilege, as sad as it is noble. . . . We wish too much that those we have brought forth should resemble us! Perhaps I have tried to be a guardian too long; my children saw only a yoke in my sheltering embrace. The love which I wished they should give back to me in morsels—after all—do they not owe it, by the law of our species, whole and entire to their own children? Why did I not resign myself sooner?
>
> Yes, I have done well, the reality shows me so, and it is my reward. No doubt, they forget me a little, though Nicole [the daughter] writes me oftener than her brother and always insists I must go to live with them. Julia [the daughter-in-law] is "correct" and sends me on stated occasions news of her Fred. I am no longer of use and so they neglect me. It is so, but is it not so for everybody? And am I then the only mother who sees her children following the bent of their character and developing according to their own tendencies, good or evil?
>
> I take my part where I can do nothing. You get used to everything. The benefit of being far away is that I feel much less painfully that which once filled me with pin pricks and stabbed me to the heart at every stroke. Not to see *them*, no longer to keep fixed ideas stirring, to avoid every cause of disagreement—of that I now taste the melancholy privilege and the toneless comfort.
>
> More yet, my points of view have changed; and while my idea of life and of good and evil remains the same, I become more indulgent, I feel that I am better. Has a new truth unsealed my eyes? No. Is it only that my mind is freed from all that hindered it from thinking under irritation? Yes. I ask myself if I have not often been a little unjust and partial. . . . But one truth has been borne in on me—since I have renounced others as well as myself—I no longer look on them and I no longer look on myself as I did before. I have compassion on the reciprocal wretchedness of creatures taken up with vain cares and tormented by imaginary ills, whereas they ought to think only of understanding and loving each other.

This object-lesson for many women and some men is worked out in a swift story told in the usual clear-cut style of this novelist, who began and is now again in active army service.

"Le Retour dans la nuit," by M. Piéchaud, a new author, has also no particular timeliness. Like so many of these last days, it is a story of sad endurance, told with the simple perfection of language that touches most. Pierre is without a mother from childhood and grows up between the devoted but methodical professor who is his father and a faithful old servant. Man-grown and ready for the world's life, he learns that his mother had left her husband and is alive. He earns her forgiveness and reconciliation, only to become blind—and so, for man's true honor, breaks with the love on which he had counted for himself.

Three novels by Jacques de Gachons figure in the list of books crowned by the French Academy, for the Prix Capuran—"Le Chemin de sable," "Vivre la vie," and "Dans l'Ombre de mes jours." With "La Vallée bleue," which appeared in the Academician-training *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, they represent with some completeness the mind of an interesting author contemplative of French life in Paris and the provinces—as it was but yesterday. Everywhere is the spirit of endurance and sacrifice in the love of one's own. Such love, from the family, must extend to the *Patrie* in whose national life the family is the unit. Those who now suddenly find that they have underrated French patriotism might have guessed the truth if they had read such books in which, however, no Nationalism is made to intervene. There is a particularly good "father," worthy pendant of Paul Margueritte's "mother," who works on silently for inobservant rather than thankless children till the night comes when no man can work.

S. D.

News for Bibliophiles

A NEGLECTED ENGLISH POET ON THE BATTLE OF OSTEND.

I take a particular pleasure in unearthing a beautiful verse in a neglected poet; it seems to me that his poor shade must be consoled and rejoice to see his thought understood at last; I am making a rehabilitation; I am rendering justice, and if sometimes my eulogy of certain obscure poets may appear undue to some of my readers, let them remember that I am praising them for all of those who have set them down lower than their desert, and that undeserved scorn provokes and justifies excessive panegyric.

These are the kindly phrases in which Gautier excused himself for praising François Villon, whose reputation, not many decades ago, was still but ill-assured. They occurred to me when the extraordinarily spectacular events of the past weeks' war in Flanders recalled suddenly to mind certain forgotten verses, now peculiarly appropriate, written by an English poet, Cyril Tourneur, who at most later hands has received less than justice. They give us a picture of the Battle of Ostend, and, save that the monitor and Zeppelin are unmentioned, might serve as a poetic description of the battle raging to-day on that harried Flemish coast.

If there has been one event which might be counted upon to stimulate, if it does not bewilder, the imagination of the poet of war, it was the attack on the Belgian littoral from sea and shore and sky at Nieuport and Ostend. Yet I am much mistaken if poetry is to be enriched by any description which can much surpass that written over three centuries ago by this sadly neglected dramatist.

Critics never vouchsafed to Tourneur an independent literary existence. He was almost entirely disregarded by the older generation, and it seems likely that the fact that Hazlitt once linked his name with Webster's will prove to be his everlasting misfortune, and that, like Ulysses and Diomede in Dante's ball of fire, they will pass on to-

gether. Tourneur has become merely the tail to Webster's comet. The ordinary reader doubtless imagines that Webster and Tourneur were collaborators like Beaumont and Fletcher, and yet there is no evidence to indicate that they ever fashioned a play in common. An elegy by Tourneur on the death of Prince Henry was printed by the bookseller Welby in a volume containing poems on the same theme by Heywood and Webster, but apart from an assumed similarity of genius, there was between the two contemporaries no other relationship. Yet Symonds included them both in a single volume of the "Mermaid Series," and now in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" C. E. Vaughan devotes one chapter ostensibly to both, but in reality almost entirely to Webster.

Upon what evil days Tourneur has fallen we may judge from the treatment here accorded his sombre and tragic muse. A single perfunctory page, out of its projected eight or ten thousand, is assigned to Tourneur, and the author hastens on to devote his time to Webster. Even more pathetic is the pitiful showing in the bibliography. The very inadequate edition which seems to have been somewhat hastily thrown together by Churton Collins at the beginning of his career (1878), remains the last word in the way of a text, though Symonds made a show of collation for the sections reprinted by him. Sadder than all this, in the way of special critical articles, the compiler could muster but one; and that by Swinburne. But it was as impossible for Swinburne to write discriminating criticism as it was to write immelodious verse. In dealing with the lesser Elizabethans, when he had exhausted all other superlatives, he began to compare his man with Shakespeare and to suggest possible superiorities. It was to this method that he had recourse here in order to save himself from anticlimax; but the very excess of his hyperbole provokes not attention but a smile. Yet the fact that, save for the unusually arid article by Thomas Seccombe in the "Dictionary of National Biography," the field should have been left to Swinburne undisputed—it was likewise he who contributed the Britannica article—is a reflection on the critical acumen of some of our Elizabethan specialists; for there are qualities, and especially flashes of superb poetry, in Tourneur which cannot be matched in the more pedestrian pages of Heywood or Middleton or Massinger, the lengthy discussion of whose work has blunted the nib of many a scholar's pen.

In any case, the fact remains that Swinburne alone seems to have challenged the ghost of this gloomy and lonely contemporary of Shakespeare who could have said with one of his fellow-dramatists:

> My soul like to a ship in a black storm,
> Is driven, I know not whither.

How slack, or, rather, how comparatively non-existent was the interest in Tourneur we may judge also from the fact that until Mr. Gordon Godwin pointed out the references to him in the Calendar of State Papers in the *Academy* of May 9, 1891, we knew absolutely nothing about his life. Like his works, his career was shrouded in darkness. We know now that he was born probably in 1575, and died in 1626, and that he spent some time in the Low Countries; for on December 23, 1613, he was granted forty-one shillings upon a warrant signed by the Lord Chamberlain "for his charges and paines in carrying letters for his Majestie's service to Brussels." The rest is silence, or is told in broken bits in the plays and poems. A "Funerall Poeme, Vpon the Death of the Most Worthie and True Souldier Sir Francis Vere Knight," who incidentally is celebrated as the hero of Nieuport and Ostend, would seem to indicate that he enjoyed the patronage of that house; and later relationship with other members of that family seems to confirm this. It may well be, therefore, that he had himself seen the fighting on the Flemish coast in 1600-1604, which he describes so strikingly in the passage I am to quote.

It is taken from "The Atheist's Tragedie," published in 1611, and is to be found under the quaint Latin rubric, "Actus Secundi, Scena Prima," which opens characteristically with "Musike. A Banquet. In the Night." It is told by Borachio, who is disguised as a soldier and is announced as returning from Ostend. He is asked by D'Amville to give the news, and begins:

> The enemy, defeated of a fair
> Advantage by a flatt'ring stratagem,
> Plants all the artillery against the town;
> Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarks shake,
> And threatened in that terrible report
> The storm wherewith they meant to second it.
> The assault was general. But, for the place
> That promised most advantage to be forced,
> The pride of all their army was drawn forth
> And equally divided into front
> And rear. They marched, and coming to a stand,
> Ready to pass our channel at an ebb,
> We advised it for our safest course, to draw
> Our sluices up and mak't impassable.
> Our governor opposed and suffered them
> To charge us home e'en to the rampier's foot.
> But when their front was forcing up our breach
> At push o' pike, then did his policy
> Let go the sluices, and tripped up the heels
> Of the whole body of their troop that stood
> Within the violent current of the stream.
> Their front, beleaguered 'twixt the water and
> The town, seeing the flood was grown too deep
> To promise them a safe retreat, exposed
> The force of all their spirits (like the last
> Expiring gasp of a strong-hearted man)
> Upon the hazard of one charge, but were
> Oppressed, and fell. The rest that could not swim
> Were only drowned; but those that thought to 'scape
> By swimming, were by murderers that flanked
> The level of the flood, both drowned and slain.
>
> D'AMVILLE. Now by my soul, soldier, a brave service.
>
> MONTFERRERS. O what became of my dear Charlemont?
>
> BORACHIO. Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
> Among the slaughtered bodies of their men
> Which the full-stomached sea had cast upon
> The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
> Upon a face, whose favour when it lived,
> My astonished mind informed me I had seen.
> He lay in 's armour, as if that had been
> His coffin; and the weeping sea, like one
> Whose milder temper doth lament the death
> Of him whom in his rage he slew, runs up
> The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
> Goes back again, and forces up the sand
> To bury him, and every time it parts
> Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
> It could no longer endure to see the man
> Whom it had slain, yet loth to leave him) with
> A kind of unresolved unwilling pace
> Winding her waves one in another, like
> A man that folds his arms or wrings his hands
> For grief, ebbed from the body, and descends
> As if it would sink down into the earth,
> And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

We need make no apology, surely, for quoting the lines on the discovery of Charlemont's body by the shore, for they are justified by the fact that Charles Lamb loved them and quotes them with particular approval in his "Specimens from the Dramatic Poets." It is only fair to say that the description of the battle which, so far as I know, has been altogether disregarded, is better than much of the work of this sullen genius, who seems to have plunged into horror and darkness in a blind search for light. Either we are mistaken in our estimate or it is also better than many a passage much more frequently quoted. It is in such excerpts that Tourneur is at his best. They are but flashes in this "thunderstorm of a play." He seemed to live in darkness like a hooded hawk; but once he saw the light its effect was dazzling. That "The Atheist's Tragedie" has grievous faults as a play and that it is far less satisfactory than "The Revenger's Tragedie," his only other extant drama, which preceded it in publication though probably not in date of composition, is not to be denied. His genius was fitful and his inspiration gusty, and he fails here to redeem even with the angry beauty of his verse the jumbled stretches of his extraordinary narrative. But when it comes, his light is lightning and doubtless, in the words of his fellow Elizabethan, the time has not yet arrived when critics can afford

> To fill an hour-glass with his mouldered ashes.

Deeply preoccupied, or rather obsessed as he was, with the question of the existence of evil, it is also characteristic of the dramatist's perverse temper that this most beautiful description should, in the next scene, prove to be a fraudulent invention designed merely to deceive by the despicable Borachio. Tourneur prefers to attack the moral problem from the reverse side, and evidently took a deeper satisfaction in showing what a goodly outside falsehood hath than in declaring the splendor of truth.

If the fighting of the past few weeks may momentarily revive an interest in this three-century-old description of the battle of Ostend, it is also, under all the circumstances, well to consider the question whether Cyril Tourneur's work does not possess, even in the stiff competition of the Elizabethans, sufficient distinction to win for him a more honorable and independent place in English literary history.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.
Princeton, N. J.

Poetry

FRANCE.

Half artist and half anchorite,
Part siren and part Socrates,
Her face—alluring fair, yet recondite—
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,
Her inmost self, in shining mail and casque,
Blazed to the world her single soul—
Jeanne d'Arc!

PERCY MACKAYE.

Correspondence

PROFESSOR DARMSTAEDTER REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Arthur O. Lovejoy has made, in the *Nation* of September 24, a quite unjustified attack on the honor of German scholars. He says that the statements of the pamphlet, "Truth About Germany," are false, but he has not tried to prove his assertions. On the contrary, there is now ample documentary evidence for the statement that France and England planned to attack Germany by the way of Belgium, and that Belgium was a member of the Entente. Mr. Lovejoy points to the negotiations concerning the Servian affair, and especially to the communications of the Russian Government of July 30 and 31, and to the declaration of Sir Edward Grey of July 31. He says that on the same day, with these pledges before it, the German Government sent ultimata to Russia and France. I don't discuss the real value of the Russian and the English communications—the Russian proposition involved a humiliation of Austria—but Mr. Lovejoy forgets a central fact: the total mobilization of the Russian army. Is that "historical objectivity"? Paul Darmstaedter.

Professor in the University of Göttingen.

Göttingen, Germany, October 16.

ENGLAND'S VIOLATION OF NEUTRAL TERRITORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you allow me to correct an important misstatement made by Dr. F. C. Conybeare in your issue of October 29? He writes: "There is a significant contrast between their [the Germans'] treatment of Belgium now and our treatment of Portugal in the Transvaal war. Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality . . . we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal? I am far from justifying the Transvaal war . . . but I do maintain that, in respecting the neutrality of Portugal, we set an example which Germany might well have followed." As a matter of fact, England did violate Portuguese territory by moving troops through it at that time. This fact is noted by Sir Thomas Barclay, writing on "Neutrality" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and is called by him "an unfortunate precedent of taking advantage of the practical powerlessness of neighboring states to commit a violation of the law of nations."

Surely there was never such a case of the mote and the beam as we now see in England's attitude. This self-styled "defender of the rights of small nations to exist" but a dozen years ago beat down and annexed two free republics in South Africa. I am far from justifying Germany's invasion of Belgium, but of the two crimes England's is the blacker and more wanton. As a friend to both Germany and England, I note that this war, which has raised the former to a high pitch of heroism and devotion, has debauched the honor of the latter. No suppression of the truth, no falsehood is too mean for the English papers, headed by their Official News Bureau, to blacken the character of her enemy. While her leading writers—H. G. Wells and others—not satisfied with having odds of three to one in men and resources, come to us pleading for our help in underhand and inhumane ways, they complain of German efforts to present their case to us as something unfair and wrong. Germany's "campaign" in this country has been unobtrusive; all that I have noticed is that our papers are full of letters by Englishmen, and that English firms are advertising everywhere that they will send "Germany's infamous proposals" and other partisan literature to any address at nominal cost. This is legitimate, but let us at least have a fair field for all. Preserved Smith.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 1.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 29, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, of Oxford, England, after contrasting the German treatment of the Belgians with the British treatment of the Portuguese in the Boer war, continues: "Had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marquez, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and ended the campaign in a few weeks. Would modern Germany have shown the same scrupulous respect for the rights of a weak state like Portugal?"

It is a matter of record that just as soon as the British had landed enough troops in Capetown to keep the Boer armies and agents out of Cape Colony and relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley, they did move upon the flank of the Boers through Lorenzo Marquez. The Boers protested to the civilized world, and especially to America, against this breach of neutrality, but, owing to the lack of organized publicity, could not keep up the clamor of protest which seems necessary for the maintenance of international sympathy. The Portuguese were too much cowed or too partisan to speak.

This act of the British was moreover the second violation of neutrality in their relations with the Boers. The first was the Jameson raid, an enterprise of pure piracy. This raid was a treacherous armed invasion of a friendly country, with the avowed intention of bringing about annexation to Great Britain. Jameson and his accomplices were taken prisoners. The Boers, who legally would have been justified in lining the conspirators up against a wall and shooting them, chose the more courteous method of delivering them to the British for punishment. The British, instead of punishing, lionized them as patriots and heroes, thereby nationally ratifying their conspiracy. It was manifest from that time on to all who had read the history of the growth of the British Empire, and particularly to the poor Boers, that the British, with that amazing naïveté of theirs, which never recognizes its real purposes for the mist of sanctimoniousness it spreads over them, were vaguely but unalterably bound for the subjugation of another free and capable race.

After the destruction of the national identity of the Boers, the British, in conjunction with the Russians, by a less red-handed but equally flagrant breach of neutrality, strangled Persia when it was just beginning, under the able and unselfish administration of an American, Mr. Morgan Shuster, to get on its feet. It would be well for Dr. Conybeare, and for many Americans who are forgetting that America is not only politically but racially distinct from Britain, to read Mr. Shuster's account of this most recent ruthless undoing of a neutral country, in "The Strangling of Persia." It is strange how silent has been our press, which assiduously drags out every extreme saying of every extreme and irresponsible German writer to make out a case against Germany, upon Mr. Shuster's illuminating and authentic story.

It would also be well for Dr. Conybeare to ponder the continued exaction of the pound of flesh which was the reward of the opium war, made upon a neutral and helpless nation. Great and cruel as is the misery visited upon the Belgian people, it is trifling in comparison to the destruction of life and happiness which has been, and *still continues* to be, the result of the opium crime.

The British, as a nation, are always willing to regret, as does Dr. Conybeare, in speaking of the subjugation of the Boers, their past offences—as willing to regret as they are unwilling to restore the unholy fruits of those offences. It is one of the mysteries of psychic life that their profitful regrets should roll forever tracelessly from the oily coat of their national conscience. Martin Schuetze.

The University of Chicago, October 30.

GERMANS PLUNDERING IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the recent battles of the Marne, the German Crown Prince, in command of his army, passed two nights in the Château de Baye. The state in which his visit left the unique collection of art objects made by the late Baron de Baye during remote explorations of twenty-eight years has been described by the Baroness:

> All the numerous glass cases in a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long were broken and pillaged. Arms and unique jewels and medals have been stolen; precious vases and chiselled gold cups stolen; all the magnificent presents with which the Czar honored M. de Baye in remembrance of his art explorations in Russia, stolen also. In the special museum of 1812, admirable icons, tapestries, miniatures, and the like have been stolen. And souvenirs—the things dearest to the heart—have been taken with the rest. The rarest pieces of furniture and pictures had been boxed up, with a choice that astonishes in a vandal; but, in the precipitate retreat, the last cases were abandoned.

This is the fact—an "enormous" fact, as it is characterized by Edouard Clunet, whose mastery of international law is as well known in England and America as in France and all Europe. He has examined the fact in its judicial aspects under the forty-sixth and forty-seventh articles of the Fourth Convention of The Hague, with the preliminary sanction of the third article:

> The belligerent party, violating these articles, shall be held to an indemnity—and shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its army.

These articles were signed by Germany with the other nations on the eighteenth day of October, 1907—barely seven years ago. I am not competent in matters falling under the international laws of war; and what is going on fosters skepticism as to the binding force of such laws. Moreover, it is hard to see what responsibility can cover the plunder and destruction of a collection made with so many years' labor under favorable circumstances that can never be found by other archæologists.

I knew these collections at first hand during their formation. Each year, on his re-

turn from exploration, Baron de Baye invited me to visit his latest finds and explained them with his complete knowledge of primitive decorative art. In fact, he came on the obscure peoples of far-away Russia just as they were issuing from age-long isolation, when a thousand years in art is as one day, into conventional designs too often made in Germany."

I remember, in crude embroideries and laces, ornamental treatment of the cock's comb and other animal forms that might have been found in the mummy cloths of ancient Peru. There was pottery of the nineteenth century which, in process and design, still continued the prehistoric. Among survivals of primitive tribal religions, there were the changeless Byzantine designs treated by hand processes as old as the Scythians of Cyrus. Beside these, the Baron pointed tragically to embroidery or leather stamping in designs evidently copied from models of our commonplace primary school publications.

Such a collection, from latest survivals adding to our knowledge of the steps forward in earlier art, ought surely not to have been taken even by military Philistine culture as a thing to plunder for bright, ill-understood baubles. It was the desire of the Baron de Baye to hand it over entire to some French state museum, where its interest from fresher use of the eyes of men might be caught back in our uninteresting uniformity. It is wrong-headed to consider the enthusiasm of such as he a criticism on the accession of rude races to a higher, if more level, civilization.

> This tract which the river of Time
> Now flows through with us, is the plain.
> Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
> . . . . . .
> And we say that repose has fled
> Forever the course of the river of Time.
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,
> Flatter the plain where it flows. . . .

Baron de Baye had wandered far afield in archæology and travel before he settled down to Russia in Europe and Asia. Prehistoric Scandinavia, barbarous art in Hungary, and Congolese industries were described by him in turn from collections which endless curiosity and private resources allowed him to gather—to be dispersed by the new cultured vandals.

> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.

Paris, October 15. D.

AN APPEAL FROM FRANCE.

Mon Cher Confrère: Un miracle s'est accompli. La France consent à d'énormes sacrifices: elle les supporte avec une résolution calme et fervente, confiante qu'elle est dans ce sort des armes, qui n'est pas douteux. Grâce à l'active participation des armées britanniques et belges, grâce au soutien lointain mais efficace des Serbes et des Monténégrins, grâce au formidable choc des Russes, grâce à l'appui du Japon, le succès final apparaît certain aux armées de la République d'occident. Déjà, dans les ténèbres épaisses, commence à luire la lumière. Quelque dure, quelque longue que soit la lutte, la victoire d'ores et déjà nous est acquise.

Sans doute, de nombreuses fautes furent ommises par nos armées et nos chefs, vouons le, au début de la campaigne. La lutte n'est pas du tout ce que nous pensions qu'elle serait. Nous n'y étions donc pas preparés; il a fallu y former nos soldats sous le feu même de l'ennemi.

D'autre part, l'offensive que nous avons dû méner en Belgique n'était pas prevue dans les plans de notre état-major. D'où son échec. Car il y a eu un échec. Sachons le reconnaître. Mais il y a eu également une victoire, peu après, qui racheta les erreurs et qui constitue pour nous des promesses infinies.

Mais nous ne pouvons point ne pas vaincre; car il y a une Justice immanente; car il faut que triomphent les champions de la Civilisation violée et du Droit offensé. Ne le voit-on pas, en effet? De plus en plus cette guerre européenne s'affirme sainte! C'est une nouvelle croisade pour la Liberté.

Car il ne s'agit plus de l'ultimatum autrichien! Ce n'était là qu'un prétexte machiavclique et fallacieux. Si les pangermanistes ont trainé l'assassinat de l'archiduc héritier Ferdinand, c'était pour ranimer l'antique fureur de François-Joseph contre les Serbes. Et François-Joseph, incapable d'évaluer la presente situation de son Empire, n'a point encore compris qu'il avait été la dupe stupide du butor auquel il s'est soumis. La déconvenue de ses partisans sera grande, lorsque la lumière aura complètement vaincu les ténèbres. Et l'on verra alors que l'Allemagne avide s'est ruée sur la France, à l'abri de ce monstrueux prétexte, comme le lion sur l'agneau. Elle était consciente de sa force, et ne se doutait pas que ce véritable attentat au Droit et à la Liberte souleverait contre elle la croisade unanime des nations civilisées.

A tous les peuples européens la liberté sourit, que sulvra la Paix des siècles. Volci déjà reconstituée la Pologne, par l'émouvant et juste appel du Tsar à la Liberté. Un mouvement tcheque, que j'assiste personellement de tout mon pouvoir, se dessine très net. La Bohême à son tour sera libérée avec les peuples slaves. C'en est fini de l'oppression des tyrans germaniques. Cette guerre sainte présente ce caractère effrayant d'un véritable cataclysme ethnique, d'une convulsion naturelle et nécessaire des races et des peuples asservis, opprimés, froissés dans leur plus intime amour-propre national par d'inecssants ultimata!

Encore une fois, l'étendard sanglant est levé! Cette guerre est une croisade, dont la France sera l'héroine. La nation avide de paix qul avait fermé les yeux sur tous les abus, qui s'était toujours montrée hospitalière à ses pires ennemis, à tel point qu'elle avalt fait la rapide fortune de leur commerce et s'était laissée conquérir par leur perfide infiltration, cette nation abominablement trahie est le symbole vivant et douloureux d'une oppression infame et inacceptable en ce siècle. Elle a courageusement donné le signal de la révolte, selon l'héroique tradition de ses ancêtres, pour continuer l'œuvre grandiose que ceux-cl avaient entreprise en 1789, pour réaliser enfin l'union équitable et pacifique des peuples civillsés, et pour faire loyalement et définitivement triompher, après les droits de l'individu libre, ceux des peuples égarès et des races fraternelles. Cette guerre est une croisade pour la liberté, répétons le. La France a remporté la premiére victoire du droit sur la force. Les autres suivront, inévitablement, pour l'Eternité.

F. Jean-Desthieux.
(Directeur de *Nos Provinces.*)

Cbartres, Octobre 16.

"ARGUMENT FROM GERMANY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. Jacques Mayer, of Munich, asks you to print "some views concerning that country [England] and its people, possessing peculiar significance in these dreadful days." Matthew Arnold is cited for his description of English society as "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized." What would Matthew Arnold have had to say about the Germany of to-day? Might he not have found evidence that it had been materialized, vulgarized, and brutalized by the teachings of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi?

Mr. Mayer quotes some bitter language of Heine about England. Why does he not quote Heine on Germany? Heine was a German himself, but no Englishman can have any objection to the poet's opinions of the two countries being published side by side. The fate of Louvain and Rheims lends a new interest, a prophetic significance, to the following language used by Heine eighty years ago:

Christianity—and this is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, but it could not destroy, that brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman, the Cross, breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless Berserker fury of which the northern poets sing and say so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up, and shatter to bits the Gothic cathedrals.

Your correspondent gives what purport to be extracts from "The Crown of Wild Olive." One of these is as follows:

And take also your English vice—the vice of jealousy which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars.

Now, if we turn to Ruskin's lecture on "Traffic" in "The Crown of Wild Olive," we shall find that the supposed extract above written is not what Ruskin said. The original passage is as follows:

And take also your great English vice—*European vice—vice of all the world*—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars.

This is a very different thing from the garbled version given by Mr. Mayer. The quotation might be continued with advantage. Consider whether the passage applies more accurately to modern England or to modern Germany in the light of the remaining clauses:

—that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighboring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the sword loose in its sheath.

We should be grateful to your correspondent for referring us to the authority of Ruskin, for Ruskin has given a character sketch of the German which is well worth considering "in these dreadful days." It will be found in "Fors Clavigera," Letter XL, and is as follows:

For blessing is only for the meek and merciful, and a German cannot be either; he does not understand even the meaning of the words. In that is the intense, irrecon-

cilable difference between the French and German natures. A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and lustful; but a German, selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest. "Sir," says Albert Dürer of his own work (and he is the modestest German I know), "it cannot be better done." Luther serenely damns the entire gospel of St. James, because St. James happens to be not entirely of his own opinions.

Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy, they bombard Venice, steal her pictures (which they can't understand a single touch of), and entirely ruin the country, morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice, and intense hatred of themselves, wherever their accursed feet have trodden. They do precisely the same thing by France—crush her, rob her, leave her in misery of rage and shame; and return home, smacking their lips, and singing Te Deums.

How that last touch has persisted to our day!

R. W. SHANNON.

Regina, Sask., October 15.

LUTHER AND MILITARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article "The Lust of Empire," which was published in the *Nation* of October 22, "P. E. M." endeavors to show by a quotation that Martin Luther is partially to blame for the so-called German militarism. His quotation is taken from Luther's essay, "Can a Soldier Be in a State of Salvation?" and is so brief that it conveys a false impression. Luther in order to give force and power to his thoughts often expresses them in extreme and striking statements, which, quoted out of their context, misrepresent him. I feel certain that "P. E. M." had no sinister motive. Most likely, he has never read the remarkable essay from which the quotation is taken. I am sorry that this new misrepresentation of the great reformer has gone out into the world. In order to undo to some extent the false impression which has been created, I give your readers a translation of the whole paragraph, which is as follows:

Finally, we must not regard in the office of the soldier, this, that it destroys, burns, fights, and etc. This is what the narrow inexperienced eyes of children do, which only see that the physician cuts off the hand and saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he is concerned in saving the whole body. For we must look upon the office of the soldier and the function of the sword with manly eyes, wherefor it slays and commits such horrible deeds, for then will it prove itself to be a divine office as needful and useful to the world as eating and drinking and any other work. The fact that some abuse the office, slay and beat wilfully without necessity, is not to be charged to the office, but to the person. Where is there an office or work, or ever so good a thing which wilfully wicked people do not abuse? Such people are like a mad physician who would cut off a man's hand wilfully without necessity, yea they are a part of that general strife and discord which must be suppressed by just war or sword, and coerced into peace, as everywhere it comes to pass, and has come to pass that they are beaten who began war without necessity. For in the end they cannot escape God's judgment, to wit, his sword.

Luther regarded the office of the soldier and war as necessary for peace and protection. He writes in this same essay, "What is war but punishing injustice and wickedness? Why do we war but because we want peace and obedience?" Mr. Roosevelt and his armed fist expresses Luther's idea exactly.

In conclusion, I take the occasion to add in reference to the article that I cannot see why the lust of empire is a crime for Germany and not for England and Russia, why the invasion of neutral Belgium on the part of Germany is worse than the betrayal and division of neutral Persia by England and Russia, or the present violation of Chinese neutrality. It seems to me it's the old story of whose ox is being gored.

J. FREDERIC WENCHEL.

Washington, D. C., October 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real point is—and this I might have stated more specifically—that the sentence is used by Bernhardi to justify the present spirit of militarism. Nor can I see that the context modifies its application in any essential point. The militarists also believe that war is "a divine office" for "saving the whole body," and admit that it may be abused.

P. E. M.

Princeton, N. J., October 30.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE RED CROSS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Crossing Ireland on the way to the Aran Islands this spring, I found myself delayed in a little provincial inn, and there observed what impressed me as a very curious though extremely practical custom. Whenever I entered the coffee-room I would find in front of my plate a small and rather battered tin box in which a hole was roughly pierced, large enough to admit of a copper penny. I observed that every man who breakfasted or dined there left a penny beside his plate, and knowing how inevitable the small tip is in these districts, I was surprised to see the waiter collect these pennies and drop them in the box. A short time afterwards I was forced to spend a dreary Sunday in another one of these little inns, and observed the same proceeding. Upon inquiry I was informed that every commercial traveller is bound by an unwritten law at every meal to leave one penny and no more behind as a contribution to the support of the orphans of commercial travellers. The custom is absolutely universal in Ireland, and no attempt is made to conceal or disguise the box.

Now, of course, this is crude, but it is also certainly obtrusive, and in it there is, I think, the germ of a large practical movement which might be inaugurated without expense in this country for the benefit of Red Cross work. The presence of this box before you is a social compulsion in Ireland. It is absolutely impossible to avoid it, and yet the slight toll it involves works no hardship to any one. In a time of great emergency such as the present, might we not waive the crude appearance of this little box, and introduce its use generally as an unwritten law while the war lasts? With cordial coöperation, the opportunity for every one to assist the Red Cross work in this way is almost unlimited.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Mass., October 26.

RICHARD M. MEYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By the recent death of Prof. Richard M. Meyer, of the University of Berlin, Germanic studies lose one of their most distinguished representatives and many former American students a personal friend. Professor Meyer, who was in his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death, was a native of Berlin, and most of his academic career was passed in the University there. His reputation was established twenty years ago by the publication of his critical biography of Goethe, for which he received a prize offered by a Leipzig society. This work is still one of the most valuable aids to the study of Goethe, though its reputation has been somewhat overshadowed by the similar work of Bielschowsky. In 1900 Professor Meyer published his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," his longest and probably his best book. In the first edition of this exhaustive work the author made the grave mistake of arranging his material by decades with the birth-years of the individual writers as the determining factor. The work was, however, thoroughly recast in a later edition, and one may now enjoy the excellent detailed criticisms in which the book abounds, while preserving at the same time a rational perspective. The author's "Grundriss der neueren deutschen Literatur" forms a serviceable bibliographical pendant to this work. It is probable that Professor Meyer's volume on Nietzsche (reviewed in the *Nation*, March 5, 1914) will be remembered as the most important of his other books.

Professor Meyer was also active in the older fields of investigation, but here, I am inclined to think, with less success. Certainly such books as "Altgermanische Poesie" and "Altgermanische Religionsgeschichte" failed to impress greatly the learned world. Indeed, Professor Meyer once admitted to me that he did not undertake such work *con amore*, but rather to broaden himself and to escape the imputation of being a mere bellettrist. His prime interest was modern literature in its widest phases. Yet the charge of dilettantism could not be brought against him.

In spite of the amount and quality of his work, Professor Meyer never received the highest academic honors. He remained until the end an "ausserordentlicher Professor," a grade beyond which he would have found it impossible to rise in a Prussian university without abjuring the Hebrew faith in which he had been brought up and to which he adhered nominally for reasons of family pride. It was known among his friends that he revolted with inward indignation against this unjust restriction; yet his disposition did not become soured, nor was his outward bearing ever anything but frank and cheerful. He was a good lecturer, notwithstanding certain mannerisms such as an unusually rapid utterance and a too marked rhythm of intonation. His courses were always well attended and enthusiastically praised. But, what is rarer, he succeeded also in coming into very close touch with the maturer and more serious of his students outside the classroom. He and Frau Meyer were in the habit of keeping open house on five afternoons a week, on which occasions their home in Vossstrasse was a rendezvous where students were cordially welcomed and were often privileged to meet many interesting people of the non-academic world. Such intimate personal relations between professor and student are uncommon enough in the larger German universities of to-day; it is to be feared that they will not soon be reproduced under such delightful auspices.

W. K. STEWART.

Hanover, N. H., October 21.

Literature

PARNELL AND MRS. O'SHEA.

Charles Stewart Parnell: His Love Story and Political Life. By Katharine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). 2 vols. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5 net.

There are some private disgraces which are public calamities. Such was the case of O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell, in November, 1890, in which Capt. W. H. O'Shea sued for divorce from his wife on the ground of her adultery with Charles Stewart Parnell. The scandal which at once exploded tore the Irish party asunder, drove Parnell into frantic but vain efforts to retain his leadership, and undoubtedly hastened his death. One would think that the sad business might have been left with that. But Mrs. O'Shea—she was Mrs. Parnell for a brief period—has chosen to lay the whole thing open. Over the initial question of the good taste of this performance one need not pause. It simply is frightful in the woman with whom Parnell was infatuated, and with whom he lived in guilt for years, to publish all the private letters of his contained in these volumes. Botanizing on a mother's grave is nothing to this. Another might have done it, fifty years from now, but she herself! True, she informs us that she has kept back something: "just a few of the little messages of my husband's love . . . I must keep for my own heart to live upon." But in the most amazing and, in our judgment, unforgivable way she has broken lock and seal as if there were nothing that the many-headed beast were not entitled to know.

Ah, but she had a high public motive. She desired to vindicate Parnell—by proving that he was not a "victim" of an unscrupulous woman, but sinned with his eyes open. She also desired to vindicate herself, apparently thinking that she owes this to her son. She even seems to wish to vindicate Capt. O'Shea! Such moral obfuscations attached to Parnell's *liaison* with Mrs. O'Shea, and the world-echoing suit for divorce, from the first. When Parnell, after the revelation, went to meet the Irish members of Parliament, to fight it out, one of them was asked if the Chief betrayed any sense of having done wrong. "Not at all," was the reply; "he treated us all as if somehow we had committed adultery with his wife!" This is hardly an exaggeration of the topsy-turviness which marks these volumes. It is impossible to accept the point of view here taken, whether as regards Parnell's attitude, or Mrs. O'Shea's, or her husband's, without feeling that all logical distinctions—we will not say moral—are obliterated. It is not a matter to be argued. One perceives it, or one does not. If one does, one shudders and passes.

On a single point in the sorry mess may a word be ventured. Mrs. O'Shea would have us believe that, till the very end, Capt. O'Shea did not know the nature of her relations with Parnell, maintained for years. Parnell's child he thought to be his own. The intimate association he was aware of, yes, but considered it pure friendship based on a community of political interest. Now, to this it may be said not alone that if Capt. O'Shea did not know that his wife was Parnell's mistress he was the blindest of mortals, ignorant of what hundreds knew, but that the view cannot be reconciled with many of the unwitting betrayals in these pages. We will not press the fact that as far back as 1881 Capt. O'Shea found Parnell's portmanteau in his wife's rooms, and sent Parnell a challenge to fight a duel. That was patched up; and deceit skilful enough might have allayed those early suspicions. But what are we to infer from the letter which the Captain wrote to his wife when Parnell would not find him a seat in Parliament, that he "meant to hit back a stunner"? That he had packed his shell with dynamite in order to "send a blackguard's reputation with his deluded countrymen into smithereens"? This was in 1885, and did it not threaten the divorce suit of 1890? Shortly afterwards, Parnell did find a Parliamentary seat for Capt. O'Shea, forcing him upon reluctant Galway. Against this Mr. Biggar, among others, angrily protested, and made speeches in Galway asserting that Mrs. O'Shea was Parnell's mistress, and that the Galway seat had been given him as a "hush-gift." To be sure, Capt. O'Shea declared, five years later, and after Parnell was dead, that "no statement made by the late Mr. Biggar could have affected my mind." The reason was that the man was such a general slanderer! But is this credible? And what did Mrs. O'Shea mean by writing to her husband in 1887, in reply to a complaint by him, that "the only person who has ever tarnished your honor has been yourself"? What did the Captain himself mean by writing the same year to his wife's solicitor about the "reports being wide and strong as to her relations with Mr. Parnell"? As a final plea after the event, we find Capt. O'Shea protesting that if Parnell could have proved "connivance," he would have won the divorce case. But put this beside Parnell's resolute refusal, recorded here, to fight the matter in court: "No, Queenie. What's the use? We want the divorce. . . . We have been longing for this freedom all these years."

What a set! exclaimed Matthew Arnold of another group given to marital irregularities, and with some such cry must we pass from the "love story"—the tense tragedy of which we do not deny—to the public aspects of Parnell made clearer to us by Mrs. O'Shea's reports, comments, and documents. His relations with Gladstone early involved her. She was used as a go-between, in the days when it was important for both Parnell and Gladstone not to meet openly. Mrs. O'Shea admits that Gladstone's manner to her was always "charming." To her, he referred to Parnell only as "your friend." But she asserts that he had long known the truth. "For ten years Gladstone had known of the relations between Parnell and myself." Whether for such a period or not, it is highly probable that Gladstone did know. John Morley virtually admits it. Gladstone, he says, would not set himself up as a judge of the private lives of politicians. But when the private scandal blazed on the heavens, then, as we know, he had to act. For this Mrs. O'Shea denounces him as a hypocrite. She quotes Parnell himself, at the time of the divorce case: "They are afraid of shocking Mr. Gladstone." This was his sarcastic reply to her passionate question: "Why does it matter more now? They have all known for years." But Parnell, though he raged at the hypocrisy of the English "wolves," howling for his blood, had been clear-sighted enough years before to see exactly what would happen. "Over and over again had Parnell said: 'Once we get Home Rule through, Ireland is safe, and we [meaning himself and Mrs. O'Shea] may be happy in the sight of all the world; but till then I fear these English hypocrites.'" So he was not really surprised, though he pretended to be. And he did not especially blame Gladstone. His frequent name for him in private was the "Grand Old Spider." And when he was once at Hawarden, seated next Miss Gladstone at dinner, he said when she asked him who was the greatest actor he had ever seen: "Your father, undoubtedly."

The hiding of Parnell's political strength is often hinted at in these pages. His cold energy and inflexible will appear frequently, as his attitude towards this or that colleague, or the changing aspects of his cause, is revealed. He knew his problem; he knew the Irish people, and how to lead them. It might be said of him, as of another, that they held him up on their necks, for his heel was there. He would brook no opposition from within his following. "As long as I am leader, they must be tools, or else they must go." And his mystery, his frequent long disappearances, his ignoring of engagements, his absenting himself from meetings at which he had promised to speak—all were parts, not only of his personality, but of his deliberate plan. When asked a direct question face to face, by an Irish leader, he was capable of making no answer at all. When leaving an audience in the lurch, he would not even telegraph an explanation or a regret. "You do not learn the ethics of kingship, Queenie. Never explain, never apologize"; adding, with his rare laugh: "I could never keep my rabble together if I were not above the human weakness of apology." There are many such lightings up of Parnell's character in these volumes; and therein resides their true value.

There can be no doubt that Parnell's passion for Mrs. O'Shea was overmastering to the point of being terrible. The same drive of will, recking not of consequences, which he put into his public work, he carried into this infatuation. At the time of their first meeting, Mrs. O'Shea accidentally dropped a rose. "He picked it up, and, touching it lightly with his lips, placed it in his buttonhole. This rose I found long years afterward done up in an envelope, with my name and the date, among his most private papers,

and when he died I laid it upon his heart." Evidently, the man was intense in his illicit love. And he found, or thought he found, happiness in it. But when he lay dying he might well have made his own the words of one of old: "Draw thy sword and kill me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him."

CURRENT FICTION.

Wintering Hay. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

John Trevena's earlier novels, "Furze the Cruel" and its immediate successors, suggested Mr. Phillpotts in other matters than their setting. An eye and a tongue for the grandeur and beauty of a natural scene in which human figures have their place—these the younger celebrant of Dartmoor seemed to have in common with the elder; something, too, of his kindly Olympian humor, his smiling appreciation of the littleness and dearness and fundamental wholesomeness of man. There was, to be sure, only a hint of the latter, and it has quite vanished from Trevena's later work. Even at the outset he wandered perilously near the line that divides what is grim from what is morbid. His realism lacked the balance-wheel of health which has protected the realism of Mr. Phillpotts in the most desperate conditions. Often a young author (Trevena is not very young, but his authorship may still be called so) grows into such health. This one appears to have lost all chance of it. The confused fanciful melancholy of "Bracken," its misdirected or undirected ardor of imagination, its moral impotence, are to be found again, if less repellently, in "Wintering Hay." The bits of symbolism—the Green Way found by young, dreaming Cyril, and lost with his innocence; the fir tree which is his Christmas gift from the pixies and which he profanes—suggest an idealism which the tale leaves thin and insubstantial.

The plot, the basis of it at least, is such as Mr. Phillpotts might have chosen. The boy Cyril, fresh from the Green Way and bearing his mystical gift, comes upon a worthless cottager beating his mistress, and strikes him down. The man is known to have a weak heart, but Cyril's blow is the direct cause of his death. Flinching from the scandal sure to attend a public explanation, Cyril, with the reluctant assent of the woman, buries the body, and plants his fir tree over it. Then what to do with his life? Phillpotts would have answered the question directly and courageously, if at length. His Cyril would have been a man, to begin with, responsible in some sort to himself and to his fellow men. This Cyril is a coward and a weakling. The fact of his crime does not prey upon his mind; his fears are merely pusillanimous. If he abandons the pure girl who loves him, and becomes drunkard, thief, and libertine, it is not because he despairs of himself. He is simply a poltroon, morally flabby from the beginning. Therefore he is not interesting, either as murderer, thief, or as the successful author he is alleged to have become. His creator appears to admire him in his final rôle of hermit, complacently withdrawn to the bosom of Nature. The past does not trouble him. "The gentle scholar, who had forced himself into the world of human beings to end the poacher's life, hasten the inevitable death of his kindliest friend, and drive out the girl-wife to be murdered, the man who could not harm a living thing, the man who taught morality and courage, had come to peace, and reached perfect happiness with what was most beautiful in present life: Nature, clad in working wonders, lying in light and loneliness upon the land."

With which burst of vague alliteration we are glad to part company with Cyril.

The Honorable Percival. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

With "A Romance of Billygoat Hill," Mrs. Rice disappointed many of her admirers. It was an attempt at a novel of a too familiar order. It lacked the lightness and spontaneity of her natural work, such work as is instanced in the present little volume. She needs little in the way of material. The Honorable Percival himself is a thoroughly conventional figure, the stage Englishman of birth, monocle and all. He hardly emerges from the type, but that is evidently because Mrs. Rice does not think it worth while to have him. He does very well as he is, being chiefly valuable as foil and victim of the irresistible "Bobby." That young lady is connected also with a type, the charming and irrepressible, the impossible and irresistible American maiden of literary tradition—a Daisy Miller to date. But she easily transcends the type, a personality as real as Mrs. Wiggs herself. Her exuberance, her easy ways with men, her abandon to the joy of the moment, her casual dress and unladylike manner, her heart of a strong woman half-hidden in the body of a lively girl, her deep-lying poise and justified confidence in herself and in all men—if these qualities belong to the type, Mrs. Rice has invested Bobby, as though without effort, with an individual charm. To that charm, the Honorable Percival falls a victim, but in vain, for Bobby's heart is firmly planted in Wyoming. Only Mrs. Rice would have thought of the novelty of denying her heroine the privilege of becoming mistress of Hascombe Hall, hereditary seat of the Earls of Westenhanger. But indeed it is easier to fancy beautiful Bobby free on her Western range than anchored to any seat whatever.

Night Watches. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Mr. Jacobs's stories first appeared, they were a pure joy. He had made his own a field hitherto unexploited—the waterside of the Thames, the slow-moving barges of the English canals, the tramp vessels that progress in leisurely fashion from harbor to harbor of the British coast. It was a new atmosphere and a new kind of humor that he revealed, and so long as it remained fresh and spontaneous it was delightful. "The Skipper's Wooing" was extravagant and the reverse of subtle, but it was extremely good fun. There have been signs recently that Mr. Jacobs has fallen victim to his popularity and to his own facility in ringing the changes on the same characters, and this impression is confirmed by the present volume. The sketches in "Night Watches" are not unamusing, but they lack spontaneity—and it is time that the night watchman was relieved.

The Scarlet Wagon. By Claude M. Girardeau. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

If Mesopotamia is a blessed word, Scarlet is an ominous one. But in this story there is nothing more lurid than the well-controlled machinations of the villains who stole the treasure. We owe them thanks. Had they not stolen it, it could not have been buried on the Delaware coast. Little Bob Scarlet could not have learned its whereabouts by chance and by a Spanish memorandum; nor could he have become the hero of the rescue, a rescue involving a midnight ride to a cemetery, a kidnapping, a girl conspirator, and other attractions. If these be not enough to tempt a reader, there is a complete, separable story of the domestic life of Bob; of his washwoman mother, his beachcomber father, his fat and grimy little brother, his disintegrating wagon, and his collapsible horse. To some readers this will be the real half of the story, recalling the school of fiction in which Mrs. Wiggs and Hopkinson Smith's lady hauler are shining figures. The story is appropriately dedicated "to all the nieces and nephews of the Bedtime Brigade," who will hear gladly the tale of a miniature conspiracy.

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Here is a book just published but written (if one may rely upon the argument of internal evidence) before the Robert Elsmere school of fiction vanished from the stage—in other words, before sociology replaced theology as the background of respectable British novels and the excuse to the serious for their very existence. In those days your English-made story had a way of transmuting itself into a sectarian tract, just as nowadays it often turns out to be the innocent envelope of a socialist petard. This particular tale begins to fade into a tract about two-thirds of the way through, but only emerges at the last line in its true character—as a warning to Anglicans not to go over to Rome. It was written, anyhow, before the days of automobiles—which puts it back a full decade and more.

What is notable about the book, however, is the quality of that part of it which is not tract at all, but solid British fiction. The figure of the fervent young mountebank, the protagonist, is as horribly human as one of Mr. H. G. Wells's shop assistants, and not less modern in essentials, though the career mapped out for him is carefully modelled on the original which furnished Mr. An-

thony Hope's forgotten Quisante. Beginning a smug, prayerful youth in a celluloid collar, he narrowly escapes ending as Prime Minister, after marrying the daughter of a rich and rigid pillar of non-conformity, whose portrait furnishes further striking evidence of the author's understanding of certain of his countrymen. There is a young woman, also, of a station in life not far removed from that of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Covent Garden flower-girl in "Pygmalion." This young woman's picture is fit to stand alongside almost any of the same type that have been done of late by specialists in London slum life. Moreover, all these persons, and others, are linked into a story which commands the reader's respectful interest—at least till near the three-quarter post. One is tempted to sum up by saying that the author (a fairly well-known writer who chooses in this case to remain anonymous) might have written a real novel if he could only have forgotten his principles long enough to get the story done.

THE REFORMING SPIRIT.

Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Students of the Protestant Reformation have generally been far too much occupied with the great organized reform movements and have given far too little attention to those other tendencies of the time which have left no permanent religious-social structures behind them. The "successes" of the reforming spirit have naturally drawn the admiration of mankind; its "failures" have excited pity, perhaps even sympathy, but they could be left to the chapter of religious curiosities. Recently, however, we have been reminded with increasing frequency of the great importance of precisely these less imposing phenomena in determining the long result. The followers of Caspar Schwenkfeld in this country are presenting in monumental form the original material of their gradually disappearing group. We had occasion not long since to call attention to Prof. H. C. Vedder's interesting study of the Reformation with its especial emphasis upon the contribution of the Anabaptist wing, and now Prof. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, presents a volume of sketches of what he calls "Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries."

Dr. Jones has already won favor by his studies in Mysticism and in the history of the Quakers in America, and this volume may be regarded as an incident in his researches; for he holds out the promise of an early continuation of his previous work on the Quakers. He brings to his task unusual qualifications, unusual especially in a writer identified, as he is, with the religious group he is attempting to describe. It is a great temptation, to which writers under similar conditions have often fallen victims, to present the set of ideas that immediately concern them as the supremely important, even as the only important, phases of the movement they illustrate. Dr. Jones is not misled by his natural sympathies. He recognizes that the Reformation was more than a purely religious affair. To make it practically effective its great leaders, Luther, Calvin, Knox, had to take into account all the elements, social and political, needed to produce positive new constructions to take the place of the old. To this end compromises of many kinds were inevitable. The question was not as to the ideally and ultimately best, but, above all, as to what would work without sacrifice of the essentials.

The efforts of the new builders were, therefore, directed quite as much, sometimes even more, against what they called the radicals or the fanatics of their own party as against the defenders of the old establishments. These "radicals" included among others the group which Dr. Jones classifies as spiritual reformers. Taken as a class, they were either indifferent to organization in religion or positively opposed to it. They sought their final sanctions, not in any authority whatsoever, not even in a written Word, but in a fundamental and essential relation between the individual human soul and the God who was the ultimate source of all truth as of all being. It was a part of their conception of God that he should be always revealing Himself to the enlightened understanding, and this revelation is what they meant by God's word. Scripture they gladly included as a part, but only a part, of this divine word.

The resemblance of such ideas to what is commonly called mysticism is obvious; but Dr. Jones makes clear with great delicacy of analysis that the two are not the same thing. Historically, mysticism tended to become either scholastic in its refinements of definition or simply ecstatic in its rejection of all intellectual process. Mysticism busied itself with the methods by which divine truth could be attained. Dr. Jones's spiritual reformers believed that the "Light" was always ready to shine in upon the heart as soon as the way was opened for it by the receptive attitude of the believing individual. They cared little for history, their use of Scripture was often wildly capricious, their theology was the reverse of subtle. Their whole interest was absorbed in making real on earth the moral teaching and the spiritual insight which they found in the record of the life of Jesus. To bring this directly to the consciousness of others by showing them how simple was the way of enlightenment was their only substitute for the mechanisms of both the ancient and the "reformed" organizations.

In an introduction of fifty pages written with perfect clearness and often with great beauty of expression Dr. Jones sets forth these general characteristics of spiritual religion. He then goes on to treat in separate chapters the several exponents of the common ideas. In each case just enough biographical material is given to set the person in his right place and time, but we are spared all those trivial personalities that tend rather to confuse than to enlighten. Then we are introduced to the principal writings of the person in question, and these are analyzed with the purpose of bringing out the writer's relation to the whole spiritual movement. There are seventeen individuals thus brought together as types of a widespread tendency. The striking thing is that they seldom stand in the relation of master and pupil. In the great majority of cases they work out, each for himself, the solution of the spiritual problem which most appeals to them. They cannot be described as a "school," still less as a "sect." They range from Jacob Boehme, the Silesian shoemaker prophet, to Sir Harry Vane, the brilliant victim of religious formalism. Boehme receives an especially thorough treatment as the most remarkable expression of purely personal religion worked out of the inner consciousness of an unlearned thinker. In fact, as Dr. Jones states in his preface, we owe the present volume to his interest in Boehme and to his discovery, through his more detailed study, that he was but one illustration of what was going on in widely separated but spiritually related minds all over Western Europe. The names of Hans Denck, Bünderlin, Castellio, Coornhert, and Whichcote will be strange to many readers, and it is a distinct service to have them brought into relation with the better-known Sebastian Franck, Caspar Schwenkfeld, and Jacob Boehme. The value of the book is increased by the admirable index, for which we have to thank the author's wife.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WRITING.

The Beneventan Script: A History of the South Italian Minuscule. By E. A. Loew. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21 shillings net.

In this account of the Beneventan script Dr. Loew has accomplished his task in the spirit of the great master who suggested it to him—Ludwig Traube. Starting at Traube's suggestion to write a history of Monte Cassino, Dr. Loew found that a necessary antecedent undertaking was the history of the script in use at Monte Cassino, the Beneventan, or, as it was formerly but nevermore will be called, the Lombardic hand. This history now lies before us, set in clear order on the basis of original research and penetrating analysis of countless details. A forthcoming work, "Scriptura Beneventana," will contain a hundred plates of reproductions in collotype; the present volume has enough facsimiles to illustrate the important points under discussion. In an appendix the author gives a list of over six hundred Beneventan manuscripts, almost all of which he has inspected, either in photograph or in the original. There are seemingly no important sources that have escaped his attention. The subject is connected at every turn with the larger story of which it is a part. Palæography, to be vital, is history, and not merely human history. Free will and the artistic impulse have helped to fashion styles of script, but the development of writing, viewed in the large, seems as natural an affair as the evolution of some zoölogical type.

To the observer who, like the author of this book, has scientific imagination, this is an interesting process to follow.

Of all the European scripts, the Beneventan, which is simply the culmination of the characteristically Italian hand, is the most natural in its growth. The different national hands, Italian, French, Spanish, and—to take issue with Dr. Loew and the current theory—the Irish hand, too, sprang from varieties of the Roman cursive. In all the others the influence of the statelier majuscule scripts operated in the formation of new book-hands. In Italy, starting in the north, but eventually restricted to the south, the Roman cursive grew entirely by its own resources into one of the most elaborately artistic of all the hands. This is a curious career, for Italy was the home of those statelier scripts which were efficient in transforming the cursive in other countries, but which, once created, assisted in no further innovations in the land of their birth. We follow in Dr. Loew's account the beginning of the new Italian hand in the eighth and ninth centuries, its real formation in the tenth century, its acme in the eleventh and the twelfth, its decline in the thirteenth. Like nations, it had its rise and fall and its battles. The clear and finished Caroline hand, most beautiful and potent of all the scripts, the origin of the lettering on this page, invaded Italy in the ninth century and displaced all rivals in the northern and the central districts. In the south, the Beneventan script not only held its own, but grew undisturbed to maturity. It took over the useful system of abbreviations, which, thanks mainly to the Irish scribes, had become a part of the Caroline system; but in other respects it clung to its own ways. When it surrendered after its decline in the thirteenth century, the victor was not the Caroline hand, which had itself temporarily succumbed, but the Gothic.

As treated by Dr. Loew, palæography has kinship not only with history and zoölogy, but with chemistry. For him script is not merely an assemblage of letters; it consists of the elements used by the scribe in forming the letters; letters are made up of shafts and bows and these of strokes and shadings, from which we can learn the shape of the Beneventan pen. To be exact, the entire script can be resolved into short, upright strokes, bows, upright stems, descending stems, horizontal connecting strokes, and approach-strokes. When the system reached its perfection, you can find the chemical formula for every letter. In the ancient cursive, the letters flow from the pen in a stream; in the Beneventan, though it is the lineal descendant of the cursive, the scribe uses his pen rather as a brush, and makes an entity of each stroke.

But all this science is not an end in itself. It leads to history again. The careful observation of hundreds of details in letters, ligatures, and abbreviations gains criteria for dating manuscripts, thus for estimating the literature accessible, say, at Monte Cassino in some period, and thus for writing the history of culture during that period. The patient analysis of what seems hopelessly unessential and the genius for discovering in these minutiæ sure principles which guide to the larger issues are characteristic of this work throughout.

Without going into details, we would specially commend the author's convincing proof that the Beneventan hand owes nothing to the Visigothic, his account of the hitherto neglected scripts of Bari and Dalmatia, his orderly treatment of ligatures and abbreviations, and his quite novel discussion of punctuation, a little subject with large bearings. A matter of some concern to the classical scholar is the part played in the transmission of ancient literature by Monte Cassino. Not many years ago the surprising find was made of two new fragments of Juvenal in an Oxford manuscript of the eleventh century. It seemed incredible that a book so late could supplement a familiar text with genuine bits hitherto unknown, but genuine they are. It was then pointed out that, as the script is Beneventan, the book came from Monte Cassino, which, owing to its well-nigh unbroken connection with the past, might have contained treasures inaccessible elsewhere. Experts took the hint and put a premium on anything written in the hand of Monte Cassino. An Eton manuscript containing among other works Ovid's "Heroides," advanced in value after a noted scholar had called attention to its Cassinese script, and its interpolations were regarded with a more lenient eye; its text was really as bad as before. Just here Dr. Loew performs good service in showing that Monte Cassino, despite its creditable collection of ancient texts, acquired not a few of its books from the north. He further makes clear that not everything Beneventan hailed from Monte Cassino; Monte Cassino was one out of many centres. In fact, as appears from the character of their scripts, both the Juvenal and the Ovid came from elsewhere, the latter, most probably, from Bari.

In a word, Dr. Loew has given us for the first time a real history of the Beneventan script. He has combined known facts with his own discoveries in a technical and authoritative work not lacking in human interest.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

I Myself. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

For the American edition of this book, the author provides a preface which is at the same time a key. Bernard Shaw once urged her to write more. "But I don't write well." "That's true, but remember one thing, any man can write well who will lay his soul bare to the public." The recipe is at least as old as Carlyle, who spoke of Rousseau's success in going off in self-conflagration for the edification of the neighbors. Labouchere, too, gave Mrs. O'Connor the advice to "place yourself boldly in the foreground." This she did, though it might appear at times as if she forgot his further injunctions to exercise taste and make "some reservations."

The fact is that the volume is so frank, so unveiled, so marked by the overmastering desire of the writer to sit down beside you and have one grand sentimental time over everything that ever happened to her, that it fairly piques you into reading page after page. The thing seems incredible. Really, you say, it can't go on like that. But it does from cover to cover. From her young days in Texas, her girlhood in Washington, her first marriage, her widowhood, her struggles in New York to get a foothold in the press and a livelihood, down to her going to England and marrying Mr. O'Connor, with all of the variety and interest that thereafter came into her life, she carries the reader on one mighty stream of gush. You are fascinated by it, yet you are ashamed of yourself for being so. But that is only one of the mysteries of the book. Another is the fact that you suddenly wake up at the end to the discovery that the author must have been much more than the artless prattler that you were setting her down—or, rather, that she was writing herself down. She had so many friends, sensible people, distinguished men and women, and they were immensely fond of her. How could she have concealed so carefully in these pages the qualities which they valued in her? Somehow, she didn't lay bare her soul after all. The real self was not this written "I Myself." In that fact lies the puzzle—and the appeal—of this singular book. Its like it would be hard to find.

Notes

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of "The Law of Faith," by Joseph F. Randolph, and "Round the Wonderful World," by G. E. Mitton.

The Johns Hopkins Press announces the publication of "The Piscatory Eclogues of Jacopo Sannazaro," edited with introduction and notes by W. P. Mustard.

W. B. Clarke Company announces for early publication "Elizabeth Buffum Chase, 1806-1899: Her Life and Its Environment," by Lillie Buffum Chase Wyman and Arthur Crawford Wyman.

"Tales of Old New York," by Albert Ulmann and Grace C. Strachan, is announced for publication by D. Appleton & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing this week Henry Bordeaux's "The Awakening," translated by Ruth Helen Davis.

McBride, Nast & Co. will publish shortly Col. Frobenius's "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny," with an introduction by Sir Valentine Chirol.

"Landmarks," by E. V. Lucas, is announced for publication by the Macmillan Company.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for immediate publication "The Message of Japan to America." The volume is prepared under the editorial supervision of Prof. Naoichi Masaoka, of Tokio, with an introduction by Lindsay Russell, president of the Japanese Society. Other volumes which have been announced for immediate publication are: "France Herself Again," by Ernest Dimnet, and "A Life of Henry Laurens," by D. D. Wallace.

The Letters and Arts Publishing Company announces for publication the latter part of this month "The Vatican, Its History, Its Treasures," by Commendatore Corrado Ricci and other authors.

Mr. Gustav Pollak, whose work on Grillparzer and the Austrian drama was reviewed in the *Nation* of January 2, 1908, has made an interesting book, entitled "International Perspective in Criticism" (Dodd, Mead; $2 net). Mr. Pollak has here brought together, with preliminary essays of his own, a large number of critical utterances on literary subjects by Goethe, Grillparzer, Sainte-Beuve, and Lowell. He has made his selections with the primary intention of exhibiting the wide outlook of all these critics over the literature of foreign nations—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Roman, and Greek. He has endeavored also, by allowing them as frequently as possible to speak on common topics, to emphasize their essential community of feeling and their similarity of judgment on the larger questions before the republic of letters. He finds them all rising with a serene and catholic "enthusiasm for what is beautiful and excellent," above the levels of mediocrity, above the transitory fads and infatuations of current literature, and above the "provincialism of nationality." Mr. Pollak's own comment is informed with the spirit of this nobler cosmopolitanism. His presentation of Grillparzer's merits as a literary critic is a service of what Bacon finely called the "merchants of light," whose traffic in these days suffers sadly at the hands of the pirate nations. At a moment when Petrograd has de-Germanized herself, when French savants and German Gelehrten renounce their foreign honorary degrees, when the Kaiser is shorn of his English titles of honors, when every bookseller is compiling lists of works on international hatred, when the Krupp guns are supporting Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi's contention that "the State is itself the highest conception in the wider community of man," it is restorative of one's mental equilibrium to turn aside and linger in this temple of literary concord erected by Austrian, French, German, and American builders who in the higher brotherhood of men worshipped together.

The colloquial style of Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.00 net), the diary of a summer's foot-journey from Illinois through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, suits the easy content. The book has a sociological interest, and if it procures many readers the author will have served his purpose less by his preaching than by the report he gives of social and cultural deficiencies in the rural West. But its main appeal is as a narrative in the Borrovian manner; though Mr. Lindsay is no born observer, though he sees life one day and the next is lost in his own ideas, and though he dwells on trivialities and refuses to touch up his scenes, the matter imparts life to all the pages and sparkle to a few. Before this "special idea on legs," diggers, teamsters, red-necked politicians, harvesters, farmers, railway men, pass to be drawn with Whitmanesque appreciation. Sometimes the community is treated as a whole, as when with grave humor he depicts the Kansas Mennonites, mediæval in their abhorrence of bonnets, neckties, and organs, but riding in proud automobiles. The incidents are those which might be expected to befall a man popularly regarded as a crank, though Mr. Lindsay was able to meet the people on intimate ground. He avoided cities and fellow-tramps, and travelled penniless, now working in the fields, now peddling his literary wares. The chapters on Kansas harvesting, dealing with the twelve-hour daily struggle against burning heat, fatigue, and thirst, have vivid episodes, and in spite of the careless prose express something of the panoramic splendor of the season on the plains. Nothing of the doctrinaire intrudes anywhere, though at the end are appended "proclamations" upon the New Time for Farmers, the New Village and the New Country Community, and the Coming of Religion, Equality, and Beauty.

The naïve, hopeful creed of these proclamations merits some attention, if only as the central impulse behind Mr. Lindsay's very unequal verse; a creed of local self-dependence and idealism, it is all the more fervid for its unsophistication. A new communal self-consciousness is to arise in the West: the politician will become a Pericles and "rebuild the local Acropolis"; the priests will be men like Wesley and Newman; there will be artists like Leonardo or William Morris. The pledge and proof of a course which will shortly outstrip New England's is "the Chautauqua, which is New England's old rural lecture course; the temperance crusade, which is New England's abolitionism come again; the magazine militant, which is the old *Atlantic Monthly* combined with the Free-Soil Newspaper, and educational reform, which is the Yankee school-house made glorious." Some fairly vigorous verse inspired by this vision is scattered throughout the "Adventures."

There is nothing "donnish" about the papers contained in "The Life of a Little College" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.35 net), by Archibald MacMechan; instead an individual charm and grace color the various subjects that caught the fancy of this Canadian scholar. If the writer never intended to defend the case of the small college in the perpetual controversy, yet it must be noted that the point of view animating the various papers collected under its inspiration constitute a pleasant brief. Glimpses of a type of academic democracy that we have somehow come to associate with the Scottish institutions, of famous teachers of that fine, ripe scholarship that flourished under the "humanities," and of the traditions shed about the colonial institution by close association with the official world representing the mother country—all these memories give a definite charm to the book. Certainly, we hope with the author that the new accruing fame and growth will never obliterate, as in our experience this side the border, the splendid traditions of the small and early institution. What must the author have felt regarding this topic during his sojourn at Harvard! There, at any rate, he was privileged to be intimate with Professor Child, and quite the most attractive of his papers is that entitled "Child of the Ballads." Literary enthusiasms are gracefully presented, ranging from Tennyson and Browning, with an informal appreciation of Virgil, to Lewis Carroll's, and what the author rightly calls, "Everybody's Alice." Also, it is good to find an appreciation of "the best sea-story ever written," the little-known "Moby Dick" of Herman Melville, of which a popular reprint was recently issued. Professor MacMechan's modest argosy carries freight of definite quantity and quality, and there is no danger of his "college window" growing impatient of its immediate horizon.

It is not surprising that a second edition of Henry Baerlein's "Mexico, the Land of Unrest" (Lippincott; $2 net) should have been called for. The special correspondent of the *Times* in Mexico is nothing if not an interesting writer. In the long preface to the second edition he has amused himself by commenting on three Mexican books recently written by Englishmen. His strictures on "Modern Mexico," by MacHugh, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are most spicy, even if a trifle unfair. Mr. Baerlein seems to feel that Mr. MacHugh "must be a humorist" because he gives the full text of the Mexican Constitution! Another book which comes in for handling without gloves is Percy Martin's "Maximilian and Mexico." Mr. Martin has inflicted so many Latin-American books on a long-suffering public, and his general attitude is so thoroughly superficial as well as anti-American, one cannot restrain a chuckle when Mr. Baerlein commences his critique with the remark that Mr. Martin "has seen fit to continue his so-called literary labors, . . . " and concludes: "I dare say that Mr. Martin, not content with the glory of his F.R.G.S., will write many another book, but I hope they will not be devoted to a country which has had of recent years more than enough misfortune." Mr. Baerlein is no friend of Messrs. Pearson & Son, and has become fully informed on the Mexican machinations of Lord Cowdray. He had a high opinion of Madero, but of Villa he says: "The career of this eminent bandit and general officer is typical of Mexico, where cotton mills and Pullman cars and thousands of industrious foreigners have not by any means expelled Romance. . . . Villa saw that as an active politician he might take an honorable place again among his fellow-countrymen. And in fact he did become a sort of national hero, a hero of the Revolution." There are many unusually interesting photographs and a few highly illuminating cartoons. However much one may differ with the author in his severely caustic criticisms of ex-President Diaz, one must admit that this is a good book for Americans to read. Furthermore, it is provocative of thought and discussion.

Another recent volume on Mexico which merits attention is "The Political Shame of Mexico" (McBride; $2), by Edward I. Bell, formerly editor and publisher of *La Prensa* and the *Daily Mexican*, of Mexico City. Although bearing the earmarks of personal prejudice and lack of perspective, it has the advantage of having been written by a man who saw with his own eyes many of the recent occurrences in Mexican history which he describes. Furthermore, Mr. Bell appears to

have been in an extremely favorable situation for acquiring information concerning the underground diplomacy of Mexico City. It is a decidedly interesting human document. Mr. Bell feels that our recent foreign policy towards Mexico, while almost invariably honest, has been also "almost invariably mistaken." Highly sensational, and as a matter of course thoroughly journalistic, his story will be read with keen interest by those who are endeavoring to unravel the puzzle of the last two or three years. His general point of view may best be summed up in his own words as follows:

With the deepest respect I wish to say that the President's published utterances on the Mexican question do not reveal a full understanding of it. The Mexican people are not fitted for self-government, in the sense in which he seems to use the expression. To stand by willingly while some millions of uneducated Indians, vastly outnumbering the cultivated inhabitants of the country in which they live, try to evolve a working democracy from a state of demoralization only to be relieved by the exercise of the most highly developed judgment, would be as cruel and absurd as to wait for a sick child to grow up and evolve the theory and practice of medicine. What the Mexicans really require is a business government equipped with every device of science, and above all with the method.

There is no doubt as to the duty of the United States; it is the same as that of every organization and every individual in relation to the general welfare, and consists in unremitting effort to extend the gains of scientific research and the use of the scientific method into all the details of human life, governmental, industrial, and personal. That is what the United States ought to do for Mexico, so far as may be practicable.

The difficulty is that each reader will differ as to what is "practicable."

Under the title of "Principles of Economics" (Holt), Prof. Henry R. Seager has just issued a fourth edition of his "Introduction to Economics." The changes in the work are perhaps not as considerable as the altered title might imply. The size and exterior of the book are substantially as they have been; the form and general appearance of the text remain unchanged, and really leave little room for improvement. The common teaching aids—marginal headings, italicized definitions, references for collateral reading—are all retained. And the purpose of the book still is "to introduce college classes to the study of the subject." Nevertheless the changes of this edition are important. Several of the theoretical chapters, for example, those on wages and interest, have been rewritten in parts; the general explanation of value and distribution has been somewhat simplified, though the theory remains essentially the same. In the part of the book dealing with practical problems, the alterations are conspicuous. The arrangement of subjects has been distinctly improved. The chapter of the third edition entitled Taxation and Tax Reform in the United States has been expanded into two chapters on those subjects; and three new chapters are added on Profit-Sharing and Labor Copartnership, Social Insurance, and Socialism. Ever since its first appearance ten years ago, Professor Seager's introduction has been one of the most satisfactory expositions of economics for class-room use. In parts it is more difficult than most of the elementary texts, but this is largely because it courageously faces the problem of developing a complete and consistent theory of value and distribution. In form and arrangement the book lends important aid to effective teaching. The improvements in this fourth edition should make the work even more serviceable and assure an even wider adoption.

The insistent demand by secondary schools for a smattering of legal knowledge has evoked a number of books, one of the latest and most elementary of which is "A Short Course in Commercial Law" (American Book Company; 80 cents), by Nichols and Rogers. Few of these handbooks aim to give the student a professional knowledge of law, and the one before us does not take him beyond the kindergarten limits of the legal domain. Its publishers insist that it "can be easily used by teachers without special legal training." Possibly it can; but we fear that such a situation would present a case of blind leading the blind. In the hands of a teacher who has mastered legal principles and who has had considerable experience in applying them to cases presented by clients, the book can be made both entertaining and useful. The subject is presented in the form of seventy-six topical lessons. It is not quite clear whether the authors intend that these shall be presented in their printed order or whether that order may be varied. For example, the topic of contracts is presented in eighteen lessons, seven of which are devoted to cases which illustrate the principles set forth in the preceding lessons. It would seem that the cases in lesson twelve ought to be discussed immediately upon the conclusion of the second lesson in the text. The discussion of cases in lesson thirteen would then follow the text of lesson three and four; and so on. Perhaps the authors planned to leave the order of discussion to each teacher. Whatever uncertainty may be felt on this point, no one can doubt that the authors have presented a perfectly clear outline of commercial law, without technicality and in a lucid style.

Mr. Cardinal Goodwin's well-written monograph covering four years of Californian history, "The Establishment of State Government in California, 1846-1850" (Macmillan; $2 net), is both a narrative of political events on the Pacific Coast during a critical period and a study in the origin of American institutions. From both points of view it will prove useful. Beginning with the first signs of American influence in this Spanish territory, the author reviews rapidly the events which led to its conquest and to the establishment of military rule. Here the book tells us little that is new. Then comes a study of the constitutional convention of 1849, its organization, personnel, and problems. To this theme the greater portion of the volume is devoted with excellent judgment. The author has managed to clear up some unfounded notions concerning the make-up and work of this famous convention. More particularly has he been able to prove that our time-honored ideas (derived chiefly from Bancroft's great History of California) concerning the domination of this body by pro-slavery politicians are without any real basis in fact (pp. 82-86). Students of political science will be interested in the author's discussion of the sources from which California drew many of the provisions which found their way into the Constitution of 1849. The framers of this document gave no heed to foreign precedents, either English or Spanish, but they did study with great care the organic laws of the various American States, and borrowed freely from several of them, taking the preamble from New York, the bill of rights from Iowa, and other provisions from the existing Constitutions of Michigan, Tennessee, and Texas. Economic events of the preceding decade, as the author shows, were fresh in the minds of these men, and the panic of 1837 showed its influence upon the sections relating to corporations and banking. The volume embodies a modest but highly creditable piece of work, based wholly on official or otherwise dependable sources. It will clarify our ideas on several rather intricate matters connected with the political and economic expansions of the ante-bellum period.

Jean Richepin writes an enthusiastic preface to the latest account of "the favorite for whose sake we forgive all other royal favorites" ("The Life of Louise de la Vallière," by Claude Ferval. Translated by Sidney Dark. Brentano; $4.00). According to M. Richepin, the original French text rests on documents and bristles with notes and references. All this learned apparatus has been shorn off from the English version, and we are left with a merely romantic narrative, which has, after all, been told more amusingly if less veraciously by Dumas.

For the student of Dutch colonization M. A. Cabaton's book, "Java, Sumatra, and the Dutch East Indies" (Scribner), with its background of experience gained in his own French colonies, will commend itself for its precision and breadth of observation. His frank admiration of the Dutch administration seems to be judicious; his enthusiasm even suggests previous experience with the old intransigent attitude of officialdom that has been charged against the British, and his own nation. But it should be mentioned that not always have the Dutch been free from criticism. The name of Gov. Daendals, "a pitiless Jacobin," survives to be execrated by both the Dutch and their subject races, while the basis for the present régime was inherited by the Dutch from the worthy and revered Sir Stamford Raffles, and inaugurated during the English occupation. In both these books the reader is agreeably surprised to find fulsome praise for the Dutch, and M. Cabaton strongly disapproves of the political generalizations of his countrymen, who urge that the future destiny of the archipelago lies under the Japanese. He regards as Utopian any plan to give all the "yellow" races of Asia and the "brown" races of the archipelago to Japan "in the name of vague racial affinities." It is not surprising to find Mr. Brown, a New Zealand journalist, also disapproving of the theory of Japanese occupation, and there is reason to support his indictment of the Chinese traders that infest the archipelago. Ruthlessly, they have exploited the easy-going, improvident native under the still easier Dutch system of paternalism, until the administration is at last devising means for the protection of its charges. A further cause for the demoralization of the native Mr. Brown attributes to "the curse of sago," the palm of which is numerous, one tree, with a half hour's labor, providing food sufficient for a family for six months. This engenders laxness, and leaves room for the vices of opium and hashish, the former fostered by the Chinese, and the latter a probable survival of the old Hindu rule.

Science

AN ENORMOUS UNDERTAKING.

Studies in Water Supply. By A. C. Houston. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Catskill Water Supply of New York City. By Lazarus White. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $6 net.

These two books exhibit, in the one case, the most advanced sanitary treatment of public water supplies, and in the other case probably the greatest undertaking in the world for the supply of water to a single community, the latter being characterized by the highest excellence known to the engineering profession in the whole range of constructions required in the completed work.

Dr. Houston has set forth in "Studies in Water Supply" the results of his work as the Director of Water Examination for the Metropolitan Water Board of London. He states in his preface that his book is not a broad treatise on the sanitation of water supplies, but rather a monograph based upon what he has actually done in connection with the water supply of the City of London; and his results are all the more valuable because they belong to actual work on so great a scale.

In this day of excessive care as to the source of a public water supply, especially for large cities, it is both interesting and significant to observe that about 60 per cent. of the water supplied to the City of London is taken from the River Thames, and about 20 per cent. from the River Lee, "both of which rivers drain populous areas and are admittedly sewage-polluted." In spite of these apparently dangerous sources of water supply, the general health of the City of London is excellent and the rate of cases of illness due to water-borne infection is exceptionally low. The freedom of London from water-borne diseases is, as is well known, due to the maintenance of ample storage and thorough filtration of its water supply. Dr. Houston shows what investigations in this sanitary field have been made for the Metropolitan Board of London during the eight-year period of his incumbency as Director of Water Examination, particularly those relating to the treatment and purification of polluted rivers, like the Thames and Lee. The more technical parts of the book will chiefly interest experts in the sanitary treatment of potable water, but by far the greater part of what Dr. Houston has written may well interest all intelligent persons who are users of public water supplies. Among other matters he devotes a chapter to the influence of storage, which largely reduces pathogenic bacteria and clarifies the water. The beneficial effect of reducing the number of bacteria in water is indicated by his observation that for all practical purposes thirty days' storage is sufficient for the elimination of nearly all pathogenic bacteria in sources of water supply "comparable to those of London." If, after such a period of storage, the water is passed through a well-designed and maintained sand filter, it may be held to be of excellent quality for city consumption.

Although Dr. Houston is fully abreast of the most competent and experienced experts in his views as to the sanitary treatment of water supplies, he takes occasion to differ from most American sanitarians like Sedgwick, Whipple, Hazen, and others, including Dunbar, of Hamburg, and expresses doubts whether the improved health records of a considerable number of American cities are chiefly due to the adoption of filtration for their public water supplies. He does not express these views in opposition to filtration, which, indeed, he advocates, but he appears to doubt whether what may be termed the American case, that the improvement of city-health records is due to filtration, has been completely made out. American sanitarians, however, recognize "accidental" origins of typhoid outbreaks no less than he, and some of the most discriminating and effective researches ever made in cases where typhoid epidemics have originated from other sources than polluted water have been rewarded by complete success in this country during the last two or three years.

Dr. Houston's work is another effective contribution to professional literature in the field of sanitary engineering, and constitutes a direct argument of much force in favor of the early completion of suitable filters for the Croton water supply of New York city, and eventually even for the water from the Catskills. It may be doubted whether such filters for the Croton supply should be placed within the city limits when good locations far more appropriate may be found further north, on the line of the new Croton aqueduct, but there is no doubt whatever about the fact that the entire Croton supply should be effectively filtered as soon as possible.

The book by Mr. White on the "Catskill Water Supply of New York City" may be regarded as the complement of Dr. Houston's, since the latter prescribes the procedures to be followed in order to secure a public water supply of proper quality, while the former covers the requisite constructions to convey the suitable supply from its source to the community which will consume it.

Mr. White sketches briefly the history of the waterworks of New York city from the old Dutch days, when a public well near Bowling Green in connection with numerous private wells constituted the entire water supply, to the present time; but the real interest of his book attaches to the construction of the reservoirs, aqueducts, and other parts of the works required to deliver the additional water supply from the Ashokan reservoir in the Catskills, a dozen miles beyond Kingston, to the different boroughs of the city, a distance which may be taken as an even hundred miles.

The present population of New York city is about 5,500,000, the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn containing by far the greater part of that population. The consumption of water in the entire city is over 500,000,000 gallons per day, the Croton watershed being the principal source.

The years of low rainfall prior to 1902 demonstrated by the imminence of water famines that it was imperative for the city to seek an additional supply of water and of such volume as to satisfy rapidly increasing needs for a considerable period of years. During the administration of Mayor Low, in 1902, the sources of feasible additional supply were thoroughly investigated by the so-called Burr-Hering-Freeman Commission on Additional Water Supply. The results of these investigations showed that it was entirely practicable to obtain between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 gallons of water per day either from the Fishkill and Wappinger Creeks and the Jansen Kill on the easterly side of the Hudson River, or from the Esopus, Schoharie, Rondout, and Catskill Creeks on the westerly side. Immediately thereafter legislation was secured by certain persons in Dutchess County which made the streams on the easterly side of the Hudson River unavailable, leaving those on the westerly side the only practicable sources of additional supply, except from the Hudson River itself; but inasmuch as the latter water would require filtration from the outset of its use as well as the construction of costly storage reservoirs in the Adirondacks, the Catskill Mountain streams were selected for the necessary additional water supply of New York city. The wisdom of this selection is enhanced by the fact that the waters of Esopus, Schoharie, and Rondout Creeks are almost ideal for a public supply in consequence of their softness and purity and their comparative freedom from pollution due to drainage of populous areas.

The present Board of Water Supply was created, therefore, in 1905, during the term of Mayor McClellan, for the purpose of constructing the works to bring the required additional water from its source in the Catskill Mountains to the city. The Board was empowered to acquire the land required for the construction undertaken, but all such acquisitions of land were finally made through commissioners of appraisal, and not by the Board.

The total area drained by the four streams named and available for the additional supply sought is nearly 800 square miles, from which it is estimated that not less than 650,000,000 gallons of water per day may be drawn even in years of extraordinarily low rainfall. On each of these basins there must be at least one reservoir in which its available water may be collected and from which the latter flows either directly or indirectly into the aqueduct leading to the city. The first of these collecting and storing reservoirs, now completed, is the Ashokan reservoir, on Esopus Creek, about twelve miles

from Kingston. This reservoir is formed by a concrete masonry dam at Olive Bridge, 1,000 feet long and 240 feet above its foundations, together with extensive earth embankments, and it has an available capacity of 128,000,000,000 gallons. The maximum depth of water is 190 feet, and the average depth is 50 feet. It is divided into what are called the east and west basins by a dividing wall of masonry. The elevation of the water surface of the west basin is 590 feet above tide and 587 feet in the east basin. The total area of water surface in the two basins is 12.8 square miles.

It is obvious that the great capacity of this reservoir will afford unusual opportunity for the beneficial effect of storage in eliminating pathogenic bacteria, as markedly set forth by Dr. Houston, as well as for sedimentation in order to produce a clear water.

This is the only reservoir so far completed in the Catskill Mountain region, but when other reservoirs are constructed on the Schoharie and Rondout Creeks, they will discharge through aqueducts into the Ashokan Reservoir, inasmuch as the main aqueduct extends from the latter all the way to the Hillview equalizing reservoir at the northerly city line, which is also nearly completed.

This main aqueduct, extending along suitable high ground on the west side of the Hudson from the Ashokan reservoir to the Storm King-Breakneck crossing of the Hudson River, and thence down the east side of the river to the city, and having a length of ninety-two miles from that reservoir to the northerly city line, is the largest construction of its kind ever built. In its main parts its cross-section is shaped much like a horseshoe, the maximum clear height being 17 feet and the maximum clear width 17 feet 6 inches. This part of the aqueduct never runs quite full, and hence is not under pressure. The slope or grade of the aqueduct is consequently just enough to give the water the requisite velocity, averaging about 24 inches to the mile throughout the entire distance between Ashokan and Hillview reservoirs. This is called the cut-and-cover type of aqueduct, inasmuch as it is built in an open excavation along the hillsides or natural surface at the right elevation, instrumentally determined by following the proper contour. The total length of this cut-and-cover aqueduct is fifty-five miles.

Where hills or mountains were found, circular tunnels at the natural elevation or grade of the aqueduct were constructed. There are twenty-four of these grade tunnels with an aggregate length of fourteen miles. In the case of deep valleys which have considerable width and in which there is suitable rock beneath the surface, the water is conveyed in tunnels under pressure corresponding to their depth below the natural elevation of the aqueduct. There were seven such pressure tunnels about fourteen feet in diameter and with an aggregate length of seventeen miles. These deep pressure tunnels are frequently if not usually called siphons.

The largest siphon or deep pressure tunnel was that required for the aqueduct crossing under the Hudson River between Storm King Mountain on the westerly side and Breakneck Mountain on the easterly side, about seven miles north of West Point. In all this construction of the aqueduct it was necessary, before even making plans, to investigate by deep borings by various methods the character of the subsurface material down to the greatest depths contemplated, and this was particularly the case at the Storm King crossing of the Hudson, where the depth of the tunnel is about 1,100 feet below the surface of the water. There is a vertical shaft on either side of the river leading from the surface of the ground down to the horizontal tunnel 1,100 feet below. It was found by making soundings and borings in the river that, although the maximum depth of water is but little over ninety feet, the depth to ledge rock under the river-bed must be at least about 800 feet below the water surface. The usual appliances for making borings under such conditions, however, failed to reach the great depth required, and it became necessary to secure the information desired by making inclined borings from the vertical shafts on either side of the river into the rock for a distance of about 2,000 feet, so that the lines of borings from the two sides would intersect in elevation. It was thus determined that the depth of bed-rock below the surface of the river was probably not less than 900 feet, so that a depth of 1,100 feet for the tunnel, or siphon, would be judicious from an engineering point of view, and it was so built.

It is wise if not imperative to have a large reservoir near the lower end of an aqueduct like the Catskill, where a safe supply for the city for a month or two, at least, may be stored, so that in case of injury to the aqueduct or a cessation of flow from the collecting reservoir for any reason there may be afforded time to make necessary repairs without prejudicing the city's daily supply. The Kensico Reservoir, four miles north of White Plains, serves this important function. It has an available capacity of 29,000,000,000 gallons, and the elevation of its water surface is 355 feet above tide. This storage volume would make available a supply of more than a month and a half, even if as much as 600,000,000 gallons per day were being drawn from it without any discharge into it from the aqueduct.

Below the Kensico Reservoir on the line of the aqueduct, there is ample area of ground conveniently situated for the construction of filter beds whenever they may be required in the future. The long storage in the Ashokan Reservoir, supplemented by that in the Kensico Reservoir, together with the sparse population on the Esopus basin and the sanitary precautions which are being taken permanently along the Esopus Valley, make immediate filtration unnecessary. The Kensico Reservoir is now in active process of construction and will be completed before it is needed.

The remaining reservoir on the line of the aqueduct is that of Hillview, on the northerly line of the city, and it has a capacity of 900,000,000 gallons, the elevation of its water surface being 295 feet above tide. The purpose of this reservoir, situated at what may be termed the entrance into the distribution system of the city, is to afford sufficient volume to equalize the hourly variation of the city's demand in different parts of the day with the discharge of the aqueduct into it, which is essentially uniform. It is admirably placed for this purpose, and will largely add to the pressure in the distributing pipes throughout the city.

The remaining prominent features of the Catskill additional supply are the deep tunnels connecting the aqueduct with the distributing system on Manhattan Island, passing thence under the East River a short distance northerly of the Manhattan Suspension Bridge, and connecting with the Brooklyn system, and thence, finally, under the Narrows to the Borough of Richmond, thus completing the supply of additional water to all the boroughs of the city.

All the details of this unusual work, processes of construction, methods of overcoming difficulties, the handling of contracts, and the description of all features, are fully given in Mr. White's book, which cannot fail to be of interest both to the general reader and to the engineer, who will appreciate its more technical parts.

A review of such a project should not be closed without special notice being taken of one or two features of its administration. Although the magnitude of this work is so great that many of its principal features, at its inception, were necessarily shadowed with more or less uncertainty, as a whole it has thus far been completed on schedule time and within the estimated cost, two extraordinary results in the conduct of great public works.

Although they are not within the scope of Mr. White's book, it is excusable perhaps in this review to notice public statements to the effect that inasmuch as the elevation of the water surface in the Ashokan Reservoir is nearly 600 feet above tide, and as the daily flow through the aqueduct will be large, a correspondingly large amount of water power ought to be available when the aqueduct goes into use; indeed, this statement has at times been made with much insistence. As a matter of fact, there is no such available power whatever. The entire fall from the surface of the Ashokan Reservoir to the city of New York is required to overcome the resistances to the flow of the water through the aqueduct and tunnels or siphons and to give pressure in the distributing system of the city. This statement needs no explanation to engineers, it goes without saying. If the water in the Ashokan Reservoir could drop 600 feet within a short distance, and if it were not required to be used under pressure at the bottom of that fall for other than power purposes, then the flow from the aqueduct would be available for power, but not otherwise.

Drama

LONDON DRAMA IN WAR-TIME—PRODUCTIONS NEW AND OLD—AMERICAN SUCCESSES.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, October 2.

The London theatres in this time of war show little outward disturbance. Some of the successes of last season still go on, and most of the new productions arranged for the autumn have duly taken place. That they are all "doing good business" I should be sorry to assert; but none of them has met with instant disaster. Of the established successes, "Potash and Perlmutter" heads the list—it has passed its two hundredth night. Its cryptic name is familiar on the fields of France: I have seen several photographs of transport wagons at the front with posters showing not only the names but the faces of the delectable partnership. Then there is "The Great Adventure," of which, however, the end draws near; there is "Mr. Wu," there is "Grumpy," and there is "My Lady's Dress." One of the promised new productions, by the way, has been postponed. We were to have had a version of "David Copperfield" at His Majesty's; but Sir Herbert Tree, with his unfailing instinct for gesture, thought of a move worth two of that. His manifesto afforded a little humorous relief in the early days of the war. "Feeling," it began, "that the moment is one in which the theatre may fittingly be a factor in the national life, we propose to put upon the stage of His Majesty's Theatre the play of 'Drake.'" A milder "factor in the national life" than this pageant-romance it would certainly be hard to imagine. I am told that (at reduced prices) it fills the theatre nightly; and as the profits go to various relief funds, all is for the best.

The most interesting original play of the new season is "Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, author of "The Mollusc." It is a sad little study of a sentimental muddle brought about by a fickle woman's worldliness. The play-bill does not condescend upon the characters' surnames; and, as I have forgotten them, I must tell the story in terms of Christian names. Valentine, then, has jilted Geoffrey, and has thereby brought him to the verge of dipsomania and ruin. In the depth of his misery, he encounters Miriam, a "gay" woman, who is rather more miserable than himself. He is kind to her, and gradually conceives an affection for her, which saves his mind and character, but is far from supplanting the feeling for Valentine in his heart. There is much good in Miriam's nature, and she knows that she has no real claim upon Geoffrey; yet when Valentine, wretched in her wealthy marriage, begins to reassert her sway over Geoffrey, Miriam proves that she is a woman by an unreasonable, but none the less natural, paroxysm of jealousy. Geoffrey is on the point of asserting his freedom and taking his own way; but various little incidents lead him to realize that the very kindness he has shown her creates a claim upon him which he has no right to ignore; so he and Valentine sadly make up their minds that to attempt to patch up the original mischief wrought by her faithlessness will only make bad worse. There is in this play a good deal of knowledge of character and subtlety of feeling. Miss Ethel Levy, in the part of Miriam, makes the success which I have prophesied for her ever since I first saw her in a silly revue at the Hippodrome; and Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Miss Grace Lane are very good as Geoffrey and Valentine.

"The Impossible Woman," at the Haymarket, is a version by Mr. Haddon Chambers of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's extraordinarily able novel, "Tante"—not, I think, the same version which you have seen in America. The play is a sufficiently effective one, yet it illustrates the rule, to which there is scarcely an exception, that the better a novel is the harder it is to dramatize adequately. Mr. Chambers gives us the character-scheme of the novel, but all the richness and delicacy of the characterization inevitably go by the board. "The Impossible Woman," Madame Okraska, bursts upon us from the first as an impossible woman, a mass of egoism and affectation, whereas in the book it takes us many chapters to find her out. This is no reproach to Mr. Chambers: it is not his fault that the stage affords no room for leisurely and minute character-development. Miss Lillah McCarthy, within the limits imposed by her material, gives a vivid and daring impersonation of Tante, and Miss Hilda Bayley is very charming as Karen.

Sir George Alexander has produced a play by a new writer, "Michael Orme," who is, in fact, the wife of a well-known dramatic critic, Mr. J. T. Grein. There is a good deal of talent in "Those Who Sit in Judgment," but it has two serious defects, one accidental and one inherent. The first is an act of extreme painfulness, which, under existing circumstances, seemed quite intolerable. People who are living in a chronic state of what may be called spiritual toothache do not want to have it aggravated by the contemplation of black imaginary woes. Of course, when she wrote the play, Mrs. Grein could not foresee the condition under which it would be presented; but I rather wonder that Sir George Alexander did not postpone the production till happier times. The second defect is the strange lack of grit and fibre in the hero's character. He is presented to us as a man of bold and adventurous spirit, in whom the heroine, a *femme incomprise*, married to an intolerable Cockney bounder, finds the ideal of her dreams. Accompanied by this lady's brother, he goes off to make his fortune on a rubber-concession in Africa. There the brother dies of fever, and a complication of other disasters forms the matter of the agonizing act before mentioned. The hero comes back a hopeless failure, having lost practically all the capital of the company he has floated. The shareholders, led by the heroine's husband, overwhelm him with false accusations of gross misconduct, and he makes no fight at all against them. Only when the heroine confesses her love for him does he promise to buck up and confront his slanderers; but this promise, on which the curtain falls, is small consolation to us for the hopeless lack of backbone he has previously manifested. The action, in short, is a sad anticlimax, and it may be doubted whether, at the best of times, the play would have succeeded.

Mr. Wilfred Coleby has produced at the Criterion a bright character-comedy named "Sir Richard's Biography," in which Miss Mary Moore, for so long the leading lady of this theatre under Sir Charles Wyndham's management, takes the principal part. The play reminds one a little of "The Mollusc." The type of character presented is that of an exceedingly charming woman who has contrived to work up a reputation for saintly unselfishness, when in fact she is, in a quite amiable way, incurably self-willed and obstinate. The construction of the comedy is not very good, but it is very brightly written, and, under normal circumstances, would be a safe success.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, having proved himself, in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," a sort of reincarnation of that monarch as Holbein limned him, has got Mr. Louis Parker to make him the hero of a sort of peageant-play entitled "Bluff King Hal." It is an innocent, unpretending piece of work, chiefly notable for the very clever and original mounting, devised from first to last by a new artist, Mr. Hugo Rumbold. Another production in which the scenic element is of prime importance is "Mameena," adapted by Mr. Oscar Asche from a novel by Rider Haggard. Here the story is of no interest, and exists simply for the sake of some extraordinarily vivid illustrations of Zulu life. Mr. Asche has got together a large company, if not of Zulus, at any rate of unimpeachable Africans, who give wonderfully spirited representations of the epileptic dances at a Zulu wedding, of the weird ceremonies of witch-hunting, and of other incidents of South African life. The scenery, too, is very striking. The opening tableau, representing a rocky gorge with a sunlit mountain-wall in the distance, is, I think, the best piece of theatrical chiaroscuro I ever saw. Somehow, too, the artist has contrived to attain that effect of unlimited atmospheric space which all our scenic innovators are sedulously aiming at. I beg to call the notice of American students of "Inscenierung" to this production, as well as to "Bluff King Hal."

I must not omit to mention that "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was enthusiastically received at the Apollo Theatre, where it was produced by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and very well acted. The text appeared to be entirely unaltered, and the very American phraseology did not altogether harmonize with the very English intonation of the actors. These linguistic exchanges, however, are

most desirable, and certainly the American slang did nothing to impair the enjoyment of the audience. If the piece is not a great success, the Kaiser, and not Mr. George M. Cohan, will be to blame.

You will have heard that the outbreak of war put an end to Max Reinhardt's Shakespeare Cycle at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, but that he has since been encouraged to resume the series, on the ground, no doubt, that Shakespeare is a naturalized German, and as such entitled, in Sir Herbert Tree's phrase, to be a "factor in the national life." We went through a similar little spasm of chauvinism several weeks ago. The management of the promenade concerts, a great institution of the autumn season, proposed to boycott Wagner and Strauss, and did indeed do so for one or two weeks. But they were promptly laughed out of their "War upon Wagner," and now, as in other seasons, each Monday evening is devoted entirely to the works of the Bayreuth master. I am not very keen on Wagner in the concert-room, but I seldom miss the Friday evenings which are devoted to Bach, Mozart, and especially Beethoven. It is good to be reminded that there still exists a world of pure beauty and sublimity, and to see vast English audiences, oblivious of all international disasters, expressing their rapturous gratitude to its creators. Great is the magic which can drown, even for an hour, the thunder of the Battle of the Rivers which for twenty days has been throbbing in our ears.

"DIPLOMACY."

The inferiority of our contemporary actors to those of a generation ago in the matter of adequate artistic equipment—of that all-round competency which marked the graduates of the old stock company system—is never more apparent than in the occasional revivals of more or less famous plays, not necessarily classics, demanding, for their proper interpretation, appropriate style and diction. It receives one more striking illustration in the present performance of "Diplomacy" at the Empire Theatre. This piece, of course, except in the extreme cleverness of its mechanism, is not, in any sense, a master-work. It has no great ideas or emotions, no sincerity of purpose, no particular dramatic significance. Theatrically effective, it deals with incident, not character, and with conventional personages. But it represents a period, has an atmosphere of its own, is romantic rather than realistic, and belongs to the comedy of polite intrigue. In that mood it ought to be played. Any attempt to rejuvenate it, to bring it up to date, by substituting modern naturalism for the more formal manners of an earlier day, and modifying the dialogue and business, must be disastrous, first, because of the obvious discrepancies it creates between the conduct of the performers and their supposed conditions, and, secondly, because of the fierce light it throws upon the artificiality of the plot. Incidentally, it must also result in a considerable injustice to the author.

This is what has been done at the Empire, not so much, perhaps, with the idea of freshening the play, as of suiting it to the capacities of the available actors. It would not be easy at this time to collect a cast equal to a representation of it upon traditional lines. Performers trained in the art of romantic or polite comedy are few and far between. On paper, the present company is an excellent one. It contains three or four popular stars, but none of them has had much experience outside modern plays and melodrama. They have not learned the niceties of precise, cultivated, incisive utterance, the secrets of an easy dignified carriage, the eloquence of controlled and varied gesture, accomplishments absolutely essential in all comedy of manners, if altogether superfluous in the crudities of realism. It may be true that the newest diplomacy is as independent of such superficial elegances as the ordinary undergraduate, but Sardou had older fashions in mind, and was writing fiction for the theatre. No one knew better than he how to use stage convention for the concealment of his artifices. Able, learned, and imaginative man as he was, he never wrote a really great drama—although he came near to doing so with his "Daniel Rochat"—because his chief aim was the making of "situations," not the study of character. Moreover, his situations, from "Dora" to "Théodora," "La Tosca," "Thermidor," and "Robespierre," were generally devised to fit the abilities of some popular favorite. Thus, he won fortune and sacrificed fame.

In "Dora," the original of "Diplomacy," he meant the heroine to be the prominent figure, but, in all the English adaptations, at least, she is entirely overshadowed by the much more picturesque figures of Henry Beauclercq, Zicka, and Stein. She has one big scene, but this requires great emotional power on the part of the actress to make it vital. The conception of Henry Beauclercq is perfectly clear. It is a type that has always won favor in the theatre, that of the polished man of the world, cool, resolute, adroit, perceptive, and prompt. Throughout the play he dominates the action by virtue of his personal prestige, and it is his ready wit that finally solves the dramatic problem. Such actors as John Clayton, Lester Wallack, Squire Bancroft, and John Hare lavished their best skill upon the part, but the finest performance of all was that of Charles Coghlan, who realized most perfectly the ideal of keen, polished, resourceful suavity. All endowed it with the graces of genteel comedy.

Mr. William Gillette, who is the Henry of the Empire cast, has not these graces at command, nor does he attempt to assume them. His diplomat is the ordinary man in the street, natural enough beyond question, but utterly undecorative and unauthoritative, without any marks of social or intellectual distinction. He is awkward, hesitant, stammering, without dignity, tact, or assurance. In the famous three-man scenes he is merely a contributory, instead of the dominant, factor. His studied naturalism robs the artificial scheme of its illusion, its suspense, and its effect. Gustav von Seyffertitz, the well-trained actor who appears as Baron Stein, makes no such mistake. Entrusted with a picturesque theatrical character, he makes the fullest use of its conventional attributes. His embodiment of the urbane, crafty, unscrupulous Russian is masterly, by all odds the best bit of sheer acting in the whole representation. Artificial and unreal it may be, but it fits the play and fulfils the author's design. The Zicka of Blanche Bates would have been more satisfactory if the impersonation of Rose Coghlan had been less fresh in remembrance. It is a clever and forcible performance, with a dash of the right romantic coloring, but somewhat lacking in brilliancy and fascination. It is most effective, perhaps, in its brief surrender to purely womanly emotion in the interview with Stein. Second honors in the representation belong to Giorgio Majeroni, who plays Orloff with fine feeling and intelligence and unaffected elegance of manner. His unconscious denunciation of Dora and his subsequent embarrassment upon discovering the mischief he had unwittingly done, are both admirable. And the Julien of Leslie Faber is a thoroughly good piece of work. The Dora of Miss Doro is fairly competent, but in no way remarkable, while the Marquise of Jeffreys Lewis is a bit of broad burlesque, entirely inadmissible in comedy. Lady Fairfax and Algie are both caricatures.

Thus the performance, as a whole, is in the nature of patchwork, in which old and new materials are intermingled with disconcerting effect. Such success as it may attain must be attributed rather to the inherent interest of its cleverly constructed story than to the consistency and skill of its interpretation.

J. R .T.

"THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE."

Mr. Louis N. Parker, greatly daring, has been generally successful in his adaptation of "David Copperfield," intended originally for Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, London, but, in consequence of the war, now first produced by the Liebler Company at Wallack's Theatre. There are many obvious faults, as there must be in any stage production of such a work, but the general effect is to our mind more pleasing and has more of the flavor of the original than, for instance, the version of "Vanity Fair," played by Mrs. Fiske, has of Thackeray's novel. Mr. Parker takes considerable liberties with his material, but it is difficult to see how he could avoid doing so. Whole scenes and passages of dialogue are ruthlessly snatched out of their context and sequence and fitted to the exigencies of the production; but the adapter deserves unstinted credit for one thing—he rarely introduces phraseology of his own; the dialogue, almost without exception, is to be found in the text of Dickens, and the characterization as drawn by Dickens is observed with scrupulous fidelity and considerable skill. Dramatically, the piece suffers from a surplusage of characters, and would be more closely knit had a number of minor rôles which in no way assist the development of the plot been eliminated. We must, however, take Mr. Parker's version only for what it pretends to be—not so much a consistent drama as a spectacular production of the novel intended to present to our notice individual characterizations as they were limned by Dickens and illustrated by Phiz.

Thus regarded, the production at Wallack's is wholly acceptable, and no lover of that "favorite child" of the novelist need complain that Mr. Parker's touch has been laeking in reverence. The scenes, twelve in number, are conspicuously good in point of stage production, and the delay caused by the frequent changes, which on the first night somewhat prejudiced the play by keeping the weary audience in their seats till an inordinately late hour, has since been entirely overcome. The action covers the period of David's prosperity, and the plot—what there is

of it—revolves around the seduction of Little Em'ly by Steerforth and the machinations of the unscrupulous Heep. If Mr. Parker has elected to include some characters that only serve to confuse the issue, he has nevertheless been judicious in his omissions. A conspicuous instance of his sagacity in this respect is the elimination, except for allusions which are themselves unnecessary, of Dora, who might have been a temptation to a less skilful adapter and would certainly have been a trial to any actress who might have essayed the rôle.

The cast is well selected and, on the whole, eminently satisfactory, displaying care and intelligence in the interpretation of the various characters. Emmett Corrigan gives a forceful characterization of Dan'l Peggotty, erring occasionally perhaps on the side of over-emphasis, but on the whole interpreting well the rugged, big-hearted nature of the old fisherman. That unfortunate but perennially hopeful gentleman, Mr. Wilkins Micawber, is played with infectious zest and an admirable make-up by Lennox Pawle. O. P. Heggie conveys a good idea of the humility and rascality of Uriah Heep. The Tommy Traddles of Philip Tonge and the Mrs. Gummidge of Miss Louie Emery must be singled out as clever characterizations of minor rôles, and Mrs. Maggie Holloway Fisher's Mrs. Micawber is also a good piece of work. Mr. Prince Miller's conception of Mr. Dick is mildly amusing, but one may doubt whether it agrees with that of Dickens, and Miss Dorothy Parker's performance of the rôle of Little Em'ly—by no means an easy part to play—is too negative to be convincing. David Copperfield himself is well played in the pleasant, gentlemanlike manner which the part requires by J. V. Bryant. S. W.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

Though Horror is no longer protagonist, the Princess Theatre, under the management of Holbrook Blinn, affords entertainment which is very different from that to be found at other New York play-houses. Mr. Blinn still welcomes plays which are exotic and mysterious. A part of this relish is probably derived from a desire for the sensational; in part, it seems to rest on a love of psychology of a very special nature. As usual, there is a series of one-act plays.

The programme this week includes four pieces, which range in point of time from the present to 199000 B. C., and in respect to setting from nowhere to London. The first, "The Forest of Happy Dreams," by Edgar Wallace, sketches the delirium of a defaulter, who, having escaped to the African forest, has become a victim of fever, and who, under the influence of morphine, sees the dreams come true which in his waking moments, before he ran away, he had cherished. The girl he loves still trusts him in his financial difficulties; his jockey reports a sweepstakes to his credit, and another friend offers him money in plenty. The play is a pure fantasy, in which everything depends upon the presence and personality of the actor, and Mr. Mestayer's rich voice stood him in good stead.

For the second piece Mr. Blinn revives "The Cat and the Cherub," by C. B. Fernald, which he first produced in 1897. Laid in San Francisco's Chinatown, it catches much of the atmosphere of that strange settlement; and, though involving a murder, it is saved from the purely grewsome by a pretty love element and by Mr. Blinn's representation of Wing-Shee, the philosopher. Ah-Yoi was daintily played by Miss Polini, and to the rôle of the villain Chim-Fang, Mr. Trevor brought a quite unusual equipment, both of looks and ability.

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Goal" is third on the programme. Though it is slight, it furnishes a rich opportunity for quiet characterization. Sir Stephen Famariss, a wealthy Irish engineer living in London, is at the point of death as a result of angina pectoris. But he faces death as he faced life, on his feet and fully dressed. He is an old-fashioned type, also, in showing a mingling of obstinacy and generosity. Tragedy and comedy are nicely blended in the part. There is whimsicality, brought out by reminiscence, and there is the relentless drive of ambition checked by the knowledge that the end must soon come. Unfortunately, the suspense which gives the play its intensity seems hardly justified artistically; for it is just a bit cheap to harrow an audience with the assurance that the final attack of the disease may arrive at any moment, as it does, indeed, just before the curtain. Mr. Blinn gave a good exhibition of acting in this part.

That the audience may leave the theatre in a jovial mood, the concluding play is anything but tragic. "Little Face," by Roland Oliver, is somewhat in the vein of Mark Twain's "Diary of Adam," having all of its extravagances and little of its humor. Cave men and women, scantily dressed in skins, indulge in present-day slang and are concerned mostly about the marriage question. To some persons in the audience, at least, vulgarity seemed to be the play's outstanding characteristic. F.

"EXPERIENCE."

This interesting experiment, by George V. Hobart, which is produced at the Booth Theatre, is ostensibly a morality play. Youth, first in the company of Ambition, who is soon supplanted as guide by Experience, leaves Love and goes forth into the world. A series of episodes follow, which carry him from mere pleasure-loving to gambling, to remorse, to association with abandoned women, to cocaine, and finally back to love. Regarded purely as a morality, the work is not badly constructed, except for the melodramatic device—he is arrested by a hymn as he stands outside a church—through which he is at length dissuaded from following Crime when all other resources fail. The sound of this music directs his thoughts to his dead mother, and he returns to Love.

But the episodes of his temptation furnish the author with an opportunity to introduce several of the sensations which have outworn their usefulness for problem plays. There is an alluring cabaret in which Beauty lives quite up to her name; a scene with a complete gambling outfit; a "joint" frequented by navvies and other outcasts; and there is a scene in which victims of drugs wail in delirium. Mr. Hobart adopted a clever ruse to wring one more "run" out of these haggard features. And it is true that they lose some of their viciousness when they are so frankly labelled and when the moral is made so simple. If Intoxication exists wholly by fiat and is not supposed to have any will power, wine to excess assumes for the moment a harmless virtue. The play in this respect suggests interesting comparison with some of the moralities in the days preceding Shakespeare, when this sort of play had its greatest vogue. Was the attitude of previous audiences much the same as that of an audience of the present day in viewing sensational episodes? Is the fundamental moral of "The Nice Wanton" more assertive in its setting of low tavern life than that felt in the dive scene of "Experience"? It is an interesting psychological question which we suggest without attempting to answer.

Youth, though played with a certain sweetness by William Elliott, lacked the reflectiveness to give the part dignity and seriousness. Of the other personages a good word should be said of Miss Margot Williams, who had the two parts Intoxication and Frailty. F.

"A PERFECT LADY."

Miss Rose Stahl is seen in a characteristic part in "A Perfect Lady," which is given at the Hudson Theatre. A member of a troupe of burlesquers who are stranded at a railway junction in Kansas, she decides with two of her pals to open an ice-cream parlor in the little town and secretly to convert the residents to the new dances. As will be seen, the theme is a year or two old on the stage, and what relish the audience might once have found in the spectacle of puritanical people practicing the strange paces was somewhat blunted. Miss Stahl, as Lucille le Jambon—a name selected in part from a bill of fare as being the only French accessible—filled the rôle of one who is a lady at heart, if unpolished on the surface. Her generous, homely philosophy is, of course, made to stand out against the smug system of the townsfolk, and in the end she not only confutes the most influential bigot, but wins the heart of the minister, a not unattractive personage, as played by Harry Browne. We need not recount the plot. Enough is indicated to show the trend of the part. There are some bright lines in the play, which are enhanced by Miss Stahl's quiet, conversational tone. A remark from the lips of another character is also worth repeating. To the piano player, who thinks he has the talent to compose, though it always turns out that, when the mood is on him, he is simply creating a slight variation of some old standby, this person says: "You ought to be a wonderful composer, you have such a good memory." F.

"THE BATTLE CRY."

As a vehicle for William Farnum and Grace Elliston—and "The Battle Cry" hardly can be viewed in any other light—Mr. Charles Neville Buck's play is a rather unfortunate selection. Frankly melodrama, it contains little merit, and the interludes of moving pictures are not distinctive enough to make them seem essential to the piece. Furthermore, the theme is not unfamiliar, nor is the setting altogether fresh. It was all done a great deal better in "The Great Divide," to which play some of the incidents of "The Battle Cry" seem traceable.

The story is that of an Eastern school-teacher who goes to Kentucky to educate the illiterate children of the mountain regions there. In the process of trimming the lamp she finds herself in some darkness as to the powder-and-shot education peculiar to that part of the country. She is brought sharply in conflict with "Bad Anse" Havey, but seems to find some satisfaction in the fact that, al-

though, as leader of the Haveys, he may have killed any number of men in open fight, he never shot a sworn foe from behind. In the end, of course, all that is strong in "Bad Anse"—and the best of it is developed by the girl herself—appeals to all that is weak in the young schoolm'am, and when he takes her in his arms and declares that he will marry her that night, she begins to realize that in this powerful mountaineer she has found the man of her dreams.

As "Bad Anse," Mr. Farnum acquits himself with distinction, and Miss Elliston gives a decidedly good portrayal of Juanita Holland, the school-teacher. She is least fortunate in a scene where, with a rifle, she defends "Bad Anse" against the feudists, but that may be traced to faulty characterization on the part of the author. Worthy of mention, also, are Donald Gallaher as Jeb McNash, Beatrice Allen as Dawn McNash, and Madeline Chieffo, Edwin Dupont, and Carolyn Duffy, who appear as school-children. "The Battle Cry" is presented by the Shuberts at the Lyric Theatre.

L.

Music

TWO NEW OPERETTAS.

It is not likely that Andreas Dippel's plans for a season of light opera and operetta will be carried out as originally announced, because the war has made it impossible for him to import a complete and satisfactory French company. That he will, nevertheless, provide some interesting novelties seems assured. He made a successful beginning last week at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre with "The Lilac Domino," by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach, whose dialogue and lyrics were considerably localized by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith. The humorous contributions of Robert O'Connor and John E. Hazzard to the dialogue and the play were obviously, for the most part, their own, and, while not on an elevated plane, they were never offensive. The plot into which they had to dovetail themselves is concerned with a Count, who, at a masked ball in Nice, falls in love at first sight with a girl in a lilac domino, but fails to discover her identity. While trying to find her again, he meets two friends who have lost all their money at roulette and faro. He himself still owns 30,000 francs, and this he shares with his friends, in the hope that one or the other may win a fortune. All lose, however, and at a conference they cast dice to see which of them is to be doomed to marry an heiress, for their common benefit. Upon the Count falls the task of thus sacrificing himself. Georgine, meanwhile, the lilac domino, who happens to be an heiress, too, the daughter of a Viscount, hears accidentally of that dice-throwing, and, though she, too, had fallen in love with the Count, she resents it so much that she agrees to marry her cousin. Of course, she doesn't, but comes in time to save the Count from committing suicide.

The music for this plot was composed by Charles Cuvillier, who, though a Frenchman, was trained in the Viennese school of operetta, which, for the last ten years, has exhibited more vitality than any other. He is said to have composed some serious works, and to be now in the army. Judging by his achievement in "The Lilac Domino," he is equipped for more ambitious tasks. He understands his business thoroughly, writing for the voices idiomatically and handling the orchestra with skill. Mr. Dippel had provided an excellent cast and ensemble, including a well-trained chorus and orchestra, with a competent conductor. Among the singers there is a good tenor, James Harrod, and a soprano and baritone who made a sensation. Eleanor Painter, an American girl who received her training in Berlin, proved to be pretty, vivacious, a capital actress, and the owner of a most agreeable voice, while Wilfrid Douthitt won much admiration for his fine voice and singing.

Victor Herbert, though born in Ireland and trained in Germany, might be called the American Johan Strauss. He shares with that Austrian a delightfully fresh melodic fount, a rare skill in orchestral coloring, and an amazing fertility. In addition to two works written for the grand-opera stage ("Natoma" and "Madeleine"), he has composed in the neighborhood of forty operettas, most of them tuneful and entertaining. The latest of them produced on Monday night at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is one of the best he has composed. It is entitled "The Only Girl," and the programme states that it is adapted by Henry Blossom from Mandel's comedy, "Our Wives." But one can go further back, to Ludwig Fulda's amusing comedy, "Jugendfreunde." Thanks to Mr. Blossom's skill, the comedy has lost nothing through this double transformation. He has cleverly adapted it to musical purposes, introduced funny details in the dialogue, with suitable lyrics, and kept the whole within reasonable limits. There is hardly a dull moment.

The plot is concerned with Kim, a librettist, who wants to write an opera, but has no one to supply the music. From a neighbor's window comes floating a song which so enchants him that he sends for the musician. To his surprise and disgust he discovers that the composer of the song is a woman. He is not over-fond of women, and thinks it would be quite impossible to collaborate with one. But finally he decides to do so, and the inevitable result follows. In the third act he marries her, although many things had happened to his most intimate three friends—each of whom had married "the only girl" and had his experiences.

Those experiences are very amusing, and Joe Weber has provided a really excellent cast, nearly all the members of which not only act well, but sing well, too. It includes Wilda Bennett as the composer, Thurston Hall as Kim, and Ernest Torrence in the very amusing part of a Scotch painter. Mr. Herbert's score includes a song, "When You're Away," which runs through the whole operetta, and which will be sung soon all over the country. There are thirteen other numbers, most of them in the composer's freshest vein.

H. T. F.

An advertisement reads, "Owing to the cancellation of his European dates, Godowsky will be in America this season." On the other hand, it is asserted that Godowsky is held as a prisoner of war in London, because, though a Russian by birth, he was so indiscreet as to become an Austrian citizen at the time when he was at the head of a music school in Vienna.

Ossip Gabrilowitch, despite his Russian name and origin, was allowed to leave Germany to tour the United States this season. Last season he achieved the almost unprecedented feat in Germany of playing nineteen great symphonic works with piano in historical order in several cities.

"It will be good news to piano students and lay keyboard connoisseurs," says the *Musical Courier*, "to hear that Rafael Joseffy is at work on a monumental new edition of Chopin's complete works, which will begin to make its appearance shortly. This is a much-needed piece of musical labor, for the Kullak, Mikuli, and Klindworth editions of Chopin all contain many faults and no longer are in touch with modern keyboard reforms and general twentieth-century musical phases. No one is better equipped both as a pianist and a musician to undertake the revision of the works of the greatest piano composer of all time than Rafael Joseffy."

David Sequeira, of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, has been invited to conduct the Nicaraguan national band in concerts which it will give at San Francisco next summer. This organization, whose work Mr. Sequeira observed during a visit to his native country last July, is said to be a good one containing a number of able musicians. The problem of the conductor will be largely one of selection of material suitable for general audiences, among which people of the United States will predominate. Mr. Sequeira hopes to be able to strike a balance between the music of Latin America, which is little known in this country, and the usual classical orchestral music.

The most suggestive and valuable musical criticisms ever written are undoubtedly those of Robert Schumann. When they first appeared, week by week, in his periodical, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, they attracted considerable attention because of their fearless exposure of musical charlatanry, and, on the other hand, their championship of the best music, new and old. He was the first to hail such rising geniuses as Berlioz, Franz, Chopin, and Brahms, and his only failure was his not recognizing the greatness of Wagner, though it must be remembered that he never heard the most mature works of that master. In 1854, when his mind was already clouded, there appeared a volume containing selections from his musical criticisms. Of these criticisms the fifth edition has lately been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. It differs widely from the first. The editor, Martin Kreisig, is the curator of the Schumann Museum at Zwickau, and he has taken pains to compare each article with the original, as printed in the *Zeitschrift*. He has also restored a number of criticisms that had been omitted in earlier editions and supplied many valuable footnotes. Most of the previously omitted criticisms related to composers or works now forgotten; but Schumann's remarks on them are, nevertheless, worth preserving, being usually illuminating and always of literary charm.

Charles de Beriot, whose death was recently announced in Paris, was a son of Charles Auguste de Beriot, the eminent virtuoso, who has been called "the founder of the modern Franco-Belgian school of violin playing." The latter married the prima donna, Marie Garcia-Malibran, and their son, Charles, was born in Paris on February 12, 1833. He became famous as a pianist, and also as a composer of "Opéras sans paroles" for piano and violin. Together with his father he wrote a "Méthode d'Accompagnement."

Art

ART AND WAR IN LONDON.

London, September 25.

Had the war been started as a deliberate crusade against art, the effect could not have been more immediate and disastrous upon artists in England. For the moment—and it will be a long moment, I fear—art simply does not exist, and it must be the same in every other capital of Europe. I suppose it is inevitable. Luxuries must go first, and art is the first of luxuries. Books have a better chance, because they are comparatively cheap, and yet publishers are reducing their staffs and their autumn lists. For the theatre also the case is less desperate, because it makes a grosser bid upon the emotions and serves with the public as a narcotic to help them forget the horrors in the midst of which they live; and yet managers can draw the crowd only by the attraction of lower prices, patriotic plays, and enormous gifts to patriotic funds. But art is for the few, for the public with finer sensibilities—and a wider purse—and art is the last thing now that London has any use for.

It was extraordinary, during the first days after England's declaration of war, to watch the usual column of art advertisements dwindle and then disappear from the newspapers. One enterprising firm endeavored to escape the general disaster by advertising a supply of artists ready to paint at reasonable prices portraits of officers ordered to the front, but it was no use; officers were busy about other things, and money was going to more immediate needs, and this advertisement, too, went the way of the rest. Nor can the papers spare the space for that other form of art advertisement—art criticism. Nobody reads anything but war news, and the art critic might as well put up his critical shutters and seek another shop, for his occupation is gone. It was, and still is, more extraordinary to walk down Bond Street, Piccadilly, and the other streets where the principal art dealers have their galleries, and to find in the once familiar windows nothing save the big printed "Call to Arms," now stuck up on every taxi and every 'bus and every free hoarding in London; or else the sort of war pictures that were popular when Victoria was Queen, or portraits of Nelson and Kitchener and Wellington hanging side by side, or old color prints of soldiers and battles resurrected from drawers and portfolios where they had probably lain, forgotten and unsalable, for years. I have even seen the place of honor in one window filled with that picture, so famous in its day, of Tommy Atkins, as he used to be, philandering with a nurse-maid in the park—a picture thought a masterpiece when Jan Van Beers painted it, and now as old-fashioned as the guardsman's short red jacket and little round cap so elaborately rendered. It would be a waste to show any other kind of work, for nobody wants paintings and prints, nobody has the money to buy them if they did. The very American, who is usually the stay and support of London dealers through August and September, has this autumn failed, frightened by the threat of financial famine and the high rates of exchange.

The desolation is more apparent behind the windows. Paintings and prints hanging on the walls when war broke out may hang there still, but the effort to change them is rare. Old exhibitions may close, but the new ones to open are the exception. Artists, whose shows have hitherto been the paying and popular event of autumn and early winter, have had to countermand their orders for frames. It is true that academies and municipalities in different parts of the country propose to hold their annual exhibitions, war or no war. In towns like Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Brighton, Bristol, I believe the big shows will be open at the accustomed dates. The larger and more important societies of artists—like the International, for one—also will probably make no difference in their arrangements. Whether there will be visitors for these shows is another matter and, anyway up till now, more has been heard of the closing than the opening of exhibitions. The Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush will shut its doors this week, and the fine collection of the work of American artists, that in the beginning had to face the opposition or indifference of critics only to meet in mid-season the complete neglect of people plunged into the most desperate war they have had to fight for centuries, will go back to America without ever having received the attention and interest it deserves, while the galleries, with all the buildings, it is said, will be turned into the barracks England is much more in need of. Nor is it astonishing that Shepherd's Bush should make no effort to remain open when already Venice, though comfortably out of the war zone, has decided to close its big international exhibition, usually the most successful and best patronized in Europe.

London, however, has at least the consolation, if consolation it is, to know that in this respect its fate is no more unhappy than that of its allies and enemies alike. The sudden end brought to the Russian, English, and French sections at the wonderful Book Show in Leipzig, brought really to all sections, since nobody out of Germany has been able to travel to Leipzig since the last of July, is nothing less than an international calamity. And Paris, to go no further, has to deplore the loss of its Salon d'Automne, as well as smaller exhibitions, which I know, judging from the preparations for them, would have been of equal importance and interest.

When there is next to nobody to show his work, to advertise it, to write about it, to buy it, the outlook for the artist is not particularly cheerful. Much as he might like to, he cannot live on art alone. During an interval he must reconcile himself somehow to the fact that he is one of the most superfluous members of the community and, worse than this, he must suffer accordingly. He already feels the pinch, whether he is the fashionable portrait painter whose plentiful sitters are now fading fast away, or the unknown struggler who has lost his last hope of the unexpected sale that was to set him upon his feet again. Reports have come to me from every side of commissions cancelled and work unpaid for, the moratorium not proving an unmixed blessing. The illustrator, who of old prospered on war, is not much more fortunate than the painter, for the present censorship is strict and only the photographer seems able to evade it. Altogether, if England is looked upon as the safest refuge for the French artist and the Belgian, if Americans from their colonies in Paris and Etaples begin to establish themselves in London, the English artist knows that at home now there is no place for him, and he, for his part, is hurrying away to New York or Chicago, where the Belgian refugee is not the sole consideration—that is, if he has not turned soldier or Red Cross aid, or private constable, or harvester and farmer.

Possibly, when the period which spells ruin for him can be viewed in the right perspective, the artist will learn that art did not stop so suddenly as he, looking on from too near, imagines. War did not put an end to the career of the Florentines, the Spaniards, the Dutchmen; David and his influence did not perish with the Revolution, nor were the Impressionists lost in the storm of 1870. Indeed, I have heard it prophesied that only good for art will emerge from the present ordeal, that the result will be a healthy weeding-out and a fresh inspiration, that only the fit among the thousands of artists in England will survive the struggle, that the survivors will be helped to rid themselves of the fads and poses which lately have been undermining their sanity and vigor.

Certainly, it is not to be denied that there are far too many artists in England, or, rather, far too many men and women who call themselves artists because they have dawdled through art schools and set up studios; and art will be the healthier if they are left so far behind in the race that they can never catch up again. Nor can it be denied that, of late years, there have been far too many signs of decadence not only in England, but in all the countries of Europe to which even peace, when it comes, will be long in bringing either the inclination or the leisure for art—in Russia, where Pabst and the Russian ballet seemed leading the way headlong to exaggeration; in Germany, which has been given over to Post-Impressionism and its attendant follies with the same zest that made the Germans a few years ago the chief prey of L'Art Nouveau, now happily dead; in France, which apparently had outworn its fine old courage in inaugurating new movements, as though it realized it had done its fair share of this work for the world; in England, which has been reëchoing feebly and clumsily the worst absurdities of Continental Cubists and Futurists, inventing Vorticism, and proclaiming its ineptitude in a journal where the

lowest level in illustration, type, and printing is reached and made a virtue of. It may be that the art schools and the studios will be swept free of the dawdler and the amateur. It may be that the air will be cleared of exaggerations, puerilities, and affectations much as, according to certain scientific authorities, the world will be cleared of hundreds and thousands of its excess population by the useful scourge of war, useful, they say, because it restores a juster balance, less fierce competition, and easier prices.

But these promises for the future are scarcely more consoling to the artists who are being purified than to the excess population that is being killed off. Whatever may be the ultimate reward, there can be no doubt of the present distress, which will last, unfortunately, not merely as long as the war, but during the years Europe will take to recover from the tragedy. The world will be so much the poorer by the good work left undone, the great commissions never given, and the poor artist will have to exist through the interval with what patience and hope he can muster. But one good thing has so far resulted to the lover of art in London. In the face of real war the suffragists' "militancy" seems too sorry a farce for any one to bother about, and the national galleries and museums are once more open to the public. And the horror with which the colossal crimes of Rheims and Louvain have filled the world should put an end to all vandalism, great or small, forever more. N. N.

"The Meaning of Art," by Paul Gaultier, translated by H. and E. Baldwin (Lippincott), is dedicated to Henri Bergson and is introduced by a letter of sixteen pages from the pen of Emile Boutroux. The first chapter, covering more than one-third of the volume, is entitled What is Art? It contains practically all the important matter; the other chapters, devoted to questions relative to The Rôle of Art and The Value of Art, being given largely to the discussion of minor subjects of less significance. After noting the obvious fact that "their utility alone does not entitle the fine arts to be called such" (p. 7), M. Gaultier holds justly that "Art must not be confused with Logic," or, in other words, that the fine arts cannot be held to aim at the true, as so many of the modern realists tacitly claim. This contention, coming from a Frenchman, is especially welcome. He also well shows that fine art does not "aim at the good or perfect" (p. 9); and concludes that it suffices to say of art that it produces beauty. When, however, he asks, "What is beauty?" he gives us a strangely unsatisfactory reply. "Beauty," he tells us (p. 25), "is nothing more than that agreeable emotion which we feel in the presence of beautiful things." But when we seek to discover what is meant by this "agreeable emotion," we find no indication whatever that the pertinency of such a question has occurred to our author. We are thus left in the air, as we should not be if he had really studied with thoroughness the modern literature of the subject.

Although M. Gaultier's book in itself is thus a disappointment, M. Boutroux's Introduction is a gem worth cherishing. With inimitable grace the latter examines two points made by M. Gaultier. First, whether art, properly so called, is the realization of beauty, and secondly, whether beauty is æsthetic emotion made objective. In relation to the first point, M. Boutroux holds that in our complex life the realization of beauty can never possibly be the exclusive aim of art; "for beauty is not an end, it is a means" (p. xi). Turning to the second point, M. Boutroux denies that æsthetic feeling is only an emotion; affirming that this view involves the contention that "the living soul could throw aside all the traditions of the past, and create for itself alone, *ex nihilo*, the form that would express its impressions" (p. xvi); and would thus be an exception to the general laws of objectification. This introductory letter of M. Boutroux's is, in fact, of far greater literary and philosophical value than the work it introduces, and itself makes the book an important addition to the æstheticians' library. The volume is handsomely illustrated with thirty-six photographic plates.

Finance

FORECASTS.

It is now an old story that when the Stock and Cotton Exchanges closed on July 30 we should have to look for the drift of things to the money market, the grain market, and the foreign exchange market. The money market held the centre of the stage as an index to the situation, for about one week. It told of the London situation in the last week of July by the rise in the Bank of England rate to 10 per cent.—a level not reached since the disastrous London panic of 1866, and touched on only one other occasion in the past century. That was a prompt and sure foreshadowing of the events of the next week, in which London, dealing with perhaps the most formidable panic situation in a hundred years, adopted the 1907 plan of Nevada, Oklahoma, and California in declaring extra bank holidays by legislative decree, and in which every great nation in the world, excepting Germany and the United States, declared a moratorium on debts.

This moratorium largely upset the value of the money market as an index; because people in trouble will not bid high rates when their loans have been forcibly extended. But along with the consequent subsiding of sensational activity in the money market, the wheat market came into the limelight. Reflecting first, by a decline at Chicago from 98¼ cents a bushel on August 10 to 87½ on August 17, the momentary prospect of having our whole foreign trade imperilled by two powerful hostile fleets and by consequent inability to send our grain to Europe, that market next, when channels of commerce were reopened, began to measure by its action the prospect of a long or a short war. It promptly gave its prediction for a long and obstinate war. Such a contest would point to a higher price for wheat; and, in line with the drift of financial sentiment on Wall Street, the wheat trade evidently assumed that initial German successes merely meant prolongation of the war. In fact, the rise in wheat, from the August price of 87½, to $1.21, on September 4, occurred in the very period when von Kluck was swinging triumphantly down to the gates of Paris.

As with all speculative markets which serve as a forecast to conditions developing outside, the wheat market overdid its "discounting" process, or else was driven next to an altered view of the probable duration of the war, due to the German army's retreat. From the $1.21 price of September 4, when the battle of the Marne was being fought, the price fell back by September 15, to $1.00⅞. That was the date when the Germans ceased retreating; from that price, wheat advanced again, between then and the middle of October, to a price 10 or 15 cents a bushel higher, around which it is now apparently awaiting some new and sensational turn in the war news. Precisely when the wheat market, two or three weeks ago, ceased to move violently, the foreign exchange market became the centre of things in the field of financial prophecy.

The course of foreign exchange had already foreshadowed developments in two directions—first, in the matter of the absolute breakdown of international credit facilities generally, but, secondly, in the doubt as to what was to be the commercial and industrial position of the United States, under the war conditions, towards the rest of the world. The amazing price of $7 in the pound sterling, touched on August 3, reflected the momentary possibility that all the relations of international finance throughout the world would collapse as a result of war.

The rate fell rapidly when this possibility disappeared; but sterling exchange remained far above what ought to have been the highest possible level in a normal market. Ranging, during September and the first half of October, between $4.92¾ and $5.06, whereas $4.89½ is traditionally the highest attainable figure, the foreign exchange market absolutely pointed to the seeming probability that our market either could not or would not meet its accruing foreign liabilities. It was presently evident that we were willing to meet them. But the question remained of our ability to do so, especially with London reluctant to extend maturing American indebtedness, with our cotton trade with Europe decimated, and with $2,000,000 excess of merchandise imports during the first two months of war, as against an export excess of $97,400,000 in the same months last year.

But from 4.97 at the opening of last week, exchange on London broke with exceptional violence, until it touched last Monday 4.89, the first rate on a normal and familiar basis since the war broke out. In part, this highly sensational movement was a response to the effective work of the "bank pools," formed to provide properly for the maturing foreign indebtedness of New York city and other American borrowers; in part, also, to the increased purchases in this country by the belligerent states; to the sudden and rapid increase in our exports; to England's admis-

sion of our right to send our cotton, even to Germany, and to a consequent doubling and trebling of our weekly shipments of that staple.

But it also pointed unmistakably to belief in the strongest financial quarters, that return to a normal position, both at home and in the field of international finance, is now before us. No doubt, this movement of recuperation will be slow; but the character of the financial phenomena which have accompanied the outbreak of this extraordinary war has made the market for international exchange the index, in an exceptional degree, to the shifting phases of the real situation, both in this country and in Europe.

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FICTION.

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Bacon, A. F. Beauty for Ashes. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
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Fitzhugh, P. K. In the Path of La Salle. Cromwell. $1.25 net.
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Williamson, C. N. and A. M. A Soldier of the Legion. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
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Wright, R. The Open Door. McBride, Nast. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Finck, B. Musings on the Lounge. Louisville, Ky.: L. P. Morton & Co.
Fitzgerald, E. Dictionary of Madam De Sévigné. Eversley Edition. Macmillan. Vols. I and II. $3 net.
Fosbroke, G. E. Character Reading through Analysis of the Features. Putnam. $2.50 net.
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Marden, O. S. I Had a Friend. Cromwell. 50 cents.
Newbolt, Henry. The Book of the Blue Sea. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Stevenson, R. L. Fables. Scribner.
Stewart, T. M. Symbolic Teachings. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.25 net.
Sturgeon, M. C. Women of the Classics. Cromwell. $2.50 net.
Tierney, R. H. Teacher and Teaching. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers, from the *Spectator*. Edited by N. A. Griffin. Holt.
Thompson, A. S. Sunshine Record Book. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Williams, C. L. As If. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

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Moore, G. F. Metempsychosis. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Ninety-eighth Annual Report of American Bible Society. 1914. American Bible Society.
Orcutt, W. D. The Madonna of Sacrifice. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Randolph, J. F. The Law of Faith. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Rashdall, H. Is Conscience an Emotion? Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Rauschenbusch, W. Dare We Be Christians? Boston: Pilgrim Press. 35 cents net.
Students and the World-wide Expansion of Christianity. Edited by F. P. Turner. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. $1.85 net.
Wilm, E. C. Henri Bergson: A Study in Radical Evolution. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.
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Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. XLVII. Published by the Society.
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Shorey, S. F. Human Harmonies and the Art of Making Them. Desmond FitzGerald. 50 cents net.
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Collier, Price. Germany and the Germans. Scribner. 75 cents net.
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Hall, G. All Spanish Method. First Book. World Book Company.
Harry, J. E. The Greek Tragic Poets. Vol. IX. University of Cincinnati Press. $2 net.
Learned, W. S. The Oberlehrer. Harvard Studies in Education, No. 1. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Stoner, W. S. Natural Education. Childhood and Youth Series. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Taylor, J. S. A Handbook of Vocational Education. Macmillan. $1 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914.

Summary of the News

The full returns of the elections held on November 3 are not yet available. Returns that have come in since we wrote last week show, however, that the Republican landslide, though formidable enough, was not quite so overpowering as was at first thought, and the indicated Democratic majority in the House is thirty. In the Senate, according to present returns, the Democratic majority will be increased by five or six votes. We comment elsewhere upon the result of the elections.

After an actual siege of about a month—although preparations for the siege were started by Japan soon after the outbreak of the war—the German fortress of Tsing-tau surrendered on the morning of November 6, following the capture by assault of the middle fort of the first line of defence. Japan has announced that she will occupy Tsing-tau on behalf of China until the conclusion of the war.

The entry of Turkey into the war has up to the present been followed by no very startling developments. Any lingering hope that may have been entertained that even at the eleventh hour the Ottoman Government might find a way of escape from the consequences of the rash action of the fleet in the Black Sea was dispelled when, on November 5, the British Government officially announced the existence of a state of war with Turkey. On the same day the island of Cyprus, which has been administered by Great Britain since 1878, but has nominally remained a part of the Turkish Empire, was formally annexed, and on November 8 the British Admiralty announced the occupation of the port of Fao, on the Persian Gulf, which is the terminus of the submarine telegraph line to India. The forts of the Dardanelles have been bombarded by the combined French and British Mediterranean fleets, reports conflicting as to the extent of the damage that has been done. On the Armenian frontier a demonstration undertaken by the Caucasian army of Russia, has, according to reports from Petrograd, met with some success. No general engagement between the fleets in the Black Sea has taken place, and there is nothing further to record concerning the proposed invasion of Egyptian territory.

There are many indications that the Islamic uprising counted upon by Germany and the Ottoman Government to embarrass Great Britain in her relations with her Mohammedan dependencies is unlikely to occur. In Egypt no symptoms of any such movement have so far been observed, and, according to the most competent English opinion, they are not expected to develop. It is pointed out that even the Nationalist movement, which has decreased considerably in importance since Lord Kitchener went to Cairo as British Agent, was never a movement advocating reunion with Turkey, whose former despotism Egyptians have good reason to remember with dislike, but was essentially one for independence, with "Egypt for the Egyptians" as its rallying cry. In India the influence of the Sultan is still less likely to be felt than in Egypt. The announcement of the participation in the war by Turkey was immediately followed by declarations from various parts of India of loyalty to the British Raj and of condemnation of the action of the Sultan, among them being manifestos from the Nizam of Hyderabad, the largest Mohammedan state in India, and from the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of the Mohammedans in India, East Africa, and Central Asia. On the other hand, there is evidence that the action of the war party, headed by Enver Bey, has by no means the unanimous support of public opinion in Turkey. The Ministers of Agriculture, Interior, and Post and Telegraph, who had made every effort to preserve peace, resigned from the Cabinet on November 2, and dispatches from Constantinople speak of numerous arrests and courts-martial of people expressing anti-Governmental views.

The status of Italy and of the neutral states of the Balkans has not so far been affected by the action of Turkey. The Italian Cabinet has been re-formed, Signor Salandra retaining the Premiership; Baron Sonnino becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Paolo Carcano, Minister of the Treasury; and Signor Vittorio Orlando, Minister of Grace and Justice. The other portfolios remain in the same hands as in the last Cabinet. It was denied at the Italian Embassy in Washington last Friday that the change of Government indicated any change in Italy's policy of strict neutrality, and it was even stated in the *Giornale d'Italia*, on November 7, that an effort was being made in conjunction with Rumania towards the constitution of a federation of neutral Balkan states under the auspices of Italy. On the other hand, the situation in Tripoli is undeniably delicate. Germany is understood to have guaranteed that Italy's African colonies should not be threatened by Turkey, but trouble appears already to have been caused by marauding bands of Bedouins, who have attacked small detachments of Italian troops, and, according to a dispatch from the Rome correspondent of the New York *Sun* on November 8, reinforcements of garrison troops have been sent to Tripoli. Italian intervention, therefore, may depend on whether the situation in Tripoli shall become sufficiently serious to cause Italy to demand from Turkey an explanation. So long as the trouble is confined to unorganized bands of Bedouins there would appear to be no reason for Italy to make of it an international question.

The situation in Mexico grows more obscure from day to day, and the outlook for the avoidance of a triangular conflict among the partisans of Villa, Carranza, and whatever chiefs there may be who believe in the authority of the Aguas Calientes Conference, is by no means promising. The difficulty of comprehending the situation is not mitigated by the conflicting nature of the dispatches received from Mexico. Briefly, the situation appears to be this: Villa is anxious to oust Carranza and has ambitions of his own; Carranza is disinclined to be ousted and resents the assumption of authority by the Conference at Aguas Calientes, which has appointed Eulalio Gutierrez Provisional President. An ultimatum was presented to Carranza by the Conference giving him until six o'clock on Tuesday to decide whether he would abide by the decision of the Conference, and declaring that armed force would be used against him in the event of his refusal to do so. As we write, the issue is still in doubt.

The announcement was given out by the Federal Reserve Board on November 7 that virtually the whole of the first instalment of the capital stock of the Federal Reserve banks, called for on November 2, had been paid. It is expected that the banks will open their doors for business on Monday next.

The effect of the war on British trade is shown by the figures for the month of October published by the Board of Trade. Imports during the month decreased £20,170,000, and exports £18,020,000. The principal loss in imports was £5,500,000 on raw cotton from America, and £1,500,000 on cotton from Egypt, together with £7,000,000 on manufactured articles. The exports of coal declined £2,000,000, and of manufactured articles £13,500,000.

The moratorium in England ended on November 4 without any disturbance in the money market, money appearing to be abundant. The Stock Exchanges of both London and New York, according to dispatches from Washington last week, reporting the results of conferences between Sir George Paish, representative of the British Treasury, and the United States Federal Reserve Board, are likely to remain closed for some time to come, the New Year being set as a possible date for reopening. That decision, it is stated, is necessary to prevent the dumping of American securities held in France and England in such quantities as might result in debits against the United States which could not be met.

An unfortunate situation, in which the diplomatic intervention of the United States has been virtually requested by both sides, has arisen as a result of the German spy scare in England. Recently the police have been active in arresting and interning German residents in England on suspicion of being spies, and the German Government, through United States Ambassador Gerard, let it be known that if the practice were not abandoned and German residents against whom no reasonable grounds of suspicion existed released by November 5, retaliatory measures would be adopted on British subjects in Germany. These measures were put into force on the morning of November 6, when all Englishmen between the ages of seventeen and fifty-five were required by the police to report at police stations for transportation to the concentration camp at Ruhleben, near Berlin.

The deaths of the week include: Mario, Prince Chigi-Albani, ex-Senator John Kean, F. Augustus Heinze, Duke of Buccleuch, Tom Gallon, November 4; Henry Gannett, Major-Gen. Robert G. Kekewich, November 5; Prof. August Weismann, November 6; Bernard Doran Killian, November 7; William Endicott, November 8; Julius Harburger, Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, Col. Randolph Dickins, November 9; Prof. Paul Philippe Cret (in France).

The Week

The Guildhall meeting on Monday night in London was inevitably made the occasion of a sort of national stock-taking, as regards the great war. What has been done, and what remains to do, were the themes of Lord Kitchener for the army and Winston Churchill for the navy. More interesting than these military details, or than the appeals to English courage and endurance that were made, was the speech of the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith not only gave a review of the causes and the course of the war, but made an attempt to define its objects. This is to-day the great thing. Whoever brought on the war, or might have prevented it, now that the terrible struggle is raging and can be stopped by no human power, men wish to know what is aimed at by the combatants. The purposes of the Allies were unfolded last night by the British Prime Minister. He spoke as follows:

> We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium has recovered more than she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against menace; until the rights of the smaller nationalities have been placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is finally destroyed.

It will be noted at once that in this there is no bluster about absolutely "crushing" Germany. A good deal of impotent and irresponsible talk about wiping Germany off the map, has been heard in England, and echoed elsewhere. But it never had official endorsement, and is at present dropping more and more out of the thoughts and speech of Englishmen. Turning to the more moderate description of the present objects of the war, as defined by Mr. Asquith, he is right in putting the claims of Belgium first. He is right, that is, if the considerate judgment of mankind is to be invoked on the final result. Not only in neutral nations but everywhere, we believe, where the sense of justice is strong and dispassionate, is there an earnest feeling that, whatever other outcome the war may have in the event of Allied success, Belgium must have her sacrifices and sufferings made good to her. Any other result would shock the universal conscience. It is true that recently a kind of lurking suggestion has crept to notice, that perhaps a peace might be made with Belgium left in German hands. But all questions of national advantage or danger put one side, England and France ought to know that the world would consider them eternally disgraced if they did not fight on until at least Belgium got an indemnity sufficient to restore her ruined cities, and to heal as many as possible of the wounds of a war which she faced with valiant heroism, and only for the sake of upholding public right in Europe.

The tragic end of the Emden was precisely what was to have been expected. The only wonder is that she was allowed to be at large so long, and to do so much damage in an ocean which is practically a British possession. Sentimentally, one may wish that officers and men as daring and gallant and skilful as Capt. von Müller's crew have proved themselves to be might all have escaped with their lives. Yet to the German navy this fighting end, with flags flying and guns firing to the last, will perhaps seem the more desirable thing. But though the neutral onlooker might wish that internment or bottling up such as has happened to the Königsberg could have been the Emden's fate, nothing can deprive her of the laurels she steadily won until she met a ship of superior speed and superior armament. Her feats will long rank high in naval annals, and she will always be known as the modern Alabama, for it is not likely that the Karlsruhe will surpass her record. Indeed, now that Tsing-tau has fallen, the number of hounds on the track of the few remaining hares will increase so largely that it should be merely a matter of days or weeks until Admiral von Spee's little fleet and the other ships are accounted for. As it is, Australia is doubtless rejoicing to-day at this proof of the usefulness of her little new fleet.

Sir Edward Grey's telegram to the British Ministers in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, informing them that the British Government is satisfied with the assurance of the Governments of these countries that contraband goods shipped to them will not be subsequently exported to an enemy country, disposes of a question which some have regarded as threatening serious friction between our own country and England. One after another, these vexing questions of the treatment of goods carried in neutral ships come up inevitably in such a situation as is presented by this war; but there is no reason to suppose that they will not, one after another, be disposed of in a way that will satisfy the just demands of the United States. Our Government can be trusted to look after the interests of our legitimate commerce; and surely no motive for respecting them could be stronger than the desire to preserve our good will which must animate the British Government. It takes two to make a quarrel; and in this instance neither the one nor the other party has the slightest desire to quarrel. With no ill will on either side, it would require an extraordinary lack of good sense to prevent a smooth and satisfactory adjustment of every dispute or difference that may arise on the subject.

When Mr. Hilaire Belloc gets to working with figures, there is no telling what weird conclusions he will turn up. Two or three years ago he distinguished himself by finding something appallingly pathetic in the plight of the poor but honest country folk who were then buying consols at 75, though they had in former years invested in them at 110; in apparently complete forgetfulness of the fact that buying at 75 means getting half as much interest again on the investment as buying at 110. He is now engaged in computing the present strength of the German army, which he finds no difficulty in reducing to a desperate pass. The German losses to date he estimates at 1,750,000; and he is evidently of the opinion that every man jack of this million and three-quarters is permanently out of the game: "Of all the available material for anything approaching a true army, a quarter has already gone." Moreover, he is astonished at his own moderation. He could easily, by "a little manipulation of the figures," have made the total "very much larger"; what he has tried to do is to "fix the lowest conceivable minimum." The British War Office, however, and indeed British observers generally, are able to conceive a much lower minimum; and accordingly there is no indication that they are going to content themselves with turning the German army over to the tender mercies of Mr. Belloc's arithmetic.

If the surrender of Tsing-tau to the Japanese besiegers comes as a surprise, it can only be because the world has not known of the conditions within the fortress. The Germans had made so stout a defence, and were apparently so prepared to sell their lives dearly, that the general expectation was of a prolonged resistance. It could not have been merely a question of yielding to an overwhelmingly superior force, for that was pitted against the Tsing-tau garrison from the first. The inference seems clear that, in addition to the capture of outlying forts, disease among the troops or shortage of supplies or lack of ammunition com-

pelled the surrender. Though this was inevitable from the beginning, its coming now will be a sad reminder to the German people of the losses on the sea and beyond the sea which the war has brought them.

Great Britain's prompt annexation of Cyprus, almost at the moment of declaring war on Turkey, does not, except in name, alter the status of that island. It has been in British hands since 1878, Disraeli having brought it home in his pocket, along with "peace with honor," from the Congress of Berlin. A thin pretence of Turkish suzerainty over Cyprus is all that the British Government has now ended. The step is doubtless intended, however, as a sharp reminder to Turkey that, by going to war, she is endangering every foot of her possessions in Europe. Dispatches from Egypt intimate that fear of British annexation is felt there. Such a move at this time would apparently be a mistake, and is, indeed, unnecessary. The anomalous position of the Egyptian Government is one of the finest illustrations of the English disregard of logic in colonial policy. Lord Cromer gave expression to the whole curious arrangement when he said that the Government of Egypt was, of course, independent, except for its being nominally under Turkish suzerainty, but that it always did whatever the British Agent advised it to do! And Lord Milner, speaking of the possibility of an Egyptian revolt against the British, in consequence of the war with Turkey, points out that the Nationalist movement among the Egyptians has never looked towards Constantinople. The cry has always been, "Egypt for the Egyptians," never Egypt for the Turks. This state of feeling would certainly seem to make it wise policy for the British at present, while defending Egypt, to leave her governmental status severely alone.

To hail ex-President Taft as the successor of Mark Twain, as one newspaper does, is a bit "previous," but he is putting the country in his debt for his good-nature in treating questions of government and politics. This might seem inconsistent with the importance which he attaches to sound notions on public matters. Yet his smile is never far behind his argument. The day after election he spoke to the students of the Harvard Law School on "The Presidency." He expressed his well-known preference for a single term of seven years, alluded to the "recent Progressive party, with their disdain of Constitutional limitations," and, as if to be impartial in his survey, referred to President Wilson's return to the early practice of addressing Congress in person. This action he praised, but added: "I cannot but smile when I think of the chance for oratory that was lost to the followers of Jefferson because Mr. Roosevelt or I did not inaugurate this custom." His characterization of "Uncle Joe Cannon, now redivivus," was that he was "one of the most faithful watchdogs of the Treasury, with a profane bark, that I have ever seen."

If the triumph of Penrose is a blow for his party in the country at large, the defeat of Sullivan in Illinois is a victory for the Democratic party, despite the support he received from the Administration. Sullivan is forward-looking in the sense that he can see which side his bread is buttered on, but the damning event in his career is the part that the "Sullivan Democrats" played in the election of the Republican Sullivan, Lorimer, to say nothing of their reputed willingness to repeat the act. A politician who bosses his own party is bad enough, but one who is able to maintain an alliance with his fellow-boss of the opposing party is peculiarly dangerous in a two-party system of politics, since this arrangement deprives the electorate of the natural way of punishing the party that has fallen a prey to the tyrant. Sullivan's name is associated with all that love of machinery, ward-heeling, and deals that marks the politician in the narrow and uncomplimentary meaning of the word. His opponent, Sherman, within his lights and abilities, represents the more statesmanlike type, the type that thinks in terms of measures rather than methods. He is at all events far from being a disgrace to one of the greatest States in the Union.

Any satisfaction that La Follette may have in the apparent defeat of McGovern as his associate in the Senate must be swallowed up in regret over the poor showing of the independent candidate for Governor, who had La Follette's support, not to mention Roosevelt's, but polled a bare fifth of the vote of the successful Republican candidate for the office. The result confirms the forecast of those who dwelt upon the strange position in which the father of the Wisconsin primary placed himself by his repudiation of the outcome of a primary. His enemies are saying that he is for the primary when it gives him what he wants, but against it when it does not. This attitude recalls the inconsistency of another reformer, no less a man than Tom Johnson, who, in the later stages of the street-car struggle in Cleveland, and after having for twenty years been an ardent advocate of the initiative and referendum, opposed the submission of the issues to popular vote. There were enough signatures to the referendum petitions to compel an election, however, which he lost by a small majority. The moral is, not that one should place consistency above everything else, but that a statesman does well to be careful how he asserts the sacred finality of any political arrangement.

What is the matter with Kansas now? With a perfectly good Progressive running for Governor and another for Senator, she chooses for the former position a man who, after careful consideration, deserted the Progressives for his old party, and for the Senate a pronounced standpatter. In the State of ex-Gov. Stubbs, concerning whom we were bid by the highest authority, "Keep your eye on Stubbs of Kansas!" Stubbs's party is now third. Arthur Capper, the rising hope of the stern, unbending Rooseveltians, who was defeated by Hodges two years ago by only 29 votes in a total of 335,000, threw away his career, in the opinion of William Allen White and other admirers, when he put away the Progressive nomination for Governor a few months ago and accepted the same place on the Republican ticket. These friends warned him that, while he might carry back with him into the party of the pirates a few of the more thoughtless Progressives, these would be greatly overbalanced by the number of standpat Republicans who would scratch his name. Yet, lo, Capper's vote leads all the rest. The only consistent explanation of so curious a political turn is that the Sunflower State is determined to surprise the rest of the country at any cost.

We know nothing about the Governor-elect of Colorado, Mr. Carlson, but he talks like a man of sense. He declares his resolute purpose to bring to an end the industrial warfare which has so long injured and disgraced his State. To effect this by peaceful methods is his earnest wish, but if it is necessary to use force in order to protect property and the right to labor, he will use it. The new Governor is evidently more alive than the present Executive to the shame of having order kept in Colorado, all these months, by Federal troops. This has been tantamount to an abdication of the sovereignty of the State. The whole situation growing out of the Colorado mining war is reviewed impartially in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* by the Rev.

Dr. Berle, of Cambridge, and the one positive conclusion to which he comes is that "the State of Colorado owes it to itself and the country to secure the withdrawal of the United States troops and to secure the administration of its own affairs in a lawful manner." If we may judge by the utterances of her Governor soon to be, Colorado is, in fact, about to resume her own government.

National interest attaches to the election by which Buffalo last week adopted a commission-government charter by a majority of 15,000, in that she is the first city of over 400,000 population to pass under that form; and State interest in that for a city of her class she achieves a unique measure of home rule. Her desperate fight against the Aldermanic gang, and the contractors and public-service corporations it has been alleged to favor, has extended over six years. For five the Legislature refused to respond to the demand of the voters for a charter bill; and when it finally passed, it was vetoed by the Mayor. Repassed and brought before the people, the new charter no doubt profited by the fact that the Republicans advocated and the Democrats opposed it. Discontent with a tax-rate that has risen nearly 30 per cent. in a quarter-century, with the loss of Buffalo's waterfront, with her poor railway terminals and water supply, figured in the result. Five commissioners will govern the city, and 5 per cent. of the voters can call for a referendum on any ordinance. The largest cities heretofore under the commission form are New Orleans, with 340,000; Jersey City, with 270,000; St. Paul, with 214,000, and Denver, with 213,000 people; Buffalo had in 1910 a population of 423,000.

"Given an opportunity to deal with the cotton situation, the Legislature of South Carolina has wrought substantial results." This tribute to the lawmakers of Columbia and Gov. Blease is paid by the Atlanta *Journal*. What are these substantial results which every cotton-growing State has been craving but which no one of them except South Carolina has succeeded in reaching? Simply the passing of a law limiting the cotton acreage for 1915 to one-third of the land cultivated and imposing a fine of from $25 to $100 for each acre so planted beyond the limit named. The very simplicity of this solution might be expected to commend it to other Legislatures, but there seems to have been a suspicion at other Southern capitals that it was a bit too simple. Certainly, whatever case might be made out for concerted action of the sort by the whole cotton-growing section, for one or two States to take it separately is only to injure themselves without relieving the strain. South Carolina may be doing it as an example for less bold commonwealths; if the example is not followed, she may save herself from harm by the simple process of repealing the law. Her action furnishes one of the most striking instances that even this country has seen of attempts to control economic consequences by legal measures. The experience of Brazil, with her huge coffee crop of a few years ago, might be a warning to the South in general not to take South Carolina's lead. Incidentally, can such a law be Constitutional?

For the first time, a "full-crew" railway law was last week submitted to popular vote and was overwhelmingly defeated. This occurred in Missouri, where a bill, having been passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor, was referred to the voters. They rejected it decisively. The result is significant in more ways than one. It is a pretty good index, in the first place, of the general feeling that the railways have had about as many hard knocks as they can stand, and that it is for the good of the country that they should have a chance to recuperate. Even more striking is the demonstration that the demand for full-crew laws—meaning the employment of more men than are needed to handle the trains—has rested solely upon a narrow labor-union basis. Because the employees were organized and exigent, they have been able to terrorize Legislatures and frighten Governors and befool politicians. The pretence was that there was an immense popular backing for the movement. But at the first real test in Missouri, this was shown to be hollow. Railway managers are warranted in hailing the event as most suggestive. It ought to help on the work for the repeal of full-crew laws in the States where they have been rashly enacted. All such legislative devices to "make work" are repugnant to sound ideas of efficiency and economy.

The session this week of the Governors' Conference in Madison, Wisconsin, sees the activities of that body pretty definitely limited to one-third its original programme; the topics of the relations between State and nation, and the greater efficiency of State government, being subordinated to that of uniform State legislation. That this is so is indicative of the constant and general demand for attention to uniform laws, manifested continually in less important ways. A fortnight ago the conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws—men appointed by the Governors—met at Washington, and discussed or recommended uniform laws on marriage and divorce, for the control of business corporations, for the regulation of cold storage and of automobiles. The meeting of the National Association of Railway Commissioners this month has for its chief discussion the need of harmonizing Federal and State laws and rules affecting railways; and wide publicity has been given the protest of various railway presidents against the hauling of their business "forty-nine different ways." The Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association, in its convention at Chicago, has just opened a campaign for uniform laws relative to titles and rural credits. The American Road Congress, which convened in Atlanta on Monday, heard a report from a committee which has worked with the American Bar Association "on the codification of State highway laws, with a view to securing more uniform and effective action among the States."

The closing of the Chicago stock yards adds interest to the opening of a good-sized packing-house, locally owned, at Moultrie, Ga., although the new enterprise has only an accidental relation to that incident. The purpose of the Moultrie Chamber of Commerce, which was chiefly instrumental in launching the concern, was to promote diversified farming in south Georgia, north Florida, and southeastern Alabama by furnishing an easily accessible market for the cattle and hogs raised in those sections. Along with this purpose was the expectation that ultimately the enterprise would have a wider influence, in that packing would be done for distant markets. In this way, some contribution would be made towards solving the problem of meat supply for the country in general. Already the New York Department of Agriculture, anticipating a possible cutting-off of Western supplies, has estimated that there are 2,376,000 cattle in this State, of which half are available for slaughter. In Pennsylvania a similar authority has pointed out that with proper enterprise the State should raise all its own meat on its own hillsides, and dress it in its own towns. The recrudescence of the American live-stock industry has long been felt to depend, in part, on again encouraging the small farmer to raise regularly a few beef cattle for the local butcher. Apart from this aspect, the dislocation of the industry of the greater stock yards is a serious blow to business.

THE CALMER VIEW.

The Republicans won great successes last week, and their mighty rejoicing thereat is justified. But are they justified in asserting that the Democrats are hopelessly beaten, and that nothing can prevent the Republican party from carrying the country in 1916? Let us look calmly at the actual political situation as it is left by the election.

The chief change wrought by it is the elimination of the Progressive party. This is admitted by all. The Republicans have virtually put down the 1912 revolt in their own ranks. But they still have their historic enemy to face. How stands it with the latter? Not even a hostile summary of the position of the Democrats can deny that it is one of great strength. They have a majority of ten or twelve in the United States Senate. That is secure for two years; it probably could not be displaced until after four years. In the House there is a Democratic majority of from twenty to twenty-five. Then look at the once sure Republican States in which the Democrats elected Governors—Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Wyoming; Maine they had won in September. Nebraska, too, reëlects a Democratic Governor. Ohio they barely lost, while retaining Indiana by a plurality of more than 30,000. Does all this look like a party in a desperate plight? What we would ask confident Republican editors to do is to go back in memory to the late nineties, or even only six and eight years ago, and put to themselves the question what they would have thought then of a Democratic party having not only the Presidency, but both Houses of Congress and Governors in the States we have mentioned. We fancy that they would have thought the outlook pretty blue for their own party.

As the case stands to-day, the Republicans are filled with hope, and have much reason to be. They have recovered a good deal of their fighting morale. The Progressive thorn in their flesh has been removed. Even ex-Senator Davenport, the Progressive nominee for Governor of New York—who polled only about a third as many votes as Sulzer did—admits that the election has shown that the American people are content to fall back upon the two-party system. This is undoubtedly a real ground of good cheer for the Republicans. But they still have a powerful antagonist to encounter. And in reckoning with such boastful certainty upon beating him two years from now, they may be a bit premature. It is just possible that the Republican prophets cannot see so far over the hill as they profess; and that the course of events may not prove so favorable to them as they pretend that it surely will be.

Last week, they profited largely by the chapter of accidents. It was an accident that the country came up to election day with finance deranged and business suffering. No one could have foreseen the great amount of miscellaneous dissatisfaction and discontent which the European war would thrust upon the United States, and which inevitably inured to the benefit of the Republican party in the voting on November 3. But another time it may be the Democrats who will be lucky. Industry and trade are certain to improve before 1916; they may even be flourishing by that year. If so, the Republicans will be, on their own showing, estopped from using the arguments and appeals which they have successfully employed this year. In the recent campaign, they drew largely upon what Burke called "the bank of discontent"; but if that institution presently closes its doors, where will they present their calamity drafts?

Another thing. The Republicans will reckon ill if they leave President Wilson out. They admit that, up till now, he has displayed extraordinary qualities of leadership, yet seem to expect that he will suddenly go sterile. But the provoking man may show in the future, as he has in the past, that his genius for public life and for political management is not lacking in flexibility. Certain it is that, at every point in his political career thus far, he has exhibited remarkable sagacity. Each situation, as it has arisen, he has judged with great accuracy. This was as true in his campaign for Governor of New Jersey as it was in his campaign for the Presidency. Many at the time did not like his tactics, but these proved to be correct. And no one denies that he has acutely divined his opportunities at Washington, and has availed himself of them with wonderful mastery. Now, why should it be supposed that these great political talents of the President should all at once fail him? It is true that the changed conditions in Congress and throughout the country will be a great test of his abilities and his skill. But thus far he has seen every problem before him clearly, and has found the key to it. Why take it for granted that he has not the wit to adjust himself to the new demands upon his leadership, or the force to shape and execute the new policies which the new times will call for? We make no prophecies of Woodrow Wilson's continued success; but such prophecies would be as worth credence as are the glowing predictions of a Republican march to unquestioned victory.

ARE WE POLITICALLY FICKLE?

Col. Roosevelt's choice, on the day after election, of a consoling passage from the Scriptures was doubly odd. He made his own the grieving statement of the Apostle that "they will not endure sound doctrine," but will "heap to themselves teachers having itching ears," and "turn away their ears from the truth." Now, this "they" can be none other than "the people," or the majority of them, whose infallible political decisions the Colonel and his new party have exalted to the skies. Why, he was ready to recall a judgment of the courts, or upset a Constitution, in a twinkling if "the people" showed by a chance vote that they wanted it done. Yet now he mourns over the political delusions to which the people are subject, just as if he were a Federalist or a Tory. Moreover, he is sublimely unconscious that the charge most frequently brought against himself is that of having been a teacher with itching ears—meaning an ear to the ground listening for the immediately popular—who turned the people unto fables. Was not the person who called the Colonel's attention to this Lesson for the Day tempted to point him to another Scripture—"Thou art the man"?

We never could understand the Colonel's humor, or lack of it at times, and have no thought of dealing with it now. What interests us is his underlying complaint that Americans are politically fickle; that they are easily swept away by every wind of doctrine; and that, having begun a good work, they weary of it and do not drive it on to completion. This may be true, but one craves a wider basis for induction than the Colonel suggests. That the people have left off following him is really not a convincing proof that they are mere political weathercocks. That they often appear to change their political views, or at least their party preferences, with surprising rapidity, is true. This was remarked long before Roosevelt was born, and no doubt will be after he is dead. But in all the ups and downs of parties, the coming and passing of political leaders, the catching up and then the dropping of novelties in government, is there nothing but an aimless ebb and flow, the insensate "flux" of Greek philosophy? That is a question much better worth discussing than any grievance,

real or fancied, which Col. Roosevelt may at the moment be cherishing.

A part of the appearance of excessive changeableness in American political life is owing to our readiness to experiment. If any man comes along with a suggested great improvement in our way of conducting public affairs, we are disposed to give him a chance to show what he can do. Good often results from this, but frequently it merely arouses false hopes in the breasts of political inventors. Then when their expectations come to nothing, they are tempted to rail at the fickleness of the people. But it may not be fickleness at all; it may be simply a cool survey of the results of making use of a political novelty, or playing with a political toy, and concluding that it has not lived up to promises and had better be quietly dropped.

An illustration of this lies at hand in the announcement of the programme of the Governors' Conference this week at Madison, Wisconsin. It is a very modest programme. There will be reports and addresses on rural credit, on State control of natural resources, on the submission of Governors' recommendations in the form of bills, and on certain aspects of the uniformity of laws. That is all. The discussions will be useful, no doubt, and it may be that the actual attendance of Governors will be larger than at the last meeting of the kind. But the notable thing is that the high and, as we can now see, exaggerated hopes connected at first with the project of the "House of Governors," have been tacitly abandoned. There were those who saw in it a political discovery, or invention, of enormous importance. It was to give us a new coördinate branch of the Government. All sorts of public problems were to be solved by it with ease; and the sittings of the House of Governors were to be followed with breathless interest by the people in all the States. But the experience of a few years has been sufficient to dissipate all those expectations. Public interest in the novelty has sunk almost to the point of expiring. The institution lingers on, serving minor purposes usefully, but evidently destined never to verify the enthusiastic predictions of its early sponsors. It was again a case such as Emerson spoke of when he said that people are at first inclined to see in a new doctrine or movement a thunderbolt which will pierce to the centre of the earth, but that soon they discover that it has made barely a scratch on its tough old rind.

When that is a fair description of the matter, it is obviously unjust to say that the people are fickle in giving up what they have found out will not work. Political experiment means the rejection of failures as well as the acceptance of successes. When we quote the saying "Prove all things," we usually add merely, "Hold fast to that which is good." But it goes without saying that the duty is just as clear of throwing away that which is bad. In the latter process there may seem too great readiness to change, but change for good reason shown is not a proof of instability of character. And, in sober fact, most of the charges of fickleness, on the part of American voters, deal only with externals. Political machinery may be shifted or remade from time to time; parties and leaders may rise and fall; but the fundamental political forces of the nation do not fly madly from their orbit.

WAKING UP TO OUR DUTY.

The growth of the Belgian Relief Fund in the past few weeks has been encouraging. Last week alone added about $120,000 to the amount, and brought the total to nearly $400,000. In this total, and in the contributions for the week, are included handsome sums sent to the Belgian Relief Committee in New York by local committees in other cities; thus $30,000 was received from the Boston committee on Saturday. And there continues to be that wide range of size in the contributions of individuals—all the way from $1 to $10,000—and that large number of separate participants which ought to obtain in a matter appealing as this does to the deepest instincts of our common humanity.

But let it not be thought that $400,000 is anything more than a beginning—a mere earnest of what this great nation of a hundred million inhabitants, blest with resources almost beyond measure and happy in its exemption not only from the horrors but also from the terrific economic burdens of war, is going to do for the relief of a people crushed beneath the weight of affliction. We are not forgetting the magnificent work of rescue which is being carried on by the Rockefeller Foundation, over and above that furnished by the general contribution. But all that the Foundation will do, together with all that will be done by individuals, is sure to fall far short of what will be needed to supply the Belgian sufferers with the bare necessities of decent existence.

The Foundation took care, in the first announcement of its plans of relief, to make it plain that these could not be regarded as making it in the least less incumbent on the people at large to give as abundantly as possible for the same purpose; and it has been gratifying to note that in point of fact contributions have been coming in more rapidly since that announcement than before. The Foundation is working in coöperation with the Belgian Relief Committee of New York; and the two organizations have now made a joint appeal in which they ask "the good people of the United States to do their utmost in this extreme emergency." A statement that may influence many persons to give liberally is that relating to the arrangements for sending and distributing the relief supplies. All transportation expenses, as well as all expenses of organization and distribution, will be defrayed by the Rockefeller Foundation, and accordingly "any person who gives either in money or in food can be certain that the whole of his contribution will reach some one in Belgium who needs help." Contributions of money should be sent to the Belgian Relief Committee, 10 Bridge Street, New York, and checks should be made payable to its order.

With the plea, sometimes put forward against participation in this work of mercy, that "charity begins at home," we have no sympathy whatever. By this we do not mean in the least to excuse any person who does less than he ought to do for the poor and unemployed at home because he has sent something to the Belgians. On the contrary, we would urge upon everybody the imperative duty of keeping up his full usual quota and more—for the need is greater—of aid to works of charity and humanity in our own country. Charity does indeed begin at home; but there is no reason in the world why it should end at home. And above all, there is no reason why at a time of appalling distress abroad and of more than usual want at home, it should end at the same point as it does in ordinary times. There is hardly a man of the well-to-do classes, still less of the wealthy classes, who could not in this emergency double or treble his usual expenditure for humane objects, and yet suffer no perceptible impairment either of his resources or of his enjoyments, to say nothing of any sacrifice of comfort or well-being. It is preposterous to regard it as a matter of course that what a man gives to the desolated people of Belgium he must take away from the poor of his own country.

How small is the $400,000 thus far collected, in comparison either with the occasion or with our disposable means, it ought to require no argument to show. There are in

this country—and a considerable percentage of them are in New York city—several hundred persons whose income exceeds a quarter of a million dollars, thousands having an income of more than fifty thousand dollars, while the number of those whose income is above five thousand runs up into the hundreds of thousands. If each of these persons were to give what he could give without feeling it at all, the total would be not only millions, but tens of millions of dollars. In the little province of Nova Scotia there was contributed, in response to an appeal from the Premier, $35,000 in cash, besides a great quantity of useful gifts. To match this cash contribution, the United States, in proportion to its population and wealth, would have to give probably at least $20,000,000. And we may be sure that nobody in Nova Scotia has deprived himself of anything he really needs in order to make this handsome gift. Our people are not less generous; as usual in all such matters, what stands most in the way is want of imagination. Let every man of generous temper devote but a few minutes of earnest thought to an attempt to realize what is really going on in Belgium, what our country's duty is in this situation, and what he himself must do if he is to expect that that duty will be performed. Then, if he can go on "getting and spending" just as though all were well with the world, we are sadly mistaken in our estimate of men's capacity for unselfishness.

THE WAR AND AVIATION.

The annual report of Brig.-Gen. George P. Scriven, Chief Signal Officer of the United States army, confirms the view entertained by non-professional students of the war that the use of aircraft "has worked a great revolution in the theory and application of grand tactics." No one can have followed day by day the accounts of the war in the foreign press without being convinced of the value of this new instrument of warfare. But not as a destructive agent. The net result of all the bomb-dropping on both sides has been of the slightest, so far as concerns actual injuries or killings, or the destruction of property of value to the enemy. Gen. Scriven is so impressed with this that he believes that bomb-dropping on land will be stopped by the consent of all civilized peoples. Humanity stands for almost every atrocity in war, but the killing of women and children by aviators, however unintentionally, seems beyond the pale. The fact that the British have now imitated the German tactics, in their flying over Bruges, will accentuate the demand that this form of warfare be placed alongside the poisoning of wells.

It has been but seldom that a discharge from aeroplane or dirigible has done substantial damage. At the outbreak of the war the French, whose achievements in aviation and possession of Clement-Bayard dirigibles had led to the belief that they would be the masters of the air, let loose a whole swarm of aviators. They not only crossed the German frontiers and bombarded some Rhine cities, but one even reached Nürnberg and dropped useless missiles upon that city—a fact which Germans are constantly citing in reply to the criticisms of those who denounce them for similar acts. This French air raid was a total failure. A number of the best-known aviators were killed or captured, and the comparative inefficiency of the corps led, after the German flights over Paris, to the dismissal of its commander and a reorganization. The Clement-Bayards have not even been heard from, and by some gross error no less than fifty aeroplanes were allowed to fall into German hands at Rheims. The Russian aviators, too, have not distinguished themselves so much as have the Germans and English. To the latter belongs the honor of the best single achievement of the war—Lieut. Marix's destruction of the envelope of the Zeppelin in its shed at Düsseldorf. On the whole, the offensive work of the aviators has achieved little; the best from the military point of view that can be said for it is that the Germans indubitably hastened the fall and evacuation of Antwerp, Ostend, and other Belgian towns by terrorizing the civilian population through their bomb-dropping by aeroplanes and dirigibles. An eye-witness of the raid over Antwerp assures us that the detonations were horrifying beyond words, and that the destruction was complete where the bombs fell.

None the less, Gen. Scriven is thoroughly justified in urging the United States Government to go slowly in the matter of dirigibles. After the promised German raid upon England is over it may be necessary for him to revise this judgment. To-day, however, the Zeppelin and Parseval and Schütte-Lanz airships have nothing to their credit which could not have been as well done by aeroplanes. No British warship has even been assailed by them. It was a Schütte-Lanz that gave to the crew of the U-9 the news of the whereabouts of the Hogue, Cressy, and Aboukir; but an aeroplane could easily have had the same luck. So far as the army scouting is concerned, the advantage is thus far all with the aeroplane. The revolution that this has achieved is, indeed, remarkable. A surprise attack or a sudden flank movement is now impossible, not only because of the millions of men on the battle-line, but because the aeroplanes are omnipresent. To conceal even a battery from them is practically impossible. In the early movements against the Germans the Russians tried every means possible to hide their advancing columns from the German aeroplanes. They abandoned the highways, changed their marching hours, went through fields and forests, and finally resorted to night-marching only. But Gen. von Hindenburg was never without the most accurate information while laying his terrible trap near Tannenberg. That his aviators have not prevented his defeat near Warsaw is not to be laid at their doors. They have done as wonderfully as have the officers of the German submarines.

Gen. Scriven is careful to point out that air scouting will never wholly supersede reconnaissance and patrolling work by cavalry and cyclists. It is more in the field of strategy that the aviator's opportunity lies; yet it is a fact, attested by numerous German reports, that aeroplanes have located batteries and concealed intrenchments and signalled the proper ranges during the hottest of the firing. Gen. Scriven admits that the efficiency of both artillery and infantry fire has been enormously increased as a result of this scouting in minor tactical operations. As for defence against aeroplane attack, letters from the front tell of the enormous difficulty of hitting fliers. Volley firing is resorted to in the hope that a chance shot may bring the craft down, and, of course, artillery is less effective than infantry firing. In an article in the *Journal of the Royal Service Institution*, written prior to the war, Col. Louis Jackson, formerly of the Royal Engineers, gives his opinion that a properly designed vertical-fire cannon will make possible a "very good degree of efficiency" against fliers. We have as yet not enough facts from the front to confirm this opinion. Col. Jackson does not believe that any system of aerial patrol at night will prevent the arrival of dirigibles or their beginning an attack. He admits that destruction and panic in the large British cities would be a very serious matter from various points of view, and that the dropping of half a ton of gun-cotton on the War Office or the Admiralty in London might have notable results in "disorganization and discouragement." His sole conclusion is that the only sure defence is by dirigibles and armed aero-

planes. At least, his paper contains valuable hints for the German General Staff and Count Zeppelin.

MISUNDERSTOOD SOUTH AMERICA.

A report has just been published of a tour of a group of university men through the chief capitals of South America this past summer. The journey was undertaken under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; and the dozen professors and teachers sent out were peculiarly fitted for their task. This was, in general, to seek to develop closer intellectual relations between the United States and the South American republics. All that has to do with education and humane and social activities—in a word, the essentials of South American civilization—was sympathetically studied by these travellers. They were everywhere welcomed, and every facility was afforded them. But what was their strongest net impression? It is pretty clearly set forth in the report, written by Prof. H. E. Bard, of Columbia. These educated and skilled inquirers found something like a great gulf fixed between the intellectual world of South America and our own. It is the old story from a new angle. Just as we in this country do not understand South American government and trade, so we do not understand the leading cultural ideals of the peoples to the south of us. This conclusion appears again and again, directly and by implication, in the pages of the report.

It has appositeness greater than could have been foreseen when the party sailed from New York last May. For we have since had the South American opportunity thrust upon the United States as never before. Nothing has been more talked about in trade and banking circles. The huge dislocation in South American commerce caused by the European war was from the first in all minds as a wonderful invitation and challenge to our enterprise. And the thing seemed so natural, so inevitable. There was no need to speak in terms of commercial conquest. Our merchants were not called upon to oust rivals already in possession of the field. Those rivals were temporarily crippled by the consequences of the war. The South Americans turned of their own accord to us. How instinctive and spontaneous was this looking to American markets may be seen in the recent action of the Argentine Government in laying before the Secretary of Commerce at Washington "a plan for closer commercial relations which contemplates that American manufacturers shall take the place left vacant by European industry."

This, as Secretary Redfield has pointed out, is really a kind of official notice to American exporters. But they have been finding out since August 1 that they have a great deal to learn about the South American market. By them, too, South America has been misunderstood. South America, also, was clutched by the world-wide financial crisis. She had her own moratorium. And the very first requisite for developing trade along new lines was the providing of banking facilities. In addition, large exporting houses found that it would be highly advisable to open branches in one or more South American centres. The emergency and the opportunity were great, but they alone could not create trade. The business had to be gone about in patient fashion, the details being studied and the necessary ways and means worked out with an attention which few Americans had ever given to the subject.

There is really nothing new in this revelation of our ignorance concerning the republics of Latin America. It has been harped upon for years in our Consular Reports. These have told us, to satiety, that there was no possibility of our entering the South American market with success on a large scale, unless we sought trade by methods that approved themselves to our customers. Their tastes must be consulted, as they notoriously had not been by haphazard American exporters, venturing now and then to take a little "flier" to the south; their systems of credit and banking must be studied and conformed to; a higher type of commercial agents must be sent to them; above all, a market for what they had to sell must be provided in this country.

This admitted American neglect of trade opportunities beyond the sea has often been explained, and naturally enough, as due to the absorption of our best business talent in the far greater opportunities at home. But excessive homekeeping, we know, causes "homely wits." Professor Bard cites the delightful instance of an American publisher of whom a gentleman in Buenos Ayres had ordered two books, but who wrote that he could not forward them to "Caseros, Buenos Ayres," and asked if his correspondent could not call for his mail at Rio de Janeiro or Bahía! If a publisher—or, let us hope, his mailing clerk—could do that, of what might not an exporter of boots and shoes be capable? We have no doubt that, in the end, a good part of this misunderstanding of South America will be overcome, but it will take time and attention.

Chronicle of the War

The speech of Lord Kitchener at the Guildhall on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's banquet on Monday evening answers the critics in the London press who have recently been complaining of the backwardness of recruits in coming forward to fill the ranks of the new army, and of the faulty organization which the War Office has provided for their enrolment. Lord Kitchener is not addicted to exaggeration, and so, assuming that he was correctly reported, we must accept his statement that "more than 1,250,000 men are in training in this country [England], excluding the overseas contingent." The enlistment of more than a million and a quarter men in three months hardly seems to bear out the complaints of the press, nor can the War Office fairly be blamed if, with an organization intended to deal with recruiting for an army of 165,000 men, it has found itself somewhat swamped by the recent enlistment. To the numbers of the new army must be added the expeditionary force in France and Belgium, which, with the Indian troops and the Territorial regiments that have reinforced it, must now consist of at least 300,000 men. Apart, then, from any further enlistments, from natural wastage in the process of training, from losses at the front, and from men who have only recently enlisted and will not be adequately prepared for active service, Great Britain should have in the field by the early spring an army of not less than a million men.

The question of officers for these troops is naturally a serious one. Not only have officers for the new army to be found, but the losses at the front must be replaced. These numbered, up to October 27, 1,598, of whom 384 were killed, 876 were wounded, and 338 were missing. Those reported as missing are most of them prisoners, and so are out of action for the duration of the war. Of the wounded a considerable proportion may be expected to return to active service before the war is ended. For the training of the new army there are available in the senior ranks a number of retired officers too old for active service, but fully competent for the work required at home. Their places on active service will doubtless be filled by promotions. For the junior ranks public-school boys and university men, many of whom have served in the Officers' Training Corps, are receiving commissions, and, as the lists of promotions and appointments in the London *Times* reveal, non-commissioned officers are being promoted rather freely to the commissioned ranks on account of meritorious service in action.

By the spring, then, it may be assumed that Great Britain will have in the field an effective army of a million men. By that time, too, the attrition which, according to dispatches from the front, is already beginning to be noticed in the German armies, may be expected to have had its effect. Time, as we pointed out early in the war, is fighting on the side of the Allies and against the Germans and Austrians. France, Germany, and Austria can hardly do more now than make up the wastage of the war. By spring it will be difficult even for them to do that. Russia, on the other hand, has not yet marshalled her full strength, and Great Britain

has hardly made a beginning. The strategy exhibited by Gen. Joffre must be viewed in the light of these considerations. A military critic recently described that strategy as an effort to avoid being beaten, and in the description there is nothing derogatory. A cardinal principle of both the French and the German General Staffs has been to adopt the offensive. The French tried it at the beginning of the war, with disastrous results in Alsace-Lorraine. Since then Gen. Joffre has adjusted himself to circumstances, and, *more Scipionis*, has conducted a defensive campaign, allowing the German leaders to test the theory of their military textbooks that intrenched positions in the field will yield to determined attacks undertaken in force, trusting to the stability of his lines, and relying for ultimate success on the natural attrition caused by the disproportionate losses inflicted on the attacking troops. Gen. Joffre's strategy may be slow, but it has the appearance of being extremely sure. He is waiting for the weakening of the German armies and the reinforcement of his own by the fresh British troops before undertaking any general offensive.

The character of the fighting during the past week in France and Belgium has differed from that of preceding weeks only in having been, if possible, more intense. There has been a change, however, in the German objective. The attack on Calais by way of the coast has been definitely abandoned on account of the flooding of the country between Nieuport and Dixmude, and the main attack has been directed on the line between Ypres and the River Lys. The object of the Germans is presumably to break the line here and reach Boulogne, the occupation of a town on the English Channel having apparently become almost an obsession in the minds of the Kaiser and his General Staff. All things are possible in war, but it is difficult to see how the German commanders can look for success in their present endeavor. The most favorable opportunity they have had of breaking through the Allied line was after the fall of Antwerp, when the army that had been engaged there was released and was thrown against the left of the Allies. If they failed then to achieve their object, it seems hardly probable that they can succeed now. The system of communications from point to point in the rear of the Allies' line has evidently been brought to a high state of efficiency, permitting of the rapid concentration of reinforcements at threatened points. The character of the fighting is almost monotonous in its sameness. A desperate attack is launched by the Germans; the defenders, temporarily overwhelmed, retire to other positions; supports arrive; a counter-attack is made, and the previous position is reoccupied. The changes in the relative positions of the armies in France and Belgium during the past week have been insignificant.

The seriousness of the defeat which caused the retirement of Gen. von Hindenburg's army from the line of the Vistula becomes more apparent every day. Berlin has minimized it as a "strategic retreat," but it is clear that it cannot be explained by such euphemism. On October 14 the battle on the Vistula began. A decisive result was reached ten days later by the outflanking of the German troops near Warsaw, at the junction of the Vistula and the Bug Rivers. By the end of last week they had been pushed back a hundred miles to the line of the River Warthe. As we write now, there is some doubt as to the exact position occupied by the German army. Berlin dispatches, reporting a Russian repulse in East Prussia on November 8, which may have been only a minor engagement, allude to the army of Gen. von Hindenburg as still occupying the line of the Warthe, but seem to admit that Russian patrols have crossed the frontier within the past few days. Petrograd dispatches, on the other hand, declare positively that Russian troops are established at Pleschen, thirteen miles west of the frontier, and unofficial dispatches report that the strong defensive line, Kalisz-Czenstochowo-Cracow, which the Germans had previously prepared for precisely this emergency, has been abandoned. The forward sweep of the Russians has been so formidable that it seems by no means improbable that the Germans have been driven from this corner of Poland, which they have held since the outbreak of the war, into their own territory.

On the wings of the main army, north and south, successes seem also to have been gained. In East Prussia the fighting on the frontier appears to have been exceptionally severe. Berlin reports the Russian defeat to which we have alluded, near Gumbinnen; Petrograd records successes at Goldap and near Soldau, both within the East Prussian border, and some 120 miles apart. In Galicia the Russian army appears to have regained most of the ground which it formerly occupied, and which was evacuated by the retreat to the San River, in preparation for the great battle. Jaroslav was reoccupied last week, and in announcing the victory in telegrams to Gen. Joffre and Lord Kitchener, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who has usually been somewhat conservative in his reports, alluded to it significantly as "incontestably the greatest success gained on our side since the beginning of the war." An attempt was apparently made to get round the left flank of the retreating Austro-German army, and squeeze it against the Carpathians, but this seems to have failed, and the defeated army has retreated on Cracow.

The most serious naval engagement of the war occurred off the coast of Chili on November 1, between a British and a German squadron. The former consisted of the cruisers Good Hope, Monmouth, and Glasgow; the latter of the cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, and Dresden. The Good Hope and Monmouth engaged the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau; the Glasgow fought the Leipzig and Dresden. The heavier armament of the German ships told, and at the end of an hour the Good Hope foundered. The Monmouth hauled off after dark and it is virtually certain that she has sunk. The Glasgow got away without serious damage. This success, which was highly creditable to the enterprise and fighting qualities of the German navy, was partly offset by the destruction, announced on Tuesday, of the German cruiser Emden by the heavier and speedier Australian cruiser Sydney off Cocos Island, in the Indian Ocean. On the same day it was announced that the German cruiser Königsberg had been bottled up at Mafia Island, on the coast of German East Africa, by the blocking of the harbor.

Foreign Correspondence

CHARLES PEGUY—FRENCH POET AND VICTIM OF WAR.

PARIS, October 15.

In the lato endless fighting, which is said to be the struggle for life of German culture against Latin civilization, Charles Péguy fell, struck by a bullet in the brain. No more pervasive intelligence has gone out in these battles which are levelling the mind of man to brute matter. He was little known abroad, except, perhaps, by some curious perversion of things, in Germany.

In France, for fifteen years, his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, or "Fortnightly Books," held a public fit though small. In them he introduced to the world Romain Rolland and his "Jean-Christophe"; the *Cahiers rouges* of the Communist, Maxime Vuillaume; Daniel Halévy's "Apologia for Our Past" (the past of young men), and his own "Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc," by which he became best known to the generality. All these and others who were allowed to print their writings in his "copy-books" agreed little among themselves in their mental evolution—except in the act of evolving. Whither youth does not ask; and a whole wing of Young France thought, not the same things, but in time to the fortnightly beat of Charles Péguy. For himself, his brain, however trained and polished as a *normalien*, lived and grew more and more in the traditions of his French ancestors of a thousand years. That is, in patriotism and religion and logic, which is the filiation of thought, but not in literary form. There is no more desperate case of a writer to be introduced to a foreign public. Some compared the influence of his prose to that of Thomas Carlyle, which means that there was not the slightest literary resemblance; but both reached down to the Veracities of at least one generation, that younger than their own. In his prose and in his poetry, he had a way of repeating words intended to catch the reader's attention that may be necessary to minds whose commonest stimulus is in headlines. In primitive generations to which we may be reverting by excess of breathless civilization, such were the literary methods of psalmists and liturgy composers, of Buddhist legends and Johannes Scotus Erigena preaching to the court of Charles the Bald.

Taking our courage in both hands, let us look through "Eve," the real and great and monstrous poem of 1,906 quatrains, which is Charles Péguy's legacy to the world.

No one need be expected to read through such poetry; but, as in unread poets of James the First's reign, perennial inspiration may be sought in it of lofty thoughts and images, and even felicities of expression. The opening lines are, very literally:

> O mother, buried outside the first garden's pale,
> No longer did you know that climate of grace,
> And the pool and the spring and the high terrace,
> And the first sun on the first morning.

Twenty-three like stanzas follow, beginning to tell what Eve, expelled from Eden, "no longer knew," and then of more of what the earth was then:

> The silence of the soul was like still lakes.
> . . . . . .
> And cedars made high barricades,
> And days of bliss were colonnades,
> And all reposed in the evening calm

Next seventeen quatrains, and then twenty variations, meditate how

> —God Himself, at once young and eternal,
> Rested brooding over his creation.

In the language of the Incas, Humboldt noted, God is called *Vinay Huayna*, "the eternally young." Then twenty-four stanzas take up again what Eve no longer knew and what now she knew:

> No longer knew you aught save time in space,
> No longer did you know the youth of the world,
> And that peace of the heart heavier and more deep
> Than immense Ocean under God's regard:
>
> That rest of the heart which nothing wants,
> Which knows itself served by all Eternity,
> Receives its Master, its good possesses
> In solemn tremulous unity.

Eighteen further stanzas bring Eve to her children:

> No longer did you know aught but a hurrying race:
> No longer did you know aught but a world saying—No!
> . . . . . .
> You have borne only a complaining race,
> Now bound to earth and now victorious,
> Now martyr, saint, and sage—or mad.
> O mother! and 'tis my race and the captive race
>
> Forever pressing against its prison walls!

Let not the reader wonder at this unforeseen apostrophe to Mother Eve, for at an initial corner of these poetic "tapestries," it is explained of all—"Jesus speaks."

How Eve the woman must for evermore set things in order, twenty-six stanzas tell:

> O woman ordering palaces and towers,
> And turnings about and iniquities,
> Young distress and antiquities,
> Old tenderness and youthful loves!

But just what the woman should restore to order in all human things, from the flight out of Eden to Christ's Passion and to the final Resurrection of all, 154 stanzas do but suggest:

> Woman, thou hearest me: when the souls of the dead
> Shall come back, looking in old parishes,
> After such battle stress and so many woes,
> For the little that's left of their wretched bodies;
>
> And when there shall rise in fields of carnage
> Soldiers so many dead for mortal states—
>
> When thou seest no more at Christmastide,
> In straw and Space, in the stable and Time,
> The Birth of Israel's last-born—
>
> When no more shall descend from great organ lofts
> Celebration of Life's beautiful days—
>
> When to lofty cathedral courts
> The people freed from vast charnels,
> Paris and Rheims and bishops' towns,
> Shall bring the horror of their burial place—
>
> Grandmother of the leper and the great commander,
> Shalt thou know how in that encumberment,
> Shalt thou be able in that bewilderment
> To light their steps with some poor signal-light?

And we have so far had the patience to analyze only eighty of these four hundred or so divisionless pages. Yes, Charles Péguy, who was an initiator, heeded no more the labor he was exacting from his readers than was done in the beginning of literatures. So Ruskin would not allow his tracts for the people to be given away; but they must be sold for a shilling, lest what cost nothing should be thought worth nothing. Charles Péguy's poetry, like his prose and his life, has been, and will be, something worth—most of all, to a generation forced to learn what was spontaneous in prehistory—the need of possessing Time in Space.

> And by France I mean the Paris land.—
> The snow has unrolled its measureless tapestry.
> History has unrolled its measureless discourse.
> Glory has begun its unmeasured course.

S. D.

The True Sportsman

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR—"TOMMY" IN THE TRENCHES AND HIS FRIEND THE ENEMY.

It was "somewhere in France," as the war correspondents say, that I first came across them. To be more exact—as one may be where the censor is not—it was in a by-lane in the woods near Soissons, and the Great Battle which has been going on there for weeks, and seems as if it might go on for years, was raging noisily in the background. There were many horrible sights in that bit of woodland, for fighting had taken place there not three days before, rolling always northward to where the German army finally went to ground in the quarries, and there had been little time to clean up after it. Nearly everything you saw was of the kind you try unavailingly to forget afterwards, but there was one sight that was by contrast very pleasant indeed. Two British infantrymen were helping a wounded German towards the place where they hoped to find an ambulance.

They were typical "Tommies," and they were very dirty and war-stained, and I could not imagine what they were doing there, for they were at least four miles from the fighting line, nor where they had picked up their wounded enemy. One of them was wearing a German infantryman's cap at that. They had nothing to do with the R. A. M. C., and they certainly ought to have been somewhere in the trenches with their battalion. But all those are side issues; more important is it that they were uncommonly good sportsmen. The German had been badly hit, once, it seemed, in the upper part of the body and again in the thigh. He was very obviously in agony and kept protesting under his breath that he could go no farther. His friendly enemies almost carried him between them, and they were talking to him after this fashion: "Come on naow, ol' pal. You ain't goin' to give up naow. Almos' there, we are. Jus' be'ind them there trees over there. 'Ere, take a drink o' water an' you'll feel better. Come, ol' man, be a sport naow"—and so on, and so forth.

Whoever is responsible for the war and its horrors, I think that even his enemies must admit that "Tommy" is a sportsman, if sportsmanlike it be to bear no malice when the game is over. And if I have seen one I have seen fifty instances of the same spirit. There was a private in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. I talked to him as he was being carried on to the boat at Boulogne on his way to a home-hospital. He had been wounded during the retreat after Mons and, as he himself put it, had very bad luck, for after all the tiresome preliminaries he got only three days' fighting before he was put out of action for ever. Both his feet were shot away by fragments of the same shell. The men were lying, he told me, in the trenches, quite comfortable and out of danger, as the enemy had not found the range and were sending their shells a couple of hundred yards too far. Then suddenly, out from behind a wood, came a German aeroplane. It was flying very low, said the Highlander, and bullets rained at it by the thousand, but it came on, quartering the ground like a dog after game, until it was above the trenches. Then it shot up into the air and flew back to the German lines. Five minutes later the big German shell was dropping into the trenches and the line had to retreat.

Now, the thing that above all interested the man from Argyllshire was the pluck of the German aviator. That he quite certainly owed his crippled future to that one man did not seem to strike him. Time after time he came back to his theme. "A vurra brave mon, he was," he would say reflectively. "I was glad when he got awa' safe, vurra glad I was. We all had a shot at him, but he just came on. A vurra brave mon, I'm telling ye."

Everybody knew the British soldier was a "first-class fighting man," but few even of those of us who have known him well in peace-time have realized to the full his depth of patience, of good humor, and especially his sense of humor. We have all heard how he has elevated "Tipperary" to the level of a national anthem, or, as a French officer put it to me: "He laughs, says 'Tippy-tippy,' and fights like a devil." Incidentally, since then the French *piou-piou* has also learned the charms of "Tip-tippy" and may be heard singing it to words of his own, while on at least one occasion, when the opposing trenches were very close together, the Germans also caught up the tune and were heard singing it no less lustily, whether out of derision or good-fellowship, I cannot say. But Mr. Atkins is by no means a man of one idea, and knows well the joys of the appropriate. He advanced on at least one occasion to a particularly fierce bayonet charge shouting at the top of his voice a song whereof the chorus begins: "Hold your hand out, naughty boy." And he will turn his hand to anything, as when I myself saw four infantrymen, not to speak of a couple of Turcos, anxiously consulting over the best way to repair the broken-off fore wheel of a peasant woman's perambulator.

Bravery is the monopoly of no nation, and certainly the bravest thing that came under my personal knowledge was the exploit of fifteen Bavarians, of which I was told by a British Intelligence officer. For some reason—to set up a range-mark, I think—it was necessary for them to reach the top of a rocky hill up which only one man could go at a time, and which was open to the fire from the British below. Fifteen men went up, one by one, and every one was in turn killed. If the last half-dozen, say, had been ancient Greeks, their fame would have been world wide. As it is, I do not suppose a dozen people outside their own half-company could tell their names.

And, if both sides are brave, both also acknowledge the courage of the enemy. Indeed, one of the most curious features of the war is the contrast between the comments of the soldier and the "civil." While the civilian

sits at home, "killing Kruger with his mouth" and furiously denouncing the atrocities and barbarities committed by the enemy, the man who is really doing the work has scarcely a word to say about them, nine times out of ten flatly denying their existence. I interviewed one German prisoner, at Villers-Cotteret, who told me that he had expected to be shot at once, because it was understood that the French and English took no prisoners; but he frankly admitted that he had never heard any proof of anything of the kind, and had been very well treated. This, by the way, applies particularly to the French. Although they have a much more immediate reason for hating the invaders, in the burned houses that to-day dot northern France, their attitude when the long columns of German prisoners are marched before their eyes is admirable. There are neither taunts nor abuse; they watch silently until the column has passed and as silently disperse. Once, indeed, I heard the whole roadway hiss with fury and loud-voiced abuse, but it was not at the prisoners; it was reserved for three French soldiers chained together who marched behind the column, having been caught in the act of pillaging.

Where, I think, Mr. Thomas Atkins shows himself unique is in his extraordinary *insouciance*. The last thing he worries about when he is in the trenches is the neighborhood of the enemy. He plays cards, he shaves—he has a positive passion for shaving, and some one has presented him with an enormous supply of cheap safety razors. Unfortunately, really good shaving soap is rare—one of the major ills of his life, if you may judge from his comments. Naturally, he quarrels sometimes—about the football results or the respective beauties, feminine or topographical, of Kent and Cardiganshire—and sets manfully to work with his fists, surrounded by an appreciative group of comrades, what time the big German shells blunder past unheeded. On one occasion he even had a stand-up fight with one of the enemy. It was at Vic; the opposing lines were very close together, and having nothing better to do, they began to chaff each other. One of the Prussians, who had been a waiter in London and spoke perfect Cockney, felt himself aggrieved by the remarks of, I think, the Warwickshires, and challenged their best man to come out and stand up to him, which was done accordingly, to the rapture of both armies.

How far it is true that clothes do sometimes make the man is shown by the amazing popularity of the kilt during the present war. Wherever the British army is represented in France, or for that matter in Germany, on picture post-cards or in caricature, it is always typified by a kilted Highlander, and this not because he has fought more gallantly than the rest, but rather because his kilt stands out so distinctively from the breeched monotony of his comrades. One of my pleasantest memories of the war is of an extremely bashful young private in the Gordons fleeing desperately from the attentions of perhaps a dozen young women who performed around him a kind of war-dance of admiration to a monotonous chanting of "O, les jupes, les jupes, les jupes." And a French lady asked me in all seriousness if it were not a fact that in some earlier war the Scotsmen were so eager to attack the enemy that they rushed straight from their beds without waiting to put on their trousers, and, as reward for their gallantry, have ever since been allowed to fight without them.

If it does nothing else, the present war should cause us to revise our ideas of the physical degeneracy of the town-dweller compared with his country cousin. For it is a fact that some of the best fighting, the best marching, and, above all, the most unfailing cheerfulness and endurance have been contributed to the Allies' armies by the small, almost weazened contingents from the great cities. Wherever you may hear, on the march or in the trench, the loudest laughter, the most strenuous singing, or the straightest shooting, there you may be sure you will find the Cockney, the Glaswegian, or the gavroche from Paris. And, although I can only speak from hearsay—for your prisoner is never the best of company—so it is also in the German lines. What your town-dweller lacks in size and weight he makes up by what is, after all, very much more important—his excellent morale. O. M. Hueffer.

Book Notes and Byways

EARLY AMERICAN REALISM.

In the "Advertisement" to "Wieland," Charles Brockden Brown hinted at a source: "If history furnishes one parallel fact, it is a sufficient vindication of the writer; but most readers will probably recollect an authentic case, remarkably similar to that of Wieland." Contemporary readers doubtless understood the allusion, and at least one of them, writing for the *American Review and Literary Journal*, July-September, 1801, Vol. I, p. 335, pointed directly at an authority. His citation, however, of an article in the *New York Weekly Magazine*, Vol. II, pp. 20-28, seems not to have served students of Brown, though some have accepted the reference without going nearer to the original source than the *American Review*. (See, for instance, Miss Annie Russell Marble's "Heralds of American Literature," 1907, p. 296.) The article in question appeared not in Vol. II, pp. 20-28, but in Vol. II, p. 20 (July 20, 1796) *and* Vol. II, p. 28 (July 27, 1796) of the *New York Weekly Magazine*. Its full title, a glance at which would have prevented Miss Marble's error as to the date of the actual tragedy, is "An Account of a Murder Committed by Mr. J—— Y——, upon his Family, in December, A. D. 1781."

This prototype of Wieland, it seems, was a farmer living near Tomhannock, N. Y., who belonged "to one of the most respectable families in this State," and who, "though he was not in the most affluent circumstances . . . maintained his family (which consisted of a wife and four children,) very comfortably." He is said to have been gentle, industrious, sober, and upright. One Sunday afternoon, as "there was no church near," several of the neighbors, including his sister, Mrs. J——n and her husband, came to his house for an informal religious service, and after the others had gone, Mr. and Mrs. J——n remained till nearly nine o'clock. During the evening, as his sister later remembered, Y——'s "conversation was grave as usual, but interesting and affectionate: to his wife, of whom he was very fond, he made use of more than commonly endearing expressions, and carressed [*sic*] his little ones alternately:—he spoke much of his domestic felicity."

What follows is largely his own confession. After the J——ns had gone, he was sitting happily with his family, reading the Bible, his wife and the baby girl, Diana, on his lap. "Instantly a new light shone into the room, and looking up I beheld two Spirits . . . he at my left bade me destroy all my *idols*, and begin by casting the Bible into the fire." The other spirit dissuaded him, but he obeyed the first, and forced his wife to let the Bible burn. He then, "filled with the determination to persevere," rushed out of the house, broke up a sleigh with an axe, and killed one of his horses. "My spirits were high, and I hasted [*sic*] to the house to inform my wife." She, frightened, begged him to be calm, but "the good angel whom I had obeyed stood by me and bade me go on, 'You have more idols (said he) look at your wife and children.'" Without further hesitation Y—— dashed out the brains of his two sleeping boys and pursued his wife and daughters, who had fled out into the night. Catching up with his wife, he first killed the baby she carried in her arms. She escaped again, but he pursued her once more. "I now came up with her . . . my heart bled to see her distress, and all my *natural feelings* began to revive; I forgot my duty, so powerfully did her moanings and pleadings affect me." But when he thus weakened, a voice behind him called out, "This is also an idol!" At that he caught up a "stake from the garden fence" and killed her. "I repeated the blows, till I could not distinguish one feature of her face." He then sought and found his eldest child, Rebecca, who begged pitifully for mercy. "She was my darling child, and her fearful cries pierced me to the soul—the tears of *natural piety* fell as plentifully down my cheeks, as those of terror did down her's [*sic*], and methought that to destroy *all* my idols, was a hard task." He wavered again and decided to retain her, first making her dance and sing beside her mother's body, but his sense of duty reasserted itself and he put her to death, too.

This done, he realized he would be called a murderer and punished for doing the will of his "father," and at first he thought of putting all the dead into the house, setting fire to it, and laying the blame to the Indians. But he decided he could not tell a "*horrible lie*."

At this point the story of the sister, "who was the principal evidence against him," begins. Her husband having been called away by his mother's illness, she was alone about four o'clock in the morning when her brother came and told her what he had done. She let him in, but when he attempted to seize a "case knife" (apparently with the notion of destroying another of his idols), she succeeded in disarming and binding him. The neighbors were called, the facts ascertained, and Y—— was taken to Tomhannock. There he refused to repent, and would not join in prayer with those who besought him, "but when they arose he would prostrate himself and address his 'father,' frequently saying 'my father, thou knowest that it was in obedience to thy commands, and for thy glory that I have done this deed' . . . his speech was connected,

and he told his tale without variation; he expressed much sorrow for the loss of his dear family, but consoled himself with the idea of having performed his duty." Taken to Albany, and "there confined as a lunatic in the gaol," he managed to escape twice, but was both times returned to his chains and dungeon, where, when last heard of, he still remained.

Brown's own acknowledgment, the citation in the *American Review*, and the details of the story make it almost impossible to doubt that this "Account" is the original of "Wieland." In the novel, indeed, the action is much refined. Theodore Wieland is a cultured and wealthy gentleman living near Philadelphia. The hocus-pocus of the two spirits and the burnt Bible disappears, and in its place comes an insupportable "effulgence," an "element of heaven," out of which Wieland is commanded to sacrifice first his wife and then his children. The slaughter of the children, originally so grewsome, is left untold in "Wieland." Y——'s ghoulish act of making Rebecca dance by the body of her mother and his plan to burn the house, Brown does not touch. On the other hand, the progress of Wieland's frenzy is given with detail and sympathy. This, indeed, is, for Brown, the chief interest of the whole theme. He does create a Godwinian "principal person" who hurts all who come near him with ugly, and often unintended, mischief. But though Carwin "the Biloquist" is the reigning spirit of evil in the book, and actually sets going the train of thought which terminates in Wieland's crime, he does no more than arouse from unsuspected depths a fanaticism already latent in Wieland. The birth and growth of this fanaticism are Brown's own creation; they merely prepare for events of which Brown had heard, and which he wanted to explain in a more scientific way than by ascribing Y——'s acts, as the pious reporter of the "Account" had done, to the devil.

Not only the central action, but many details are common to the two narratives. Wieland's confession is potent in solving the mystery. Mrs. J——n has a counterpart in Clara, the heroine of the novel, whom Wieland tries to kill, but who lives to tell her brother's story. Each man has four children, two boys and two girls, the baby, in each case, a girl. Wieland mangles Louisa Conway, his foster-daughter, as Y—— does his wife, so that "not a *lineament remained*" ("Wieland," 1889, p. 176). Both men are exalted in spirit, both deny they have acted on the instigation of demons, both resent the infamy which follows their deeds, both console themselves with the thought that they have faithfully obeyed their "father." Wieland is put in "a dungeon loaded with chains" (p. 180), whence he escapes twice, but is each time retaken. In the "Account," which comes to no conclusion, the story stops shortly after the second recapture, but Brown rounds out the career of Wieland with a third escape, on which the murderer meets Carwin, learns he has been deceived, and kills himself.

Brown may well have learned of J—— Y—— from other sources than the *New York Weekly Magazine*, and those sources may yet come to light, though a fairly extended search in contemporary newspapers has so far failed to discover them, but as matters stand, the "Account" seems to furnish the "authentic case, remarkably similar to that of Wieland."

Carl Van Doren.

Columbia University.

Correspondence

WILLIAM ARCHER'S REPLY TO "VERNON LEE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is more years than I care to count since I read with warm admiration the delightful essays in "Vernon Lee's" "Belcaro"; and since then I have followed with sympathetic interest the career of that accomplished lady. What, then, was my amazement and sorrow to read in your columns her letter of August 26, in which she comes forward as an uncompromising champion of Germany! There is one extenuating circumstance—she wrote before the sack of Louvain. That makes her position more excusable, but scarcely more comprehensible.

The letter is primarily inspired by indignation at Mr. H. G. Wells's appeal to America not to protract the contest by "victualling our enemy." Whether that appeal was judicious or not we need not decide; personally, I am of the opposite opinion. But when "Vernon Lee" tells us that "there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal," one can only rub one's eyes with astonishment. Since when has it been considered an enormity above the other enormities of war to bring an enemy to terms by the method of siege? If Germany could gain command of the sea, does "Vernon Lee" imagine for a moment that she would hesitate to starve out England? Is actual carnage so much more humane than the pinch of hunger? It may be said that women and children suffer in a siege; but are women and children exempt from suffering in the open field? Let Belgium reply. "Vernon Lee" speaks with horror of the "scurvy-stricken and anæmia-undermined creatures" whom she saw in Paris in the summer of 1871. Who, I wonder, had reduced them to that condition if not the fathers of the generation to whom "Vernon Lee's" compassionate heart goes out the moment there is any talk of their being subjected to a similar regimen? I fear there is little chance of bringing Germany to reason by methods of siege; but, if it could be done, would it not be by far the humanest way out of the hideous embroilment?

The fact is, however, that "Vernon Lee" does not want to see Germany "brought to reason." From her point of view, it is the Allies, and not Germany, who have strayed from reason, and require to be brought back to it. For any hope of the liberalization and humanization of Russia, she has nothing but scorn. Russia, in her eyes, is absolutely past redemption. She apparently looks forward to its remaining to all eternity a disgrace to civilization, unless and until it is conquered by German "culture." She does not say so in so many words; but as she seems to see no other hope for Russia, it is fair to conclude that she would regard this as the best thing that could happen. The case of France, decadent, reactionary, self-aggrandizing France, is, if possible, worse. She refers to the Caillaux affair as a symptom of incurable disease; she does not tell us whether she thinks the Zabern affair a symptom of a very desirable kind of health. As for England, she quotes and makes her own Professor Harnack's words as to the "inconceivable betrayal of Western civilization" by a Government carrying out what she calls "an anti-Liberal, Tory-inherited policy." She does not quite explicitly say that she would have had us stand by and see Belgium martyred and France irretrievably crushed without lifting a finger; but it is hard to see what other course she would have had us pursue. What would America have thought of us had we taken this course?

Germany is, to "Vernon Lee," absolutely the injured innocent of the official German apologetics. Prussian militarism is a "mythological monster." She "knows enough of Germany, of liberal, Socialistic, anti-Prussian South Germany, to know that the militarist and absolute predominance of the kingdom of Prussia would have diminished automatically . . . had there existed a condition of security from without." It would appear, then, that this militarist predominance is not entirely a myth; but if Germany had been "secure from without," "Vernon Lee" thinks it would have grown small by degrees and beautifully less. That may appear a reasonable conjecture; it is hard to imagine that even Kaiserism would have loaded the Empire with armaments if there had been nobody to fight. Yet even this reasonable conjecture is negatived by the German writers whom "Vernon Lee," like the other German apologists, clerical and lay, does not seem to have heard of. These writers—men of unimpeached authority in Germany—are never tired of assuring us that war is necessary to the health of the world, and that, if you have not an enemy ready to hand, it is your duty to go out and find or make one. "Thus spake Zarathustra: 'Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: a good war halloweth every cause.'" I suppose even "Vernon Lee" will scarcely pretend that Nietzsche is without influence in Germany; and his principles are either echoed or independently arrived at and promulgated by a whole group of other writers. In the face of this literature, it seems very idle to pretend that mere internal security would have exorcised the demon of militarism. Security must, of course, be the first care of any country; but Germany is not content with security—she demands expansion. If "Vernon Lee" does not know that it is her loudly trumpeted aim to dominate the world and impose her "culture" on mankind, then "Vernon Lee" is amazingly deaf to the Teutonic trumpet, or rather to the shrilling of a whole historico-philosophico-political brass band. I do not say that the desire for expansion is unnatural or unreasonable; but I do say that it has been carried to a pitch and emphasized by measures of preparation which have only too clearly proved to be an intolerable menace to the rest of the world.

Russia is, for "Vernon Lee," the villain of the piece. It was she who "instigated French hostility against Germany"—as though the rankling sore of Alsace-Lorraine had nothing to do with the case. Can any one imagine that if Germany had been content with security within her own borders, Russia would have dreamt of threatening it? Is not the plain fact that Germany could not endure Russia's very natural pretensions to hegemony in the Balkans, because it meant a break in the continuity of her "permeation" towards, and up to, the Persian Gulf? And are not Russia's interests in the Balkans at least as obvious and comprehensible as Germany's in Mesopotamia?

But no! If it had not been for Russia's wickedness, we should have had "an Anglo-Franco-German rapprochement, which would

have automatically undermined Prussian militarism by rendering it unnecessary for Germany's self-defence." Again one can only say that "Vernon Lee" does not seem to have acquainted herself with the documents of the case. We can all understand and sympathize with the difficulties created for Germany by her geographical position. Had she faced these difficulties reasonably, courteously, and with tolerable moderation of spirit, her neighbors would in all probability have met her in a like temper, and there would have been no difficulty about her "place in the sun." She chose instead to put forth an inordinate and almost insane claim to world-leadership, material and spiritual, to build herself up into the most formidable engine of destruction the world has ever seen, and then to go about professing a love of peace, which was sincere only in so far as she believed she could get all she wanted by rattling her sabre without actually drawing it. She has played that game once too often, with results which we all deplore. But who can believe, with "Vernon Lee," that Prussian militarism could have been "automatically" cured by any concessions short of helpless surrender to its overweening claims? It was a case for surgery, if ever there was one.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, October 25.

GERMANS MADE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are we not moving a little too rapidly in increasing the number of those persons in Germany who are responsible for the war? We started out by bravely throwing upon the Kaiser the sole responsibility, unmasking his constant talk of peace during the past fifteen years, and his rôle as a peacemaker as a clever disguise to throw the other nations off their guard, and, meanwhile, to prepare for the present contest. Afterwards, when doubt arose as to the accuracy of this picture of a modern combination of Machiavelli and Napoleon, we discovered Bernhardi, and found that his influence, or that of the whole party which he represents, was behind it all. Bernhardi frequently quoted a man by the name of Treitschke, and, although very few in this country had ever heard of him and scarcely anybody had read him (for his works had not been translated into English), we were willing to take him on faith, and were quite satisfied that his teachings involved the conquest of all of western Europe and of England for the purpose of spreading German "culture"; and to this programme we added, of our own accord, the subsequent conquest of the United States.

Then came Nietzsche, whose "superman" was, of course, merely a thin disguise for Germany. This was rather hard on Nietzsche, who hated Germany and tried his best to make out that he himself was not a German, but a Pole. The late Professor Cramb, in his interesting although depressing work on "England and Germany," practically told us this, for he points out that Treitschke stamped Nietzsche as a very poor German; but that made no difference, and so Nietzsche was added to the list of those whose teachings brought on the war. And now comes your correspondent, Mr. Heywood, who, in last week's *Nation*, not only adds Virchow and Mommsen, of the past generation, to form a triumvirate with Treitschke, but gives us a long list of "damned professors" of contemporary Germany, who are all accused of devoting their splendid talents towards the spread of teachings which brought on the war.

Mr. Heywood's list is taken (though he does not say so) from a book of Frederick William Wile, "Men Around the Kaiser," p. 116, which contains exceedingly interesting and clever sketches of prominent Germans in all walks of life. In connection with a sketch of Professor Delbrück (the successor of Treitschke at the University of Berlin), Mr. Wile says: "It is from Harnack, Delitzsch, and Pfleiderer, the theologians; from Wagner, Schmoller, and Bernhard, the political economists; from Schiemann, Meyer, and Delbrück, the historians; from Haeckel and Ostwald, the philosophers; from Zorn, Kohler, and von Liszt, the jurists, that modern, mighty, material Germany derives its chief intellectual inspiration." There is nothing in the original to suggest that the author holds these men responsible for pan-Germanistic teachings, but Mr. Heywood, who quotes this passage, apparently looks at them in that light.

If we go on in this way we shall soon find that all of Germany is peopled by Bernhardis and Treitschkes. Let us look at some of the names in this list. The Delitzsch meant is Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, who holds the chair of Assyriology at the University of Berlin, and who has devoted his entire life to Assyriology and Biblical research. His pupils, of whom there are some in this country, and his friends will be amazed to find him among pan-Germanic agitators. During the past year Professor Delitzsch published a Sumerian grammar and a Sumerian lexicon, and I can assure your readers that these volumes do not contain any doctrines calculated to upset the world's peace. Professor Pfleiderer (who is no longer living) was a very distinguished theologian, who, so far as I am aware, never wrote about anything outside his own domain, which was the history and development of Christianity and its relation to other faiths. The distinguished theologian, Professor Harnack, is a man who, apart from his astonishing scientific activity, stands in public life, but until this war broke out I do not find among his collected writings any discussion of Germany's political aims and ambitions. His interest in present-day problems lies in totally different directions. He is concerned chiefly with religious and philosophical thought. Then, among the historians included in the above passage is Meyer, meaning Prof. Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin, the greatest living authority on the ancient history of the Orient, who, as Harvard exchange professor a number of years ago, came into contact with hundreds of scholars and large public audiences in this country. Those who know the wide scope of Professor Meyer's work in ancient history will agree that a man who has accomplished what he has can have very little time or energy left to devote to public agitation. The only modern theme on which he has ever written (so far as I know) is a monograph on the Mormons of this country, in whom he is very much interested. Ostwald is a chemist, who has developed on the basis of modern science a system of philosophy which is entirely international, and has absolutely nothing to do with German politics. Prof. Joseph Kohler, another name in the above list, is an authority on the history of law. His last work is a study of the history of the legal development in the ancient Orient, and he also would probably be amazed or amused to find himself placed in a group with military and political agitators encouraging young Germany by his teachings to step forth and challenge the world.

Where is this kind of thing going to end? The ignorance about Germany, especially about German history, politics, and literature, is surely large enough among us; why add to it by catchwords, by ill-digested phrases, and by giving to the public, unable to test statements for themselves, totally distorted notions of modern German science and of the character of the men from whom thousands of Americans have drawn inspiration for their scientific careers?

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

University of Pennsylvania, November 2.

THE PEOPLE AND THE KAISER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer is another of the thousands of Americans who are glad to acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to the noble German people. It was his privilege to spend a year and a half in study and travel among them, and many were the kindnesses received while there; and to this day he loves to speak in terms of sincere admiration of the fine character of these people as he learned to know it. Their naturalness and simple-hearted kindness cannot be forgotten. And now, in these frightful days, when "misery like a flood" is inundating that great nation, nothing but sympathy, deep and compassionate, goes out towards them. Perhaps the profoundest depth of sympathy is reached when one reflects that such a people hold their fortunes and their lives subject to the word of a single "war lord," who was once reported as saying to his troops: "If I command you to shoot your father, it is your duty to obey." And when we further reflect that Germany is not only in possession of the mightiest army the world ever saw, but that she is also the greatest nation of scholars in the whole world, to such an extent that in the great majority of subjects the foremost authority is likely to be a German, our sympathy deepens at the thought that one man can send them forth to slaughter. I think it was in the *Nation* that I read the statement years ago about the great Helmholz, that almost every distinct thought of his had advanced the boundaries of human knowledge; and yet, if Germany has another brain developing into greatness approaching that, it may be spattered on the ground, smashed by a bullet!

"He that furnished the seed is responsible for what grew from it," said Demosthenes, holding his political opponent accountable for the loss of "men, places, cities." Who is mainly responsible for this volcanic eruption of war? Did not the Kaiser say years ago that no great question could any longer be decided in Europe without consulting Germany and its Kaiser? Do our German friends disagree with us if we say that their great Emperor was and is the most potent political personality in Europe? And if he was, could not his heavy hand have stayed Austria in her savage demands on little Servia? *He* knew all about it, and the one man who more than any other could have prevented war and did not is naturally held to account.

But the thing that has swung American sympathy so strongly against the German cause is the deliberate and flagrant viola-

tion of the promise to Belgium. That promise may have been merely "a scrap of paper"; but behind it ought to have been that fear of God which the Germans so proudly boast as the only fear they have. The time may come when even among the Germans some Cicero may say, with a change of only two words: "Doletis tris exercitus populi Romani interfectos; interfecit Antonius. Desideratis clarissimos civis; eos quoque nobis eripuit Antonius."

ADDISON HOGUE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., October 30.

"THE COLORADO PROBLEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express my appreciation of the exceedingly fair tone of the editorial in your issue of October 1 under the heading, "The Colorado Problem." Your views are particularly gratifying, as they indicate a knowledge of our conditions which it has been most difficult for us to disseminate through the East. In thus expressing myself, may I also comment on your reference to certain objections offered by the operators to the President's truce proposal?

I feel that no commission, no matter how impartial it might be, would be as competent as the natural managing officers of a company to say when and how the property of the company should be operated. I question if even a commission composed of officers of our company not intimately connected with the mining operations would be competent to pass on questions which, under the proposal, were to be left to "the commission." In my experience I have many times found it necessary on very short notice to direct the closing down for a period of weeks, or even months, of some one or more properties. It would obviously be a great handicap to our business to be compelled to submit such a question to the commission, unacquainted with the requirements of our trade and the almost numberless conditions surrounding the operation of mines, for its deliberate and possibly prolonged consideration.

As to the assessment of penalties prescribed in the proposed truce, it is a well-known fact that it would be next to impossible to penalize successfully the workmen for violation of a commission's orders. Colorado is bounded on each of its four sides by coal-producing States, and the nearest coal field in New Mexico on the south is but a few miles from the most important district in Colorado. Workmen who, for some reason, might be dissatisfied here could quickly move to an adjoining State. I think it is not out of place in this connection to say that the men at work when the President's proposal was received were almost sufficient in number to produce the amount of coal required. Within the past thirty days more than 1,000 additional men have been employed, and the output of coal is now even greater than the requirements. These men have expressed strong opposition to being required to work alongside of the strikers, so many of whom have threatened and abused them. We have no work for a greater number of men than are now employed, and little or no prospect of requiring an additional number, even during the coming winter. It would be manifestly unfair to our workmen to ask any of them to give up their places in order that work might be furnished to strikers, and it would seem quite as unfair to the operators that they should be required to make concessions to those who have incited and directed the lawlessness, for the purpose of inducing them to make a promise of keeping the peace.

There is no obstacle to the removal of the Federal troops except the presence of the lawless element. Within the past week an unquestioned authority has reported that an officer of the United Mine Workers of America, who is one of the strike leaders, said in effect that as soon as the Federal troops are withdrawn, the "strikers" will attack the State militia and property of the mining companies; that in preparation for such an event union men in the neighboring States to the number of 3,000 have been organized, drilled, and armed, and are in readiness to take the move when called upon. I am sure you would not expect us to deal with such an element, even indirectly, in a matter affecting the welfare of our workmen and the operation of our properties, yet that is the element which dominates the United Mine Workers of America in Colorado, and the policy expressed in the threat quoted illustrates the policy and the practice of the leaders of the strike now over a year old.

J. F. WELBORN.

Denver, Col., October 23.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there appears, on one of the pages devoted to biographical sketches of the contributors, a statement concerning the committee on the organization of a national Association of University Professors, to which reference is made in Prof. H. C. Warren's valuable article on "Academic Freedom" in the same issue. The statement conveys an erroneous conception of the functions of the committee and the purposes of those interested in the organization of the new society; and it is published without the committee's authorization, and, as Professor Warren permits me to say, without that of the author of the article. The committee is in no sense a body for the investigation of grievances or for the examination of the internal conditions in American universities. Its only duty is to prepare plans for the formation of a representative professional organization of university teachers. The reasons why many members of the profession think such an organization likely to be serviceable to the interests of the American universities have been excellently presented in an editorial in the *Nation* of March 26, this year. The committee itself has adopted the following formulation of its understanding of the purposes of the Association:

". . . to bring about more effective co-operation among the members of the profession in the discharge of their special responsibilities as custodians of the interests of higher education and research in America; to promote a more general and methodical discussion of problems relating to education in higher institutions of learning; to create means for the authoritative expression of the public opinion of the body of college and university teachers; to make collective action possible, and in general to maintain and advance the ideals and standards of the profession."

It may, perhaps, be well to take this occasion to report to those interested that the committee expects to call a meeting for the formal organization of the Association during the last week of December. The day and place cannot yet be announced. The committee, after much discussion, determined last spring that members of the profession should, at least for the present, be asked to adhere to the organization as individuals, and not as representatives of their local faculties. The committee is, therefore, about to send out invitations to a large number of university and college professors who are known to the committee, or to those who have been called upon for advice in the matter, as well qualified representatives of their respective sciences. Doubtless, through the limitations of the knowledge of the committee and its advisers, many to whom invitations should be sent will be overlooked. It is not contemplated, however, that the eventual membership of the Association will be limited to those who are asked to attend this meeting. The committee merely sought, by the means indicated, to bring together a body much larger and more representative than itself, which may constitute a nucleus for the Association, and to whose judgment the committee may submit its recommendations.

The committee is not empowered to define authoritatively either the purposes and scope of the Association, or the conditions for membership in it. It is, however, to be expected that the Association's policy with regard to these matters will be determined at the meeting to be held next month.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY,
Secretary.

Johns Hopkins University, November 2.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber and reader of the *Nation*, I beg to submit the following remarks about the article "The Church and Higher Education," which appeared in your issue of October 22.

While this editorial gives an interesting survey of the decline of the religious character of many denominational colleges, it appears strange that the Catholic colleges and universities should be passed over in silence. They are hardly a negligible quantity. Further historical facts would hardly bear out the statement: "After a time intelligent men, seeing the denominations entirely incapable of uniting, began to turn to institutions secularly endowed, or towards the State as the only hope for great and well-equipped seats of learning." There are thousands of parents here in America who want their sons and daughters educated under religious influence.

As to Mr. Pritchett, it is known that he a few years ago most assiduously, though inconsistently, maintained that the State universities had the highest kind of religion. The so-called broad social service, without some religious conviction, is like an electric wire without a current.

F. HEIERMANN, S.J.

St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O., November 1.

Literature

AN OPPONENT OF BURKE.

The Life of Charles, Third Earl of Stanhope. Commenced by Ghita Stanhope, revised and completed by G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

"Disraeli once spoke of Shelburne," Mr. Gooch remarks, "as one of the suppressed characters of English history. Shelburne's friend, Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, is another." The well-known "Political History of England," edited by Hunt and Poole in twelve volumes, grudgingly gives him five lines; the "History of England," seven volumes, edited by Oman, merely mentions his name, while Lecky ignores him altogether. Although there is the tendency common to works of this nature to give its subject a prominence which the facts scarcely justify, the reviewer lays aside the Life with the conviction that its publication is a real service to history. With just enough description to enable the general reader to understand the leading problems which the Earl attempted to solve, Lord Stanhope and his contemporaries are allowed to tell the story through copious extracts from letters, speeches, newspaper articles, and pamphlets. This method of treatment, which renders the perusal somewhat dry, enhances the value of the work for the student of history. The biography is based upon the family papers at Chevening, unpublished material in the Record Office and in the British Museum, and the printed sources. It deserves the careful attention of all persons interested in early democratic reform and early scientific investigation.

Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, 1753 to 1816, was educated at Geneva, where he was imbued with Puritanic views of life and strong democratic ideals. He resolutely refused to wear powdered curls and kept "a bottle of sirrup and water to drink healths." After the outbreak of the French Revolution he styled himself Citizen Stanhope and tore down the coronets from the iron gate at Chevening. It is reported that when he restored the family coach at the insistence of his wife and daughters, he remarked, "Well, well, we will see; but damn it! no armorial bearings." In his will he expressed his desire that his funeral "may be conducted without the least ostentation, as if he were to die a very poor man." Although he was possessed of much property from which he gave liberally to charity and education and spent thousands of pounds upon scientific investigation, he lived a life of extreme frugality.

At the age of twenty-one he entered politics as the protégé of John Wilkes. As a member of the House of Commons he exerted all his energies to oppose the war with America, to secure adequate reform of Parliament, home rule for Ireland, and the repeal of the oppressive laws against Catholics and Dissenters. Henry Grattan, before the Irish House of Commons, referred to him as "an Englishman who understood good sense and Constitution." A strong attachment existed between him and the younger Pitt, his brother-in-law, until the latter's alarmist and reactionary policy, occasioned by fear of the French Revolution, resulted in an irretrievable personal and political estrangement. He remained through life the ardent advocate of the reforms of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Wyvill, Cartwright, and was much admired by Price and Hardy. He exercised a powerful influence upon the masses, and while vehemently denouncing their oppression, always opposed violent methods. He was chairman of the Revolution Society when it voted the famous resolutions, in 1789, congratulating the National Assembly upon its accomplishments. The next year he wrote a thirty-page pamphlet in answer to Burke's denunciations in Parliament. In this pamphlet, which rapidly passed through three English editions and numerous French translations, he declared: "The Revolution in France is one of the most memorable pages in history, and no political event was, perhaps, ever more pregnant with good consequences to future ages. That great and glorious Revolution will, in time, disseminate throughout Europe liberality of sentiment, and a just regard for political, civil, and religious liberty." These views he continued to hold, when nearly every other English statesman lost his senses and helped plunge England into a period of arbitrary rule paralleled only by the worst days of the Stuarts. Napoleon he hated as the destroyer of liberties. But while praising Wellington for his part in Napoleon's overthrow, he hotly resented England's share in replacing the Bourbons on the throne of France.

Burke he regarded as "the high priest of reaction," and went so far as to show that Burke had fallen foul of the law of high treason in asserting that the crown of England was not elective. He was the close friend of Condorcet and Rochefoucauld; his letters and speeches were printed in the *Moniteur*, and his name was well known throughout France. His defence of the principles of the French Revolution and his opposition to the war with France brought down upon him a storm of invective. Horace Walpole spoke of the "ravings of a lunatic, imagining he could set the world on fire with Phosphorus," and the *Rolliad* dubbed him "the Quixote of the Nation." His house was burned over his head by a mob, set on, he believed, by some one high in authority.

After five years of absence from the Upper House, where his denunciations of the French war had been received with scorn, he returned in 1800 to oppose the Act of Union with Ireland, and later the War of 1812 with the United States. In his later years he worked upon a codification of the statutes, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and a simplification of legal procedure. Aside from Fox's Libel Act and the abolition of the slave trade, which he was in no small measure responsible for forcing through the House of Lords, nearly every reform which he advocated failed of adoption during his lifetime, because it was regarded as visionary, if not indeed destructive of social order. Since his death nearly every one of these measures has been placed upon the statute book. Wraxall said of him: "His ardent, zealous, and impetuous mind, tinged with deep shades of republicanism and eccentricity . . . was equally marked by a bold originality of character, very enlightened views of the public welfare, inflexible pertinacity, and a steady uprightness of intention . . . a man who at every period of his life, whether as a commoner or a peer, displayed the same ardent, fearless, indefatigable, and independent character."

In the field of applied science the Earl's reputation was great. At the age of seventeen he was awarded a prize by the Swedish Academy for his French treatise on the construction of pendulums. He made experiments in electricity with Franklin and Priestley, and his "Elements of Electricity," which appeared in 1779 and passed through several foreign translations, won for him membership in the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. He invented an adding machine, a lens which still bears his name, and a system of stereotype printing, acquired and long used by the Clarendon Press. He took out a patent for a steamboat in 1790 and made several successful trials. But he met with strange opposition from the Admiralty Board, and it is more than suggested that the Board was in some manner responsible for the otherwise unaccountable leaks which impaired the utility of his boats. He was in close relations with Robert Fulton in steamboat, canal, and torpedo-boat construction. Mr. Gooch justly remarks: "Few of his contemporaries touched the life of their age at so many points."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Wells can tell an excellent story when he will, but is seldom content to be a story-teller. As he says on one of the five hundred-odd pages of this book: "To invent stories to save middle-aged prosperous middle-class people from the distresses of thinking is surely no work for a self-respecting man." As a judgment upon pure fiction, this reminds one of Carlyle's dismissal of Scott as a "restaurateur." Granting that a novelist is primarily an entertainer, the fact remains that at his best he is more than that. He does not consciously cater to customers of some particular class or age, nor does he consciously challenge such a body of customers.

Mr. Wells is never able to get the middle-aged, middle-class, respectable Briton out of his head. He not only does not wish to divert him from thinking, he wishes to force him to think; and the way to do that—it is the way of Shaw and Chesterton, and the whole clever crew—is alternately to shock and to lecture him. Not that the operator must seem to take himself seriously; Mr. Wells somewhere in this book intelligibly

"places" himself as a story-teller who is above all things determined to be "British and Gothic and unclassical." And somewhere else he more than hints that everybody's business is the novelist's business.

At the risk of revealing himself hopelessly middle-aged and middle-class, the present reviewer must admit that he does not share Mr. Wells's contempt for his Sir Isaac's contempt for "littry idees," as applied to concrete matters. "I dessay I'm all wrong," cries poor Sir Isaac, with his millions and his belated "Victorian" views of commercial and domestic life. "I dessay I don't know anything about anything and all those chaps you read, Bernud Shaw, and Gosworthy, and all the rest of them are wonderfully clever, but you tell me, Elly, what they say we've got to do. You tell me that. You go and ask some of those chaps just what they want a man like me to do. . . . they grumble and they grumble; I don't say there's not a lot to grumble at, but give me something they'll back themselves for all they are worth as good to get done. That's where I don't agree with all these idees. They're Wind, Elly. Weak Wind at that."

Mr. Wells has always been full of Idees, rather at the cost of his integrity as a "littry" artist. Sir Isaac and Lady Harman and the amiable Mr. Brumble are well worth attending to for their own sakes, but having given them life, Mr. Wells cannot let them alone. Mr. Brumble must become a mouthpiece for some of his creator's social and industrial theories, and Lady Harman must exert herself to put them in practice. In this book, therefore, as in almost all of his fiction except the inimitable "Mr. Polly," his vein of sound humor, his faculty of characterization, are overlaid with "idees." And there are so many persons in the world who have nothing better to do than write tracts and invent nostrums!

Fine Clay. By Isabel C. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This is a story of a purpose which actuated three generations, growing stronger in each and triumphing wonderfully in the third. The story chiefly concerns Yolande, daughter of Major Maxim Pascoe, a British soldier, who, while in service in India, met Veronica Chesson and her father, globe-trotters. He married Veronica, who lived only long enough after the birth of Yolande to see her christened by the same priest who had officiated at the marriage. Major Pascoe is not over-particular in the personal affairs of life, except to adhere rigidly to the promise made to Veronica that Yolande should be reared under Catholic instruction. While she is still too young to recognize sophistry, she visits London and there meets Gifford Lumleigh, heir of a prominent family, whose property is subject to a provision in an ancestral will that no part of it should ever pass into Catholic hands. Gifford, nevertheless, determines to marry Yolande, and her love for him enables her to undergo many hardships due to his poor management of their affairs. Their son, Ambrose Maxim Gifford Lumleigh, whose existence becomes known to Gifford's parents only after his death, is sought for the world over. Shortly after his mother's death he is found in Italy, taken from the faithful nurse, and established in England for proper training. But the teachings of his mother remain with him, and enable him, after many years, to triumph in a most dramatic manner.

Diane and Her Friends. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

It is hard to believe that a full generation has passed since, with "But Yet a Woman," Mr. Hardy made himself known to a large audience. That striking novel appeared in 1883. Best-sellers had not yet been so christened, and it may be they did not exist in that golden sense which now attaches to the term. Mr. Hardy's genesis as an author was in a sense old-fashioned. He did not emerge, with a punch, out of the street, or even out of the reporter's room. He had already been for ten years a professor at Dartmouth College when "But Yet a Woman" appeared, and such he remained for another ten, publishing another novel or two, but by no means making up to his public in the business-like way now expected of successful authors. At forty-six he accomplished the rare and difficult feat of ceasing to be a professor; and after a short experience as editor of a popular magazine, again denied his public by becoming a diplomat. The decade of his service produced a single novel, and this is but the second volume of fiction to come from his hand since his retirement in 1905. In forty years he has produced, all told, five or six volumes of fiction. A method so costive, or, to use the current phrase, an "output" so limited, might be the result of either caution or indolence. We do not believe it is the latter in this instance. Mr. Hardy's fiction is not great, but it is distinguished, and distinction is not achieved without pain.

Its style betrays it as the work of that old-fashioned person, a literary artist:

> You know how marvellously the dead leaves of the dead year disappear, how little by little the naked branches take on those faint colors which herald the spring, and then, after days of alternate sun and cold, and delays without number, how, in spite of all of these warnings, we are suddenly astonished to find every leaf and bud in its place, and to hear the strife of chattering birds seeking nests.

There is, to be sure, nothing striking in such English as this; one fancies some school of advertising or of journalism setting an exercise: "Take following passage and give real Punch!" Its merit is that which conceals itself; its simplicity has a haunting grace or graciousness.

The book is not a novel, but a series of episodes in the lives of a loosely bound group of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, ranging from the aristocratic Diane and the cynical boulevardier De Sade to Inspector Joly, efficient servant of the Prefecture and man of sentiment. These persons are sketched with a hand light, graceful, but unerring, and their racial atmosphere is conveyed with equal subtlety. That pseudo-Gallic patter which is so deadly familiar in Anglo-American stories of Paris is as far from these pages as from reality.

Bambi. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"In a bubble over Bambi." That is where even the most satiated reader will quickly be. He cannot resist farther than page 152 at most. In the beginning, it is hard to decide whether "Bambi" is a novelized drama or a dramatized novel. In the end, one does not care, since he has had the enjoyment of reading it. "Bambi" is an American "Bunty," and the way she pulls the strings that manage everybody from the queer Herr Professor, her father, and her queerer husband Jarvis, whom she married out of hand like a progressive cave-woman, to the redoubtable Mr. Charles Frohman himself, is delicious. It does not matter that one knows that Bambi and the Professor and Jarvis are too good to be real—one enjoys them where they are. Miss Cooke makes her characters reveal themselves by their own words, and even manages to bring them physically before the mind's eye. The simplicity of style and clarity of expression are not the least of the book's charms.

THE STATE IN THE MAKING.

The State. By Franz Oppenheimer. Translated by John M. Gitterman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

The Collectivist State in the Making. By Emil Davies. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

Problems in Political Evolution. By Raymond Gettell. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.

These three recent books approach the general problems of statecraft from somewhat different angles. Dr. Franz Oppenheimer's volume, which appeared six years ago, but is now for the first time translated into English, gives an epitome of the author's entire political philosophy. The writer, as most students of political science are already aware, is a docent in the University of Berlin and a leading exponent of the socio-psychological theory of the state. He seeks to explain all steps in political evolution from sociological standpoints. The genesis, essence, purpose, and future of the modern state are all viewed from this "royal highway of scientific inquiry," as the author terms it. Oppenheimer's writings have given rise to much discussion in his own land, and although he has been treated with disdain by the orthodox teachers of *Staatswissenschaft*, he has nevertheless gained a considerable popular following. It is well that the American reader should now have a chance to judge for himself as to the merits of this scholastic controversy. The classical interpretations of social evolution from Plato to Benjamin Kidd have not succeeded in satisfying everybody. Each

new political diagnostician is accordingly sure to get some circle of interested listeners.

Of a much more practical nature is Emil Davies's book on "The Collectivist State in the Making," which deals with the increasing economic activity of public authority in State and municipality. There is some discussion of the forces which have promoted collectivist policy and of the limits which may be set to collectivism; but in the main the book is devoted to an enumeration of things now done in various parts of the world by the community for its own people. The relation of collectivism to the labor problem is touched upon briefly in the closing pages of the volume.

The only assertion that the author makes on behalf of his book is that it is not academic. If by this he means that he has not gathered or sifted his material impartially, his contention is entirely well founded. While professing to make his volume a record of both successes and failures in collectivism, the author has, as a matter of fact, paid very little attention to the failures, although he might have found some conspicuous examples, such as London's ill-starred experiences with municipal steamboats, without going very far from his own doorway. The full calendar of collectivist successes, as Mr. Davies sets them before us, embraces almost every conceivable field of business enterprise: mining and manufacture, the retailing of merchandise, banking and pawnbroking, the ownership and operation of hotels, warehouses, grain elevators and abattoirs, the management of insurance agencies and undertaking establishments, not to mention the host of ordinary public utilities which have so generally passed under community control. Collectivism as a policy is steadily gaining ground. On that point the evidence given in the book is adequate. Whether it is, as the author contends, "the only remedy visible for many of the evils from which modern society suffers and the only possible solution of the ever-more-threatening labor difficulty" (p. 207), is quite another question.

Professor Gettell's "Problems in Political Evolution" differs from both the foregoing volumes in its wholly non-controversial tone. It is an historical study of the origin and nature of the state, together with an analysis of the influences which have moulded its growth, and of the problems which public authority has been and is still called upon to solve. The author has not attempted to settle any controverted questions. His intention has been to state problems, not to solve them. More particularly, he has tried to show that every political problem is the product of many forces, economic, social, or religious, and cannot be profitably studied in isolation. Many problems of present-day interest are thus brought forward for consideration as to the various factors involved—for example, the proper relation of the state to the church, to industrial organizations, and to political parties.

Within the limits laid down the author has done his work with carefulness and good sense. He has made good use of available materials, although not always with perfect discrimination as to their relative values. The book is well planned and clearly written. Its discussions are well within the comprehension of elementary students. The ever-present danger of gaining conciseness at the expense of accuracy has been on the whole successfully avoided. Without attempting to present new theories or novel points of view, Professor Gettell has furnished the student of political science with a useful conspectus of the forces which have welded the state into unity.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

American Public Opinion. By James Davenport Whelpley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume contains fourteen chapters, seven of which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of London, five in the *Century Magazine*, the other two being here presented for the first time. They furnish a consistent view of American affairs, with special reference to our relations with foreign nations. Mr. Whelpley is amiable when most critical, and does not let our weaknesses overcloud our sterling qualities in the reader's mind. He possesses a fair share of that optimism which he attributes to us as a race, and in his case it is not an unthinking optimism, but the result of a careful balancing of contemporary events. The world at large should think none the worse of us for what he has written; indeed, it will not be his fault if it does not have an enhanced opinion of us, for underlying much in American life which to the casual observer may seem to betoken ignorance, indifference, and lack of dignity, he detects a spirit indicative of sound and stimulating national character.

The keynote of the life of America is optimism, he tells us; yet a vast majority of the American people are intelligent, unusually well educated considering their resources, and possessed of a practical vision which quickly penetrates fraud or charlatanism. In other words, the nation as a whole is possessed of a goodly supply of shrewd common-sense. It is not a slow and calculating quality in this case, and many mistakes are made, but are righted with equal swiftness when the sham is exposed. American characteristics are energy, directness, shrewdness, lack of subtlety, a more or less strong provincialism. The American is quickly aroused and quickly pacified, and he will, as a rule, meet his opponent more than half way to patch up a quarrel, whether it originated with the other man or himself. He is sensitive to criticism or ridicule, though quick to criticize or ridicule others, but likes a man who is ready at repartee, even though it be of rather obvious nature. His provincialism in most of its phases is one of the greatest strengths of the nation of which he is a unit.

This hits us off rather well, and on the whole is a characterization which should please us; though it stamps us as lacking sophistication, it indicates that we possess plentifully the primitive instincts by which nations rise to greatness. The diplomacy of America, declares Mr. Whelpley in his chapter on American Foreign Relations, may indeed be termed that of the daylight. The subtleties of Old World diplomacy are not for Washington, but perhaps, he adds, this may be no real loss to the cause of international peace and understanding, towards which America, in the peculiar simplicity of her foreign affairs and policies, has contributed in no small degree. The troubles of Americans are more superficial than those of any other great nation, for America is sound at heart, spiritually, industrially, and financially. That these troubles, superficial though they may be when the state of the nation as a whole is considered, are serious, is undeniable. The effort of the politicians to become great heroes of reform is not only doing away with acknowledged evils, but incidentally destroying much that has taken years of intelligent labor to construct. The situation resembles the state of a householder who, having sent for the fire department to extinguish a small blaze, finds the contents of the entire house apparently ruined by floods of water and the axes of the willing firemen. The damage is not as great as appearances indicate, but it is serious enough to cause dismay on the part of the owner and the onlooker. Yet all that is of the surface. The American people, in the judgment of this intelligent and amiable critic, are working out the greatest experiment in a government by a people for a people that the world has ever seen. The very throes through which the nation is passing are but the casting out of devils, some of whom are most fetching in their borrowed robes of white and halos of reform.

We have been careful to indicate the writer's fundamental optimism regarding us before calling attention to those things in our national life which he visits with genuine censure. Of such there is no lack. In Washington at the present time, for example, the nation is conducting at enormous cost a practical school of politics and statecraft. To this school have been sent a lot of ambitious, well-intentioned men, ignorant of the practical workings of the machinery of government, without consciousness of foreign affairs, "and with all the pedagogical instinct of the teacher rather than the willingness of the public to learn." Even more explicit is this:

> The legal department of the Government at Washington, in its efforts to keep up a fight against "Big Business," resembles the militant suffragist pursuing a window-breaking campaign after the purpose that might have been intended originally has been thwarted by lack of novelty and the boredom of the public. There were undoubtedly evils in connection with the conduct of the affairs of all the great American industrial combinations, sins against public policy, but they were sins committed in self-de-

fence or self-aggrandizement, and condoned by the public and the law for so many years that they became an acknowledged part of the system. It was unquestionably possible to correct these errors without the sudden, merciless, and unintelligent attacks upon industry as a whole which have marked this era of alleged reform. In the end violence reacts upon itself, and the public suffers rather than benefits, as is already apparent.

Whatever his predispositions, the reader will not be able to call these essays uninteresting. A great many subjects are discussed, all of them highly debatable: "big business," the tariff, Mexico, free tolls, immigration, American diplomats, American foreign relations in the Far East and in Europe. The discussion is always spirited, but is carried on with a detachment calculated to make the dissentient reader wonder if, after all, there is not more in what the writer says than he cares to admit.

Notes

The Outing Publishing Company announces the publication of "The Pawns of Liberty," by Corinne S. and Radoslaw A. Tsanoff.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they have in press for immediate publication a biographical and critical study of the Life and Work of Prof. Heinrich von Treitschke, by Adolph Hausrath.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of: "California. An Intimate History," by Gertrude Atherton; "With Sabre and Scalpel," by John Allan Wyeth; "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago," by Gaillard Hunt; "May Iverson's Career," by Elizabeth Jordan; "The Last Rose of Summer," by Rupert Hughes; "Before the Baby Comes," by Marianna Wheeler.

The following books are announced by Houghton Mifflin Company: "S. F. B. Morse: Letters and Journals," by Edward L. Morse; "Prints: A brief Review of Their Technique and History," by Emil H. Richter; "The Eskimo Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Shifting Sands," by Mrs. Romilly Fedden; "The Old Diller Place," by Winifred Kirkland; a new edition of "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and Edmund Backhouse, and a new Collection of Poems by Clinton Scollard.

The "Modern Reader's Chaucer," the prose rendering by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, with illustrations by Warwick Goble, which appeared two years ago, is reprinted (Macmillan; $2 net). The Prologue seems as much of a travesty, upon being reread, as it seemed at first, but other portions of the volume deserve praise for the way in which they have been adapted to the requirements of the persons for whom the version is intended.

The long roll of Dr. A. S. Way's verse translations from the classics is lengthening more rapidly than ever; one begins to wonder whether he, too, is not an association of rhapsodists! His latest publications are "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus" and "The Song of Roland" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam). In both versions he employs the long, free, six-stress ballad line, rhyming in couplets:

Shattered in glittering fragments is the blade of many a sword,
Rolled red surges of battle over many a valiant lord.

This measure serves admirably for the "Roland," but to the "Idylls" it gives an outlandish look and sound. Indeed, the versions from the Greek, though respectable in scholarship and by no means lacking in excellent passages, are as a whole disappointing. The very spirit of the *chanson de geste,* on the other hand, pervades Dr. Way's translation of the "Roland." Reading, one shares in it all with eager heart, from the fateful anxiety of the council to the loyal comradeship, the superb patriotism, the heroic faith of Roncesvaux. The changing episodes are set forth in vivid simplicity; and the verse, if less restrained than the French in rhythm and metaphor, is none the less vigorous and dignified. Deeply impressive as the Roland is at any time, it is doubly impressive in these days, when the valor of "sweet France" is marshalled against another invading horde. The panoply of war was different then:

But ever the foe draw nearer by hidden gorge and vale;
Clad are they all in hauberks, in links of the knitted mail,
With helmets laced and with broadswords girt ride cavaliers,
Their shields from their necks are swinging: there be ranks of targeteers,
There be glittering points of javelins, and ordered lines of spears.

But its bitterness is the same:

Whoso had heard the war-glaives on the helmets ring death's knell,
Whoso had seen the heroes as from saddle fast they fell,
Had heard the moans of the dying, on the hard earth as they lay,
Ah, long should he have remembrance of the woe of a fearful day.

And the hearts of men are the same:

"Thine hand, O friend and companion!" each unto other saith:
"It may hap that I die before thee, but I fail thee not unto death!"

Random comment upon America and American ways as he saw them, first in New York, and then in the course of a walking trip from the metropolis to Chicago, is the characteristic of Stephen Graham's "With Poor Immigrants to America" (Macmillan; $2 net), much of which is here reprinted from *Harper's Magazine.* The result is the inadequate view of us that one would expect from so cavalier a mode of investigation, made a bit irritating by the evident fact that the writer is intelligent enough to draw a more lifelike picture if he only were not in so great a hurry to finish his articles and get back to Russia, which, whatever its deficiencies, is "home once more."

If the general opinion of Stevenson's genius as a writer has recently undergone some abatement, there are few signs of slackening interest in him as a man. Mrs. Stevenson's "Cruise of the Janet Nichol" (Scribner; $1.75 net) will be valued as a side-light upon one of those South Sea adventures in which the doomed but indomitable Scot so delighted. The present record is modestly accounted for as "originally only intended to be a collection of hints to help my husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears." Much of the material was rewritten by Stevenson, and the notes so developed have been here omitted, as well as numerous entries of a personal nature. A chief reason for printing what remains lay in the need of correcting various recent fabrications in connection with Stevenson's voyages. "No one, outside of our immediate family," says Mrs. Stevenson, "sailed with us on any of our cruises. All the books 'With Stevenson' here, and 'With Stevenson' there, are manufactured out of 'such stuff as dreams are made on,' and false in almost every particular. Contrary to the general opinion, my husband was a man of few intimate friends, and even with these he was reticent to a degree." The Janet Nichol was a six-hundred-ton cargo steamer, with schooner rig. She set out upon an ordinary trading cruise from Sydney in April, 1890, returning in July. Her course ran to New Zealand, Samoa, and the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, with several side trips to islands well off the common trade routes. She carried a crew of fifty—mainly blacks—three officers, one of the owners, a trader returning to his island station, the Stevensons, and Lloyd Osbourne. The liveliest member of the company was the trader, named Buckland and known as "Tin Jack." He was the original of Tommy Hadden in "The Wrecker," and was very proud of the fact. The details of the cruise are interesting, though they add nothing of moment to our impression of Stevenson. They show him delighting in the island dwellers, and adored by them. He was, as always, a sick man, and had one serious hemorrhage in the course of the voyage, from which he rallied with his usual courage and with that strange tenacity which had so often pulled him through, and was to keep him alive for some four years still. The pictures show him habited in that ruffianly manner which clearly pleased him as "dressing up" pleases a child.

Volume XLVII of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society is more than ordinarily rich. Of the numerous documents, perhaps the most important are the series of letters, from the John Wilkes papers in the British Museum, comprising addresses and other communications sent to Wilkes from Boston in 1768-70. A paper by Cotton Mather on witchcraft, with keen and pungent notes by Robert Calef, is contributed by Worthington C. Ford, who, as usual, furnishes informing notes. A selection from the letters of Elbridge Gerry, written between 1797 and 1814, affords interesting glimpses of Washington society, particularly during the administration of Madison; while the contemporary literature of the Civil War is enriched by two letters of Joseph Lyman, 1861-62, and the correspondence between the Duke and Duchess of Argyle and Charles Sumner. Of the papers by members of the Society, the most notable are Charles Francis Adams's "A Crisis in Downing Street," dealing with the activities of Slidell in England following the Trent affair, and Prof. Edward Channing's "Washington and Parties," in which the seriousness of the political problems confronting Washington, and the connection between his longing for advice and the institution of the Cabinet, are concisely stated. Appreciative mention should also be made of Edward Stanwood's historical review of trade reciprocity with Canada, although the subject itself hardly seems to fall within the Society's sphere.

For the subject of the Storrs Lectures, delivered before the Yale Law School, Judge Lucilius A. Emery chose to talk "Concerning Justice," and these lectures are now published by the Yale University Press. The book, like its companions in the series, is small in compass, but it is well freighted with thought. The earlier chapters deal historically with the philosophical conception of justice and right and natural law in themselves, and contain a good deal of learning in little space. In one point Judge Emery is at fault. He quotes the ironic dismay of Socrates in the "Republic," after the debate with Thrasymachus: "The result of the whole discussion has been that I know nothing at all; I know not what justice is, and therefore am not likely to know whether or not it is a virtue"; and he implies that no definition of justice was arrived at by Plato in the course of the dialogue. That is an odd lapse or bit of ignorance; but in general Judge Emery's scholarship is sufficient, and leads up nicely to his own more legal and practical definition. "Justice," he says, "is the equilibrium between the full freedom of the individual and the restrictions thereon necessary for the safety of society. . . . In other words, it is equal freedom, equal restraint. It is order and harmony. Plato and Aristotle were right in teaching that order is an essential element of justice." The question follows: Who is to determine the limits of this equilibrium, and what power is to enforce them when determined? The rest of the little book is given up to answering this question from the point of view of a wise and legally trained conservative. The conclusion may best be summed up in the author's own words:

> Justice is more firmly secured by government with a division of powers, with a written Constitution excluding from governmental interference such personal rights as long experience has shown to be necessary both for the happiness and efficiency of the individual subject and for the welfare and efficiency of all; and, finally, with an independent judiciary to defend those rights when assailed, as they often have been, and will be, by impatient and changeable majorities.

We are not informed whether "The King of the Dark Chamber," copyrighted by the Drama League of America and published by the Macmillan Company, is an early work of Rabindranath Tagore's now resuscitated or a new production; but we have a distinct feeling that each fresh volume from that fertile pen is a step downwards—with the exception of the deep drop middle volume, "Sādhanā," which was a wearisome display of what the virile old Hindu Vedānta can become when wish-washed over with the Maeterlinckian twilight. The earliest published volume, called "Gitanjali," contained some really exquisite prose poems, in a vein of wistful mysticism, though the furor it created in certain circles was out of all proportion to its value. But the present play, which turns on the invisibility of a royal and spiritually symbolic despot, seems to us to carry the *théâtre de l'âme* to a point where it ceases to have any but the faintest interest for any but the faintest souls. We trust we are not unfair to the distinguished author, and admit that it is very easy for a sober judgment to revolt overmuch from a writer who comes heralded as "one of the few great world-figures in poetry and philosophy," and from writings which are announced as "the perfect union of beauty and truth in poesy." Such sentiments are heard in drawing-rooms, as well as in the publishers' advertisements, and are merely silly nonsense, as we hope Mr. Tagore would himself admit. Dramas like "The King of the Dark Chamber" will probably do a good service by putting an end to that sort of talk; and we shall be allowed to enjoy the really charming lyrics of our Hindu poet as they deserve to be enjoyed.

"Republican Rome" is the second of the series of Great Nations (Stokes & Co.; $2.50 net), in which "an attempt is made to tell the stories of the great nations from the modern historical standpoint." The manuscript was completed by its author, H. L. Havell, just before his fatal accident, and the necessary illustrations, maps, etc., were left to other hands, whose work in this department deserves all praise. As regards the book itself, we consider the publishers' announcement rather misleading, if we understand the expression "modern historical standpoint" aright. It is, in fact, an eminently readable and scholarly history of the Roman republic, well worth the perusal of the layman who would fain renew his touch with ancient Rome. Written by one who was saturated with Latin literature, but less versed, it would seem, in the philosophy of history as understood at the present day, its method is largely conventional. As in the legendary period heroic figures necessarily loom large, so, when we stand on firmer ground, we are too much confronted by great men posing as types of their epochs. If we have a fault to find with the volume, judged from the standpoint we have laid down, it is that it lacks balance. The endless wars of the early Republic are treated in detail more suited to a textbook than to a work of wider outlook; the social and political matter, while well stated, is often inadequate. As an example, take the author's treatment of the position of women. This is confined, in the main, to two brief passages, one, of the conventional type, under the caption The Marriage Law; the other, no less conventional, but ending with a lively description of the invasion of the Forum by Roman ladies "prepared to do battle for their earrings and necklaces." The book is extremely well made, and the illustrations are far above the ordinary standard.

In the first volume of his "Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity" (Longmans), Narendra Nath Law has brought together in popular form the data obtainable from the recently published text of the Arthaçāstra, of Kautilya, the Minister of Candra Gupta, who lived in the fourth century B. C. As the whole subject of administrative machinery is reserved for a second volume, the present work is confined to the discussion of legal procedure, laws of contract, irrigation, care of live stock, game, means of communication between different parts of the kingdom, etc. All the subjects are handled not only in the Arthaçāstra, but also in the law-books. The latter, however, are more or less theoretical; the Arthaçāstra is a practical manual, and is thus of great historical importance, if it is really a work of Candra Gupta's minister. An introduction on the age and authenticity of the Arthaçāstra by Prof. Radhakumud Mookerji, discusses the moot question whether this work should be ascribed to Kautilya. It may be a manual of later date attributed to him. Neither Mr. Law nor Professor Mookerji refers to one argument of some weight, namely, that the Arthaçāstra agrees with later rather than with earlier law-books in several particulars. Moreover, the Arthaçāstra recognizes the zenana, which is not an early institution, the fifth Rock Edict, cited (p. xliii) in support of the contrary, furnishing no evidence in this regard. An occasional freedom in translation is also to be noticed. Thus "royal passports" (p. 30) should be "the seal of the king." On p. 40, the reference to horses of Vanāyu is found in the Mahabhārata as well as the Rāmāyana; but Vanāyu (or Banāyu) is not certainly Arabia. Written agreements used in contracts are mentioned in Kautilya's work as they are in later law-books, but not in the earliest. On this and other grounds it still remains questionable whether the Arthaçāstra is what it pretends to be or what many scholars regard it as being. For this reason, despite its great historical value, since in any case it is a venerable document, it may not be cited as a work indubitably of the fourth century B. C., although its detailed provisions in the matter of public polity will always be of interest. It may be said in general that these provisions confirm in many respects the account of Megasthenes, as they corroborate the dicta of the Dharmaçāstra, and this fact alone speaks for the genuine character of the work as a reflex of ancient conditions, the only questions being whether it is quite as old as the fourth century and whether it may all be attributed to its reputed author.

The same publishers have just issued a little volume entitled "The Fundamental Unity of India," which professes to show from Hindu sources that the Hindus recognized a fatherland or motherland as long ago as the Vedic period and that they have always treasured the feeling of patriotism for India as a whole, probably the most improbable thesis ever maintained in a land notorious for historical fallacies. The author is Prof. Radhakumud Mookerji, who wrote the introduction to the "Studies in Ancient Hindu Polity" (above), and the English labor leader, J. Ramsay Macdonald, writes an introduction in turn for Professor Mookerji. Both the writer and his introducer urge that the "sense of nationhood" must inspire Hindus; but the Englishman merely urges the present necessity, while Mr. Mookerji patriotically, but, as we think, vainly, ascribes this sense to the ancient Hindus. As an example of the argumentation may be cited the use made of a Vedic hymn to mother earth, here utilized to show that Vedic Indians were "patriotic." Any one familiar with this hymn must smile at its employment for such a purpose. Another hymn invokes various rivers, whence is drawn the conclusion that the poet's mind "traverses the entire area of his native land and grasps an image of the whole as a visible unit and form." The colonization of Southern India is represented as accomplished by the seventh century B. C., to which date are referred both Pānini and the two epics! The Vedic ceremony of consecration of a "king over kings" reveals also (it is argued) a sense of nationhood. Hence the general conclusion that, from very early times, the political consciousness of the people had "grasped the whole of India as a unit," and that religion and political experience had led to "the perception of the fundamental unity of India." Finally, "India's gift to the world has been the fair fabric of an Empire, a Nationality, founded on the basis of Universal Peace" *(ahinsā)*. Ahinsā in fact merely implies that a man must not

wantonly injure living creatures! Universal peace was the ideal of one Buddhist Emperor, who also, like all Buddhists, inculcated the doctrine of "non-injury" *(ahinsā)*. Even in his day there was no patriotism in the modern sense; nor has India ever felt itself one homogeneous country. It has expressed no love of country in its poetry, because it has had no sense of country. Why not state boldly that India has never been bound by the narrow notion of patriotism? Its own poets say, "Where a man earns his livelihood, there is his country"; and again: "Only fools reckon this man or that as their own or foreign; the wise know that the whole earth is their home."

Students of Jewish magic will find much curious matter in "Sepher Maphteah Shelomo" ("The Key of Solomon"), edited by Prof. Hermann Gollancz (London: Oxford University Press; 42 shillings net). A facsimile of the manuscript (the only complete one known) is here given, with explanatory remarks and a few translations. The work is very old, Jewish in tone, with material taken from non-Jewish sources. The magical formulas are such as are found in all such works—they guard against all dangers and summon demons to do one's will. A complete English translation of the treatise would be welcome.

Science

PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Psychology, General and Applied. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

"It can hardly be claimed," says the author in his preface, "that a new textbook of Psychology is needed because there is a lack of new ones. . . . Yet the plan and aim of the present book are very different from all of them." The difference, he tells us, lies in the fact that his treatment covers applied as well as general psychology; includes "social psychology" as well as the "individual psychology" to which the ordinary textbook is limited; and adds to the usual "causal psychology" its complement in what he would call "purposive psychology." The author thus emphasizes again the importance he attributes to the "applied psychology" he has himself attempted to develop in a number of separate volumes, and at the same time tries to show that his mode of approach enables him to cover the field of social psychology lately brought into prominence by MacDougall and others, to whom he strangely makes no acknowledgments. But he steps beyond this in endeavoring to show that certain fields which others have found difficult to explore must be approached from a direction quite diverse from that which yields the results most familiar to the psychological student.

This last mentioned thesis, already suggested in previous works, he evidently considers the distinguishing mark of his treatment of the subject. He tells us (p. 11) "that we can try to explain mental life, and that we can try to understand mental life"; and that these two modes of consideration yield two diverse branches of psychology, viz., "causal" and "purposive." "These two accounts do not exclude each other; they supplement each other, they support each other, they demand each other" (p. 17). "The aim of the causal psychology is the explanation of the mental processes" (p. 21), while purposive psychology aims to understand their meaning (p. 287). Our author is thus including more than will be admitted to be properly included by those who would look upon psychology as the science of mind; a field that is well covered by what he calls "causal psychology." Indeed, those who would oppose his broader inclusion will doubtless contend that he is treating of metaphysical concepts in a field from which such treatment should be rigidly excluded. That this point may well be made is indicated by the subjects embraced in his survey of this "purposive" field as given by the captions of his chapters: Immediate Reality, The Soul, Meaning, Creation, Practical Relations, Ideal Relations. He tells us, indeed (p. 313), and perhaps in an effort to forestall such a criticism, "that the careful research, with all the aid of experimental and comparative methods, may just as well be devoted to the purposive aspect of mental life" as to the casual. So positive a statement from one who has all the facilities of the well-equipped Harvard laboratories at his command naturally leads the reader to look for a record in his pages of some examples of such application of these methods; and when one looks in vain one cannot but be led to conclude that the author has made an unjustified assertion, and one is thus likely to be confirmed in the conviction that this "purposive psychology" is a bit of metaphysics quite irrelevant to the subject matter the writer undertakes to treat.

Turning to the discussion of "causal psychology" to which the bulk of the volume is devoted, and bearing in mind the author's early predilection for physiological psychology, it is interesting to note that, although he holds this "causal psychology" to be necessarily based upon neural functioning, he is nevertheless willing to omit all detailed account of this functioning, and of the anatomy and physiology of the nerve system upon which it depends. This is surely a most hopeful sign; for our modern psychological textbooks have too often so emphasized this study of the nerve system that the student has come to mistake a certain branch of physiology for psychology; an error against which our author gives warning (p. 213) in calling attention to the fact that the modern "behaviorist" is not in any true sense a psychologist at all. His emphasis of the fact that the brain state corresponding with any given mental experience is determined as much by the nature of the motor outflow, if we may so speak, as by the nature of the incoming stimuli from the sense organs, is significant; but his whole treatment of this subject is colored by assumptions in relation to the nerve activities that correspond with consciousness, which were generally granted two decades ago, but which many neurologists nowadays hesitate to accept. Thus he holds the extreme view (p. 42) that "most of the brain processes are not accompanied by psychical states at all"; and rejects summarily the hypothesis of the existence of psychic states beyond the field of awareness which are generally described by the unfortunate term "sub-conscious." He would lead the reader (p. 32) to believe that "the hypothesis that there are sub-conscious ideas" has been introduced "exclusively for the purpose of furnishing a causal explanation for the mental interplay." But this is far from the truth. This hypothesis has not been devised by the theoretical psychologist for this, or any like, reason; it has been forced upon him, so far as he has accepted it, by the observations of the neurologist and the pathologist. Indeed, he has so often dogmatically blinded himself to the import of these observations that the pathologist has found himself impelled to write a new psychology which may take account of the facts thus observed; and if the latter has made a sorry mess of it, the psychologist has himself to blame.

One might mention other instances where the author is led by the theoretical positions he maintains to uphold views not warranted by the evidence. He does not hesitate, for instance, to reiterate with positiveness the very questionable hypothesis that disagreeableness corresponds with a contraction of the flexor muscles, and agreeableness with activity of the extensor muscles; restating it (pp. 199-201) in these terms: "The excitement becomes pleasant or unpleasant if it is starting a movement of approach or withdrawal."

A writer who displays such characteristics must not complain if his work fails to carry conviction, in some directions, even to one who acknowledges its brilliancy and suggestiveness. We may, therefore, be pardoned if we hesitate to accept, for example, his dicta in regard to the racial differences between the Greco-Latins (inclusive, of course, of the French) and the Teutons (p. 234), which he sums up in the statement: "The southern peoples are children of the moment; the Teutonic live in the things which lie beyond the world, in the infinite and the ineffable."

"American Natural History," by William T. Hornaday (Scribner) is a reprinted and enlarged four-volume edition of the same work published ten years ago, and reviewed at that time in the pages of the *Nation*. As such it requires little additional comment, its many excellent qualities, together with the few shortcomings, being equally magnified in this expansion. One of the most important accretions is the considerable addition of data in regard to the relative value to man, and the need for protection, of mammals and birds. This phase is brought down to date and alone forms an excellent *raison d'être* for the work. The illustrations have suffered, appearing much less crisp than in the first printing, and it is unfortunate that a work of this kind, which is of first-rate value to the layman in moderate circumstances, should be put beyond the reach of many by a *de luxe* edition.

Drama

AN APOSTLE OF THE SPECTACLE.

The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. By Huntly Carter. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Huntly Carter has written a book which specialists should read and others doubtless will, since it contains first-hand information on a subject on which curiosity is active and knowledge scant. Furthermore, Mr. Carter is never uninteresting, and in one section of his theme, the section comprising visual appeals in art, he makes his judgment trusted. Beyond this he does not go. For permanent valuations, for posterity in short, he manifests an unconcern which it is safe to assume that posterity will reciprocate.

The construction of the work is rather loose; it includes many pages on the history of staging, inadequately related to Reinhardt, and contributing more to the size of the book than to the elucidation of the subject. The grasp of principles is feeble. Mr. Carter does not fail, it is true, to supply the abstract catchwords, impulse, intimacy, rhythmical unity, which are the tags of intellectualism, and he is quite capable of an offhand paragraph of easy-going and lighthearted analysis, but the serious seeker for intellectual clearness must look elsewhere for his nutriment.

Mr. Carter is both art critic and dramatic critic, and, in his eyes, the second office is a branch of the first. A point of view so special and so closely analogous to Reinhardt's makes him an admirable judge of the success of the director in attaining his ends, but disqualifies him, *pari passu*, for pronouncing weighty verdicts on the ends themselves. The critique of the Reinhardt plays as spectacles impresses one as clear-sighted and even impartial, though the author's friendliness to the director makes him quick to suggest excuses for the shortcomings he is not unwilling to point out. But on the question of the rating of spectacle in the aggregate or abstract the critic vanishes in the partisan. The man who speaks with contempt of "the literary and moral theatre" (poor literature, through its addiction to bad companions, having at last incurred the opprobrium which long since overtook morality) has renounced the standards which make dramatic criticism interesting for a large section, at least of the cultivated classes. Mr. Carter has small respect for Ibsen; and a rather petulant vivacity, which sometimes rises into wit and sometimes sinks into puerility, becomes acrid on any mention of the works of Mr. Shaw.

What Reinhardt seeks and Mr. Carter approves is apparently a confederacy of many arts wherein the headship is to belong (though this is not expressly formulated), not to literature as in traditional drama, not to music as in traditional opera, but to spectacle or picture. The management of lights is to supply color; "intimacy" is to be reconciled with the amphitheatre by pushing forward the stage into the midst of the spectators; seven experts are to combine the independence of seven minds with the concentration of one in a half-mystical co-directorship known as the Will of the Theatre; and a suggestive, even an "austere," simplicity is to be obtained at a great expense of ingenuity and cash in mechanical contrivance.

The doubts that overhang the absolute value and ultimate fortune of the Reinhardt productions will not be dispelled by Mr. Carter's book. Two points of relative clearness may be noted: First, the book cannot be said to give a *death-blow* to the hypothesis that Reinhardt is nothing more than a very enterprising, resourceful, and ingenious entertainer. Secondly, it seems highly probable that, if this supposition be wrong, if Reinhardt be an original and creative artist, the art in which he works is not drama in the sense which has made that term familiar and attractive to the imagination of mankind. The emphasis on spectacle and the reversion in the newer and more characteristic productions to sensation and crudity in plot create a half-presumption that the exodus of the art of Sophocles and Shakespeare from its modern house of bondage must be effected under other leadership. Mr. Carter's book, in spite of its author's perfect readiness to re-define drama in terms of Reinhardt, leaves that presumption virtually intact.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

In the *Nation* of October 29, reviewing the edition of this play by Henry Arthur Jones published under the auspices of the Drama League of America, we drew attention to the excellence of its literary and theatrical workmanship, and the opinion we expressed as to the merits of the piece is only confirmed by seeing the presentation of it on the stage of the Comedy Theatre by Miss Marie Tempest and her company. It acts even better than it reads, and is one of the rather rare instances of a play written for a star which makes no sacrifice of art to the demands of the stellar rôle. The lightest of light comedies, its plot is of the slightest. Its conspicuous merit lies in the ingenious manner in which the situation is developed naturally from a chance remark in the first act, in the brightness of its lines, and in its clever satire on contemporary manners and politics in England. The niceties of this satire naturally can hardly be as well appreciated here as in London, but the brilliant technique of the play, the sparkle of its dialogue, and the delightful acting of Miss Tempest in a rôle exceptionally suited to her piquant personality should insure its success.

In the reign of James I baronetcies were purchasable for, if we remember aright, the relatively modest sum of £600. The price is considerably higher in our day, and the transaction less open and aboveboard. In "Mary Goes First" Mr. Jones gently satirizes the methods by which titles are obtained—the lesser titles of those who, as the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, himself a member of the order, once said, have ceased to be gentlemen and have not become noblemen—and displays the heartburnings which may be expected to ensue in a provincial community when his Majesty has delighted to honor one of its prominent members. Mary Whichello has been the acknowledged leader of society in the fashionable suburb of an English provincial town until honest Tom Bodsworth, having presented a hospital to the community, becomes Sir Thomas, Knight Bachelor, and Mrs. Bodsworth, whom her neighbors have known as Fanny, blossoms like the rose as her Ladyship. Then, of course, she goes into dinner before Mary and, good vulgar soul that she is, is not above rubbing it in. In three acts and an epilogue Mr. Jones lets us see how the sprightly and nimble-witted Mary, outmatching her more sluggish rival in every exchange of repartee, urging on her easy-going husband to unheard-of and undesired ambitions, twisting a local lawyer and a precocious young politician round her little finger, finally regains her supremacy as social leader and becomes entitled, as the wife of a baronet, to precede Lady Bodsworth into the dining-room—a triumph, however, which in the end she good-naturedly foregoes.

Miss Tempest, as Mary Whichello, gives full value to the crisp dialogue which the author has written for her, playing the part in the true vein of light comedy. Franklin Dyall, as Richard Whichello—a rôle which ingeniously receives a new development in the second act, when Whichello's somewhat torpid ambitions are aroused by the clever prodding of his wife—and Graham Browne, as Felix Galpin, also keep well within the legitimate bounds of comedy. The same cannot altogether be said of the parts of Sir Thomas and Lady Bodsworth, which, as played by Kenyon Musgrave and Miss Kate Serjeantson, are sufficiently amusing, but are interpreted throughout in too farcical a vein, and the symmetry of the play is thus somewhat impaired. The same fault is noticeable in the Mr. Tadman of John Alexander. Other characters are interpreted adequately, if without any great distinction. Even, however, with a cast far less competent than the one which presents the piece at the Comedy Theatre, the outstanding merits of the play itself, which might almost serve as a model for the construction of light comedy, and the really delightful performance of Miss Tempest would make "Mary Goes First" one of the most enjoyable productions of the present season.

S. W.

"THAT SORT."

Mr. Basil MacDonald Hastings, who is said to have written "That Sort" with Nazimova in mind for the principal part, greatly overestimated her powers if he fancied that she could make the play seem vital. This is not to blame Nazimova, whose acting showed the possibilities of great fascination and was freer from mannerisms than her recent work had led one to believe was possible. Her enunciation, too, except for troublesome "s's" and "th's," was excellent. Yet, for all her exceptional abilities, the play dragged and appeared wrong-headed from the start; only a miracle could have raised it to the plane of solid drama.

Mr. Hastings has taken one of those rare cases against which Aristotle, a wiser man, strongly protested, as being incapable of dramatic credibility. The plot, in brief, involves the tragedy of a woman of thirty-four who, having married at seventeen and borne a child, was shortly divorced by her husband for infidelity, and, of course, deprived of the child. In the meantime, she has sunk to the depths, including the use of drugs, and just before the play opens has attempted to take her life. Why? Because it has suddenly come

over her how much she misses her child. Her mother-instinct has been thwarted, her bosom aches, and her arms are empty. It is not to be supposed that a woman, even after having led for seventeen years a life like hers, may not in rare cases feel what she does. But so remote an instance fails to catch the warm sympathy of the audience. And all that is later said with the object of bringing her into the company of her child has the ring of special pleading, instead, as it should do, of hammering on two or three conceptions which the audience can feel to be fundamentally true.

We need not recount the plot in full. After Dr. Maxwell has revived this woman from the attempted suicide, he learns her story, and is so moved that he resolves to further her wishes. It transpires that the former husband is his dear friend, Sir John Heppell, who is now remarried and is looking for a governess for the small offspring of the second union. The doctor sends Diana (such is the notorious beauty's name) to the country, and after six months, when, as he says, she is no longer Diana Laska, but now a pure, true woman, confronts Sir John with her. There is a scene, but she remains, and is much with her daughter, who, of course, does not know her identity. The big entanglement comes in the final act, when the daughter admits her engagement to Philip Goodier, of whom Diana had once been the mistress. The concluding tragedy is seen in Diana's resolution, which is precipitated by a threat from Philip, to retire from the household and to leave her daughter still in ignorance.

To our mind, the most interesting act of this silly play is the first—a fact which in itself condemns the piece—in which Diana, coming back to consciousness, reviews the sordidness of her career. Here Nazimova showed solid talent and was in all respects a fascinating, if appalling, figure. Other parts in the play, which is produced at the Harris Theatre, were taken by Messrs. Charles Bryant, Vincent Serrano, David Glassford, Wilfred Seagram, and Miss Charlotte Granville and Miss Beatrice Prentice. F.

"PAPA'S DARLING."

The musical comedy bearing this alluring title, which is presented by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger at the New Amsterdam Theatre, though originally made in France under the title "Le Fils Surnaturel," has doubtless been considerably adapted to the supposed requirements of the American stage. It is, we should say, an almost ideal example of what that mysterious entity known as a Broadway audience is told—and presumably believes—that it wishes to see. When one has comfortably abandoned the attempt to follow the ramifications of an extremely complicated plot, wherein the paternity of a son who doesn't exist is foisted upon a succession of parents, one can view the animated spectacle with the detached unintelligence of the weary to which productions of this class are supposed to minister. The chorus is really admirable, being, in rowing parlance, well together, and presenting a standard of personal attractiveness both in natural charms and in the external adornment of costume that is considerably above the average. Of the principals, only one comedian, Frank Lalor, is at all interesting; there is nothing startling about the book, and the music, though pleasing enough, is frankly of the reminiscent order. In view of these facts, and particularly in view of the disproportionate excellence of the staging and chorus, the idea suggests itself that the logical development of this type of musical entertainment would be to dispense altogether with principal and book and to present, possibly under the leadership of a χορηγός, a succession of ensemble movements by the chorus, harmonious in color and action, and chanting ditties that are calculated now to soothe and anon to stimulate the jaded nerves of a Broadway audience. S. W.

"SUZI."

Possessed of a spacious setting of summer gardens at Budapest and of a large mixed chorus, "Suzi" gave promise, at the rise of the curtain, of developing into an ambitious musical comedy. But it soon settled into the humdrum affair which this sort of spectacle so often is. The plot, what there is of it, is well enough. A young man who has hitherto been indifferent to love is desired by his father to marry a wealthy countess. When he refuses, the father undertakes to turn his thoughts in that direction by arranging a flirtation for him with some mythical beauty. But the son has just become aware of the charms of Suzi, a prima donna, and resents any interference, not suspecting that Suzi is the person whom the father is using as a tool. Of course, it turns out that the Countess marries the father, a widower, and that the son and Suzi are left to undisturbed bliss.

Jose Collins, as Suzi, gave an adequate performance, though her voice would have been more pleasing if she had not resorted so frequently to a falsetto note. The play is presented by Lew Fields at the Casino. F.

"LIFE."

There is little to commend itself in "Life," the melodrama-spectacle recently presented by William A. Brady at the Manhattan Opera House. It is neither impressive nor is it thrilling, and its great length—for it plays nearly four hours—makes it tiresome. If you like schemes, stratagems, and spoils, virtue horribly wronged, villany enjoying for a time the fruits of its sin, and meeting inevitable retribution, or heroic innocence languishing in durance vile, you will find some elements in "Life" to hold your interest. But you will find it exaggerated, ludicrous, and out of drawing.

As a four-reel drama for the "movies" the production would be infinitely more satisfying than in its present form. For instance, the automobile pursuit in Act III would be made something more than an illusion, and the wreck of the pursuing car something more than a pretence. Motion pictures are employed, in fact, but these, though intended to move the action, serve merely to cover intervals between changing scenes. A certain crudity in stage management also robs the piece of any impressiveness it might otherwise have. The scenery is flimsy. Doors that should be rigid wave annoyingly and back drops shake. Moreover, there is something wrong in the selection of the cast when not one out of a great mass of characters is worthy of mention. A grave error on the part of Mr. Thompson Buchanan, who wrote the piece, is that he has apparently worked it out with the thought that mere sensationalism is spectacular.

The reception accorded to the production indicates that it may meet with approval.

L.

Art

THE NEW PAINTING AND THE MUSICAL FALLACY.

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

It is an odd reversal of usual conditions that the French writers on the new painting, MM. Apollinaire, Gleizes, and Metzinger, should be hopelessly unintelligible, whereas the most distinguished German practitioner and critic of Post-Impressionism, Wassily Kadinsky,* is entirely lucid. Some power there must be in a movement that makes a French critic obscure, a German transparent. We have Kadinsky's "The Art of Spiritual Harmony" in Mr. Sadler's excellent English, well printed and adorned with a number of incoherent scrawls by the author, which presumably express the harmony of his spirit. Again we touch paradox. Why should anything so emphatic and plain as French Post-Impressionism and Cubism inspire the blindest of writing, whereas Kadinsky's systematic organon of painting eventuates in an art wholly cryptic? We may waive such inquiries in favor of an immediate consideration of Kadinsky's doctrines. Since they are clearly formulated, they invite inspection on their own merits, and quite regardless, for the moment, of the art they purport to justify.

Creation grows out of the artist's "Inner Need." This is the fundamental axiom, and, naturally, it presupposes an untrammelled individualism in which the Inner Need shall not merely arise, but also fully wreak itself. At first blush, this is merely the familiar Romantic theory of the artist as self-sufficing titan. But both in theory and practice the Romantic artist never was quite unconditionally titanic or self-sufficing. His volcanic and imperative emotions he drew, after all, from his reactions to the immense variety of nature, to the extreme joys and horrors of the world of man. Here the Post-Impressionist parts company with the mere Romantic. The Inner Need may grow out of the artist's wider experience, but preferably should not. It is an isolated specialized stress which finds within itself both the motive and the materials for creation. This is what the French modernist critics mean when in their single intelligible phrase they demand *la peinture pure*. It should be complete, that is, within the original creative impulse, should be free from contamination of any sort with the artist's usual associational life. Kadinsky merely varies the notion when he claims for painting the freedom of the art of music.

In the analogy of painting and music consists the most interesting part of his essay, but before going on to this, the primary axiom of the Inner Need should be closely examined. In bluntest words, the notion of a specialized emotion, creative or otherwise, wholly shut off from the residual feeling and thinking is merely bad psychology. You

**The Art of Spiritual Harmony.* By Wassily Kadinsky. Translated with an Introduction by M. T. H. Sadler. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

cannot thus parcel out an individual. All experience is knit together; it is in vain that one minimizes or denies the bond. The Inner Need draws from the whole life, and is part of it. Relatively, the Inner Need can be isolated, by a manner of starvation. That is, the artist may keep out of his creative stress all the normal associations, paint, as it were, with a chosen fraction of himself. This seems to be what the modern artists are doing. Indeed, the command to obey the Inner Need, and only it, could in practice simply mean that the artist is to avoid his commoner range of associations and work from exceptional and precious associations. Taken sensibly, such counsel is merely that of selection. Artists at all times have been supposed to practice that. Taken fanatically, the counsel is merely to prefer the most recondite and exotic part of the self. The eccentricity of the modern painting shows clearly the sense in which the maxim is actually taken. Here there doubtless is some element of self-deception. After a long course of thinking out oddities with pains, the artist may be able to convince himself that the oddities came spontaneously. Doubtless, a skilful and short-minded performer might persuade himself that he was born a tight-rope walker. Genetic science would, however, hardly believe him.

Though the maxim that the artist emits art from an isolated emotional apparatus, quite as the firefly emits phosphorescent light from his tail, must be rejected, it is plain enough that the artist can do very odd and apparently unprecedented things. These are, however, unprecedented only because our knowledge of the artist's consciousness is incomplete. A thorough analysis would show that he merely is distorting and recombining his obscurer and, to him, more precious experiences. If these have any universality in them, the work will have value, but probably not highest value. The highest art is central. As a matter of fact, most of the new painting, though it has its happy audacities, remains trivial, the product of a sophistical dualism which attempts to isolate the artist from the whole man. Yet the command to be odd, avoid natural appearance, eschew commonplace of all sorts, may have most pragmatic significance. Young talent is rallying in force to this standard. But the fact holds that it is better to live in the whole than in a part, and we shall never have any really important art from the new movement until the Inner Need consents to keep company with life as a whole.

It is probably some inkling of the irresponsibility and ultimate sterility of the Inner Need that has led some of the strongest young painters to have recourse to external and quite arbitrary disciplines. Cubism, Pablo Picasso's ingenious adaptation of fourth-dimensional geometry, is a characteristic case. Kadinsky seeks his discipline in a kind of grammar of form and color which usurps the terms not of geometry, but of music. An arrangement of simple forms is "Melodic," and arrangement of complex forms and colors "Symphonic." The colors have definite spiritual values, affinities, and oppositions. Blue and yellow are antipodal, symbolizing respectively the most mysterious and the most obvious sentiments. The compromise, green, is the mundane average, good to live with, but refractory as material for art. Throughout, the colors and their relations may be equated with the musical notes and their harmonies, or more accurately the colors resemble the several instruments in the orchestra. Music is the best teacher, for, above all other arts, it has eschewed imitation and has devoted itself "to the expression of the artist's soul in musical sound." Accordingly, the painter who renounces mere representation, and longs to express his inner life, "cannot but envy the ease with which music, the most non-material of the arts to-day, achieves this end. He naturally seeks to apply the methods of music to his own art. And from this results the modern desire for rhythm in painting, for mathematical, abstract construction, for repeated notes of color, for setting color in motion."

So, too briefly, we must epitomize what Kadinsky explains at length with eloquence and evident conviction. We may add that he distinguishes three grades of art: the Impression, which is any representation of outer reality, and is regarded as a permissible but inferior stage; the Improvisation, which is a quick and summary expression of the Inner Need—it is the name which he modestly gives to most of his own pictures—and the Composition, which is a matured and pondered expression of the Inner Need. These definitions, as against the impulsivist dogmas of French Post-Impressionism, have the merit, first, of leaving for representation a place, if an humble one, and, next, of vindicating against the current dogma of emotional immediacy the sway of the intellect in art.

Indeed, there should be small quarrel with Kadinsky's definitions, as descriptive of a certain type of art. As a general æsthetic, however, the doctrine has manifest defects. It entertains the illusion of an artistic, creative faculty apart from the personality as a whole, and it denies the principle of relativity which affects all the arts, that of music included. Music itself does not play with fixed abstract terms, such as Kadinsky wishes the colors to be. An oboe, for instance, is neither a sad nor a glad instrument; it all depends on circumstances. The 'cello, and even the double bass, are highly serious or most playful instruments, according to context. The minor intervals may be the basis either of the most plaintive ballad or of the topical song. Syncopation is the mark of the impassioned czardas and of the comico-sentimental "coon" song. So when we speak of a canon of the instruments or harmonies or rhythms, we mean only typical or frequent effects, admitting all manner of exceptions. It is only in an incomplete sense that we can agree with Schopenhauer that music is "an immediate symbol of the will itself"—*unmittelbar Abbild des Willens selbst*. For an art that must express itself through the most complicated and severe conventions cannot be truly an "immediate" symbol of anything. Music is merely the most detached of the arts, a landmark art, the bearings of which may readily be found. Much of the modern confusion of counsel comes from taking spontaneity and effectiveness, which have always been desired, for immediacy, which is psychologically impossible.

If this be true of the relatively uncondi tioned and mathematical art of music, how much more is it so of the highly conditioned art of painting. In a sense, the musical notes are an abstraction without reference to the sounds of external nature—which will only rarely coincide with the notes of the scale—but every conceivable color and form has manifold reference to similar hue and shape in visible nature. There are what we may call unapplied notes and harmonies, there are no such unapplied forms and colors. At best, we can have only odd or novel rearrangements of the forms and colors already in nature. In short, the detachment from everyday reality which the musical composer gets of right and by the very nature of his material, the painter only achieves by a wilful act of forgetfulness, by refusal to link his raw material with its source. More definitely, what shall we say of the dictum that blue is a remote mysterious color? Sir Joshua Reynolds, holding this view, forbade the color in foregrounds. In retort, Gainsborough painted the admirable Blue Boy. He might as well have cited any one of a thousand madonnas with azure mantles. Blue is a remote and mysterious color in the Alpine background of the Mona Lisa; in her robe, it is a proximate and explicit color. With justice the negro speaks of "plain red and yellow," but consider these colors in a Japanese print or in one of Turner's skies. In short, any color may take on the most varied emotional values, just as the bow may draw from a single note of the violin the most various shades of feeling. Of necessity this is the case, for colors and notes alike are inexpressive until charged with human emotion, an emotion which surges up, not from a fractional part of the personality, but from the whole man.

The whole issue is whether the impression of art is weakened or strengthened by alliance with the associational life. Is our task as artists and amateurs resolutely to shut off all associations that gather about the enjoyment of art? to accept such associations without criticism? or finally to regulate and command the associations that are relevant to the particular æsthetic experience? The modern artists generally are following the first course and are impoverishing their product by depriving it of reinforcing associations; the average man has always followed the second course, losing the specific æsthetic experience in a maze of his own sentimentality; the artist and the man of taste at all times have tried to follow the third course, discriminating between the associations that are or are not relevant to the particular impression of art.

This course, being one of compromise and technical adjustment, is repugnant to absolutists of all sorts. It has too much humanity and common-sense in it to be generally acceptable to-day. It requires of the layman that he take the pains of thought and taste, of the artist that he accept the complication of being also a man. Thus both the naïve and the doctrinal impulsivist are offended. The man who "knows what he likes" finds himself in logical if uncongenial fellowship with the life-renouncing artist. In fact, the quest of "pure painting" has much the look of an evasion. In a normally realistic or traditionally imaginative art there are so many ways of going wrong, so many chances of error and stupidity, so small a percentage of originality and conspicuous success. Such are the hard conditions with which the artist has coped cheerfully for some thousands of years, and with considerable success. But modern times have bred a new type of artist, no longer an accepter of the conditioned world of humanity, but a yearner for free and unconditioned and creative existence. "Since the actual world is hard and intractable," he seems to say, "I will emigrate to a world within myself where I shall create both the conditions and the work of art. I will be master in a world all my own." Such a programme is merely a belated phase of the old counsel of romantic isolation. Your titan, unlike all other living organisms, thrives only in a vacuum.

To say that the modern artistic revolt is wholly wrong in theory, being in the main simply a refurbishing and accentuation of romantic dogmas already disproved, is by no means to condemn it utterly. In matters of art, despite Leonardo da Vinci, plenty of strong work has based itself on weak theory. By nature the artist is little of a doctrinaire, and his choice of doctrines is often casual and only lip-deep. But, so far, the modern movement has, in my opinion, produced no considerable works. There are improvisations of a novel and exciting sort, there is a febrile and ill-regulated vitality, not without its attractiveness. As yet, except for the calculated pedantry of the Cubists, modern painting has not passed from what Kadinsky calls the Improvisation to the Composition. Matisse and Kadinsky are doing a good deal what Tintoretto and similar impetuous temperaments did in their more casual moods and in hasty sketches which later were to be refined and developed. The defect of the modern artist, in his extreme phase, is lack of masterful adjustment to the modern world. His disposition is an anti-social one. Until he comes to an understanding with life, his art at best is doomed to eccentricity, at worst to sterility. The vacuum is not really habitable, even by the titan.

This is not to say that the seeker for pure painting may not be an appealing and even a significant figure, as he signals to himself in the void. He is at least the eternal voice of protest against the commonplace, in some incomplete fashion an apostle of the ideal. When he learns that the commonplace and the normal are by no means identical, and that within the normal the ideal has ever been comprehended, he may produce works of lasting value. Meanwhile, his very aberrations may serve as tonic and irritant to an official art, itself unduly detached from society and tradition, and confessedly gone rather stale.

Nor need we wholly deplore the prevalence of the musical fallacy. In a cyclic order of events it was due. For centuries painting has been closely bound to literature, generally for its good, but in later time, as literature itself lost religious and public significance, very much for its hurt. As painting sought to liberate itself from literature, the art nearest to life, it was natural that it should turn to music, the art farthest from life. On the whole, the new association has not been a fruitful one. In the nature of its materials, painting is more affine to literature than to music. Forms, colors, and words are common coin of sensory experience, while notes and harmonies are not. The search for the abstract in painting is based on a false analogy with music, which is daily discrediting itself in practice. Painting, when it returns to literature, should find the former tyrant become a faithful and serviceable ally. In the analogy of painting and music there is no standing ground, yet the fallacy may have served its turn, just as a lurch into reckless individualism may be a wholesome temporary experience for a man overtrammelled in the social nexus. Art advances not by reasonable approximations, but by these rather violent reactions. The Tenebrists, who reacted against Raphael, produced little work of enduring worth, yet they opened the way for Velasquez. So there may well be some pioneer quality in the eccentries of to-day. But when the new and finer art comes, we may be sure that it will be free from eccentricity, free from dependence on the only remotely kindred art of music, free also from undervaluation of the inexhaustible variety and suggestiveness of external nature.

Finance

THE FIVE PER CENT. CASE REHEARING

Previous to the passage of the Hepburn Act in 1906 there was no provision in the Interstate Commerce Act for a "rehearing" of rate cases. By the Hepburn Act it was provided that after any decision has been made by the Commission any party may make application for a rehearing of the case, and the Commission may grant such rehearing if sufficient reason appear to exist. It was also provided that after such rehearing and a consideration of all facts, including those arising since the former hearing, the Commission may reverse, change, or modify its original decision or order.

Acting under these provisions, the railways in official classification territory asked on September 15 for a rehearing of the "5 per cent. advanced rate" case which the Commission had decided on July 29, and asked a modification of the order made on that date so as to permit the tariffs as filed by the companies with the 5 per cent. advance to go into effect. The "new facts and circumstances" alleged by the carriers in their petition were three, viz.: (1) the complete financial returns of the thirty-five systems for the fiscal year 1914, (2) the European war, and (3) the apparent insufficiency of the remedies suggested by the Commission other than the horizontal increase in freight-rates proposed by the railways. The Commission granted the rehearing, setting the date therefor as close as the law would permit, and hearings began on October 19, terminating on October 30.

The carriers presented complete financial exhibits for the fiscal year 1914, the chief feature of which was the heavy falling off in "return on property investment," i. e., in the ratio of net operating income to cost of road and equipment. This ratio in 1914 fell below that shown in any of the preceding fifteen years, so far as the combined thirty-five systems were concerned, and it was contended by the carriers that it demonstrated a most critical condition of their affairs. They also put in evidence the operating returns for the months of July and August, which showed continuance of declining business and forced economies in operation.

They further presented expert testimony on the effects of the European war, Mr. Charles A. Conant being the only witness directly called by the carriers. Mr. Conant made an elaborate statement to show the probable effects of the war upon the cost of new capital in the future and the greatly increased competition that would exist for such capital as was available. Broadly speaking, the carriers asserted that this increase in capital cost was one of the factors in making increased costs of transportation, and, therefore, was an additional reason for advanced rates. At this point an interesting development was intervention by the Investment Bankers' Association, which sent several of its officers and counsel to the hearing, with a demand that they be heard. Mr. Frederick Strauss, Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain, and Mr. Oldham were the principal witnesses presented by the Association, and the burden of their testimony was to the effect that railway credit was at the heart of the entire investment structure in America, that investors were losing confidence in railway securities, that the emergency brought about by the war had greatly aggravated the condition of the carriers, and that it was the plain duty of the Commission to do all that was in its power to remedy the situation.

The companies concluded the case with evidence concerning the probable increase of revenues to be obtained from adoption of the various suggestions made by the Commission other than a direct horizontal increase in freight-rates, the general purport of this testimony being to show that only a small amount of money could be immediately realized in this way.

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, special counsel for

the Commission again appeared as substantially opposed to the railways' plea, and by cross-examination of the various witnesses, as well as by his concluding argument, made it plain that he had not greatly altered his views since the original hearing. Mr. Clifford Thorne also cross-questioned witnesses and argued on his familiar lines, professing to represent several Western States. Various shipping interests, notably the Pittsburgh Coal Company, were directly represented as protesting against the proposed tariffs so far as their own particular commodities were concerned. Arguments by both sides closed the hearing on October 30.

The general impression is that decision will very soon be made on the petition of the railways. While, of course, nothing has transpired as to the opinions of members of the Commission, the reversal by that body of its position in what has been known as the "industrial lines allowances" case, announced last week, has led a good many observers to conclude that in all probability some further relief will be granted to the companies. Cancellation of allowances to what are known as "industrial lines" was one of the methods relied upon by the Commission for increasing the revenues of the railways, and an order was made last spring directing such cancellation. It was estimated at that time that something like $15,000,000 would accrue annually to the railways therefrom. Opposition of State commissions and the decision by the Supreme Court in what is known as the "tapline" case have compelled the Interstate Commission to revoke the decision made in the spring, and the relief expected from that decision will not now be available.

Commissioner Harlan, who wrote the report in the original 5 per cent. case, did not sit with his colleagues in the rehearing, and it is not known whether he will or will not take part in deciding the present case. Commissioner Clements acted as chairman, in the rehearing, and took an active part in the questioning of witnesses. In the original case Messrs. Harlan, Clements, Meyer, Clark, and Hall constituted the majority returning the decision. Messrs. McChord and Daniels dissented, the latter in radical fashion, from the majority opinion.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Mursell, Walter A. Byways in Bookland. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
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Reed, N. A Woman's Career. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Richardson, E. C. Biblical Libraries. Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.
Royce, J. War and Insurance. Macmillan. $1 net.
Slattery, M. He Took It Upon Himself. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Strunsky, S. Belshazzar Court: Village Life in New York. Holt.
The Dickens Calendar for 1915. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
The Everyman Encyclopedia. Edited by Andrew Boyle. Vols. 1-12. Dutton. $6 net.
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Thoreau, Henry D. Walking. Houghton Mifflin (Riverside Press). $2.50 net.
Turnbull, V. C. Stories from Robert Browning. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Verrill, A. H. An American Crusoe. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1914.

Summary of the News

The past week may almost be said to have been a peaceful one in that there have been few rumors of imminent participation in the war by those countries of Europe not already engaged. Italy holds tenaciously to her neutrality, and is occupied with the trouble in her Tripolitan possessions to which we alluded last week. On November 14 it was announced that the Council of Ministers had appropriated $80,000,000 for new military expenses. The measure authorizing this appropriation will shortly be submitted to the Italian Parliament for ratification.

From none of the Balkan states not already engaged has there come evidence of any immediate intention of entering the struggle, even Greece, which it was confidently expected would embrace the opportunity of again attacking Turkey, having so far remained quiescent. The intention of Bulgaria to preserve neutrality was, according to dispatches to the London *Morning Post*, again emphasized last week by Premier Radoslavoff, when he received the leaders of the opposition in private audience and explained to them that Bulgaria enjoyed the sympathies of all the great Powers and did not intend to take part in the war on either side.

So far Turkey's participation in the war appears to have been productive of few results of material importance. The wildest rumors arrive via Berlin and the wireless station at Sayville, as, for instance, the intelligence that the Khedive of Egypt, who is at present in Constantinople, and, *nolens volens*, is likely to remain there, is himself about to lead the army of invasion into Egypt, and that the Ameer of Afghanistan has declared war on Russia and Great Britain. On the other hand, by way of Petrograd and London have come reports of dissension in the Turkish capital and of a revolt of the garrisons there and in Adrianople. The Sultan has issued a proclamation to the army and navy in which he accuses Great Britain, France, and Russia of having instigated the war upon Turkey and declares that "not only the fate of our own country but the fate of 300,000,000 Moslems depends on your victory."

Difficulties arising over the export of copper from the United States to European countries appear to have received a satisfactory settlement. Early last week the State Department gave out a paraphrase of the British note on the subject, which read: "A supply of copper sufficient for normal consumption in neutral countries will not be interfered with, provided that adequate guarantees are given that the copper will not be transshipped to enemy countries." Norway and Sweden have prohibited shipment of copper through their territories, and on Sunday an order was promulgated by the Italian Government forbidding the transshipment of any goods on the transportation of which from Italy a veto has been placed since the beginning of the war. Invoices made out to "bearer" and failing to specify any fixed destination will be interpreted as applying only to Italy, and goods so invoiced will not be allowed to be transshipped.

Pope Benedict XVI's first encyclical, urging peace among the warring peoples of Europe, was made public on Monday.

News of the revolt in South Africa led by Gen. Christian de Wet has been somewhat sparse. Unofficial reports on Tuesday stated that De Wet himself had been wounded and that his followers were much dejected, lacking arms and ammunition.

The twelve Federal Reserve banks of the country were formally opened for business on Monday. Elsewhere we comment upon the remarkable piece of legislation which is thus put into operation.

The Industrial Relations Commission will begin an investigation of the situation in the matter of the Colorado coal strike at Denver on December 1.

Tho question of race segregation in Governmental departments in Washington, of which we take note elsewhere, was brought up on Thursday of last week, when the President received a delegation representing the National Independence Equal Rights League.

The reopening of the Cotton Exchange in New York on Monday was unmarked by any announcement of failures or any "panicky" condition. Trading was quiet, and the fluctuations in the market were of a normal character. The Exchange was open for the first time since July 31 last.

The British Parliament was opened on November 11 by King George. The speech from the Throne dealt entirely with the war, and indicated that the business of the session would be confined to such legislation as might be necessary "to make due financial provision for the effective conduct of the war." On Monday, in moving for an additional vote of credit, Mr. Asquith stated that up to Saturday the war had cost between $4,500,000 and $5,000,000 a day over normal expenditures. The vote of credit, which was passed unanimously, was for £225,000,000, the greatest single sum ever voted by the House of Commons. This, with the addition of the £100,000,000 voted last August, represents a sum equal to an increase of more than 50 per cent. in the national debt. The present measure, Mr. Asquith stated, carried the provision for the war up to March 31. The measure providing for an additional army of 1,000,000 men was also adopted unanimously.

The measures taken against "alien enemies" residing in England have apparently not been quite so sweeping and drastic as had been supposed from the vast amount of agitation that attended the arrest of Austrian and German citizens by the police. Home Secretary McKenna announced in the House of Commons on Monday that 14,500 alien enemies of great Britain were at present interned in concentration camps in the British Isles, exclusive of prisoners of war and men removed from merchant ships of the enemy. Mr. McKenna added that there were about 29,000 alien enemies still at large in the country.

After a stormy week in Mexico the latest news, as we write, bears a somewhat more hopeful character, although in accepting this at its face value it is well to bear in mind that inspired dispatches from Washington have displayed in the past a tendency to hope for the best in the face of circumstances that may mildly be described as discouraging. In conformity with the ultimatum delivered to Gen. Carranza by the Conference at Aguascalientes, the First Chief was officially proclaimed a rebel on November 12, on which day Gen. Eulalio Gutierrez took the oath as Provisional President. On the following day it was reported that Gen. Villa had ordered an attack on Tampico and that the forces of Carranza and of the Convention were preparing for hostile operations all along the line.

All parties, however, appear to have thought better of their militant preparations, and on Saturday of last week it was announced that an agreement had been reached to suspend hostilities until November 20, when the Convention would meet again and either ratify or nullify the election of Gen. Gutierrez. Gen. Carranza's ambitions now appear to have limited themselves to the elimination of Villa, for, according to dispatches from Mexico City dated November 15, he made an offer to Gen. Gutierrez to turn over his military forces to Gen. Gonzalez and leave for Havana, arriving there not later than November 25, if Gen. Villa would turn over his command to Gen. Gutierrez and be at Havana on the same date. What was to happen when the two redoubtable champions met at Havana is not recorded, but on Monday, according to dispatches from Washington, Secretary of State Bryan felt sufficient confidence in the outcome of the situation to announce that Carranza had agreed to surrender control of Mexican affairs to Gutierrez and that peace had been re-established.

That the Administration intends to wait, and watch the situation from a distance, was made clear by the announcement of the Secretary of State on November 13 that the American troops now occupying Vera Cruz would be withdrawn on November 23. Mr. Bryan declared that the assurances asked for by the United States had been furnished both by Gen. Carranza and by the Aguascalientes Convention. It was stated, however, in Washington on Tuesday that the United States would hold the several million dollars in customs collected at Vera Cruz until a stable government should be established in Mexico, President Wilson declaring that the money would be delivered to neither faction in Mexico under present conditions.

The deaths of the week include: Cecil Raleigh, Peter Moran, Lieut.-Col. Frederick T. Leigh, Brig.-Gen. William A. Jones, November 10; Sir Walter Gilbey, November 12; Gen. Geronimo Trevino, November 13; Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, November 14; Henry C. Clarke, Dr. Ewald Flügel, November 15; Mrs. Lloyd C. Griscom, November 16; Brig.-Gen. Charles FitzClarence (in France).

The Week

The prompt voting of another million men for the British army ought to be accepted in Germany as a further pledge of English determination to see the war through to the bitter end. That it will be difficult to recruit this new army speedily, and that trained officers are wholly wanting, will be the German reply. But Germany herself is having to draw upon little-trained levies, and the mortality among her regular officers is enormous. Thus far, as even the Germans must admit, the response to the call of the Government has been remarkable, considering that Great Britain is not a military nation. According to the latest statements, she now has 1,400,000 men under arms, exclusive of Territorials and Indian troops, of whom, by the way, 23,000 more have just reached France. The newly authorized million of men, if raised, will thus give Kitchener 2,400,000 troops, plus the 600,000 Territorials who are doing useful service in Egypt, at Malta, and elsewhere, and some at the front. Latterly, recruiting in England seems to have been going on steadily, not so rapidly as the War Office has wished, but still rapidly as viewed from this distance. Indeed, there seems to be no further need for the recruiting speeches made at the beginning by the British Cabinet members.

Lord Roberts's sudden death, while visiting the firing line in France, is, in view of his great age, not a severe military loss to England. The sixth high British general to die from causes not incident to the war since its outbreak, his value in this national emergency was chiefly sentimental, as is evidenced by his mission in France, which was both to consult with Sir John French and to hearten the Indian troops he had so often led. He, like Lord Wolseley, his old comrade, was the typical Victorian soldier. Admirably celebrated in verse by Kipling, Lord Roberts was more popular than any of his distinguished brothers in arms, because of his readiness to expose himself, no matter how often wounded, and his interest in the enlisted men, with whom his popularity was never equalled. He was in many respects the ideal leader in warfare of the South African, or Indian, type, skilful, determined, with an obstinate refusal to believe that anything else than complete success could crown his arms. In the Boer War his experience and sound strategy, coupled with Kitchener's bulldog determination and aggressiveness, enabled him to turn the tide when England's prospects were black. Indeed, a history of Lord Roberts's life, together with that of Lord Wolseley, would be a complete military account of England from the Indian Mutiny down. A great soldier passed away when he laid down the sword forever.

The statement made by Mr. Jarvis E. Bell, a member of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, who has just returned from that country, that the German authorities are doing their utmost to assist the Commission in its work, will be likely to quiet any apprehensions aroused by the recent report that the German military Governor had given notice that relief supplies would be stopped unless the population returned to work. What basis, if any, there was for that report, we cannot say; but presumably some kind of order or notice had been issued which had for its object the resumption of labor by as many as possible of the idle population. As reported, the order required an impossibility on the part of the Belgians, and argued on the part of the Germans a kind of cruelty which there was no reason to ascribe to them. One trouble, in all such cases, is that there are always to be found persons who are "more royalist than the king"—who rush to the defence of acts that may never have been committed, but which, if committed, are utterly indefensible and atrocious. A sample of this sort of thing is furnished by a letter that appeared in the New York *Sun*, in which an American who has "worked in Belgium quite a good deal" gave the Germans *carte blanche* for anything they might have done in this matter, on the ground that he "knows that if a Belgian workman can live without working he will not work."

The "Christmas ship," which sailed from New York on Saturday, laden with millions of gifts for children in the European war zone, will benefit others than the little people for whose happiness it is especially intended. It will do this, not simply because it carries such substantial presents as clothing, in addition to the toys that any real child would value far above merely useful things, but because no cheer reaches so wide a circumference as the cheer that is given to children. To do something to bring a smile to the faces of the boys and girls in the region where their elders are submerged under the horrors of war is to lift the war cloud for a moment from the minds of everybody. If there are any persons who feel like asking why this money should not have been more "prudently" spent, the answer will be given in the brightened countenances and the lighter voices of the millions who stand in need of nothing so much as the consciousness that good will among men has not wholly disappeared from the earth.

One reason why Bulgaria betrays an unwillingness to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Russia or Germany, or even to approach the fire in her own interest, is put in concrete form by M. Tsankoff, professor of political economy at the University of Sofia. According to his calculations in the *Minerva* of Rome, the recent Balkan struggles have cost Bulgaria:

War credits	$70,000,000
Requisitions	30,000,000
Budget deficit	10,000,000
Materials of war and of transportation	30,000,000
Various debts, as to the railways	36,000,000
Pension charges	80,000,000
Total	$256,000,000

To this must, of course, be added the immense damage wrought in the economic structure of the nation, which lost a large part of its laboring population—58,000 men between twenty and forty-five years of age, or 6.7 per cent. of the male workers. Eighty per cent. of these were heads of families; while in addition there are about 11,000 cripples incapable of labor, who, with their families, must be supported by the state. Professor Tsankoff believes that a loan of $100,000,000 is immediately required to put the nation on its feet. Such figures, by all accounts conservative enough, show the immense burden to be shouldered by four and a half million people, and are in some degree an index of what warring Western Europe may look forward to.

The statistics of exports and imports for October are not yet complete, but they have been estimated at $200,000,000 and $140,000,000 respectively, thus showing an export balance of $60,000,000; while in September exports exceeded imports by only $16,000,000, and in August there was a $20,000,000 excess of imports. In this aspect, the October showing points, of course, towards a more advantageous position as regards international obligations. As for the quantity of the exports, taken in itself, an increase in that is of significance as relating to the demand for American products. It cannot be said that, thus far, this increase has been very marked. Our August exports for this year, as compared with the average for the month in the four preceding years,

fell short by about $48,000,000; in September and October (accepting the above-stated figure for the latter month) this shortage fell to $39,000,000 and $35,000,000 respectively. But it is quite certain that in particular directions the war has stimulated, and will for some time stimulate more and more, foreign demand for our products; and, however great may be the injury that we shall suffer, first and last, through the world-wide destruction wrought by the conflict, there are some important American interests that will gain immediate advantage; and their prosperity will do much to improve business conditions all round.

Bad manners are bound to hurt even a good cause, and the last place where disrespect is to be tolerated is the White House. If William Monroe Trotter was, as appears, insolent to Mr. Wilson last week, he has impaired his advocacy of the rights of the colored people and hurt them all as well. But Mr. Wilson, we feel, should make allowances, not perhaps for the hasty temper of a man whose passionate desire for justice for his race often leads him astray, but because of the genuine wrongs of which Mr. Trotter complains. It is a sad blot upon the Wilson Administration that it has tolerated, nay, drawn the color line, without real cause, save, as Mr. Trotter truthfully put it, the racial antipathies of Messrs. Burleson, John Skelton Williams, and McAdoo. For an Administration which talks about a New Freedom and boasts of having bestowed a new liberty upon business men, not only to be blind to the wrongs of full ten millions of American citizens, but to add to them is truly discouraging. Mr. Wilson can feel keenly for the governmental wrongs of the "submerged 85 per cent." of the people of Mexico, of whom so many are Indians and of a mixed parentage, but he has yet to say a really sympathetic word about the wrongs of the millions in the South who are without voice in their own government.

The difficulty lies, of course, in putting yourself in the other fellow's place, in having some appreciation of what it means to be the victim of prejudice and injustice, to be wronged without the power to remedy the wrong. That Mr. Wilson is unable to visualize this is, we repeat, the more disappointing because there are so many injured persons with whom he does sympathize so understandingly. His unusual vision and imagination leave him, however, when it comes to permitting his subordinates to inflict indignities upon American citizens in the immediate vicinity of the White House. If he could only have been one of the submerged 10 per cent. of our people in Washington for forty-eight hours he could never have palliated the wrong done, as he is reported to have done, by saying that segregation was enforced for the comfort and best interests of both races, in order to overcome friction. He would know then that it makes neither for the comfort nor for the best interests of the races, but invariably leads to added friction and creates deep and lasting unhappiness among the segregated. This problem has vexed him and caused him heartache more than once in his Administration, and it will not cease to plague him until he lays down the law that sets up equality of treatment of all employees in the Government service.

The Administration's purpose to withdraw the troops of the United States from Vera Cruz is now officially announced by Secretary Bryan. Assuming that that purpose will be carried out, the act will mark the close of a chapter in the story of President Wilson's dealings with a situation which presented, from the beginning, scant prospect of satisfactory handling, in whatsoever way it might be treated. That the actual treatment of it has not thus far led to an outcome which can be viewed with any approach to complacency is true enough. But there is abundant reason to believe that, however much more may at one time have been hoped for, the President has in point of fact come as near as possible to making the best of a bad job. Those who insist that the final victor in the Mexican struggle—whoever he may prove to be—will owe his ascendency to force, and will therefore be no more entitled to recognition than was Huerta, overlook a cardinal difference between the two cases. Huerta's power was attained through the sudden overthrow, by violence in which assassination played a leading part, of a government which had been in full possession of the country and in the enjoyment of international recognition; the case of a country in the throes of revolution and civil war, out of which order must emerge as best it can, is wholly different. Mr. Wilson appears determined to adhere to the policy of permitting the Mexicans to fight their own way out of their own troubles, if they cannot settle them by peaceful means; and in this determination we feel sure that he has the solid backing of public sentiment in this country.

The highly original views of Charles J. Bonaparte have at last furnished the Progressives a statement of their true lament —"If only Wilson had not been so unpopular!" That the Democratic strength should decline while adding no whit to that of the new party is a problem that admits of but one solution. "The voters were really eager to rap the President, so eager that they were willing to vote for Boies Penrose, and 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, and the nominees of Boss Barnes, in the belief that only thus could the 'rap' be practically inflicted." On this basis, the one hope of the Progressives for 1916 must be that our disgraceful Administration improves a bit. If it continues its course, the maddened voters will take vengeance upon it by deserting the Progressive standard to the last man. Just why it is that they turn to Republicanism and not Progressivism, and why they felt that their rebuke could be more "practically inflicted" by joining the party that polled eight electoral votes in 1912 rather than that which polled eighty-eight, Mr. Bonaparte does not fully explain. His one hint, as given in the *Maryland Progressive*, is that Col. Roosevelt was not on the ticket. There is every reason to suppose that his strength is undiminished; "it is plain, however, that this strength is largely personal to him, and cannot be transferred, in anything like its entirety, to any other candidate." This is not in complete accord with those who are protesting that the Progressive is not a "one-man" party.

President Wilson and Secretary Garrison continue to carry out their excellent policy of promoting army officers of merit. On Saturday there were announced the selections of Brig.-Gens. Frederick Funston, Hugh L. Scott, and Tasker H. Bliss for the one existing and the two coming vacancies among the major-generals; of Gen. Scott, as Chief of Staff, in succession to Gen. Wotherspoon, retired, and of Cols. Henry A. Greene, William A. Mann, of the infantry, and Col. Frederick S. Strong, of the Coast Artillery, to be brigadier-generals. These are all worthy officers whose fitness can hardly be questioned. Gen. Funston has not, of course, the standing of a regularly trained officer, but his service at Vera Cruz, with the fact that he has served thirteen years acceptably as brigadier-general, and has for years been the senior in rank in that grade, makes his advancement altogether justifiable. The army will, we believe, agree with us in asserting that it has had under no other President so square

a deal in the matter of the distribution of high honors. Mr. Wilson's custom has been to promote those colonels who are recommended by a majority of the existing generals, and it would be hard to devise a fairer method. For one thing, it wholly eliminates political pressure. If Gen. Scott's rise to the position of Chief of Staff has been rapid, it is merited, for he has served long with troops and in the field, and has in addition acquired certain lore, about our Indians, for instance, which is unequalled by any other officer. Best of all is the fact that President Wilson absolutely refuses to countenance the promotion of any officers as generals who have not served acceptably as colonels.

The unfavorable report of the American Federation of Labor's travelling commission on municipal ownership in Europe coincides with the expression by the first Conference of American Mayors of a general spirit of caution in regard to the public management of utilities. The findings of the commission, that service, fares, and wages are alike unsatisfactory on European municipal lines, may be somewhat discounted on the ground of prepossessions. But more significance attaches to certain utterances at the Mayors' Conference, as being based on a feeling that many cities are not ready for such municipal responsibilities. Even Mayor Harrison, the leading advocate of municipal ownership, declared that a rigid civil service was a first requisite, and that "without it public ownership would be a public disaster." There were also men quick to point out the danger of the argument that with municipal operation "self-interest will induce each citizen to take a more active part in local government." This consensus of opinion that municipal ownership is still on trial is but another manifestation of the spirit of fairness which the conference between mayors and utility-men expressed. The hostility towards privately owned utilities, which would once have rushed to extremes, is gone; it is now recognized that the problem is one of fair regulation and the establishment of utilities investments on a stable basis.

Various explanations of improving business conditions have been offered, more or less sensible or plausible, but there has to be, of course, a political explanation. One is gravely advanced by several Republican newspapers. Republican successes in the election are what has made the change for the better. As soon as the people perceived that the Republican party was certain to come into power two years from now, they were determined to have prosperity right away. To be sure, the Republican party is to come back to power through the demonstration that prosperity is impossible under a Democratic tariff; but that tariff, having now been repudiated at the polls, is as if it did not exist, and so there is no reason why there should not be prosperity under it. After thus gracefully vaulting over an initial difficulty, the Republican logicians have to face another. There must be bad times and resulting discontent in 1916, or else the Republicans will not carry the Presidential election. But Republican victory in 1914 is already banishing dissatisfaction. So what will the party have to go upon? Ah, here comes in the nice distinction between real and apparent prosperity. If it occurs under a Republican tariff, we know that it is not only a case of direct cause and effect, but that the prosperity is the solid article. But if there are seemingly good times when a Democratic tariff ought in sound logic to be ruining all business, protectionists have only to turn back to Horace Greeley to learn that the thing to do is to call it "a factitious but seductive semblance of prosperity."

The reported alarm in Japan over the reëlection of Gov. Johnson and the return of a Progressive Legislature, on account of the anti-Japanese sentiment supposed to be behind them, can best be quieted by leading Japanese residents of California, who seem not to have any such fear. Thus, the Vice-Consul-General at San Francisco states his belief that there is nothing in the present legislative situation in California to cause the supposition that any attempt is to be made at the coming session of the Legislature to increase the stringency of the alien laws. This is in accord with the natural probabilities. California has only recently gone through a threshing out of the question, in which the attention of the whole country was directed towards Sacramento, and the President exerted himself on behalf of just dealing. She can hardly be longing for another crisis of the kind. Perhaps, as is suggested at Washington, the comment in the Japanese newspapers is rather due to a jingo spirit than to any new facts in the situation. The election of labor candidates to the California Legislature, pledged to oppose the alien ownership of land, is taken by the editor of a Japanese newspaper in San Francisco to mean nothing more than opposition to relaxing the existing laws on the subject. In a narrow sense, now is the psychological moment for the breaking out of international animosities; in reality, no time could more strongly urge the supreme duty of civilized nations to be considerate of one another.

The recurrent plaint of the far West against Federal conservation was expressed by Gov. Spry of Utah at the Governors' Conference with less than usual plausibility. Its ground is slightly shifted. Earlier, the contention was that the exaggerated caution of the Government retarded the proper and speedy development of Western resources; now it is that the sheer bulk of the Government reservations is a present grave impairment of the tax revenue of the State. "Utah," Gov. Spry states, "with an area of 54,000,000 acres, has but from ten to twelve millions in vested ownership, . . . and much of that is grazing land that yields but slight income. If our sources for revenue for local self-government were adequate to the increasing demands, or if our revenue were in excess of our needs, I grant that this national curtailment would not be so serious." And he follows this with a comparison with the older States, whose individual owners of land pay heavy taxes, while the Western Government reservations are unproductive. But as a matter of fact, the older States have virtually no sources of income which are denied the West by Washington. Western Government land may be made into private property through the various homestead and mineral land acts, and is being so made as fast as is salutary for the region. The permanent reservations from private ownership are the national forests and the water-power sites. Congress has enacted a "conservation programme" providing for the healthful development of the public domain in a manner approved by all students of the question; while the dangers of hasty exploitation and private monopoly are now generally recognized.

The review by the National Child Labor Committee of the ten years of its existence is a record of important progress. When the Committee was organized in 1904, thirteen States had a straight fourteen-year age limit, while in 1914 there are thirty-six such States. Factory inspection was likewise provided for in but thirteen States in 1904, and in thirty-four in 1914. In 1913 alone thirty-one States out of forty-two holding legislative sessions enacted laws on the subject. That the present generation will see child labor abolished by all the States is a conservative prediction, for its last strongholds in the South are fast giving way.

INTERNATIONAL RIGHT.

English terminology, in matters affecting the law of nations, is at a certain disadvantage as compared with French or German. Our usage is to put forward the idea of "law." The others emphasize the conception of "right." Mr. Gladstone, it is true, used to speak of "the public right" of Europe, but the usual phraseology of English writers and publicists has the effect of giving prominence to the legal more than to the moral aspects of international law. There is a different kind of implication in the French "droit" and the German "Recht"; and it is an implication which the events of the European war have made to seem especially pertinent.

By chance, a recent German and a contemporary French discussion of the subject reach us at the same moment. Voices have been heard in Germany declaring that the old notions of international law have perished. As the *Frankfurter Zeitung* quotes them, they cry out *Es gab ja kein Völkerrecht!* But the Frankfort newspaper, true in this to its Liberal ideals, stoutly contests any such position. The law of nations may have been infringed by both sides in the war, it says, and may truly be affirmed to be passing through a crisis, but to deny its existence is "stark Nihilism." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out certain prescriptions of international law which have now passed into the consciousness of all civilized peoples, and which are to-day instinctively held to be inviolable even in the stress of national emergency or the shock of battle. And against the rash militarists and others in Germany who are declaiming about the need of recasting our entire conception of the law of nations, and to exalt national policy above international law, the *Frankfurter* strongly protests that "the idea of *Völkerrecht* is indestructible."

At the annual public meeting of the five Academies in Paris on October 26, a paper was read by M. Louis Renault, of the Institute, on "War and the Law of Nations." It was a very calm presentation. The lecturer made no heated references to the Germans. His aim was, rather, in a quiet and lucid way to recall to mind what had all along been the great animating purpose of those who had striven to improve and to codify the *Droit des Gens*. What they had mainly sought to do was to remove some of the ancient barbarities of war, and to restrict its scope and its area. Thus we have the rule that unfortified towns shall not be bombarded, that explosive bullets shall not be used, and so on. All the disputes still going on about the use of Dum-Dum bullets by the troops of one army or another show how real a thing the international law on that subject has become. But M. Renault was strongest and most impressive when he summed up the long efforts to protect neutral rights, and to set apart neutralized states as exempt from military operations. The motive was primarily humane. It was political only in the sense that the immunizing of certain areas, as outside the lawful theatre of war, might diminish the temptation of other countries to begin hostilities. M. Renault's allusions to the violation of Belgian neutrality are made without violence. He restates the treaty rights, and recalls the guarantees affirmed by the Hague Congress. One interesting passage he cites from the proceedings at The Hague, before the committee on the regulations affecting small states. An address was made by the eminent Belgian statesman, M. Beernaert, who said: "As regards Belgium, you know that her case is peculiar. Her neutrality is guaranteed by the great Powers, notably by our strong neighbors. *Thus we cannot be invaded.*" M. Renault's sole but sufficient comment is: "Our distinguished colleague still believed in the validity of treaties."

Their validity is certain to be restored. International right will be reasserted. No settlement of the war is thinkable which does not include a reaffirmation and a fresh and effective guaranteeing of the "droit" and the "Recht" which must control nations in the manner in which individuals are controlled by the laws. We are at present, no doubt, passing through a period of something like madness in all this affair. International law-breakers answer back to each other in various countries. Col. Roosevelt rails at treaties in the tone and almost in the language of a defiant German militarist. Take the letter which Gen. von Disfurth wrote to the Berlin *Tag*, as quoted by the *Journal des Débats*. "It is beneath our dignity," declared the doughty General, "to defend our troops against charges made either at home or abroad. We owe an explanation to no one. . . . We need pay no attention to the opinion of neutral countries. Whatever our soldiers do to injure the enemy, to win victory, is justified in advance. And if all the monuments, all the masterpieces of architecture, that stand between our guns and those of the enemy go to the devil, that does not matter to us in the least." We will not pursue the quotation. Such outcries may be heard now amid the clash of arms, but they will surely be stilled when the conflict is over, and when the nations find that all that they have done in war will be "assessed," in President Wilson's phrase, before international tribunals. We may be confident that they will in the future make an ever clearer response to the demands of the international conscience.

PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

The Emden's brilliant career as a commerce-destroyer is universally hailed as recalling the romance of sea-rover days, when men put to sea in ships and preyed for a year or two on whomsoever they met before returning to port. But dashing as the Emden's exploits were, they should not blind us to the fact that destruction of private property at sea is an anachronism. She accounted for some twenty-five ships, whose value is roughly estimated at $10,000,000, or about what the war costs England every two or three days. All told, the German cruisers cannot have destroyed more than sixty ships. That they have disarranged British commerce is true; they have in some cases, as, for instance, along the coast of Chili, compelled English merchantmen to stay in port, and have temporarily sent up the insurance rates. Yet when all is said and done, the cruisers have not in the slightest degree affected the final outcome of the war. They have merely injured private individuals—often the inhabitants of neutral states; as when the Karlsruhe sank the Van Dyck, the finest steamer in the trade between New York and South America, with invaluable exhibits for the San Francisco Exposition in her hold, which can never be replaced. In view of all the waste and destruction of the war, and the enormous losses sustained by the British by the mere fact of its existence, the destruction of merchant vessels seems merely an added cruelty.

Unquestionably, the Germans will contend that the injury they have done to the British pocket-nerve has been worth while, as well as the enhancement of their own naval prestige. On their side they are suffering frightful losses, it is true. Their flag is no longer on the seas. But this is far less due to the imperilling of their private property at sea than to the blockading of their harbors and the control of the North Sea. The supposed object of their great fleet was the protection of their commerce and their outlying ports. They have accomplished nothing in this respect. True, they have several navies massed against them; but even with England alone, or with Russia and France to contend with, it is doubtful if they could have done much if anything for their overseas com-

merce. Yet the Germans are earnestly contending that, so far at least, the injury inflicted on their merchant fleet is far from deadly to the nation. They have lost, possibly, 200 ships. The rest are safe in their own or in neutral harbors, and will be ready to compete for the world's trade again the moment peace is declared, when the question will once more be whether, by superior efficiency or economics of management, they can meet and overcome British competition. Neutral ships can enter German ports if they carry non-contraband of war, providing those ports are not officially blockaded by English cruisers.

Now, it must not be forgotten that Germany has been one of the nations which persistently upheld the American contention, urged by the United States for the past seventy years, that private property at sea should be treated on the same basis as private property on land. We do not see why her experience in this war should alter her historic position. Even in England, there have been many notable men to favor the change; the sentiment in its favor was steadily growing up to the outbreak of the war. One of these Englishmen was the lawyer, Mr. R. T. Reid, who based his opposition to the English position on the ground that a change in existing conditions would chiefly benefit England. He foresaw, however, a protracted and indecisive naval campaign compelling English merchants to use neutral vessels and pay enormously high rates for their use. The actual event has not quite borne him out, it must frankly be admitted; but the principle remains sound. For instance, it is still true, as he contended, that if private property at sea were inviolable, "half or more than half" of the inducement to European nations to maintain costly navies of their own would disappear. "Coolly weighed," Mr. Reid wrote, "the interests of Great Britain will gain much from a change long and eagerly desired by the great majority of other Powers."

It is interesting to note that both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey favored the ratification of the Declaration of London three years ago in the face of considerable popular outcry that this meant a blow at England's safety in war-time. That Declaration, a highly important addendum to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, brought the law of sea-warfare up to date, but did not, of course, fully accept the American contention as to the proper status of private property. What the London Conference did was, first, to make out a list of articles which should in no event ever be classified as contraband, these being chiefly raw materials, such as cotton, wool, flax, rubber, hides, etc. To these were added a number of manufactured articles, and then came the list of conditional contraband articles, that is, articles whose status depends upon their actual destination and use. It is owing to this list that the English have been declaring as contraband copper, petroleum, etc., which they had reason to believe were finding, or would eventually find, their way into the hands of the Germans for military use. Undoubtedly, the extreme British militarist party which opposed the confirmation of the Declaration of London will find some things in the present war situation with which to bolster up their contentions. The fact remains that steady progress has been made towards the position of the United States for the last century and a half, and that eventually it will become the law of nations, if maritime war is still to continue. From our point of view the careers of the Emden and Karlsruhe and Königsberg show the futility of efforts to destroy private property at sea. Certainly, they prove how little effect on the final outcome of a titanic struggle such raiding can have.

WHAT "KULTUR" REALLY MEANS.

An old story tells of an American naval officer who stumbled upon an uncharted island in the South Pacific. Ordered to send a brief account of the customs and manners of the inhabitants, he replied: "Manners none, customs beastly." Now, these people were deficient in *Kultur*. They were what the Germans call a *Naturvolk*, instead of a *Kulturvolk*, living in a state of nature instead of starting up the rungs of the ladder which we call social evolution. By this time the American public is pretty well aware that when the German people speak of *Kultur* they do not mean what we describe by "culture"; but what *Kultur* really means is still a subject of speculation. An approach to an exact definition was attempted the other day by Mr. F. J. Mather, jr., in a letter to the New York *Times*. *Kultur*, according to him, "means the organized efficiency of a nation in the broadest sense—its successful achievements in civil and military administration, industry, commerce, finance, and, in a quite secondary way, in scholarship, letters, and art."

This definition is but partially adequate, though it does get away from the abstract notion of "culture" and seeks the concrete things which enter into the conception of *Kultur*. But Mr. Mather is still concerned with such generalizations as efficiency, administration, commerce, finance. Nor is he able to rid himself of the ideas of administration, discipline, "regimentation," drill, which he puts to the forefront in the scheme of German *Kultur*. But the ordinary German citizen, and, for that matter, the extraordinary German professor, when he speaks of *Kultur*, refers to a complex of homely things, which we can approximate with fair truth in our own phrase, "the standard of living." Take, for instance, the following definition of *Kulturgeschichte:* that form of history which is concerned with "the social life of a people, racial characteristics, habits, food, shelter, hygiene, clothes, furniture, domestic utensils, morals and customs, legal conceptions, religious creeds, superstitions." Note the order of topics: material conditions first, political and spiritual conditions second. In *Kultur* the idea of the state is on the whole of less importance than the idea of soap.

We really have a number of very satisfactory translations for *Kultur*. "Civilization" is good; so is "progress." So is the phrase "social evolution." We are concerned less with *Kultur* in the abstract than with individual *Kulturs*. The Germans do not assert that they have *Kultur* and the Russians have none. They simply maintain that their *Kultur* is higher than the Russian, that the progress they have made to a fuller, cleaner life, to a completer mastery of tools and the forces of nature, to a solution of social and spiritual problems, is much more rapid than that of the Slav.

For a study of the idea of *Kultur*, the social conditions in the region where German and Slav dwell side by side are instructive. In East Prussia or Russian Poland, in any Hapsburg land where the German lives side by side with the Slav, the most prominent men in the professions, the most skilful artisans, the best gardeners and farmers, are German. The cleanest homes are the German; the best schools are the German schools. German efficiency in the development of the arts of orderly life is recognized by the very Slavs who deny the superiority of the Teuton race as a whole. In the Russian writers, in Tolstoy, in Dostoievsky, there is constant satire against the methodical, disciplined, effective German; qualities which the Slav acknowledges, while denying their ultimate value in the scheme of life.

It is in this sense that the Germans speak of their superior *Kultur* as against the Slav. They do not imply that the Teutonic race

has produced greater novelists than Tolstoy or Turgenieff, but that it has, as a whole, attained the higher level of civilized, orderly existence. An example of *Kultur* is contained in the dispatch from across the Pacific which mentions the forests planted by the Germans on the bare hills around Tsing-tau as having served for a model to the Chinese. This talent for reducing nature to the uses of man by the application of labor and thought and discipline is *Kultur*. The development of discipline, both self-control and state control, to a higher pitch than elsewhere, has been accepted as synonymous with German *Kultur*, whereas it is only one of the elements in it. It may be that the German race has carried discipline of the state to an excess; from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, from the Slav point of view, it seems so. It may very well be that the material conquests made possible by discipline will not atone for more valuable spiritual qualities that do not flourish under a system of drill. But there can be no question that discipline counts, and the material progress of mankind enters very largely into the *Kultur* idea.

Where the defenders of German *Kultur* err is in implying that the possession of the highest *Kultur* is the predestined portion of the Teutonic race. They overlook the very argument which they advance in defence of their aspirations towards world-power, namely, that empires have risen and must fall, that there is no law of nature by which the British Empire must go on forever, or why it should not pass to make way for the Germanic world-empire. Then neither is there a reason why the Slav peoples should be condemned to a rural, clownish, unhygienic, and alcoholic existence. Their turn will come. If the Germans in the Slav lands are in control of the professions, of the arts and crafts, it is partly because they are the dominant race by conquest, partly because the German people had several hundred years the start of the Slavs in the development of a sturdy, industrious, disciplined, and cleanly *Bürgertum*.

Rightly understood, German *Kultur* is very much like the good old Anglo-Saxon virtues—industry, order, filial obedience—and a love of soap and water. The German *Hausfrau* is one of the great standard-bearers of German civilization. It would probably hurt Mr. Kipling to be told that he is a fervent believer in German *Kultur*. But the fact is that his attitude towards the subject races, his doctrine of East and West, his portrayal of the Englishman in India, is only an exaggeration of the German attitude towards the Slav. Mr. Kipling will not deny to the Hindu his ancient civilization, rich philosophy, literature, and art; but, in the last resort, the Englishman bathes and fights and subdues nature to the uses of man, whereas the native's customs tend to be "beastly" and lazy. In a milder form this is the Teuton's views of his own *Kultur* as against that of the Slav.

THE NEW BANKING ERA.

Americans have a not altogether happy way of ignoring a great event, when it comes, if it has been sufficiently "discounted" in advance. Something of this is observable in connection with the new system of Federal Reserve banks, effective on Monday last. When the project was under way in Congress, it was echoed round the country; but as soon as it was certain that it would become operative, public interest in it seemed to flag. And now that it begins, without wrench or jar, to function, people are too much inclined to say impatiently, "Oh, don't talk about that. There's nothing new in it. We knew all about it long ago." While this is perhaps natural, it is not commendable. It is a good thing for a democracy to use a few moments now and then to "consider our marcies," to trace the steps of the long struggle leading to the completion of a great work of peace, and out of it to take courage for the future.

The chief wonder about the new banking system of the United States is that it came as soon as it did, and that we were able to get one so good as we have. That some change of the kind was necessary in this country, the judicious had long urged. It is probable that no competent man has, during the past ten years, written or spoken on the subject of our national banking system without admitting that it suffered from perilous defects. The disease was confessed. But about the remedy the doctors differed. This was one of the great difficulties in the way of banking reform. There was no strong consensus of opinion as to what ought to be done, or what could be done. The single central bank was the ideal of banking experts, but it was declared, and it probably was, incapable of surmounting the political obstacles in the way. We know what a poor reception, on the whole, the recommendations of the Monetary Commission got from the general public, and that all its labors seemed in vain. They were not so, though at the moment it appeared futile to hope that they could be fruitful until after years had passed. Everything looked at loose ends. But that was exactly the time for a sagacious and resolute leader to come forward, ready to enter into the labor of others, quick to perceive that the seemingly hopeless confusion could be cleared up by rational adjustments, and bold to seize the occasion which good fortune placed before him.

That President Wilson did all this is now commonplace. No one really questions that but for his acuteness in divining the opportunity, and his drive and tenacity in taking advantage of it, we should still be handicapped by our outworn and clumsy National Bank Act. He has had ample recognition for his initiative and skill in the whole affair; and it is not necessary to pour on the praise. More to the point, just now, is the recalling of the very successful way in which, by discussion in the press, by the conferences of bankers with committees of Congress, and by the wisdom and tact with which the President led to the final decisions, most of the original defects of the Federal Reserve plan were removed, and a law passed which was both sane and workable. Perhaps the greatest achievement of all was that of procuring so many of the advantages of a central bank without the name. For various reasons, some of them sound in banking as well as in politics, the idea of a central bank had become a thing of dread in the United States. And it was no small feat to have obtained for our new banking system the larger part of the benefits of what in Europe is known as a central bank, while giving it here another and an unprovocative name. Political cleverness could hardly go further.

It is needless to dwell in detail upon what is to be hoped from the Federal Reserve banks. At a stroke they enable us to get rid of the unscientific and cumbrous and financially dangerous features of our national bank system—features which really made it at once an anachronism and a reproach to a shrewd commercial people. They render both credit and currency more flexible, more readily responsive to the actual needs of trade. By centralizing the banking reserve, the total percentage can safely be cut down, and large amounts of capital released for active employment. And there can be no doubt that the new system is vastly better fitted than the old to carry on the ordinary operations, as well as, by its provisions for emergency issues and for mobilizing reserves, to meet the impact of panic. It is true that we had not the Federal Reserve banks in August and September, when an acute financial crisis was thrust upon the

country. This was met by the bankers of New York and other cities with a skill and courage deserving of the highest praise. They made their decisions and took their risks under the old system; but we are confident that they were upheld throughout by knowledge that the new and better system would soon be at their disposal. At all events, there can be no question that the Federal Reserve system will in the future save the country from any such disgraceful breakdown of our credit and currency system as that which afflicted us in 1907.

It is a great piece of constructive legislation of which we are this week marking the practical inauguration. This is an aspect of the matter which may well hearten us all as we look forward. If the establishment of the new banking system was not hopeless—though many voices cried out that it was hopeless—then the solution of no urgent national problem is hopeless. We can work our way to it by the same means that at last brought us to achieved banking reform. We can lay bare the facts. We can single out the evils. We can discuss and agitate and appeal and return to the charge again and again. Above all, we can retain undimmed our faith in the good sense and honesty and moral soundness of the American democracy, and be sure that when Americans are convinced of the rightfulness of some great reform, and the ripeness of the times for it, they will order its enactment with a fiat more compelling and majestic than that of the most powerful autocrat on earth.

SOCIAL ILLS AND MENTAL BALANCE.

To those who are working in the various special fields of social betterment, a word of sage counsel is addressed by the Rev. Charles F. Dole—himself a life-long promoter of philanthropic effort—in an article in the *Survey*, under the title of "Our Need of Perspective." That social workers need to be forever on their guard against taking a distorted view of the condition of society is the burden of his story. "We are given," he says, "the hospital side of life; we go to perpetual clinics; we hear the cries of pain from sufferers; we listen to all the varieties of complaint and fault-finding. We owe to our sympathies and our humanity the prompt willingness to see all this seamy side; we owe it to our sense of justice to listen to every complaint. But we ought to know that the atmosphere of complaints, of strikes, of vice commissions, of sweat-shop investigations, and so forth, cannot be borne too continuously, except by the hardiest constitutions." And he proceeds to point out, with a friendly sympathy that must disarm criticism, the many dangers of false perspective that beset the man or woman who constantly breathes this atmosphere, and whose life is dedicated to the work of bringing about the abolition, of one or another of the evils of human society. Brief as the paper is, it is packed with good sense and right feeling, and can hardly fail to be of real benefit to those to whom it is addressed.

The phenomenon with which Dr. Dole's remarks are concerned is not peculiar to workers in the field of philanthropic endeavor or social reform. It is accentuated in their case by the circumstance that the heart is so deeply involved, as well as the mind; but essentially the danger of error that besets the social worker is that which besets the specialist in any field. The sanitarian fixes his mind so constantly on the possible sources of preventable disease and death that he can hardly see in their true relation the benefits to be attained and the evils that may result from such regulation of human life as would be fatal to the idea of individual freedom and social variety. The efficiency engineer has so vivid a perception of the economies that might be effected by his system that he loses sight of limitations to its desirability which are obvious enough to the rest of the world. He whose thoughts constantly centre upon one object almost inevitably falls into the habit of ascribing to it a far larger place in the universe than that which it in reality occupies. Add to this natural propensity of every specialist the moral ardor and reformatory enthusiasm of the social worker, and the dangers of a distorted vision to which Dr. Dole calls attention are easily explained.

Is it to be desired, then, that the men and women who are spending their lives in alleviating the misery of the world, in working for social improvement and social reform, shall be less completely devoted to their work? Or is it to be wished that their moral ardor were less, that they went about their task in cold blood, with no indignation over wrong, no impatience with evil? Surely nothing of the kind would be advocated by any man of good sense, not to speak of right feeling. All that can be asked is that they endeavor, to the best of their ability, to bear in mind two things—that the part of life with which they are dealing is not the whole, and that zeal for the reform they have at heart is no excuse for carelessness or extravagance in the presentation of facts. It is difficult, indeed, to satisfy these requirements; and accordingly it is the exception, rather than the rule, that they *are* satisfied. And yet we feel convinced that the best, the most effective, work for social improvement is done by precisely those men and women who combine this quality of mental balance with the ardor and devotion that are indispensable to success. Many a cause has been discredited by the extravagant lengths to which its champions have gone in their advocacy of it, and by the obvious exaggeration of the statements made in its behalf. Apart from any other consideration, it ought to be remembered that to represent things as hopelessly bad is often far from being the best way of encouraging one to work for their betterment; to acknowledge the advances that have already been made is one of the most likely means of persuading people that it is worth while to work for further improvement.

There is one aspect, moreover, of this want of perspective which is of the gravest concern to society in its most fundamental interests. The effect of a one-sided view, of an exaggerated representation of evil, is not limited to its bearing on the particular matter at issue. Whether the effect of the interest aroused in some by the exaggeration is or is not balanced by the distrust excited in others may, in any given instance, be doubtful. But what is not doubtful is the influence exerted upon thousands of impressionable minds by constant feeding upon a diet of this kind. Give them the impression that the world is saturated through and through with evil and injustice; cause them to forget that whatever of good there is in it has been attained by slow and painful effort; lead them to imagine that nothing but the perversity and the selfishness and the wickedness of the prosperous stands in the way of the happiness of the poor; represent, in one instance after another, the shortcomings of society, and not the defects of the individual, as the cause of failure, and misery, and crime—do this day after day, and week after week, and the natural consequence is, in thousands of cases, not a determination to look to patient endeavor for the betterment of a state of things so desperately evil, but to welcome any change that promises to bring it to an end. If by a faithful presentation of the present condition and past history of the world one is led to this conclusion, well and good; but he who helps, however innocently, to mislead into it the young and the untrained, by impressing upon them a picture of the world that is false in color and untrue in proportions, makes himself responsible for most serious and far-reaching mischief.

Chronicle of the War

The battle line in the West—from Nieuport to Dixmude, and thence to Ypres and southwards into France, through a point west of La Bassée to Noyon, where it turns eastwards along the Aisne to Verdun—has undergone no important modification. The capture of Dixmude by the Germans was admitted in French official dispatches on November 12, and the town has not, as we write, been retaken. The loss of Dixmude, however, under the conditions in which the campaign in Flanders is fought, is not of great importance, as is shown by the fact that the German troops have failed to turn their possession of the position to any substantial advantage.

This failure emphasizes the siege-like nature of the operations in Flanders and in France. The battleground is a network of tunnels and trenches. Important strategic positions, except where lines of communications are concerned, may almost be said to have ceased to exist. Had this battle been one of manœuvring in the open, the possession of Dixmude by the Germans would have called attention to the fact that a wedge had been driven into the Allied line and that the Belgian troops on the Yser were threatened with envelopment. As things are, the taking of a position which in open fighting would be of strategic importance merely means that the troops which have been driven out retire to other galleries in the labyrinth of trenches and rifle-pits, and that the attacking force is faced with another position of equal strength to the one that has just been taken. The advantage consists simply in the amount of ground gained, and that is measured, not in miles, but in yards and feet. To offset the German success at Dixmude, the Allies have regained the left bank of the Yser, on which the Germans had been able temporarily to establish themselves.

The confidence, then, which becomes increasingly noticeable both in the official dispatches from Paris and in the comments of French military critics, appears to be justified, and we can understand why the setback at Dixmude failed to disturb it. To say that the German line has been at a standstill since it dug itself in on the Aisne and extended northwards into Flanders, occupying Ostend, would be a slight exaggeration. It has advanced on the whole, but its advance has been so slow as to be almost imperceptible. We need not trace the advance in detail, but a comparison of the names that have appeared in the official French dispatches reveals the fact that in the last two months the German line facing west has crept forward, on an average, about six miles, while on the Aisne it has advanced possibly a mile. At this rate of progress, at the end of another six months the Kaiser might expect to be within sight of Dunkirk and Calais. With the prospect of heavy reinforcements from England in the early spring, and having in mind the conditions of success laid down by German experts themselves, of which the first was a lightning-like campaign, the French military experts can afford to view the situation with complacency.

Meanwhile the coming of winter and the heavy rains of the past few weeks have increased tenfold the difficulty of military operations. In the discomfort and misery incurred in water-logged trenches both armies will share alike, and disease will undoubtedly take a heavy toll of life on both sides, but the unfavorable weather conditions will hamper most seriously offensive operations. The heavy roads will impede motor transport, and the snail-like progress of the German line is likely, therefore, to become even slower as the winter advances. Gen. Joffre's strategy, as we have pointed out, is one of waiting; he assumes the offensive only for defensive purposes. Moreover, he has the advantage of a shorter line of communications. He can afford to wait for reinforcements and milder weather in the spring before assuming a general offensive. Only at one point is his line likely to be seriously threatened. As the weather hardens, the flooded area between Nieuport and Dixmude will become frozen over and passable. For this contingency we may presume that Gen. Joffre will provide by strong reinforcements.

Dispatches from Petrograd and Berlin serve to give us a fairly accurate idea of the extent to which the Russian advance has progressed. The reports, which we recorded last week, of the retirement of the German forces from the line Kalisz-Chenstochowo-Cracow have proved to be unfounded. The principal fighting during the past few days has taken place in Poland, centring in the neighborhood of Plock, on the Vistula. When we wrote last week outposts of Cossacks had actually crossed the border into Silesia at one or two points; in East Prussia Russian forces had established themselves at Goldap and Soldau. There the situation remains virtually unchanged. The Russian armies have occupied a strip of from ten to fifteen miles in width of the enemy's country. The Germans have dug themselves in, as they did on the Aisne, and for the past week the battle in this quarter has been at a deadlock.

Meanwhile the Russian advance threatened Silesia and the fortress of Thorn. To resist this advance troops were apparently detached from the German forces in East Prussia and rushed to Poland, where the Germans have again undertaken a vigorous offensive between the Vistula and the Warthe Rivers, and along the line Wlozlawsk-Rypin. According to official dispatches from Berlin on Tuesday the result of this plan has been completely successful, the Russians having been driven back in the direction of Plock with a loss of 23,000 prisoners and 20 machine guns. Petrograd, on the other hand, has nothing to say even of any "strategic retreat," but declares calmly that the battle is still proceeding. Certainly the capture of 23,000 prisoners would indicate a defeat on a fairly large scale, and the relatively small number of machine guns said to have been taken is totally disproportionate to the number of prisoners. Probably, then, we may divide the number of prisoners by ten, attribute the error to faulty transmission, and consider the battle still undecided. In Galicia the Russian offensive towards Cracow has continued. Tarnow, the furthest point of the previous Russian advance, has again been occupied, and the Austrian troops are reported as defending the eastern side of the Dunajec River.

The demonstration undertaken by Russia in Armenia is apparently having the desired effect of keeping employed a large portion of the effective army of Turkey. Petrograd on Sunday admitted a strategical retirement of the advance guard near Koprukeui, east of Erzerum, in Transcaucasia, and Constantinople proclaimed a victory of some importance and spoke of the Turks as "advancing on Batum." The connection between this success and an advance on Batum, which is on the Black Sea, 150 miles distant and on the other side of the Caucasian Mountains, is not at once apparent. The statement of the case as given out at Petrograd is probably the correct one. This was an engagement in which only the Russian advance guard took part, and finding itself outnumbered it retired on the main army. As we suggested two weeks ago would be the case, the Russian operations in Armenia are to be regarded not as a serious invasion, but as a demonstration to keep the Turkish forces busy. It is apparent that only Russia's Caucasian troops, which have not been reported as forming part of the main army in Poland and Galicia, are engaged. These consist of three army corps, with some divisions of cavalry and of Cossacks. One hundred and fifty thousand, then, would be a liberal estimate of the number of troops engaged in Armenia.

One of the most curious and baffling incidents of the war has been the report of the sinking by a mine of the British Dreadnought Audacious. The report reached this country by mail on Saturday of last week and seems to have received confirmation from eye-witnesses of the event. This mishap, according to these accounts, occurred on the morning of October 27, off the north coast of Ireland, and the news has been suppressed by the British censorship until revealed in letters sent by mail. The Audacious is said to have been struck by a mine, and, in response to wireless signals, the White Star steamship Olympic went to her assistance. The Olympic successfully rescued the officers and crew of the Dreadnought, only two lives being lost in the process, and after attempts to take her in tow had proved unsuccessful, the disabled vessel was sunk by orders of the British Admiralty. The Olympic put into Lough Swilly, where she was detained, incommunicada, for a week, and finally docked at Belfast, when her passengers were requested to preserve silence on what they had seen.

The truth of the story in its essential facts is apparently confirmed up to the hilt, and is neither denied nor affirmed by the British Press Bureau. Only the memory of the circumstantial accounts of the presence of Russian troops in England and at Antwerp inclines one to reserve judgment on the whole truth of this story. The concealment of the facts by the censorship is difficult to explain even by making the fullest allowance for official muddleheadedness, nor is it easy to conceive how the story has escaped being joyously recorded from Berlin. If Berlin failed to receive the news, then the German system of espionage must be far less efficient than anxious Britishers suppose. One explanation occurs, which would cover most of the facts as reported and at the same time would explain the taciturnity of the British censorship on other grounds than sheer pigheadedness. It is just possible that the disaster occurred pretty much as recorded, but that the Audacious was beached or sunk in shallow water, and that during the past three weeks salvage operations have been proceeding. The desire to keep these operations from the knowledge of the enemy would explain the strict censorship.

Foreign Correspondence

WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE ADMIRALTY — DARKENED LONDON — A NEW VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF DISRAELI.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 7.

Mr. Winston Churchill has long been familiar with the varying moods of the public that make either for popularity or the reverse. He had a great reception in the House of Commons when thirteen years ago he made his maiden speech. Mr. Balfour, the junior member of the Fourth Party his father led, was one of the most applausive listeners. When, later, Winston began to show hereditary disposition towards independence of thought and action, Mr. Balfour, at the time Prime Minister, habitually turned upon him the cold shoulder. This attitude, applauded by the rank and file of a party the impetuous young Member took no pains to propitiate, led to a memorable scene. Winston rising to take part in an important debate, the Ministerialists with one accord rose and noisily left the House.

Winston never forgot the concerted insult. It cost the party a big price. Within a year the young member for Oldham had crossed the floor of the House and joined the Liberal party. Since the removal from the scene of the commanding figure of Joseph Chamberlain, the front bench of the Unionist party in the Commons has not been so fully endowed with strength and capacity that it could afford to drive out of the camp so promising a recruit as Winston Churchill. To its subsequent exceeding sorrow it succeeded in doing so.

Up to a recent date the First Lord of the Admiralty has, since the war began, become one of the most popular members of the Ministry. The cleverly designed, admirably executed strategy whereby, under cover of a visit from the King, he had the fleet mobilized to be found cruising in the North Sea when war with Germany was declared, captured popular imagination. Since then his sleepless, vigorous administration has supplied every need of the fleet, anticipated every emergency. His dispatch of a naval force to succor the Belgians besieged at Antwerp was a well-conceived, far-sighted movement that might have saved the city. Though it had important effect upon the German camp at a critical moment, it failed in its full purpose. Whereupon arm-chair critics, ignoring the fact that the step was taken in conjunction with Lord Kitchener and with the approval of the Cabinet, turn and rend the First Lord of the Admiralty. It is true, the conspiracy was led by a Unionist morning paper still smarting under memory of the fact that Churchill, disgusted with Unionist tactics and policy, had gone over to the camp of the enemy. Such procedure was not contrary to usage. What lent the demonstration importance was the fact that an influential Liberal paper joined in the attack, plainly suggesting that the First Lord should be dismissed and Lord Fisher installed in his place.

This mischievous suggestion was made in ignorance of the circumstance, stated in this correspondence two months ago, that immediately on the outbreak of the war Lord Fisher gave up all his private engagements and repaired to London, where, as a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, upon whose deliberations he is in constant attendance, he gives the Board of the Admiralty the advantage of his unparalleled experience and genius for naval administration. His relations with the First Lord are based upon the foundation of genuine admiration of his capacity. Writing to me early in August announcing his arrival in London and the consequent postponement of a country visit in which I was concerned, the famous First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, to whom the nation is largely indebted for the supremacy of the navy at the present crisis, spoke in enthusiastic terms of Mr. Churchill's work at Whitehall. "I am in close touch with Winston," he wrote. "He has been splendid for three things: (1) the appointment to command of the fleet of Jellicoe, a comparatively young admiral; (2) mobilizing before war; (3) buying the two Turkish Dreadnoughts."

More stringent enforcement of the order regulating the lights o' London has plunged the metropolis into profounder gloom. Erstwhile brilliantly lighted thoroughfares east and west of Charing Cross are plunged in semi-darkness. Walking along Fleet Street or Piccadilly is like groping one's way through a catacomb, with here and there a tallow candle flickering on the walls. Not only are the lamps in motor omnibuses, which used to flash through the streets like streaks of lightning, turned down to lowest pitch, but when crossing the bridges they are extinguished. In normal times to drive across London Bridge in the evening, when the population of the City is making its way homewards, was a task requiring infinite skill and care on the part of the multitudinous drivers. To accomplish it in the dark, with two streams of miscellaneous vehicles, one going one way and the other in an opposite direction, is a feat that requires a cool head and a steady hand. Meanwhile, in West End thoroughfares the taxis, with their lamps lowered almost to extinguishing point, stand like hearses waiting for a fare.

Ten o'clock is now the closing hour all round, and there is the threat of prohibiting the reopening of public houses before ten o'clock in the morning. In the interests of temperance, and as contributing to the happiness of many homes, this is unquestionably an admirable arrangement which will, at least in measure, be maintained even after the war is over. At the beginning, it imposes some inconvenience on the public, and inflicts grievous loss upon publicans and brewers, who were just beginning to recover from the depression that has long hung low over the trade, owing less to legislation than the ruinous policy of "tied houses."

Mr. Murray informs me that a third volume of the Life of Disraeli is in the press. He proposes to publish it probably in the second week of November; failing that, it will certainly appear during the third. This is not an auspicious season for publishers, but the deathless interest attached to the personality and career of Disraeli is sure to command attention amid the clangor of war. This will be the first volume in which Mr. Buckle, long-time editor of the *Times*, carries on the work interrupted by the premature death of Mr. Monypenny, who wrote the first two volumes and prepared much material for those to follow. The period dealt with carries the story onward from 1846 to 1855, a comparatively brief period as almanacs reckon time, but critical in the history of Disraeli.

Espiomania

A PASSING INSANITY—THE PERIL OF A GERMAN PATRONYMIC.

The genesis of the present spy-mania is especially interesting because it is a unique example of the power of the cheap press in England. That there were and are many German and Austrian spies in London at and since the outbreak of war, is undeniable. But London got on very well for at least six weeks without worrying about them. It believed, correctly, that the Government and what is popularly called the "Secret Service" had the situation well in hand, and it was perfectly content, in the great-hearted tolerance of the race, to live at peace with the Germans and Austrians in its midst, alien enemies though they were, so long as they behaved decently. Then a strange thing happened.

There is in London a great newspaper which, by something of a miracle, is owned by a person of English name, and of which at least the majority of the staff are of British descent. Many of its rivals, including its deadliest rival, have owners, editors, or contributors less happily named in patriotic times like these. The great paper started—or, to be more exact, adopted—a little "spy-scare" already in existence, though still insignificant. With amazing headlines and a boiling eloquence it painted the dangers of the "enemy in our midst." Naturally enough, the rest, including the hated rival, followed suit, for such is the way of journalism in London. One and all protested, openly or by implication, that they were owned, directed, and staffed entirely by families which had been English since before the Conquest, and at once the hunt was up and woe upon the unhappy quarry!

There have been many recent estimates of the number of unnaturalized Germans and Austrians in England to-day, the average being, I suppose, 200,000. A very large proportion of these originally settled in the country to escape military service in their own, many of them half a century or so ago. They have remained unnaturalized, either from lack of means or lack of thought. Most of them have become as English as their children, more English than their neighbors. They were doomed to be the first victims of the spy-mania.

Had a Conservative Government been in power to-day there would probably have been no spy-scare at all. But as the Unionist press professes to have the monopoly not only of patriotism, but also of efficiency, its Liberal rivals were bound to emulate its new enthusiasm lest they be themselves accused of Teutonizing. And accordingly both sides took up the cry with a singular unanimity, hitherto unheard of. Not only were whole pages given up to the "alien danger," but great placards appeared upon the hoardings calling upon all good citizens to denounce to the police any person they suspected of espionage. Any one with a foreign name,

these notices pointed out, was suspect; he *might*, of course, be an Englishman, but in any case he was dangerous, and to accuse him was the first duty of a good citizen.

In common with all great democratic communities, London—or its unthinking majority—is most easily swayed through its love of sentiment and of drama. The average man leads a life so inherently dull that anything out of the common rut appeals to him imperiously. And the spy-hunt appeal is essentially of the theatre. The average German baker is not at all a romantic figure. But invest him with the attributes of an emissary of the Kaiser, and he at once assumes romance. London thrilled deliciously at its great discovery—it had read of foreign spies in cheap books and cheaper serial stories, watched them on the stage in melodrama and in the picture theatres; here, it seemed, was the real thing brought, if not home, at least next door to it. London rose unanimously to the occasion—the upper middle classes as usual in the lead.

For a month past you have not been able to go out to dinner without meeting at least three fellow-guests who have an intimate knowledge of some German spy, living either next door or over the way. Almost invariably they have wireless installations on the roof and complete signalling apparatus in the garrets. Often they have been seen carrying parcels of bombs in broad daylight. The women-guests are, of course, the most enthusiastic, and serious quarrels take place over the relative infamy of their protégés. Incidentally, they spend much of their time at the local police station, handing in lists of suspects, much to the fatigue of the force. It is as much as your life is worth to hint that not every one with a German name is necessarily a public enemy. The *Daily Mail*, or the *Daily Express*, or the *Times*, or the *Globe* has said it, and it must be so.

From Kensington the outcry spread rapidly to Peckham and to Whitechapel. Not a German, not a Jew, not any breed of foreigner could hope to escape the suspicion of his neighbors. At first the public reprobation was good-natured. Unhappy Frenchmen and Italians were jeered at in the streets and told to go home and eat sausages, but no harm was done to them until the semi-criminal class which infests every big city saw its opportunity. A foreigner or two was mobbed, a window or two was broken; to Deptford in southeast London belongs the credit of having first looted a baker's shop. Remained others, even more attractive. The saloons offered obvious advantages to thirsty patriots; half a dozen, whose owners and managers had perfectly English names and no more connection with the Kaiser than has Lord Kitchener, were looted openly, and the harassed police were forced to interfere.

Meanwhile the wealthier classes had begun to see that there was something mildly ridiculous in being afraid of little German barbers in the back-blocks of Whitechapel, and, led by a faithful press, looked round for higher game. The headlines changed: for "Alien Enemy," you now read "Spies in High Places." And the game became trebly exciting, for none were too high to escape. The King, coming of a German family himself, was not altogether immune. Although I have never heard any one accuse him of betraying himself to the Kaiser, his cousins did not escape so easily. Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the best sailors England can boast of, was not only suspected; it was openly said that he had been shot in the Tower—and that at a time when every morning he was directing the councils of the Admiralty. Much the same was said of Lord Lowther, one of the most popular sporting peers in England, but known as a personal friend of the Kaiser. The brother of a popular duchess was another victim. Not only was he executed in the Tower—your story lost half its joy if a less romantic spot were selected—but it was to be given out within ten days that he was dead of sudden pneumonia. When the announcement tarried, it was because the Government wished to escape scandal. Cabinet Ministers, ordinary members of Parliament, members of the Royal Society, not a prominent man but was accused by rumor; if he had a name in any wise suggesting Teutonic sympathies he was at once consigned to the Tower and executed—or if not, it was only because the Home Secretary was a traitor or weakling, according to taste.

I may instance one of the best-known Irish members of Parliament as a victim of this sort of thing. He gave an audience lasting ten minutes to a young foreigner, professing to be an Italian—as he very probably was—who came with a letter of introduction, seeking employment. Next morning a plain-clothes policeman called on the Member to inform him that he was accused of consorting with German spies, and implying that he had better mend his manners or it would be the worse for him. The M.P. in question is one of the leaders of the Parliamentary recruiting campaign.

The police, much against their will, were brought in as auxiliaries. A well-known journalist whose flat was raided for incriminating evidence during his absence, called at Scotland Yard to protest. Scotland Yard was apologetic, but shrugged its shoulders. He had been denounced, anonymously, a dozen times over. It was necessary to look into the matter. It should not occur again; but at such times, it was better to grin and bear it. It would all be over and forgotten in a month. "We don't want to do it," said Scotland Yard, in effect. "But——" and it shrugged its shoulders again. In the meantime a telephone call would always bring police protection, if and when required.

The quaintest part of the whole outcry is that every one knows it is at once artificial and unnecessary. Your London public—the kindliest in the world—has not the slightest wish to damage harmless foreigners, were it not—as the boy found who flung stones into the frog-pond—so fascinating a sport. As to the really dangerous spies—of whom there are many—the authorities have shown themselves perfectly capable of dealing with them, as, for instance, in the case of the spy Lody.

In a month or so—especially when the public begins to realize that the war can have but one ending—the unhappy Londoners with German names may look forward to unharried lives again. It is safe to say, though, that the newly expressed prejudice has come to stay, and that those gentlemen—mostly of the Jewish community—who have taken the precaution of changing their Teuton-sounding names to Smith, Brown, or Robinson for business reasons, will earn the reward of their prescience in years to come. That is, after all, the worst aspect of such a war as the present—the crushing load of prejudice it must leave behind it. For it is not in England alone that "spy-mania" is rampant; England, indeed, is, despite everything, still the most lenient of the battling nations to the stranger within its gates. We had reached, or thought we had reached, a stage of progress where "foreigner" did not necessarily imply "suspect." That is all past and gone for many a generation.

JOHN WARDLE.

Book Notes and Byways

THE HUMORISTS OF THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

News of the grave illness of Robert J. Burdette at Pasadena, Cal., will recall to the minds of the older generation of newspaper readers the little group of writers to which he belonged, whose fugitive work was at one period more widely quoted than the classics. The long line of American humorists, from Franklin's time to Mr. Dooley's, have had an important share in shaping our popular philosophy. Their activities have taken various forms. In the old times when nearly everybody who read at all read books, they chose that medium for reaching their fellow-countrymen, Artemus Ward and John Phœnix being among the last of this dynasty. The Civil War developed a new line of communication by the rise of the newspaper to a popularity it had never enjoyed before; and the metropolitan press blossomed with special articles, satirizing certain phases of government and politics, by Doesticks, Nasby, Orpheus C. Kerr, Josh Billings, and others of their school. Then came a small and select company of writers, of the quality of Bret Harte, John Hay, and Mark Twain, who, though starting in journalism, infused a charming strain of humor into real literature; and these were followed by the group in whose front rank stood Burdette—men whose humorous work gave to the provincial newspapers with which they were connected a stamp of distinct individuality. Among the lesser lights in this galaxy, but truly typical, was James M. Bailey, who edited the *News* at Danbury, Conn. His special gift was the quaint description of every-day experiences—the perversity of the stovepipe which the impatient householder is trying to put together; the eccentricities of the domestic hen, the pet dog, or the family carryall. He soon leaped into national and even international fame as the "Danbury News Man," and his little weekly drew subscriptions from Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and London.

and was sold on the street-stands of several large cities. A member of the same group was Charles B. Lewis, of the Detroit *Free Press*, whose imaginary police-court reports, pivoted on the sayings and doings of a functionary named "Bijah," made a market for his journal in quarters where till then it had been little known. Messrs. Knox and Sweet, each a humorist in his own right, united forces for the establishment of the *Texas Siftings*, which, after furnishing for some years a fertile resource for exchange-editors all over the United States, presently took its place on the news-stands and in the regular stock of the train-boys; and almost simultaneously grew up the vogue of Opie Read's *Arkansaw Traveler* and "Bill" Nye's Laramie *Boomerang*.

Robert J. Burdette, after having served an apprenticeship in worldly experience as a private in the Union army—where he "put down the Rebellion with a musket longer than himself"—and then as a postal clerk, drifted into journalism through the disappointment of his ambition to become a great historical painter. He always declared that he never set out to be "funny," but that, however solemn his thoughts, he could not resist the appeal of the comical side of almost everything that surrounded him, and the sportive pranks of his pen seemed to be independent of any intent on his part. His humor lay almost wholly in his forms of expression and in an unexpected collocation of ideas, the effect of which upon the reader was cumulative. In spite of this never-absent tendency, he was also capable of writing forcefully on serious topics, and for a long period, in conjunction with the late Frank Hatton, he made the Burlington *Hawkeye* a power in Iowa politics, and incidentally in those of the nation. Throughout his editorial career he bore in mind a maxim impressed upon him by his first preceptor in journalism: "It isn't knowing what to put into a paper that makes an editor; it's knowing what to keep out." He also escaped a tempting pitfall by sticking strictly to his editorial functions, and leaving the business management in charge of the counting-room—this bit of discretion being the fruit of one unhappy episode of his comparative youth, when he tried his hand at founding a local paper which, as he said, "the gods loved, though the advertisers didn't," and which carried down with its wreck the savings of several toilsome years.

He became so thoroughly identified with his work in Burlington that, in the minds of the outside public, his proper personality was merged into that of "the Hawkeye man." Meanwhile, there had swept over the country a wave of enthusiasm for the lyceum as a means of combined instruction and amusement, and Mrs. Burdette saw here a possible new opening for his talents. As he has told us, he "wrote a lecture about two hours long —'The Rise and Fall of the Moustache'—and went out and said it without hesitation, manuscript, or remorse." This experimental effort was so well received that his wife urged him to enter the lecture field regularly. He demurred somewhat, because of his diminutive stature—he was only five feet three inches in height and of slender build—and his lack of training as a speaker. He had, he reminded her, no voice, no presence, no gesture, his pronunciation was faulty and his grammar uncertain; but he yielded to her judgment, gulped down his impulse to stage-fright, and plunged in, with the result that for ten years a single lecture earned him a larger income than all his other work. It is characteristic of the man that he always apologized, and apparently felt a sincere regret, for having once turned his freaksome humor loose upon the life and character of so good a man as William Penn. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that all through his life he had been sorry one day for something he had done the day before. "So constantly," said he, "am I doing penance, that I live in a state of chronic remorse and habitual hair-shirt."

It was after he had achieved a notable success on the platform that he was attracted to the East by an offer from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. About the same time he entered the ministry of the Baptist Church. Impaired health led him later to seek the climate of southern California, where, as pastor of the Temple congregation, he preached for six years to assemblages which, Sunday after Sunday, crowded the great auditorium of Los Angeles. In 1909 he retired from active charge of this parish, but remained its pastor emeritus.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Poetry

KAISER AND COUNSELLOR.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO BERNHARDI'S "OUR NEXT WAR."

I.

Through what dark pass to what place in the sun
Dost thou, misguided Moses, lead this folk?
What rest remains when wayfaring is done?
What clearer skies beyond the cannon-smoke?
Say not he triumphs, though his trampling host,
That knows above his nation's lust no law,
From inland village to the fearful coast
Still treads the peaceful peoples red and raw.
Nay, pity him the banded friends abhor,
Who sees—the tragic fool and slave of state—
Behind him stretch the sterile wastes of war,
Before, a widening wilderness of hate,
While all the world lifts up one wrathful cry
To give this Prussian Machiavel the lie.

II.

White mouths that clamor for the unreaped wheat,
Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,
Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,
Dispeopled, exiled King: be comforted.
Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense
To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships
In drowning agonies, the fields immense
Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,
Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell
Of world-wide pity, love, and chivalry,
We say the awful sacrifice is well.
The old law holds; on this new Calvary
Humanity, uplifted, crucified,
Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent Associated Press dispatches inform us that Germany pledges herself, in the event of victory, to respect the Monroe Doctrine. How droll and naïve! Will some of the apologists for Germany kindly inform us what guarantee Germany can give that she will keep her pledge? What confidence can be placed in a nation which openly avows the doctrine that her solemn pledges are a mere "scrap of paper" when she finds it inconvenient to stand by their provisions? When German professors and scientists like Haeckel and Eucken assert that German greatness has been built on faith and honor, for the sake of the argument we are willing to admit it as regards the past, but when they apply it to the present and the contingencies of the future they stultify themselves and insult the general intelligence of mankind. Might, power, terrorism, is the spirit which pervades the ruling class in Germany to-day; it is unblushingly proclaimed by her philosophers and historians, it has become the propaganda of university professors, and with patriotic fervor is accepted by the masses without question or murmur. Witness the following from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* discussing the probability of Portugal's taking an active part with the Allies: "The fate of Belgium, whose King and Government have had to flee their country, is a sample of what the nations which have allowed themselves to be deluded by England have to expect." An act which has done more to cause anti-German feeling in this country than any other she exults in. Is it any surprise that Germans fail to understand the sentiment in America?

We must at least give Germany credit for the frankness to which she proudly lays claim, but can hardly accept it as a full atonement for all the sins in the calendar. She calls the English hypocrites. Let us examine these respective virtues and vices, candor and hypocrisy. The latter has been described as the homage which vice pays to virtue. I would not be considered as a defender of this sort of homage, but after all, what constitutes the basis of hypocrisy? Is it not a sense of shame, some regard for the good opinion of one's neighbors? It at least implies a knowledge of good and evil and an acknowledgment of the superiority of the good. But what shall we say of the frankness which scorns all the moralities of modern civilization, commits the greatest crimes without shame and without remorse, upholds and defends them as the highest culture and finest product of the race and richly worth the price Europe is now paying for them? It is unquestionably a struggle between two antipodal ideals, and one of stupendous consequences to the future of the human race.

Let us consider for a moment the possible result of victory for the Allies on the one hand and Germany on the other. Who can doubt that the English sense of shame, their "decent respect to the opinions of mankind," their national characteristic of self-restraint, their hypocrisy, if you will, would temper their terms by some show of fairness and justice? For somehow the English have

gained the reputation of being a just people. Stolid and stupid they may be, but they are able to appreciate the point of view of the other fellow. This accounts for their marvellous success in governing alien peoples, and no more striking proof of this was ever exhibited in the world than the present loyalty of Britain's colonies and dependencies. This demonstration of the solidarity of the Empire must seem to an Englishman as a partial compensation for the cost of the war. On the other hand, what could we expect from a victorious Germany dictating the terms of peace? Brazen-faced candor, no doubt, an unshakable disregard for the opinions of the rest of mankind, the fate of Belgium for all who oppose her, the most solemn pledges of faith and honor reduced to a "scrap of paper," the triumph of the doctrine of might and the divine right of kings, a veritable Saturnalia of "woe to the conquered" and all who stand in the way of her superior culture and new morality.

We cannot think this picture overdrawn; all the intellectual forces of Germany are defending these principles with the zeal of religious enthusiasts and would doubtless demand that they be carried out with the usual German thoroughness and ruthlessness. If Germany should succeed to the empire of England, something would probably happen like that which occurred after the Peloponnesian war. This was a triumph of militarism. Freedom and peace were proclaimed to all Greece by victorious Sparta amid the destruction of the walls of Athens to the music of flute-girls. But within ten years the Spartan empire had completely fallen away, Athenian slavery was found ten times more endurable than Spartan freedom resting on militarism. A similar fate would await a German world's empire, for I do not believe that one nation by brute force can impose its ideals for long on the rest of mankind without their consent. The task of destroying human reason and the moralities generally accepted since the dawn of history would prove too great even for Germany.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., October 27.

CARLYLE AND GERMANY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussion inspired by the present European war, there has been frequent mention of Carlyle, and persons of German sympathies—like Mr. Maximus A. Lesser in your issue of October 15—seem to think they can cite him as an admirer of Prussian militarism; while others have declared his writings to be the source of Nietzsche's philosophy. Of course, there is an apparent basis of truth for these contentions, but it takes a very slight knowledge of Carlyle to show that the qualities he detected in Frederick the Great are not those guiding the policy of Germany to-day, and that nothing could be more opposed to his teaching that right is might than the Nietzschean theory that lust is power.

Carlyle is, perhaps, the most misunderstood of nineteenth-century writers. His mannerisms make him repellent to the conventional, his hyperboles bewilder the matter of fact, and the sustained character of his thought makes him laborious reading for a generation habituated to ideas only in homœopathic doses; but what more than anything else makes him misunderstood is lack of sympathy, for the standard he sets is so high that, as Emerson says, it accuses our way of living, and so we dislike and think ill of the man who shows us our shortcomings.

Carlyle's position on Frederick is, however, perfectly clear. He admired him because he had a sense of objective reality and was guided by it instead of by his prejudices or his vanity. To perceive facts and to be guided by them was Carlyle's conception of virtue; to see the world through a distorting lens of ignorance, prejudice, or vanity was his idea of vice. Frederick, cynic and materialist though he was, was not deluded by his egotism into overestimating himself or underestimating the forces against which he had to contend, but he saw his position clearly and faced it without illusions or false hopes.

Now, nobody can maintain that German militarism is without illusions or unwarranted hopes. If ever there was anything based on vanity and self-delusion, that thing is German militarism, and the way in which its prejudices have destroyed all vestige of objective thinking in what seems to be practically the entire German race, is one of the greatest wonders of the war. The German people may be exhibiting now the respect for authority and the patient thoroughness that Carlyle so much admired, but the possession of these minor virtues would not save it from his wrath for committing the major crime of being deluded by subjective hopes in defiance of fact and reason.

For Nietzsche's philosophy Carlyle's wrath would be still greater, although it is undoubtedly true that his own ideas may have been a stimulus to Nietzsche, who has transposed and materialized some of them. With Nietzsche, however, the ego is everything, and to pamper it is man's only success; with Carlyle our only hope lies in chastening and disciplining ourselves so that we shall not be deluded or destroyed by the insatiable demands of the ego in us. It would be strange, then, even to-day when anything odd or striking is likely to be maintained, to contend that Carlyle's hero, whose power is due to his recognition of the limitations of necessity on the personal will, is identical with Nietzsche's superman, whose strength is derived from the intensity of his appetite and the completeness with which he refuses to set any restraints upon it.

SIDNEY GUNN.

Cambridge, Mass, November 10.

ADVERTISING GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Preserved Smith in your issue of November 5 states "that English firms are advertising everywhere that they will send 'Germany's infamous proposals' and other partisan literature to any address at nominal cost." I have not myself happened to see any such advertisements, but, curiously enough, in the very same mail with the *Nation* I received a package of reprints of newspaper articles each one of which was devoted to defending Germany and defaming the Allies. They were not sent by any one of my acquaintance, and from their appearance it was evident that they were specimens of large issues intended for widespread circulation. Probably Mr. Smith has not yet received one of these packages, but he may be interested to note that, although Germany's "campaign" in this country may be as "unobtrusive" as the system by which in time of peace she laid her gun foundations in the heart of a nation whose neutrality she had solemnly guaranteed, it is none the less a very vital fact.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

Amherst, Mass., November 9.

COMMITTEE TO OPPOSE THE JUDICIAL RECALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of October 22 contained a letter from me, dated October 10, wherein was criticised a certain passage in the distributed report of the "Committee to Oppose the Judicial Recall" of the American Bar Association, reflecting (as I ventured to indicate) unwisely and unkindly upon Chief Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina. I have now been informed by a member of the committee in question that the objectionable passage was modified before the report was formally submitted. Consequently and happily the language quoted in my former letter will not appear in the final "Report" of the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Association. I trust the incident will teach some of my fellow members that "rights of the minority" ought to be respected in the American Bar Association, as well as in the nation at large.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, October 30.

PRESIDENTS AND CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In looking over a table of the party divisions in Congress since the Civil War, I have noticed several things of interest in the light of the recent election.

It was recalled, no doubt, by many at the beginning of President Wilson's Administration that only twice previously since the war had the Democratic party obtained a clear majority in the Senate—once during the latter half of Hayes's Administration, and again during the first half of Cleveland's second Administration. It is to be noted now that President Wilson is the first Democratic President within the same period to have the support of both houses during his entire Administration.

It is true, as has been asserted, that the party in power has always (since 1869) had its majority in the House reduced in the off-year election. Only on three such occasions, however, has the slump been comparable to that suffered by the Democrats in the recent election: once in the latter half of Harrison's term, when a Republican majority of 7 was changed into a Democratic majority of 148; again in the latter half of Cleveland's second Administration, when the Democratic majority or 94 was turned into a Republican majority of 102; and a third time, when in the latter half of Taft's term the Republican majority of 47 was perforce exchanged for a Democratic majority of 66.

In each of these three cases the following Presidential election completed the victory of the opposition by presenting to it the Presidency and both houses of Congress.

Yet the present Administration may draw comfort from the fact that in the above three cases the waning party, before its débâcle, had in each instance lost its control of the House at the off election. Only on three occasions out of twenty-three elections since the

Civil War has a party failed at a Presidential election after holding its control over Congress in the off year.

Of course, the most striking thing in all the figures is the fact that so many of us change our minds at election time in the off year. "Omnia mutantur nos et mutamur in illis." There seems to be a type of habitual floating voter, an arch-mugwump, who is always eager to take another chance in the odd year. "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure—for there's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More." R. W. K.

Haverford, Pa., November 8.

THE BID FOR SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the enthusiasm over our opportunity to get South American patronage relinquished by war-ridden Europe, it is perhaps not strange, after our half-century of high protection, that nothing is said of an inexorable factor.

This factor appears when it is noticed that our ability to deliver the goods needed by South America, and the absence now of anybody to compete with us, are really secondary to the other condition, namely: that however good and cheap may be our manufactures and the means of shipping them, and whatever may be the desire of South Americans to use them, these people nevertheless must first get the wherewithal to buy them by selling equal value in products of their own.

Has the sudden cessation of Europe's selling of the bulk of South American imports any more to do with the case than the sudden cessation of Europe's buying of the bulk of South American exports? It being unlikely that South Americans desire or would be permitted to run into debt, or that they will drain off their gold or pawn their watches in order to buy of us, can we hope to step in unopposed and add scores of millions to our sales, unless we take from them approximately equal value in our purchases?

As the Central West's immense market for New England manufactures could not exist without the wealth and enterprise of the many Western manufacturing cities with which New England must compete, no more could South America approach its recent value as a great trade field for us if the bulk of its buying and selling market disappeared in a blotting out of Europe. Under civilized trade, in order to live one's self, one must be willing to let live, and this with competitors scarcely less than with customers. The former may be as essential as the latter in that industrial growth which alone makes markets. Besides, in the war's waste of capital and injury to industry, can our sales to South America be increased in total half so much as our sales to Europe must soon be diminished?

It is well, though there is slight hint at a reason, that Government carriage of exports is discussed as temporary. Whatever the objections to our paying foreigners from one to two hundred millions a year for ocean carrying, we must buy of them either such service or something else, if they are to continue buying of us our two and a half billions of exports. It can hardly be desirable to increase for long our yearly half-billion "favorable" export balance, of whose stupendous aggregate for the last twelve years the amount collected in excess of gold brought in has been just two per cent. George L. Bolen.

Battle Creek, Mich., October 15.

Literature

FRANCE'S LITERARY LEADERS.

Les Maîtres de l'Heure (Second Series). By Victor Giraud. Paris: Hachette.

Those who do not despair of contemporary France, those who wish to believe that she is going through a movement of redintegration, should find support for their faith in the critical work of M. Giraud.

Quite consciously a writer of that "younger generation" which made its appearance about 1890, M. Giraud has revealed his intellectual bias and the range of his scholarship in a long series of substantial studies, including Horace, St. Augustine, Pascal, Bossuet, Chateaubriand, Taine, Sainte-Beuve, and Brunetière. He has brought his ideas to bear upon current literature in "Maîtres d'autrefois et d'aujourd'hui" and in the first series of "Maîtres de l'heure," in which he deals with Pierre Loti, Brunetière, Faguet, Vogüé, and Bourget. The volume before us treats of Jules Lemaître, Edouard Rod, and Anatole France; and concludes with a balance sheet for the literary generation of 1870.

M. Giraud represents that virile and wholehearted criticism which the stricter Hedonic sect assures us is not "literary." Primarily a critic of ideas, his judgment steadily cuts through the book into the life beneath the book. In his court, the æsthetic is only one of many vital questions. His procedure, which is sufficiently systematic, is somewhat as follows: he exposes, first, the origins of a talent in native temperament and external influences; he proceeds then, with careful attention to chronology and frequent recourse to fugitive and uncollected material, to follow the unfolding of that talent and to measure its power in the various *genres;* finally, he brings the results of his analysis together to form a fixed and distinct physiognomy, in which the religious, philosophical, political, moral, and æsthetic lineaments are strongly illuminated by the light of the critic's own convictions. From the individual authors he rises, in the last chapter of "Les Maîtres de l'heure," to a consideration of the total personality and character of the epoch; analyzes in similar fashion its origin and evolution; gives it sharp definition; compares it with other epochs, and judges it.

He is a great admirer of Brunetière, but he is also a great admirer of M. Lemaître; and, so far as his critical method is concerned, he is not distinctively the disciple of any one of his predecessors. He is intimately acquainted with them all, and has manifestly striven to absorb and unite the characteristic virtues of each. He follows Sainte-Beuve in his effort to seize the peculiar personal qualities of his subject. He imitates Bourget in presenting the individual author as a representative of the "psychology" of the epoch. Like Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, he gives free play to his emotion before a just thought finely turned or a page of exquisite prose; though he is not the slave of his sensibilities, he reveals his delight too frequently to allow any doubt that he has a literary palate. He seeks constantly to crystallize his impressions, as did Joubert, in a single suggestive and memorable sentence or phrase. He resembles Faguet and Brunetière in his recognition of the moral accountability of men of letters, and in the force with which he delivers the reasons for his tastes and opinions. It is by no means the purpose of these comparisons to convey the idea that M. Giraud is the perfect paragon of critics; they are intended only to suggest that he, unlike our chorus of indolent reviewers, has taken his profession with sufficient seriousness to become an accomplished master of its technique.

M. Giraud's leading ideas are brought into play in his survey of the *maîtres de l'heure.* In fact, they are all involved in his elevation of Jules Lemaître at the expense, so to speak, of Anatole France, to whom he assigns a position of isolation in contemporary France for substantially the reasons urged in M. G. Michaut's recent vigorous attack. M. France's style has its merits, but it lacks inevitability—the elegant *pastiche* of a man of talent; M. Lemaître has the freshness, the spontaneity, the winged grace of genius. M. France is in his sympathies hopelessly "eighteenth century"—a son of Voltaire, anointed by Renan; M. Lemaître can enter into the spirit of the great age of Louis XIV—a godson of Montaigne, refined by Racine. M. France is the derisive enemy of all religion; M. Lemaître has recognized the strength and splendor of Catholicism. M. France is a corrosive critic of all government, though latterly the demagogic mouthpiece of Socialism; M. Lemaître, though a political pessimist, has not been a jeering outsider or a dupe. M. France is at heart an inveterate voluptuary and a moral anarchist; M. Lemaître has shown himself steadily friendly to respectable Christian morals. "Here," will cry the æsthetic critic, "here are all sorts of extraneous matters *mixed up* with literature!" To which M. Giraud would reply: "Yes: the *ideas* of which literature is both the expression and the inspiration." As for the comparison of M. France with Jules Lemaître, there is in it doubtless something of over-emphasis, which at the present time may be entirely salutary. Certainly, the author of "Penguin Island" has long been courting and provoking a violent reaction against his *Weltanschauung* and his celebrity.

M. Giraud is a significant sign of that reaction. His own position is that of a well-informed and open-minded conservative in all things. In religion his sympathies are Catholic—shall we say, because Pascal, Bossuet, Joubert, Chateaubriand, and Brunetière were Catholics? or shall we say, because he is convinced that social reorganization must have a firm religious centre? In relation to science and philosophy he is discreetly positivistic, alert to the latest speculations of Boutroux and Bergson, and con-

vinced of the existence of things which to science will be forever unknowable. In moral matters he speaks with the accent and temper of a Christian humanist: that is to say, with a severe and critical charity, informed with an adequate insight into human nature. Thus he singles out for praise Lemaître's detection of the intimate contradiction which lies at the bottom of the Socialist dream: "This enticing dream is at heart quite natural and quite earthly. It is a question of enjoying the earth, and of enjoying it to the utmost, by a minimum of effort and labor for each. But it is a question also of all enjoying it together equally, without aggression by the strong upon the weak. That assumes virtues of charity, temperance, and self-restraint, which have never had, hitherto, better support than religious beliefs. *In short, the fulfilment of this pagan dream would exact Christian virtues, virtues of which the essence is precisely to repudiate it.*" In politics, M. Giraud is a patriotic republican, lending to Socialism an attent ear but no voice. In literature he is a classicist, firmly grounded on the ancients and the Grand Siècle, but responsive to the legitimate charms of the Romanticists and intensely interested in the work of his contemporaries.

M. Giraud has himself the air of a man who has profitably gathered himself together and girt up his loins; and, if he interprets phenomena correctly, he is in harmony with the "new spirit" of France. After a period of general spiritual lassitude and loose expansion, she has now entered on a movement of concentration and purposeful energy, which will give the special character to the literature of the next epoch. The literary generation which came to the front in 1870 underwent two great formative influences: the Franco-Prussian War and the works of Renan and Taine. The scientific positivism of the period had latent in it both the epicureanism of Renan and the stoicism of Taine; but the new movement, the necessity of the hour, has been favorable to the sturdier sect, and has left M. France to dawdle in solitary splendor over the "feast of life." The progress of the scientific spirit, moreover, led logically to the destruction of the "religion of science," and made place for the restoration of the higher human values, for expectant skepticism, and for returning faith: "We no longer believe in science as did the Renans, the Berthelots, and the Taines. We do not make of it a 'religion'; we no longer admit that it responds to all our aspirations, and, as Pascal would have said, that it 'fulfils all our needs'; we no longer think that it is the sole generatrix of certitude; and we can no longer conceive it the unique type of knowledge and the unique rule of action. Please observe: we do not deny science; we do not declare it 'bankrupt'; we do not dispute its progress. . . . But we do think that there is a multitude of things, and of essential things, which elude its grasp: religion, morals, politics, even philosophy, and art in all its forms. All these things appear to us, to speak again in the manner of Pascal, decidedly of 'another order'; and on the threshold of each of them we should inscribe, reversing it, the motto of Plato: 'Let no one enter here who is only a geometrician.'" The political recuperation of France, beginning at the same point, has kept pace with, or even outstripped, her spiritual recovery. From the profound humiliation of the defeat in 1871 there have emerged and developed through the years a firm loyalty to the republic, a desire for solidarity within and dignity without her borders, an inspiring regret for her lost provinces, and a fresh love for the national past.

It should perhaps be added that M. Giraud's book was completed some months before the outbreak of the present war. In the light of recent events one reads with curiously augmented interest his explanation of the relationship between the Franco-Prussian War and the decline of the "religion of science." "The war," he says, "had come to prove by facts that science effects no great change in our poor human nature; and we could ask ourselves wherein this Germany—so proud of her science, so inadvisedly admired by us—would have treated us more harshly if she had been less learned."

CURRENT FICTION.

Father Ralph. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

On the paper wrapper of this novel the American publishers inform the reader that when it appeared in England a year or two ago it enjoyed an immense success there. What the reader would really have liked to bear about is the kind of reception it got in Ireland. The Irish priesthood and the general subject of the Roman Church in Ireland have had a good deal of attention from novelists in recent years, ranging from the gentle but acute treatment of the late Canon Sheehan to the lighter sympathetic handling of the Protestant Irish canon who writes as "G. A. Birmingham." Violent anti-clerical tracts in the form of fiction have not been lacking. The present writer offers neither an amiable commentary nor a hostile attack. This is an interesting story, and a serious study, by a deeply religious Irish Catholic, of the present condition of the Church in Ireland. It is not a cheerful study. Mr. O'Donovan takes as his central figure an Irish youth of the upper class, naturally religious, and impelled towards the priesthood from infancy by a fanatical mother. He enters a local seminary, goes thence to Maynooth, and takes orders in due course. This not without struggle, for he is disappointing his father—breaking his heart, as it turns out—and he is already half-disillusioned as to the character of the priestly class of which he is to become a member. The pictures of life at seminary and college are drawn with unsparing hand, and one hopes that there may be a touch of caricature about them. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall are hardly more grotesque than Father Tom and his Bunnahone. Nor is the famous college at Maynooth represented as anything better than a breeding-place of bigotry and insincere pedantry. But at Bunnabone and Maynooth one finds a figure or two, hopelessly discredited or in the minority, in whom the pure fire of the Catholic faith still burns.

So it is when Father Ralph takes up his curacy in the parish of Bunnahone. The community is crushed under the exactions of the priests and the grinding of the publicans and money-lenders with whom the priests are in league. The two priests in the neighborhood who are good men are powerless. These men represent two types of virtue. Father Duff is the ignorant but whole-souled and faithful minister of his people: "I never gave ten minutes to thinking about my soul in my whole life," he admits cheerfully. "And if the catechism didn't tell me I had one I wouldn't know it. But since it does tell me, I know it's there, and that's enough. I never knew any good come of worrying about it." Father Sheldon is his opposite, the sensitive, intellectual, spiritual type, Father Ralph's type, who has clung to the Church and must cling to it, in spite of his knowledge of its physical corruption and inefficiency. Father Ralph is not able to do this; all his attempts to infuse his priestly office with reality, and to make himself useful as a citizen, are frustrated by his superiors. We leave him defeated and unfrocked, but not destroyed; no longer a priest of the visible church, but exultantly free for wider experience and service. He has not lost his faith, but maintained and broadened it. Whatever degree of accuracy may belong to it as a picture of conditions, this is a book of extraordinary sincerity and force.

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Long beloved of Canadian romancers, the Northwest Mounted Police here furnish hero and plot, and their post in upper Saskatchewan the setting. The story is the purest stuff of adventure and sentiment, with its Indian encounters, its reflection of the hardships of Scottish newcomers, its depiction of the free and wholesome emotions of pioneers and fighters. Riel's second rebellion, at the head of the half-breeds and Indians of the Northwest, furnishes an action well adapted to the spirit of the novel and to the exhibition of Mr. Gordon's special knowledge of the savage and the opposed soldiers and settlers. It at times approaches the tensity of an exaggerated school of Western fiction, as when Campbell, the young mounted policeman, who is its central figure, single-handed, wounded, and unarmed, vanquishes the chief Copperhead; there is at other times a tendency to make overmuch of the peculiar virtues of the men from Glen Garry and other glens. The ethical and religious teaching, overt or implied, with which the author was once wont to weight his fiction, is, how-

ever, banished by open-air quality and variety of incident.

May Iverson's Career. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Those who have wondered what the experiences of a woman on a morning newspaper in New York must be will here find them set forth in idealized fashion. The story is at first a succession of reportorial episodes; but the young Catholic girl who is the heroine has the knack of insinuating her personality into the sympathies of all whom she meets—city editors, society women, alleged criminals, authors, and dramatists—until she figures in a mesh of interrelated incident. Realism, in the best sense of that word, is not the story's strong point; the newspaper life of the city suffering less, however, than the unhappy ranchmen of Dakota, to whom we are introduced when May Iverson takes a flying journey West to report a famous lecturer. The word "career" is none too strong to find application, for the heroine conquers a preliminary determination to become a nun, writes a successful play, and marries a rich fellow-worker.

On the Staircase. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The characters of Mr. Swinnerton's small circle are inclined to introspection, and he follows their minds and emotions through a realistic set of personal reactions. The central figure has obviously stepped out of George Gissing's gallery, and his tragic career has just that admixture of poetry and sordidness which marks Gissing's work. Adrian Velancourt, a London clerk, makes the fundamental mistake of marrying a girl far beneath himself, unable to sympathize with his tastes and aspirations—the identical sub-theme of "The Unclassed." He struggles vainly against harsh worldly circumstances and the agony of growing domestic estrangement and dies by his own hand with a scrap of Shelley on his lips. In Gissing's own taste for contrast is the parallel picture of another ménage—a household in which an intellectual youth and his sister grow up together, and each rejoices in a successful love affair. The cramped and the free, the harmonious and the discordant, alternate from chapter to chapter, and if the book has no deeper lesson than the avoidance of sentimental haste and self-indulgence, its narrative comes to close grips with life.

The Greatest of These. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The previous books of Mr. Marshall have been novels of family life in the country, the hunting family of the Clintons in South Meadshire bulking prominently in all. Their quiet, Trollopean leisureliness, their interest in character or the incidents that reveal character, have won the writer many friends in spite of a want of really distinguishing qualities. He now turns to a study of clerical life in a small village. The aristocratic rector, the non-conformist minister, and the gossiping and unusual inhabitants give frequent touches of comedy to the story of county balls, clashes between industrial and landed interests, ecclesiastical affairs, and love. The author's delightful children are for once missing.

TOLSTOY AT HOME.

Reminiscences of Tolstoy. By his Son, Count Ilya Tolstoy. Translated by George Calderon. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

In this volume of scattered memories, ranging from trivial accounts of servants in the Tolstoy household to intimate revelations of confidential talk and correspondence between father and son, Count Ilya Tolstoy shows somewhat of his father's skill in the presentation of familiar, every-day life. His tone is admirable; with a filial piety carefully restrained in expression he blends reverence for his father's genius and a recognition of his faults and foibles. Tolstoy, for example, in his youth and middle life showed an aristocratic pride of birth sharply contrasting with the doctrine of humility that he later developed:

> When our neighbor . . . Bíbikof and his son Nikólenka were asked to our Christmas tree, we used to take note of everything that Nikólenka did that wasn't "the thing," and afterwards used "Nikólenka Bíbikof" as a term of abuse among ourselves, considering that there was nobody in the world so stupid and contemptible as he was. And we regarded Nikólenka in this light because we could see that papa regarded his father in the same way. (P. 308.)

From the rambling narrative one derives the impression of a personality lovable as well as commanding. Tolstoy's sense of humor was more prominent in his daily life than in his writings. With his children he was a genial playfellow. At a Christmas party he acted the part of the bear, and he invented an excellent new game of "Numidian cavalry":

> We would all be sitting . . . rather flat and quiet after the departure of some dull visitors. Up would jump my father from his chair, lifting one hand in the air, and run at full speed round the table at a hopping gallop. We all flew after him, hopping and waving our hands like [*sic*] he did. We would run round the room several times and sit down again panting in our chairs in quite a different frame of mind, gay and lively. The Numidian Cavalry had an excellent effect many and many a time. After that exercise all sorts of quarrels and wrongs were forgotten, and tears dried with marvellous rapidity. (P. 98.)

After this it is somewhat surprising to learn of his austere bearing even in his own family:

> All exhibitions of tenderness were entirely foreign to him. I say "tenderness" in contradistinction to "feeling." Feeling he had, and in a very high degree. . . . During all his lifetime I never received any mark of tenderness from him whatever. . . . Nearness and dearness with him was never accompanied by any outward manifestations. It would never have come into my head, for instance, to walk up to my father and kiss him or to stroke his hand. I was partly prevented also by the fact that I always looked up to him with such awe, and his spiritual power, his greatness, prevented me from seeing in him the mere man, the man who was so pitiable and weary at times, the feeble old man who so much needed warmth and rest. (Pp. 377-378.)

Such habitual reserve makes more touching Tolstoy's grief at the death of his favorite daughter, Masha:

> He went about, silent and woe-begone, summoning all his strength to battle with his own sorrow; but I never heard him utter a murmur or a complaint, nothing but words of tender emotion. (P. 376.)

The novelist's penetration and the moralist's fervor were shown in his relations with his elder sons. "My father's great power as an educator," Count Ilya Tolstoy tells us, "lay in this: that it was as impossible to conceal anything from him as from one's own conscience. He knew everything, and to deceive him was just like deceiving oneself: it was nearly impossible and quite useless" (p. 314). A few words, spoken at the right time, became an inspiring force in the son's life.

As to the later discord in the Tolstoy household, and the quarrels between Tolstoy's kinsfolk and his disciples, Count Ilya Tolstoy is wisely reticent. Only a few hints allude to the whole story, and these hints are generally softened by the omission of names. One passage is characteristic:

> My father had good reason for saying that the "Tolstoyites" were to him the most incomprehensible sect and the furthest removed from his way of thinking that he had ever come across. "I shall soon be dead," he sadly predicted, "and people will say that Tolstoy taught men to plow and reap and make boots; while the chief thing that I have been trying so hard to say all my life, the thing I believe in, the most important of all, they will forget." (P. 302.)

The volume is finely printed and is illustrated with excellent photogravures. One wonders how the repeated error, *Syntáyef* (for Syutáyef, as on p. 269), escaped the attention of the translator in reading proof.

THE ART OF HERALDRY.

Heraldry in Scotland, including a Recension of "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland," by the late George Seton, Advocate. By J. H. Stevenson, Advocate, Unicorn Pursuivant. Two vols. Glasgow: J. MacLehose; New York: The Macmillan Co. $25 net.

The late John Woodward, LL.D., in the introduction to his "Treatise on Ecclesiastical Heraldry" somewhat bitterly exclaims: "Manuals of, and introductions to, heraldry have been sufficiently abundant. For the most part, compilations from their predecessors, and showing very little original investigation or research, the *crambe repetita* has been dished up *ad nauseam:* but more ad-

vanced treatises . . . dealing more fully with particular branches of the subject have been few and far between." Indeed, so few and far between have they been that not since Woodward's own last work in 1896 have we had, in English, a treatise at all comparable in scholarly importance to the recently published "Heraldry in Scotland," by Mr. J. H. Stevenson, Advocate and Unicorn Pursuivant.

The field of Scottish heraldry is a peculiarly interesting one, and one very little known to foreigners, who, with the seventeenth and eighteenth-century folios of Mackenzie and Nisbet rarely available, assume, thanks to the prevalence of haphazard English manuals, that the practice in Scotland must perforce be the same as in the sister kingdom. As a matter of fact, Scottish heraldry in general has, since its inception, been regulated more punctiliously and, perhaps, more intelligently than has that of any other country in Europe. Conserving even to-day the finely practical spirit of the earliest shields, it seems in its designs rarely to have forgotten the great underlying principle of mediæval heraldry—*arma sunt distinguendi causa;* and holding fast to the early methods of differencing the arms of cadets, it has escaped most of the indistinguishable trivialities which Menestrier would group among his *sottises anglaises.* If less beautiful than the heraldry of the French, it has, because of stricter oversight, been freer from spurious interpolations; if less spirited than that of the Germans, it is also less tastelessly flamboyant. Furthermore, during the period of degradation in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it escaped most of the horrors of "landscape heraldry"—to the influence of which period we in America owe most of our ridiculous State seals. Dugdale, writing in 1681, complains of certain English practices: "Another matter . . . also to be reformed, is the manner of *differings,* which are by the younger Brothers and their posterities laid upon their marks, being *cressants, mollets,* etc., and that such little ones, as that a man cannot discern them a very small distance from him." The English theory of differencing, which still persists, is both so absurd and so impractical that it has been, in shields of minor importance, well-nigh ignored; until now the average English coat, instead of being distinctive of an individual, is something more in the nature of a clan totem. With the Scottish system of differencing the arms of cadets by a change of tincture, by the insertion of an ordinary or a common charge, by the variation of partition lines, etc., the shields (although in course of time they lose the fine simplicity of the original and often sacrifice that homogeneity of design so characteristic of the best mediæval heraldry) are far more interesting to the herald and far clearer to the genealogist than are those of any other current use.

The only completely illogical development (and it has escaped many) peculiar to Scottish heraldry is the invention and prescription, in the case of arms with supporters, of the "compartment." With the military abandonment of figured shields, the passing of the tournament and of heraldic costume, the transition from what one may call "field heraldry" to "closet heraldry" was rapid. Eventually, a shield with its ornaments and accessories came to be regarded, apart from heraldry as architectural ornament, as primarily an affair of painted or engraved design on a small scale. The heraldic officials, dealing now almost exclusively with small drawings, developed a passion for regulating minor details of draughtsmanship which either would not have appeared in field heraldry or would have been serenely ignored by a mediæval herald as unimportant. It is natural for an artist in drawing an achievement with supporters to place the animals—mythological, zoölogical, or human—on some more or less decorative base, even if on the form of "gas bracket" to which Woodward so violently objects. But it remained for a Scot to seize upon this base, hitherto a mere rhetorical detail of ornament wholly unrelated to anything essentially heraldic, as a matter for strict regulation. But with the increasingly rapid return of modern heraldry to the sounder principles of the early field heraldry, it is not too much to expect that even the Lyon Court will ere long abandon its pet peculiarity.

The late Mr. Seton's work, "The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland" (1863), marked, as Mr. Stevenson says, an era in the literature of the subject. Coming twelve years after Planché's radical little book, "The Pursuivant of Arms," it marked for Scotland, as did the latter for England, the final abandonment, early heralded by Dalloway, of what Planché calls the "astrology of heraldry," and the application of modern methods of critical research, based upon "original sources" of archæological value, rather than upon the inner consciousness of inspired coach-painters and stationers' hacks. In heraldry by far the most important "original sources" are early heraldic seals; and the rapid development of the study of sigillography during the last half century and the publication of hundreds of photographic facsimiles and thousands of descriptions of crusading and later armorial seals have finally put at the disposal of the student a wealth of data practically inaccessible to the early heraldists. Mr. Seton was among the first to avail himself of this new material. Mr. Stevenson follows him with, however, the tremendous advantage of the intervening publication of Mr. W. de Gray Birch's great work on the British Museum Catalogue of Seals, the completion of Henry Laing's "Descriptive Catalogue of Scottish Seals," and, in 1904, Mr. W. B. Macdonald's invaluable "Scottish Armorial Seals." This is but a small part of the new sources from which Mr. Stevenson has drawn with complete tact and soundness of judgment. His own temper is agreeably judicial: he is unwilling to go all the way with Planché in the latter's complete reaction from the symbolical absurdities of the writers of the seventeenth century; and, unlike Dr. Woodward, his compatriot, he is not restlessly indignant over modern official blunders in both taste and scholarship. He is equable, open-minded, painstaking, and tolerant, an admirable equipment for an heraldic official. As an official, too, he has had the freest access to the records of the Lyon Court, and his work may, therefore, confidently be regarded as "authoritative" and, in its own field, well-nigh definitive.

The field, of course, is a very special and comparatively small one, and the title of Mr. Stevenson's book in this respect is so general as to be misleading. It is unfortunate that, through fear of confusing the two works, Mr. Seton's title was not retained, for it far more accurately describes the restricted aim of each volume alike. But the student of heraldry soon learns to discount mere titles. Mr. Stevenson himself occasionally does this in his citations, to the complete confusion of the unwary. For example, he refers (p. 204) to Woodward's "Heraldry, British and Foreign," (p. 251) to "British and Foreign Heraldry," and (p. 308) to "Heraldry." A reader unfamiliar with the literature of the subject might well fancy that different works were cited.

Many other titles are quoted with the same freedom and variety. And Mr. Stevenson loves, for no valuable reason, to revise the spelling and the punctuation of the authors from whom he quotes in a way that would drive a bibliographer distracted. In the first three lines (p. 309) of what purports to be a quotation from Dugdale there are six variations in proof-reading from the original text. In another passage (p. 339) Dugdale suffers, either through Mr. Stevenson or Banks's edition of 1812, at least thirty-four typographical emendations. Edmondson and others also undergo similar treatment. It is fair to state that in no case is the meaning or essential tenor of the text changed: but even so, as the variations are based upon no consistent principle and are apparently fortuitous, they give an effect of slovenliness at variance with Mr. Stevenson's fundamentally sound scholarship. As a lawyer he should realize the value of complete textual accuracy, even if he cannot, as a bibliographer, feel its charm. An errata-slip, if published, would note that on p. 31 the last footnote is wrongly numbered; that on the covering slip to plate vii the last two descriptions should be transposed; that on p. 235, note 7, the reference to the B. M. Catalogue of Seals should be 16,175 instead of as given; that on p. 300, while the text refers to a double tressure, the illustrations unfortunately give a single, etc. And while we are on minor matters, any one familiar with French book-plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will dispute the statement on p. 150 concerning "shields accolee" that "Very few instances of this arrangement are to be met with either in French or Scottish heraldry."

The book as a whole every student of heraldry will gratefully welcome. The illustrations are, in general, of high value, and the two volumes are beautifully printed.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of "The French Revolution in San Domingo," by T. Lothrop Stoddard.

"Little Sir Galahad," by Phœbe Gray, will be published on November 28 by Small, Maynard & Co.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following volumes for publication in December: "Lectures on Politics," by Heinrich von Treitschke; "Treitschke and the Great War," by Joseph McCabe; "Woman and War," by Olive Schreiner; "What Women Want," by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale.

"Foster's Complete Hoyle" (Stokes) is a revision of the book of five years ago, brought down to date. The chief addition is the dissertation on auction bridge, which was just coming into vogue at the time of the previous edition; and Mr. Foster's comments upon the game and the play are sound. The book treats of all known card games and gives the rules, while billiards, pool, bowling, chess, and checkers are also included.

In "Hungary: A Land of Shepherd Kings," the opening article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October, Mr. C. Townley-Fullam gives a sketch of the history of the country and the distinctive characteristics of the Magyars. They are a musical, passionate, chivalric, and lovable people, mostly agriculturist, with a mine of rich folk-lore. The ninety-two illustrations give a vivid impression of the people and their surroundings, especially of their extraordinary costumes. Prof. Roland G. Usher, in his "Oldest Nation of Europe," sets forth distinctly and impressively the geographic and economic forces which have built up England, forces very different, as he shows, from those which have produced the other European nations.

The visit of Canon Hannay (G. A. Birmingham) to America in connection with the production of "General John Regan" has borne its natural fruit in a book of "impressions," entitled "From Dublin to Chicago: Some Notes on a Tour in America" (Doran; $1.50 net). American visitors in England also have impressions, but somehow they do not set about recording them quite so much as a matter of course. England is a *terra cognita*, while we of "the States" are still being discovered, with indulgent grins. The jest of our being always at the visiting Briton to tell us what he thinks of us, is at least matched by the jest of his readiness to tell us. Canon Hannay, being an Irishman, has not an indulgent grin for us, but a friendly, if sly, smile. The book is written in that spirit of amiable trifling which has ruled the English letters of the past two decades. It makes a point of being casual and chatty and merely amusing. It so fears suspicion of the attempt to say the last word about American manners or railways or women, that it hardly tries to say the first. The result is a pleasant, wandering, often witty, and sometimes merely garrulous, series of jottings and reflections apropos of some weeks in America. This, no doubt, is all that a record based upon such slight experience ought to be. America, Canon Hannay finds, is a country of boundless hospitality and a country pervaded by agreeable newspaper men. American sleeping-cars are barbarous. "I do object to undressing in the corridor of a Pullman sleeping-car, and I cannot, not being a professional acrobat, undress in my berth." (It was an alleged fellow-countryman, Mr. Dooley, who questioned the practicability of taking off one's clothes while sitting on them.) The taking of tips in America is a paradox, since to take a tip is to be paid for servility. The American woman is singularly charming, capable, and well dressed. American sheets are short, American colleges democratic—such is the commonplace material of which this book is made; but it is by the author of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party," and is made delightful, for the moment, by his characteristic humor.

"The Secret of Louis-Philippe," by Maria Stella, Lady Newborough (McBride, Nast; $2.75), is an autobiography, and imparts to the confiding reader that the bourgeois King was the son of an Italian jail-keeper and his wife, changed at birth for the girl baby of Philippe Egalité, who needed male issue to inherit the vast estates of his family, let alone the throne of France. Lady Newborough's story can hardly fail to remind the reader of Stevenson's immortal "Tale of the Fair Cuban." When her putative father presented to her the elderly English nobleman who was to become her husband, "I violently thrust back my insupportable perseeutor, looking at him with blazing eyes; I abused him, passionately declaring that I would rather endure any plague than the union he offered me; that death itself," etc., etc. But she married him in the next chapter, and after his death she married Baron de Sternberg, and neither gentleman had a quiet life. And in spite of the transparent truth of her story, which lacked only a link here and there, Louis Philippe continued to rule the French, though all men could see that he was the living image of the jailer of Modigliana.

"Other People's Money," by Louis D. Brandeis (Stokes; $1 net), is a collection of essays dealing with the topics discussed by the Pujo committee at the time when the investigation of the Money Trust absorbed the front pages of the newspapers. There will be a good deal that is familiar to readers of newspapers and magazines, who have been made to realize the evils of interlocking directorates, the curse of big business, and the so-called "financial oligarchy." Under the title, "What Publicity Can Do," Mr. Brandeis makes a forceful plea for publicity in aid of fair dealing. Any excessive fee paid to a banker for marketing securities the author calls "water," which he contends can be prevented only by requiring a "full disclosure to the investor of the amount of profits and commissions paid." If this should be done, Mr. Brandeis declares the form of unjustly acquired wealth known as "excessive commissions" would cease. Some of Mr. Brandeis's characterizations seem sweeping and would probably be difficult of proof. But the recital is interesting, as most of the author's productions are. The essays are written in a breezy, popular style, and will be certain to attract readers not only of the class who are interested in anything which hits Wall Street, but also the more thoughtful students of finance, who realize the significance of the changes that are taking place in methods of corporate management, and the efforts of Federal and State authorities to safeguard the investment of "other people's money."

From the Wisconsin History Commission comes "An Artilleryman's Diary," being the record of Civil War service in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery of that forceful and interesting personality, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. As the author states, this work presents "a small cross-section of the army that freed the slave and saved the Union," but as such it has genuine value, particularly in view of the author's subsequent career. Such individual narratives must furnish the background for that great historical interpretation of the war for which we are still waiting, and in the years to come they will convey to future generations better than anything else the real spirit of the men who carried their righteous cause to triumph in 1865. Mr. Jones was one of many who sacrificed a university course to serve his country just when, "in the dim haze of the farmer-boy's horoscope, the university outline was shaping itself." "In choosing his country's cause he was relinquishing forever the hope of the education of which he dreamed. But, forty-seven years after the campus was 'dimmed by his tears,' the University of Wisconsin invested this private of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery with the degree of LL.D." Much of the diary tells, of course, of uneventful daily routine; but there are many striking passages, as, for instance, the story of life in the trenches during the siege of Vicksburg, particularly interesting reading just at this time when hundreds of thousands are living in trenches in Europe. Fortunately for the Sixth Battery, it did not participate in many battles, but had plenty of experience in campaigning, none the less. An interesting illustration is one comprising three pictures of Mr. Jones during his service as a soldier, taken in 1862, 1863, and 1864, which vividly bring out the transformation of the boy into the man.

Nearly fifteen years ago Joseph Bédier, the successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, turned into graceful French prose the twelfth century romance of Tristan and Iseult. His version was woven of many strands. Instead of following closely the more nearly complete and courtly form of the story that comes to us from Gottfried von Strassburg, he chose to base his rendering on the apparently more primitive account contained in the fragments of Béroul, completing it, so far as possible, in the manner of Béroul himself, with episodes taken from Thomas and his imitator Gottfried, and from other sources. This charming *tour de force* has now been worthily rendered into English by Hilaire Belloc (Dodd, Mead; $1 net). The translation, by leaving out bits of conversation here and there and a chapter or two near the close, has gained in swiftness, and, though it follows the simplicity of diction and sentence structure which characterizes the original, it is not spoiled by the factitious ornament of archaism. Those who care to read this earliest and most enduring of modern love stories can get it from no better source than this. As for the translation of proper names into English, it can hardly be said that the happiest equivalents are found in Ivan for Ivain and Toot-hold (*sic*), the name of Tristan's favorite hound.

Only exceptional qualifications on the part of the translator could justify a new version of "Beowulf." We already have, among others, Gummere, Clarke Hall, Child, and Tinker; all sound, and each, in ways of its own, excellent. A better rendering than any of these is

no doubt possible, but little in this kind could be looked for except from one who added to a poetic faculty in nice adjustment with Old English idiom the willingness and the ability to utilize the results of modern scholarship. Mr. Ernest J. B. Kirtlan, to judge from his "Story of Beowulf" (Crowell; $1.50 net), had no clear call to this high task. Seldom looking beyond the pages of Wyatt's edition, itself greatly in need of revision, he has, with diligent plying of the glossary, worked out a translation all by himself which would scarcely be creditable as a classroom recitation. Page after page contains flagrant mistranslations, such as "to the naked deck" for "on bearm nacan"; the syntax of a clear and striking passage is completely destroyed by transforming it into "nevertheless the heath-stepper, the strong-horned hart, when pressed by the hounds, seeketh that woodland, when put to flight from afar, ere on the hill-side, hiding his head, he gives up his life"; and even when the rendering is verbally correct, there is not a gleam of the literary quality of the original. It is to be hoped that not many will get their first impressions from this thoroughly incompetent translation.

By composing "In Dickens's London" (Scribner's; $2.50), Mr. Hopkinson Smith has gracefully discharged a literary debt. Modestly, yet accurately, he describes it as "not another book about Mr. Dickens, with illustrations by the author, but a book of illustrations, with some explanatory extracts from the Master's text, padded with some experiences of my own." This formula accounts for the chief elements of the book. The title is not quite enough of a blanket to cover chapter v, which digresses to Rochester and Gad's Hill, and which includes three charcoal drawings, two reproductions of dispensable Dickensiana, and one error in the text (a reference to Dartfor*th*, Kent). The real feature of the work is the collection of twenty-two original drawings by the author. These include a half-dozen interiors of the kinds of Inn that the Wellers were best acquainted with, and two of the Inns of Court frequented by Messrs. Perker, Spenlow, Jorkins, and the rest of the legal fraternity. There are four drawings of buildings in which Dickens actually lived or worked, one of the grave in Westminster, several which are distinctly miscellaneous, and four—London Bridge, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Covent Garden Market, and the Thames—which most of all have the atmosphere of London in them. To come across these plates, admirably executed—especially the Bridge, with St. Mary Overies across the river, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields with the Nelson Monument looming beyond it—is to come almost uncannily close to the tragic lives of such Dickens folk as Nancy and Little Em'ly. The text, as a whole, is an amiable interweaving of passages from Dickens which the pictures illustrate, and of Mr. Smith's experiences while making them.

Breathlessly we tour with the author of "A Winter in India" (Dodd, Mead; $1.75 net), and continually we are grateful that he chose the only season possible for such a whirlwind visit, though little that he saw seems to have evaded careful record. Mr. Archibald B. Spens came to his India well prepared, as few British writers do, with a knowledge of its later history, particularly the great Mutiny period. Whether or not this influenced his itinerary, it should be noted that it is not so inclusive as the title of his choice infers. Almost exclusively Mr. Spens devoted his attention to northwestern India, and as far east as the mutiny interest led him. Upon American readers not versed in the story of 1857 the patriotic enthusiasm of Mr. Spens is likely to pall, and a little tedious become the author's ambitious efforts at a vivid re-creation of these stirring historic events. We recommend Mr. Spens to return to India and apply his gift to the writing of a capital novel, particularly of the officialdom under whose tutelage he seems to have travelled; something rewarding should be the result now that Kipling has left the subject fallow for so long. Moreover, a diarial record of travel is more than often in great need of revision. What the author calls his "light impressions," since they cover only half of India, would have been more welcome in a condensed form. Prospective tourists, however, will glean many valuable hints for comfortable travel, and an itinerary of northwest India that is well chosen for a flying visit.

To retell a familiar story with the gusto that goes naturally with a new one is not the gift of every historian, but this quality marks J. M. Robertson's "Elizabethan Literature," one of the recent additions to the Home University Library (Holt; 50 cents net). Some readers will think that he does Spenser scant justice, but his estimates win respect even when one dissents from them. His style pulsates with feeling; occasionally it becomes unduly rhetorical, but it is delightfully readable. The same thing may be said of Edith Sichel's "The Renaissance," which presents that awakening with something of its own freshness, until it turns from the warmth of Italy to the bleaker climes of Germany and England. Even the chapter on the French Renaissance tends to become catalogue-like. But the chapters on Italy are as valuable for their pictures of personalities as for their accounts of movements. The Canon of Westminster mars his well-informed little volume of "Religious Development Between the Old and the New Testaments" by setting forth his opinions upon current religious questions, particularly by his surprising advocacy of a reunion of church and state. He traces carefully and clearly the development of such ideas as the kingdom of God and immortality in Palestine in the two centuries just before the birth of Christ. More genuine romance than many an ostensibly romantic novel can boast is to be found in the pages of Arnold Lunn's "The Exploration of the Alps." Mr. Lunn carries us back to Hannibal, and then unfolds his panorama of daring as it has been exhibited on those heights from that day to this, rounding out the comprehensiveness of his volume with a chapter on The Alps in Literature. More technical, but by no means forbiddingly so, is Dr. Raphael Meldola's "Chemistry," which by explanation and illustration makes clear the main facts of the science as they are now held.

The first ten volumes of a new series, called "The Pocket Books" (Doran; 50 cents each), have appeared. They are handy little publications, for the most part reprints of some of the publisher's better-known issues, and are to be added to monthly. Timeliness is imparted to this initial instalment by three new books suggested by the war: "How the War Began," by J. M. Kennedy; "The Fleets at War," by Archibald Hurd, and "The Campaign of Sedan," by George Hooper. Mr. Kennedy's volume purports to relate the momentous events from the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, on June 28, to England's declaration of war against Austria on August 13. He precedes this account with a sketch of pertinent diplomatic history from 1903 to 1914. The book is a useful one, but since it gives so much of the important correspondence among the capitals in the weeks just prior to the outbreak of hostilities, the omission of all reference to some of the most significant documents is puzzling. An index would add greatly to its value. The non-military volumes of the group are: Arnold Bennett's "Leonora" and "The Truth About an Author"; G. A. Birmingham's "The Search Party"; Baroness Orczy's "The Noble Rogue"; J. J. Bell's "Courtin' Christina"; Horace Annesley Vachell's "Blinds Down," and J. E. Buckrose's "Because of Jane."

Dr. Ewald Flügel, head of the department of English philology at Leland Stanford, who died on November 15, was born in Leipzig, Germany, on August 4, 1863, and was a student at the Universities of Freiburg and Leipzig, 1882-8. In 1885 he received the degree of Ph.D. from Leipzig. Dr. Flügel had been professor of English philology at Leland Stanford Jr. University since 1892. He was an honorary member of the Akadem. Neuphilologische Verein, Leipzig; the Verein für Neuere Philologie, Dresden, and a member of the American Philological Association, of the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, and the Goethe Gesellschaft, Weimar. Among his publications were "Carlyle's religiöse und sittliche Entwickelung," 1887; "Sidney's Astrophel and Defense of Poesy," 1889, and "Die nordamerikanische Litteratur," 1907. Professor Flügel's death ended his compilation of what was known among philologists as the "great Chaucer lexicon," the plan having been originated by the late Dr. Furnivall. The work, which Professor Flügel had elaborated to include Old and Middle English words generally, had progressed only as far as the letter "H."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A quite novel exile is that of the Universities of Louvain and Liège, which have accepted offers of hospitality from Cambridge. Belgian students will be welcomed at the ordinary Cambridge lectures, but the main purpose of the *entente* will be the preservation of the identity of the Belgian universities themselves. They will be provided not only with temporary accommodation for professors and students, but with class-rooms for their lectures. The first foundation to place sets of rooms at the disposal of the Roman Catholic University of Louvain was John Harvard's college, the traditionally Puritan Emanuel. A separate Cambridge committee has been organized to provide facilities for each of the four faculties of theology, science, philosophy, and law.

William Watson was aggrieved when the London *Times* suggested the other day Henry Newbolt, a Westcountryman, as a suitable person to celebrate in verse the heroic deeds of the Yorkshire Regiment. In his letter of protest, he admitted that Mr. Newbolt has written magnificently in honor of British naval heroes, but "I have yet to learn," he added, "that he has ever chosen to enhance with the lustre of his pen the fame of the British soldier." The lacking information

was supplied the next morning, when "A Roving Briton" gave a list of such poems, and supplemented it with a wholesome little bit of literary criticism. "I have never yet read 'The Grenadier's Good-bye' without tears of pride, and I dare not read 'John Nicholson' late at night—it stirs me so that I lie awake for hours. With all his magical use of words, Mr. Watson never brings the lump in your throat. The other man does, I suppose because he is simpler and more unconsciously sincere."

All the artists on the staff of *Punch* have undertaken to contribute signed and framed examples of their work in aid of the artists' contribution to the National Relief Fund. The suggestion was quickly and generously taken up. Among the contributors to the exhibition, open for a few days in Duke Street, St. James's, are twenty-six members of the Royal Academy; eight of the Royal Scottish Academy; thirty-two of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; forty-five of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters; thirty-two of the Royal Water-Colour Society; forty-six of the Royal Society of British Artists; fifty-six of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers; thirteen of the International Society, and thirteen of the New English Art Club. The pictures are 600 in number, and an ingenious method has been devised for raising money upon them. The first 400 subscribers of 5 guineas will each receive a painting in oil or water-color, or a piece of sculpture; and the first 200 subscribers of 2 guineas will each obtain a drawing or a print. In this latter class are signed proofs of etchings, mezzotints, and lithographs, by well-known artists. Only 600 subscription tickets will be issued. The works will be drawn by lot, and there will be no blanks. Should the scheme fully succeed, and it promises well, £2,520 will be handed over to the Prince of Wales Fund as the offering of British artists.

Auguste Laugel, who has died in Paris at the age of eighty-four, was an early contributor to the *Nation* and remained so forty years. Older readers cannot have forgotten his letters on books of history as they appeared in France. He was born in Strassburg and was of Alsatian family. He prepared for a scientific career by studies at the Ecole Polytechnique and School of Mines in Paris; but he soon drifted into journalism of a high character. Over the signature "A. Vernier" he was charged with the scientific chronicle of the Paris *Temps*, and he wrote under his own name in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was personally devoted to the Orléans princes, and accompanied to the United States those who took service under Gen. McClellan. It was then he formed a close friendship with Wendell P. Garrison, one of the founders and long editor of the *Nation*. On his return to France, he published his book, "Les Etats-Unis pendant la guerre de Sécession." For many years he was secretary of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly and there he wrote his works on English political history. He lived to see his children take honored positions in the world. He retained to his death his place as administrator of the great Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company. His last writing was in memory of his wife, the companion of his long life, who died a few years ago. He lived to conceive strong hopes that his native Alsace might be restored to France, the country of his choice like that of his compatriots.

Science

SHOCK IN SURGERY.

Anoci-Association. By George W. Crile and William E. Lower. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. Illustrated. $3 net.

This book presents the subject of surgical shock and the means of preventing it, as viewed in the light of Crile's "Kinetic Theory of Shock" and the principle of "Anoci-Association." Dr. Crile's argument is briefly as follows: Every adequate stimulus awakens an ontogenetic or phylogenetic memory, or *association*, and the nerve mechanism evolved by countless similar experiences in the life of the individual or his race makes the appropriate response. To use the authors' example, when a barefoot boy steps on a sharp stone there is an immediate discharge of nervous energy in his effort to escape from injury. This is not a voluntary act, but the result of the experience of his progenitors during the vast periods of time required for the evolution of his species. The stone supplied the phylogenetic association, and the appropriate discharge of nervous energy automatically followed. These *associations*, as in the case of the stone, may be injurious to the individual—*noci-associations;* or they may be, as the sight of appetizing food, of benefit to the individual—*bene-associations*. All of life, therefore, is made up of *bene-* and *noci-associations*, and the efforts of the individual and the race to increase the former and decrease the latter represent an attempt to reach a state of *anoci-association*. Thus the nocuous effects of cold, rain, and storm are met by shelter, clothing, and fire; against other coarser environmental influences there have been evolved in man adaptive mechanisms excited to activity by *noci-receptors* richly implanted in the skin, while against other unseen nocuous elements, as the disease-producing bacteria, the body has developed chemical defences—antitoxins, febrile reaction, phagocytosis. Thus an umbrella in a rain storm, a man "swatting" a fly, and antitoxin in diphtheria are all attempts to produce *anoci* conditions.

It is difficult to follow the mixture of hypothesis, theory, and fact which the authors employ in an attempt to bring their kinetic theory of shock into relation with their theory of *noci-association*. Again the argument goes back to prehistoric man. In the beginning, man, like the animals, had two principal means of defence against the dangers (*noci*) which surrounded him—he fought or he ran away. It is, therefore, in moments of danger, the motor mechanism, through its phylogenetic association with injury to the individual, that is responsible for discharges of energy. These discharges, when intense or protracted, produce the extreme conditions called "exhaustion" and "shock." In other words, shock is the result of the "excessive conversion of potential into kinetic energy in response to adequate stimuli." If the response to stimuli takes the form of obvious work performed, as running or fighting, the phenomena expressing the depletion of the vital force represent *physical exhaustion;* if no obvious work is performed, especially if the stimuli are strong and the expenditure of energy rapid, the condition is designated as "shock."

Exhaustion or shock, as the case may be, may be produced by fear and worry, physical injury, infection, hemorrhage, excessive muscular exertion, starvation, insomnia, and as both exhaustion and shock are accompanied, as the writers assert, by changes in the cells of the brain, the adrenal glands, and the liver, it is these cells which they consider as the seats of the essential lesion of shock—lesion due to the conversion of potential energy into kinetic energy at the expense of certain chemical compounds stored in these cells.

In support of the various hypotheses which the authors have loosely grouped together to form their theory, numerous experimental investigations are cited, but these, although of great value as a contribution to the pathology of shock, offer no convincing proof of the adequacy of the kinetic theory as scientific explanation of shock. However, from the purely practical point of view, Dr. Crile has done a great service for surgery by focusing the attention of surgeons on the fact that "the exclusion of both traumatic and emotional stimuli will wholly prevent the shock of surgical operations." This had previously been generally recognized by surgeons, but the crystallization of the idea through the word "anoci-association" has given to the methods of preventing shock a significance in surgery which is quite analogous to the meaning conveyed by the words "anæsthesia" and "asepsis." It is to these practical methods of preventing shock—so technical as to be of interest only to the surgeon—that the greater part (three-fifths) of the book is devoted. It matters little whether the theory of *anoci-association* stands or falls; it has served its purpose by attracting attention to the need of reducing to a minimum the strain of surgical procedures.

Owing to the war in Europe the usual interchange of astronomical announcements between the Harvard Observatory and the Astronomische Centralstelle at Kiel, Germany, is necessarily suspended. Therefore, all cable messages relating to astronomical discoveries are sent direct to Prof. E. C. Pickering, addressed "Observatory, Boston." Announcements received in this way are distributed at once throughout the United States and to foreign countries, so far as practicable. The system and code described in a pamphlet published by the Harvard Observatory in 1906, entitled "Telegraphic Cipher Code," has been in use several years for all dispatches in the United States and between Kiel and Cambridge; and all messages are to be sent in this code.

An entomological book intended altogether for popular reading is "Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera" (Stokes; $2 net), by John J. Ward, F.E.S. Printed in large type, filled with excellent and interesting illustrations, it is written in a style below rather than above the level of the layman.

Drama

"THE OUTCAST."

The prettiness and genuine talent of Miss Elsie Ferguson are sufficient to convert Mr. H. H. Davies's play "The Outcast" from the slight affair it essentially is into a piece of considerable interest. The tragedy of a mistress's life has not the buoyant tradition on the American stage which it enjoys in France. And even a well-constructed play of this sort is bound to seem exotic here. There must be an actress of no little charm in order to make her part appear at all vital. And even then the sympathy of the audience attaches rather to her *per se* than to the rôle which she fills. Viewed in this light, the performance given by Miss Ferguson at the Lyceum Theatre is one which touches and charms.

Of plot there is little. In a fortuitous way Miriam comes into the life of Geoffrey on the wedding-day of his former fiancée, who has rejected him for a nobleman. Her own despair is nicely mated to his, and from this union of sympathy arises a companionship which means much to both. But it means more to Miriam, who not only loves Geoffrey, but cannot down the secret hope that he may yet marry her. Unfortunately, Geoffrey clings to his first love, a sentiment which is aggravated by his knowledge that Lady Morgan is unhappily married. His disquietude, together with Miriam's growing importunity, at length leads to a break between the two. In this scene Miss Ferguson gave a fine exhibition of quiet but intense despair. In the final act, when it is becoming certain that Geoffrey and Lady Morgan mean to elope, Miriam enters and so affects the noble lady by her stricken condition that the latter at once visualizes the plight of her well-meaning husband, and departs chastened and resolved. Whereupon Geoffrey, who is starting the next day for Buenos Ayres, invites Miriam to go with him and insists that he will marry her. Thus is morality saved a shock, even if in the process the play is brought to a theatric conclusion. Mr. Charles Cherry was well picked for the part of Geoffrey; especially well did he simulate the rôle of the haggard lover. F.

"THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE."

A new dramatic venture, which deserves cordial welcome and which we hope may achieve success, is the Punch and Judy Theatre, on Forty-ninth Street, near Broadway. It is another of the "little" theatres, which may not bring to modern drama the full measure of salvation that their more ardent sponsors hope from them. They are, nevertheless, an encouraging sign of intelligent effort towards a higher level of drama than is habitually provided by the purely commercial manager and represent an appeal to a small but eclectic public. Not all of these little theatres are, in our judgment, a healthful influence—there is inherent in them an obvious peril of exoticism—but they represent a movement in the right direction, and out of the sum of the experiments may be expected to develop some results that are worthy of serious attention.

Certainly the plan and architecture of the Punch and Judy Theatre should prove an inspiration to playwrights and actors. Rectangular in shape and built in the Old English style, it recalls the courtyard theatre of the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan drama. The dark timbered ceiling is a concession to modern standards of comfort and to the climate of New York, and the straight-backed but exceedingly comfortable stalls take account of the preference of to-day for witnessing our dramatic entertainments in a sitting posture. The feature of the house is the gallery, partitioned into rows of tiny boxes and reminiscent, in general effect, of the courtyards of old inns and, in detail, of the stage on which those fascinating entertainments of our youth, from which the theatre takes its name, used to be played.

The piece chosen for the opening of this new house is a light comedy by Harold Chapin, called appropriately "The Marriage of Columbine." This first play reveals no particular "purpose" to which the new theatre is to be dedicated, save that of wholesome and intelligent entertainment, and if that is, indeed, all that its promoters aspire to do they have sufficient excuse for their enterprise. It is a trifle of a good deal of charm and not a little constructive skill, and is capably acted by a company headed by Mr. Charles Hopkins, the director of the theatre, and his wife. The story is of the love, unconsecrated by ecclesiastical or civil ceremony, of Scaramouche, a clown of repute, and Columbine. In the first act we find the vagabond family, Scaramouche, Columbine, and their three children, staying in the George Hotel at Dunchester, "an old and respectable town," as the programme informs us, whither they have come for the circus. All is domestic and blissful: Columbine the fondest of mothers, the most devoted of wives; Scaramouche the most affectionate of husbands. Enter then the villain of the piece—an ingenious characterization exceptionally well portrayed by Herbert Yost—in the person of Alfred Scott, a local printer who conducts a small newspaper and has come for an interview with the famous clown. Scaramouche has to go to the circus, and leaves Columbine to be interviewed by Scott in his stead. With journalistic eye for "copy" he concentrates his attention on the domestic life of the family and questions Columbine about her first meeting with Scaramouche. In the course of cross-examination he elicits the fact that "the Scaramouches" have never been properly married—Columbine being innocently unaware even of the desirability of the possession of a marriage certificate. Thereupon Scott, a mean little soul, of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, undertakes to rescue Columbine from her life of sin, and, as a preliminary, introduces to her notice the discomforts of hell fire.

We need not pursue the plot in detail. Columbine, thoroughly frightened, comes to regard herself as a curse to her entire family, and, as a way of escape from sin and its resulting inconveniences, yields to the importunities of Scott, who is amiably prepared to sacrifice himself to provide her with a marriage certificate and so restore her to respectability. In the last act the ceremony has just been performed, and Scott and Columbine have come to some furnished rooms. Columbine is supremely unhappy, but tries to imagine herself consoled by the possession of a marriage certificate and the assurance of Scott that she is now a respectable woman, no longer living a life of sin. Before the curtain goes down, of course, Scaramouche, who has been searching frantically for her, enters and the audience has one moment of horrid uncertainty lest the author may perpetrate a banal ending and discover another marriage certificate all along in the possession of Scaramouche. Happily the fear is groundless; Scaramouche, masterful person, merely tears up the document that Scott shakes under his nose, and takes Columbine home.

There are naturally many inconsistencies and glaring improbabilities in such a story—the innocence of Columbine, for instance, passes all belief—but on these we need not insist overmuch. The play must be accepted as an allegorical phantasy, and as such it is full of charm. The same explanation must be extended to cover inconsistencies of costume. The time of the action is given for us on the programme as the latter part of the last century, and it seems a pity that it was thought necessary to define it even by these rather vague limits. The total effect of the costuming is picturesque, and for this we might readily forgive its periodic vagaries, were a more or less definite date not forced on our attention.

The company, as we have noted, is highly efficient and well rehearsed. In the acting and enunciation of both Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins is revealed the supreme value of a Shakespearean training. Mr. Hopkins's Scaramouche is played with virility and admirable restraint. Columbine is a part of considerable difficulty, requiring the lightest and most delicate touch, and the rôle is excellently suited to the graceful personality of Mrs. Hopkins, who plays it with much charm and sympathy. Mrs. Louise Closser Hale gives a clever interpretation of an eccentric character part, that of Mrs. La Bolaro, an aged ex-bareback rider, with a too impressionable past, and Edward Emery is good as an amiably parasitic friend of the Scaramouche family, Mr. George Salamandro. The minor characters are well played, but a totally false note is struck by Miss Eleanor Carey's exaggerated rendering of the part of Mrs. Jollings, the landlady in the last act. The play is excellently staged. S. W.

Music

TROUBADOURS AND OTHER MUSICIANS.

Essentials in Musical History. By Thomas Tapper and Percy Goetschius. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

The Growth of Music. Part II. By H. C. Colles. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

Trouvères and Troubadours. By Pierre Aubry. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Making of Musicians. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

A Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education. By Marian P. Gibb. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1 net.

Nearly every year brings a new history of music. Some are translations from the German or French, but most of them are by American writers. The latest is by the two well-known educators, Thomas Tapper and Percy Goetschius. It has one fault, which, however, it shares with virtually all the histories of this art. So much that is of interest is to be said of music in its early stages that the authors are tempted to give this period a disproportionate amount of space, with the result that too little is left

for some of the later stages. Thus, in the present volume, Orlando Lasso gets four pages, Palestrina five, while Grieg, who represents a whole country, is disposed of in seven lines, and Tchaikovsky, admittedly the greatest of the Russians, gets only two lines. Apart from this, the new history deserves the highest praise, especially for lucidity and usefulness. It appeals to music lovers in general who wish to get a bird's-eye view of the evolution of the art which, more than any other, is the absolute creation of the human mind. For students it presents many distinct advantages, one of them being eight pages of examination papers set by nine American schools and colleges, including Harvard, Yale, and Oberlin; another, an admirable chapter of twenty-four pages, giving brief characterizations by Frank Marling, America's leading expert in this branch, of the best books on musical history, biography, singing and singers, instruments, etc. There are chapters on The Present Era, on Music in America, and the volume is made still further attractive by nearly two hundred portraits and other illustrations, besides a large number of musical fragments illustrating various phases in the evolution of the tonal art.

In his second little volume on "The Growth of Music," H. C. Colles considers the age of the sonata. Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven are its heroes, other eminent men of their time being treated only casually. There is a chapter on the meaning of the word sonata, another on the quartet and symphony. The introductory section aims to make clear the difference in style between Bach's Brandenburg concertos and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The lives of the three composers named are told briefly, and there is also an account of opera in Paris and Vienna in the days of Rameau, Gluck, and Mozart. It is a scholarly book, which makes its appeal to serious students. For illustrations, the author relies chiefly on works which may be played on the piano. He also has a good word for the mechanical contrivances for playing music as a great aid in acquiring familiarity with the sonata literature. "They are only pernicious when they are used as a substitute for personal musical effort." "Most of the artistic insincerity of the present day comes from the ability to talk about things without actually hearing their effect."

The first volume by Mr. Colles on "The Growth of Music" had for its sub-title "From the Troubadours to J. S. Bach." We have now before us an invaluable little book devoted entirely to the Troubadours of Southern France and their colleagues, the Trouvères of the North of France. It is a translation—and a good one—by Claude Aveling of the second edition of the monograph of the French scholar, Pierre Aubry, who died in 1910 as the result of a fencing accident. He lived only thirty-six years, yet so important were his contributions to our knowledge of obscure problems relating to mediæval conditions that Dr. Riemann devotes two volumes of his highly condensed "Musiklexikon" to his writings and collections of early tunes. The general reader need not be afraid of his erudition, for he has the happy Gallic faculty of hiding it completely, and his great enthusiasm for the subject proves contagious. An English writer has happily characterized this study as "mediæval music without tears"—for the subjects are most difficult to discuss. Scholars are still waging a world war over them, and he who can, like Aubry, present them lucidly as details in a graphic picture of life and society seven and eight centuries ago deserves all the honor a reviewer can bestow.

In view of the fact that nearly all his predecessors treated the troubadours and trouvères simply as poets, Aubry devotes his volume largely to showing that in most cases they were also musicians. "We do not grudge the troubadours and trouvères their prominent place in the history of literature, but we do claim for them a position no less distinguished and legitimate in the history of music." They did not take themselves as seriously as Wagner or Vincent d'Indy in being musician and poet both, and they were badly hampered by mediæval rhythm, quite at variance with the elasticity of modern times; but they created tunes which were worth while and had an influence on the evolution of the art of music. Some of them are printed in these pages. How their melodies have come down to us is told in the second chapter. The manners and customs of the men who sang them are described in another chapter, devoted to the jongleurs, who took the place of periodicals in bringing news in those days. The various classes of lyrical poetry are described and there is a valuable bibliography.

Mediæval music is not the only kind that is often learned with tears. The author of "The Making of Musicians," citing the boy in *Punch* who declares, "There is only this horrid music that comes between us, mother," admits that the study of this art is not at the present time a joy to the pupil, but rather, in many cases, a wearisome task. He searches for the reasons why the art is so often disliked, and suggests remedies, the principal one being that "We must learn the 'grammar' of music, not apart from, but *through* music itself," just as a child does not learn his language from rules, but from practice. This is not a new thought, but it is one that needs emphasizing. Unlike others who have written on the subject, the author thinks it a mistake to teach children melody without harmony. He also holds that the study of notation should come after, and not before, the feeling for music has been developed. Educators will find in this little book other hints worth pondering in regard to the first teaching of music, as well as the instruction of advanced pupils.

Marian P. Gibb's "Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education" also holds that children should be taught things rather than names. She writes chiefly for those who train children, and with the methods she advocates the best results are obtainable, she thinks, when children are grouped in small classes, not exceeding six or seven in the earliest stages. Triads are introduced as "families" of notes. In this method the study of time, which is taken up apart from pitch, is invested with a picturesque aspect with a view to fascinating the child's mind. The notes are supposed to be birds, which fly from pavilions to trees, each bird having its own rate of speed in flying. There is a good deal of that sort of thing in this book; it may seem fantastic, but the assertion is made that it brings good results.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The dedicating of the new Mozarteum in Salzburg, which was to have been celebrated last August by operatic performances headed by Lilli Lehmann, was postponed for two months, and there was no opera; but Lilli Lehmann was heard, nevertheless. She sang Mozart's "Hallelujah" with overwhelming effect, and received an ovation. An English version of her fascinating autobiography under the title, "My Path Through Life," has just been published by the Putnams.

Finance

THE DECLINE IN "REICHSMARKS."

The decline in the rate of exchange on Germany, which has been in progress since the beginning of war, has reached proportions which attract every one's attention. The rates at present current for "reichsmarks" express a discount of something like 9 per cent. from the "mint par"—a level quite unparalleled in the experience of any one now engaged with foreign exchange.

When war broke out in August, all the exchanges were violently disturbed. It will be remembered that for a few days there was practically no market at all for "sterling." Transactions were made at above $6 for the pound for demand bills, and "cable transfers" were reported as having been made at over $7. But presently, after the first effects of the shock had passed away, the sterling rate settled down to a level between $5.05 and $5.10, and when the "gold pool" was organized it quickly receded to below $5. Later, under the weight of huge masses of grain bills reflecting large shipments of wheat, it declined to below $4.90, which, in view of the abnormal conditions, may be considered a natural figure. At $5.10 the rate expressed a premium over the mint par of something less than 5 per cent.; at $5 the premium was less than 3 per cent., and at present figures the premium has entirely disappeared.

The movements of "francs," though not quite so violent as those of sterling, expressed after the outbreak of war substantial premiums over mint par. Thus exchange on England and on France moved in the same direction. Both these nations are "creditor countries," and both, at the inception of war, had large balances in this country on current account. The natural attempt to draw home these balances caused

the rise in rates of exchange. In this there is nothing to surprise the observer, for it is precisely what might naturally be expected to happen.

But Germany is also a "creditor country" in the usual acceptation of that term; that is, she has an "income" from capital invested abroad which amounts to a very large sum every year. Why, then, did not "reichsmarks" follow sterling and francs in their violent rise in August? As a matter of fact, not merely was there no rise in "reichsmarks," but a decline at once made itself apparent, and the rate receded below the mint par, which is a figure slightly over 95. In September the rate was below 92, a discount of over 3 per cent., and by the end of October it had fallen to 88, a further decline of over 4 per cent. The present rate is about 87, a total discount on mint par of approximately 9 per cent.

What is the explanation of this remarkable divergence from the tendency shown by exchange on the other two great creditor nations of Europe? One thing is clear, and that is that those who have funds in Germany are apparently willing to accept a very large discount on those funds in order to realize upon them. It may also be inferred with reasonable certainty that Germany had no balances in this country on current account in August. It is possible that the practically complete blockade of Germany's over-sea commerce—not a single German ship cleared from any port in the world during September—may in some measure account for some abnormality in the exchange rate at New York; but with all allowance for this, much remains unexplained. Why did Germany not have some balances on current account with us? And why, with money rates now practically normal in this centre, should holders of credits in Germany be willing to make so enormous a sacrifice to obtain those credits in the shape of New York funds?

It must be remembered that Germany, practically alone among the belligerents, established no formal moratorium in August. Theoretically, it has been "business as usual" with her. But a discount of 10 per cent. in German exchange at New York, with francs and sterling still at par or better, is something which requires a good deal of explanation. Ordinarily, it would reflect suspicion in the minds of somebody that possibly "reichsmarks" might be in process of permanent divorcement from the mint par—in other words, a doubt as to the ultimate certainty of gold payments. It must not be hastily assumed that such is the meaning of the present rate. Germany cannot at the present time, even if she were willing to do so, freely export gold to America. Nevertheless, cable dispatches have in the last few days reported private bids for gold at a substantial premium in Germany, this gold to be shipped out through Holland. This is the natural response to exchange rates such as those now current. In other words, gold is actually at a substantial premium in Germany now, despite the large increase in holdings reported by the Reichsbank every week. It is quite clear that the German Government has put a practical embargo upon gold payments for the present, and probably to this may be attributed the abnormally low rate for "reichsmarks" in this market. Nevertheless, the magnitude of the discount is such as to suggest, at least, that something more than a merely temporary suspension of gold payments is feared by some people.

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Kirkland, W. The Old Diller Place. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Lucas, E. V. Landmarks. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Miller, H. R. The House of Toys. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
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Taber, S. The Jewel of Their Souls. Duffield. $1.25 net.
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Wason, R. A. Happy Hawkins in the Panhandle. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.
White, W. H. The Man Who Dreamed Right. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Babylonian Records in the Library of J. P. Morgan. Edited by A. T. Clay. Privately printed.
Bacon, E. M. Rambles Around Old Boston. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Foster's Complete Hoyle: An Encyclopædia of Games. Revised and Enlarged to October, 1914. Stokes. $3 net.
Goebel, Dr. J. Der Kampf um deutsche Kultur in Amerika. Leipzig: Verlag der Dürr'schen Buchhandlung.
Griggs, E. H. Self-Culture through the Vocation. (The Art of Life Series.) B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Thompson, Vance. The Ego Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Welton, J. What Do We Mean by Education? Macmillan. $1.60 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carr, H. W. Philosophy of Change. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Fite, Warner. Pragmatism and Science. Pragmatism and Truth. Reprinted from the *Philosophical Review*.
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GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Chapman, S. J., and Brassey, Earl. Work & Wages. Vol. III. Longmans, Green.
Elderton, E. M. Eugenics Laboratory Memoirs: Report on the English Birthrate. Part I. London: Dulau & Co. 9s. net.
Herrick, M. T. Rural Credits. Appleton. $2 net.
Kahn, J., & Klein, J. J. Principles and Methods in Commercial Education. Macmillan. $1.40 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bancroft, H. H. History of Mexico. The Bancroft Co. $2 net.
Bernhardi, von F. Cavalry. Doran. $1 net.
Bourdon, G. The German Enigma. Dutton.
Dimnet, E. France Herself Again. Putnam. $2.50 net.
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Maurice, Major-Gen., and Others. The Franco-German War. Macmillan. $6 net.
Nansen, F. Russia's Land of the Future. Stokes. $5 net.
Rand, B. Berkeley and Percival. Cambridge University Press: Putnam.
Sauveur, A. Germany and the European War. Boston: The Fort Hill Press. 35 cents.
Von Mach, Edmund. What Germany Wants. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Wyman, L. B. C. & A. C. Elizabeth Buffum Chase, 1806-1899. Vols. I and II. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914.

Summary of the News

A delicate situation, which has since been cleared up, arose last week betwcen the Governments of the United States and of Turkey. Dispatches received on November 18 from Capt. C. Decker, of the cruiser Tennessee, revealed the fact that two days previously the cruiser's launch had been fired on in the harbor of Smyrna. The anxiety in Washington caused by the report of the incident was accentuated by the difficulty that has been experienced, since the entry of Turkey into the war, of communicating with Constantinople. The Administration immediately sent instructions to Ambassador Morgenthau to inquire into the matter and to the commanders of the cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina to take no steps without communicating with the home Government. Ambassador Morgenthau's account of the incident was, however, received on Saturday, and had been written before the communications from the State Department reached him. According to the explanation voluntarily offered to Mr. Morgenthau by the Ottoman Minister of the Interior, the shots were fired across the bow of the Tennessee's launch only as a friendly warning that the harbor was mined. The Ambassador had already been officially informed that the port of Smyrna was closed alike to warships and merchant vessels. The explanation is regarded by the Administration as satisfactory.

The situation as regards the attitude of the Balkan states towards the war remains unchanged. Censored dispatches from Athens dated November 20 stated that Bulgaria had reiterated her assertions of neutrality. It has been suggested that the Austrian advance into Servia might tempt Bulgaria to throw in her lot with the Dual Alliance, and that Rumania might conceivably join with her. In Bulgaria, however, popular sympathy is understood to be with Russia, and in Rumania it is certainly on the side of the Allies. Moreover, one of the Rumanian Ministers, M. Jonesco, if we may credit press reports, appears to have been singularly outspoken in his advocacy of the cause of the latter. That Turkey herself is anxious concerning the course that Bulgaria may pursue is evident from her military preparations in Thrace. According to dispatches from Salonica to the London *Morning Post*, on November 20, large forces of troops are concentrated in European Turkey, and energetic steps are being taken to strengthen the fortifications of Adrianople.

Despite the kindly undertaking of the Turko-German alliance to exempt the Italian provinces in Libya from the scope of the "holy war" that has been proclaimed for Islam, it is evident that the situation is regarded in Italy as one calling for exceptional precautions. The Italian Government last week assigned $9,200,000, of the $80,000,000 appropriated for military purposes, to extraordinary military expenses in Cyrenaica. Signor Salandra's Cabinet, since its reconstruction, has evidently endeavored in good faith to hold fast by the policy of its predecessor, but the situation, already sufficiently difficult, as is brought out in the letter from a correspondent in Rome, which we publish elsewhere, has been greatly complicated by the entry of Turkey into the war. A speech in favor of intervention on the side of the Allies, recently delivered in the Constanzi Theatre by Signor Nathan, ex-Mayor of Rome, though an expression of non-official opinion, cannot be disregarded as an indication of the trend of public sentiment.

The British war loan of £350,000,000, issued at 95, carrying interest of 3½ per cent., and redeemable at par on March 1, 1928, was closed officially on Tuesday. The loan was considerably oversubscribed, and already it is stated that a small but real premium has been established for the issue.

According to the Stockholm correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, writing on November 20, the British Admiralty has accorded permission to Swedish transatlantic liners to make the passage north of Scotland, thus removing the most serious trouble for Swedish shipping as a result of mined waters.

Japan has notified Great Britain of her readiness to hand over the Marshall Islands and other German islands in the Pacific, now occupied by the Japanese, to Australia, which will send forces to occupy them until the war is ended, when their ultimate disposition will be decided.

The revolt in South Africa appears to have been virtually suppressed. A Reuter telegram from Pretoria, on Monday, declared that it was officially announced that De Wet's rebel commando had been surrounded by loyal forces on the Vaal River and had surrendered. Only De Wet and twenty-five men escaped. Other recent reports have stated that De Wet's forces were becoming disheartened, and that many of his followers were deserting him and returning quietly to their homes.

A serious riot occurred on November 19 among the alien prisoners in the British detention camp, at Douglas, Isle of Man. Apparently there was a concerted attempt on the part of a number of the prisoners to overpower the guards, the idea being to seize a boat in the harbor and escape. Four of the prisoners were killed and twelve injured by the guards in quelling the riot.

The internal dissension in Russia, as well as in Ireland, on which German diplomatists apparently counted, has not materialized into any movement of sufficient importance to affect the course of the war. Nevertheless, that disunion has not been wholly absent is indicated by the accounts from Petrograd, on Monday, of the discovery of a revolutionary plot in which five members of the Duma were implicated. Several arrests were made, and the semi-official statement recording the circumstances takes note of the attitude of "some members of the Social Democratic Associations, who continued an activity aiming at the downfall of Russia's military power by means of an anti-war agitation, the distributing of secret proclamations, and the conducting of propaganda by word of mouth."

The text of a protest addressed by Germany to the United States against the violation of the Declaration of London, by Great Britain and France, was made public on Tuesday. The protest set forth in detail the points wherein the Declaration of London had been violated, particularly in the matter of contraband of war, and requested the Government of the United States to define its position and intentions. In reply the Administration informed the German Government that, in view of the fact that some of the belligerent Powers involved in the present war did not care to ratify the Declaration of London without material modifications, this Government withdrew its suggestion, made at the beginning of the war, that the Declaration serve as a code of law for naval warfare. The position of this country, the answer continued, would be rested on its rights under international law as interpreted by the traditional American policy up to the time that the Declaration of London was signed in 1909.

In connection with the opening of the Federal Reserve Banks, President Wilson, on November 17, addressed a letter to Secretary McAdoo in which he reviewed the economic and social future of the country, expressing confidence that an era of prosperity might be expected.

As a result of the completion of elaborate wireless observations, made through the wireless stations at Arlington and on the Eiffel Tower, it was announced by the Naval Observatory officials on November 21 that the actual difference in longitude between the official meridians of Paris and Washington is 5 hours 17 minutes 36.658 seconds.

The German Reichstag will open on December 2. It will, it is expected, be a short session, and business will be confined to the voting of a new credit of five billion marks and the ratification of the various emergency laws promulgated by the Bundesrath.

According to a cablegram from Bordeaux, received by Thomas M. Moore, Commissioner-General at the Eastern headquarters of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the French Cabinet on November 20 decided that France should officially participate in the Exposition.

The withdrawal of United States troops from Vera Cruz was commenced on Monday. We comment elsewhere on the general situation in Mexico.

The deaths of the week include: D. R. Wilkie, November 17; Dr. Rudolf Emmerich, November 18 (?); Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot, Robert J. Burdette, Peter Percival Elder, November 19; Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, Dr. George James Bayles, Sir Edward P. Solomon, Dr. Ernst D. Richard, November 20; Major-Gen. von Voights-Rhetz, November 20 (?); Brevet Brig.-Gen. John B. Frothingham, November 21.

The Week

Fresh war loans every week or two, mounting taxes, serious disturbance of industry, increasing numbers out of work—this is the order of the day in Europe. How long can the nations endure it? The London *Economist* argues strongly that the war cannot last much longer, because it is already bringing financial ruin in its train. The savings of years have been swept away in the past three months. Capital is being destroyed in vast amounts every week, and soon the process of financial exhaustion will compel taking up the question of a possible peace. This is good reasoning, but, unfortunately, war is the denial of reason. That countries can go on fighting even after they are bankrupt has more than once been proved. One point made by the *Economist*, however, is sound. It declares that England's superior position just now, financially and industrially, is due partly to the fact of her not having a system of compulsory military service. If she had been forced, like Germany and Austria and France, to call to the colors at once every able-bodied man, not even her command of the sea could have prevented something like a financial collapse. Voluntary enlistment in the army enables her to spread over many months the strain which the other nations have to undergo in a very short time. Meanwhile, her great resources of capital can be leisurely mobilized.

As evidence of German thoroughness and system, the extract published by the Paris *Temps* from a book of military instruction published in Berlin in 1903 is interesting. Written by a professor in the Berlin War Academy, it consists of model reports, letters, notices, etc., for use in France during a German occupation; and the particular specimen published is a reply to charges of atrocity. It embodies, in fluent language, the standard type of answers to such charges—absences of specification, untrustworthiness of witnesses, admission of the act, but explanation that, so far from being an atrocity, it was simply the necessary punishment of crime, and the like. If the *Temps* publishes it as a curiosity, and not as proof of anything diabolical in the German nature, it is more rational than have been many discoverics of things hidden or obscure, during these months of terror. The book might have been hailed as conclusive evidence that the Germans had determined, years before the war began, to indulge in all manner of atrocities and then turn out machine-made lies in answer to all accusations; whereas the only legitimate inference from the disclosure is that, among the various labors of their officers in the field which it was desirable to lighten so far as possible by system, they did not overlook even that of letter-writing. But if the French were really to regard this "boiler-plate" letter as proof of a deliberate purpose to commit outrages, they would offend less against reason than did the Germans when, having discovered a Belgian scheme of defence against a possible German invasion, they declared that this was proof that Belgium had never intended to be neutral at all!

Count von Reventlow, a leading German naval writer, and perhaps the animating spirit of the Navy League, discusses at length in *Das Grössere Deutschland* the rôle of the German navy in the war. He explains why it is that the Kaiser's capital ships must for the present be inactive. The significant point of his contention is that it is absolutely "indispensable" that the Germans capture the French and Belgian coasts as a basis for their final goal, which is the defeat of England, provided that the naval war against England is to be carried on "actively and energetically." We confess that we cannot see wherein the possession of Dunkirk, Calais, or even Boulogne would alter the naval situation. Indubitably, it would intensify British anxiety, but so long as the English navy held control of the sea, the German fleet could not find its way to Calais without facing a general engagement. Count von Reventlow's argument is that, with the northern French ports in German possession, England could no longer hermetically seal up the North Sea, and that some merchant ships could find their way into the northern French harbors. But as he also admits that the British cruisers would still control the trade routes of the high seas, it seems to us that the whole argument falls to the ground. It would be much better frankly to admit that the German fleet stays at home because it is numerically so inferior to the British that the odds are at least two to one against it. Of course, no invasion of England is possible until the British fleet is completely destroyed; and that is unthinkable at this stage of the war.

Recrimination, with a counter-charge for every charge, between the warring nations has now passed from matters involving the rules of war to questions concerning general international law. The latest dispute has to do with the observance of the Declaration of London. Germany brings forward several specifications in support of her assertion that England is disregarding its prescriptions concerning contraband and conditional contraband of war. Some may smile at this sudden zeal of the German Government on behalf of international agreements. Belgium might like to say a word about that. The point might also be made that the Declaration of London is not a recognized part of international law, binding on Great Britain, since it was never ratified by Parliament. The fact is, however, that the British Government, like the German, declared at the beginning of the war that it would observe the Declaration of London, though not obliged to do so. Thus the German protest has a right to be heard. It appears to be based in part upon regulations regarding the trade in foodstuffs and raw materials which England at first announced, but has since changed or relaxed. She did this, it is believed, at the instance of the United States, and in order to facilitate our legitimate export business. But it is probably true, as the German Foreign Office asserts, that the English command of the sea is being utilized to cut off supplies from Germany in ways not in accord with the spirit or the letter of the Declaration of London. This, however, is one of those charges which, at the end of the war, will have to be duly "assessed," in President Wilson's phrase, by international tribunals.

If it is true that Prince von Bülow has been appointed Ambassador to Italy, it would appear that, after all, some understanding of the weakness of recent German diplomacy is beginning to dawn on Berlin. Von Bülow's ability no one can question; his Italian wife, his four years of previous service in Rome in this capacity, and his being an ex-Chancellor, make him by all odds the most available man in German public life to go to the Quirinal in this grave crisis. Everybody is now playing the best possible cards for Italy's support. Franco has sent Delcassé and England has been working night and day to bring her over to the Allies' cause. This sudden concentration of diplomatic forces upon Italy is perhaps responsible for the Foreign Secretary's bidding all of his leading Ambassadors in Europe to hasten to Rome for consultation, apparently as to what Italy's future policy ought to be. One may hope that there will be no change from her present self-restraint. The war is costing her dearly in the depression of business, the loss of trade, and the tourist traffic, and

the price of her partial mobilization, but at least her soil is not blood-drenched. Yet it is undeniable that there is still a strong popular demand for war, as in the first days of the struggle, while a large section of the press is bitterly anti-German in comment and cartoon.

Senator Lodge's blood is boiling again. This time it is over the Turkish affront to the American flag. He confesses that he knows nothing about the facts, but he is certain that this contemptible Democratic Administration is handling the affair with a mixture of supineness and imbecility. It should be understood, however, that all this display of radiant heat by the Massachusetts Senator is purely partisan. His blood never boils except for party purposes. Personally his temperature never rises. Some even say that it is usually subnormal. But whenever he sees a chance to make a point against a Democratic President, he manages to wear a flushed face, while his eyes appear bloodshot. But his family physician would tell him that this is not conducive to clear vision. Among the things which Senator Lodge now fancies that he sees, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, is the fact that the feeling in Europe for President Wilson is only one of "ridicule." But this is certainly Lodge's private discovery. Rulers and the press abroad may think in their hearts that Woodrow Wilson is a nincompoop, but, if so, they have taken precious good care to act as if they thought he was a strong President, having in foreign affairs the confidence and support of all his countrymen—except Henry Cabot Lodge. The Senator seems to have a bad case of what the old lady called bellicose veins.

Over the sailing of the American troops home from Vera Cruz on Monday much anticipatory head-shaking has been done. It has been described as a step both foolish and perilous. Mexicans, it has been said, will seize upon the occasion to begin a general throat-cutting of Americans and other foreigners in Mexico, and our armed forces will speedily have to be sent back. These predictions might alarm us more if they did not come from the same newspapers that assured us that the last withdrawal of American soldiers from Cuba was a terrible mistake, since we should have to go back in six months to rescue the island from a welter of blood. Take the purely military aspect of the evacuation. Gen. Funston had some 6,000 men at Vera Cruz. If there had been a question of making head against the combined Mexican armies, he would have needed at least 50,000 men before the War Department would have dreamed of letting him march inland. And if that port had to be taken and occupied again, it could be with the greatest ease. The Mexicans have nothing that could stand against our battleships. As it is, a few war-vessels are to be left off the harbor, and their presence there will be as much of a reminder, or a threat, militarily speaking, as the sight of regiments on shore. In short, a cool view of the evacuation will make it appear of the slightest conceivable importance, so far as it affects the project of anything like a conquest of Mexico, while the true reasons for it are in quite another order of ideas.

What are those reasons? They arise partly from the President's desire to make a strong appeal to Mexican patriotism. That any such thing exists will, of course, be scouted by our high and mighty Imperialists, but there it stands. What was meant by the great outpouring of students in the Mexican capital to rejoice over the announcement by our Government that the American flag would soon cease to fly over any portion of the territory of Mexico? It meant that Mexicans feel about it just as we should in their places. The holding of their principal port by the armed power of an alien Government has been just as distressing to them, in the midst of their domestic convulsions, as would have been to Americans the seizure of New York by the British in the darkest days of our Civil War. That the occupation of Vera Cruz was declared to be only temporary made it endurable for the time being; but it has all along been a source of grief to the Mexican people, a hurt to their national pride; and its ending will no doubt cause something like a general jubilation. It ought also to cause the Mexicans to believe that the United States wishes to treat them with the utmost good faith and generosity. In this sense, the withdrawal from Vera Cruz is like a fine gesture of confidence. It is an appeal to the Mexicans of a sort which they would be truly dense if they did not appreciate. Our country is leaving Mexico alone to work out her immensely difficult problems. This does not mean that we have ceased to take interest in her, or that we shall be any the less watchful and even zealous in protecting American rights within her borders. But it does exhibit to the Mexicans, in a very striking way, the purpose of the President to live up to the assurances which he publicly gave when our troops went to Vera Cruz.

There is as yet no means of knowing whether President Wilson really intends to be present at executive sessions of the Senate. The mere rumor that he does has set the gossips at the Capitol in a flutter. They admit the President's right to attend the Senate's secret sessions, if he chooses—especially those dealing with nominations to office and treaties. Indeed, the Senate rules provide for this. Washington used sometimes to sit with the Senate, though his experience with it on one occasion led him to say, with profane emphasis, that he would never go there again. This was perhaps the time when, according to Maclay's "Sketches of Debate in the First Senate of the United States," the Father of his Country got very red in the face with anger. His successors have left the Senate to its own secrets—which are, as a rule, no secrets at all. President Wilson may be planning a reversion to Washington's example in this matter, as in the reading of his messages in person; but his visits to the Senate Chamber would even so be rare. In the nature of the case, he could not be expected to jump into an automobile and rush to the Capitol every time a Senator moved to go into executive session.

In both the eastern and western theatres of war, the news is bad for the Progressives. In Massachusetts, four Progressive candidates for Congress have announced their return to the party "that gave us a Lincoln, a Garfield, and a McKinley," the last of the four explaining his return by saying: "The smoke of battle has cleared away, and out of the conflict we have discovered the one fact, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'" The discovery had been made before, but it now takes a higher place than ever as the first principle of social justice. In Kansas, the Emporia *Gazette*, which from the beginning ought to have been put under strict censorship by the Progressive headquarters, prints in a conspicuous position a dispatch from Washington commencing: "It will be a new and chastened Republican party that will crowd the Democrats close for control of the next House of Representatives, and this despite the fact that many of the old reactionaries will be back in their former places." Cannonism, we are informed, "belongs as much to the past as if it had existed and flourished in some prior age, and the old representatives of the system will never again exert their former influence upon either the policies or the destinies of the Republican party." The only solace for this disconcerting change is that the Progres-

sives caused it. In the State that single-handed gave them almost half of their total electoral vote in 1912, however, their abhorrence of a divided house seems to have got the better of their hate of that extreme form of Cannonism known as Penroseism.

Campaign expenditures in the recent election vary as widely as household expenses. One candidate for the House of Representatives reports an outlay of $6.15. At the other end of the line is Senator-elect Wadsworth, who confesses to an expenditure of $20,000. In between comes Senator-elect Beckham, of Kentucky, who spent $2,500, but had a campaign fund at his disposal of more than twice that. How shall we account for these differences in amounts spent? Offhand, one would be inclined to say that the large sums represent close contests, or contests thought to be close. But this hypothesis is not borne out by investigation. Senator Cummins had a hard fight on his hands, or everybody believed he had, yet he made no expenditures beyond his travelling expenses. To some extent, a suggestion made by the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* is doubtless true; this is that men of large means naturally spend lavishly, more lavishly than they need, simply because they can and because they wish to be quite sure of not losing on account of not using the particular kind of ammunition with which they are well supplied. Much depends also upon what people are accustomed to. In a night, apparently, we have become habituated to campaigns that, to a Hanna, would have seemed the depths of parsimony.

"Electoral fatigue" is the happy phrase of ex-Mayor Matthews of Boston, to apply to the revolt of voters against being asked to go to the polls so frequently. Something of this "tired feeling" must enter into the explanation of such a result as the rejection of all the ten Constitutional amendments submitted to the people of Wisconsin on November 3. The official figures are now published, and show the overwhelming nature of the defeat. By majorities ranging from 56,000 to 107,000 the Wisconsin electors showed that they would not accept La Follette's plans to round out the "Wisconsin idea" to perfection. The initiative and referendum, State insurance, the recall of elective officials, except judges, and the rest, all went down. All told, it is a blow to La Follette harder than his loss of a Governor and United States Senator. Of course, other causes contributed. In the general slump of Progressive notions, Wisconsin was bound to share. But over and above this there must have been a pervasive weariness with forever tinkering with the laws and the Constitution.

If it be true that Gov. Ammons of Colorado and Governor-elect Carlson are working together upon a plan for restoring effective State government in the mining region, the news is most welcome. An investigating committee of the Legislature has appealed to the Governor to "prepare to accept for the people of this State the responsibility of again being a State," and has asked him to make it clear to the people that law and order must be preserved, even if it should become necessary to call every able-bodied man of military age into active service. Whatever view be taken of the rights and wrongs of the mine trouble, this fundamental duty of a civilized State is paramount to all other considerations. If the mine operators have violated requirements of the State laws, they should be compelled to observe them; but this compulsion must come in legal ways and not by armed violence or the threat of it. If public opinion in Colorado had, from the first, insisted on a strong assertion of the State's authority, and had demanded that whatever resources might be needed for this purpose should be furnished to the Governor and effectively used by him, the State would never have fallen into the condition which has so disgraced it.

The check which the Minnesota Minimum Wage act has received in being held unconstitutional by an inferior court is chiefly significant as showing how little the tribunals of one State are affected by the decisions of another. Minnesota has one of the mildest of the laws which were passed by seven States in 1913; Oregon has one of the most radical; yet six months after the Oregon law is held Constitutional, a judge declares the more cautious measure invalid. The act would have granted a board of commissioners power merely to fix the wages of all women and of all minors. No authority was given it over hours or conditions of work, although Massachusetts, by a law passed before 1913 and upheld in the Federal Supreme Court, has regulated both. Yet this is apparently thought to be beyond the police power of Minnesota. Appeal to the State Supreme Court will determine if the interpretation of such laws is really different in Oregon and in Minnesota.

With all the conventions that are held from one year's end to the other, it seems strange that only now has the first conference of American Mayors been assembled. The problems of one city must be similar to those of many others. Conferences of State officials of various kinds have met in response to the feeling of need for information regarding the way in which tax questions, for instance, were being handled in other commonwealths. Municipal conventions of one sort and another have been held by permanent organizations. Yet the Mayors have gone their several ways without learning directly from one another how they were meeting their tasks. One reason for this lack has probably been the temporary character of the office. A city likes a new Mayor just as it likes a new pavement: the change is an indication of progress. A more powerful reason may be the very onerousness of the work of the Mayor's office. Many Governors have something like a vacation when the Legislature is not in session, but a Mayor's work is never done. We are a bit reluctant, too, to follow the lead of other places. Jealousy between towns has been a fruitful theme for jesting. Now we are to have a central bureau of information for the benefit of Mayors. Not the least valuable part of its work might be the collection of facts pertaining to European cities.

In the *Edinburgh Review's* most arrogant days, no one ever wrote, "Who goes to an American watering-place?" That was the period when Europeans patting our shaggy continent on the back did it by praising two resorts—Niagara Falls and Saratoga; when every travelling Englishman followed Sir William Johnson's example in seeking the latter spot; and when the best of American society was proud of Congress water and the little city that had the largest hotels in the world. The springs somehow came to be regarded as provincial—the result of what Lowell rebuked as American "tenderness" in advancing our own attractions, and of Germany's enterprise in advertising her numerous waters; but now the war brings hope of reviving their glories. The Commissioners of the State Reservations are already equipping a new bath-house, and drafting plans for another "large and elaborate establishment." This is significant to those who know how desirable the mere having a malady is to some people. No matter how little connection there may actually be between ill-health and going to foreign baths, certain people *must* complain, and, complaining, seek a health resort.

"BRITISH LIES" AND AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that our German friends, chagrined or exasperated by the general tone of American opinion, are prone to persuade themselves that its explanation is to be found in the poisoning of the American mind by British falsehoods. There was a time when the charge of corruption by "British gold" was a favorite recourse of our own politicians whenever other ammunition ran short. The Cobden Club was, during many years, represented by the Republicans as supplying the sinews of war to the wicked Democrats who were trying to overthrow "the American system" of protection; and at a later period it was the Democrats who, in their turn, hurled at the Republicans the charge of having their war-chest replenished from Lombard Street, in their treasonable assault upon "the American system" of bimetallism. We say "the Republicans" and "the Democrats," but in reality there can have been only a very insignificant number of intelligent persons in either camp who really believed that anything of the kind was taking place; in the main, the whole thing was a bit of campaign stage-play. Men of sense knew that the story of "British gold," in either instance, was a myth, pure and simple.

The case is not quite the same in this matter of "British lies." The assertions we have referred to, the notions concerning the part that has been played by "British lies" in the formation of American opinion on the war, are put forward by Germans of the highest intelligence and of unquestionable sincerity and earnestness. Take such a letter as that of Prof. Paul Darmstaedter, of Göttingen, which appears in our columns this week. "I find," he says, speaking of the American press, "a good deal of wrong information, based on the infamous lies of the English press, and, of course, false conclusions drawn from false premises." And the professor declares his confident "trust that the opinions of many Americans will change when they are informed about these matters." All this, and the like said by other Germans, is undoubtedly the sincere expression of their conviction. Moreover, unlike the "British gold" charge, which was a pure figment of the imagination, it may at least be pleaded for this belief that it is not made out of absolutely nothing. There have, of course, been false statements sent to us from England, as there have from other countries; and it is a fact that the cutting of the German cable put Germany at a disadvantage—in spite of her use of the wireless—in the transmission of communications, either true or false. But neither communication of falsehoods from England nor suppression of truths from Germany has had any appreciable influence upon the formation of American opinion. The war is now in the second half of its fourth month, and we have yet to see, among all the voluminous statements of the German case, the exposure of a single "British lie" which had any part in determining the sentiment of the American people.

What *did* determine that sentiment it is easy enough to recognize. One has only to turn to what was said in representative American papers at the very beginning; what was said before there was any talk of atrocities and before the German cable was cut. Take this, from the "Summary of the News" in the *Nation* of July 30, covering events to the close of July 28:

> It has been apparent from the first that Austria is determined to accept nothing less than a complete and humiliating submission on the part of Servia, and that in this policy she has the support of Germany. . . . The danger, then, is that Russia, as the protector of the Slav states, may become involved, and if Russia, then the other Powers of the Triple Entente.

Does not the German "White Paper" confirm, and more than confirm, this view of Germany's responsibility for Austria's belligerent attitude? And in its leading editorial on August 6, the *Nation* said:

> Germany, having grasped her sword, has proceeded to lay about her with a high hand. Her entrance into Luxemburg, her invasion of Belgium—both of which have had their neutralization solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers, Germany included—were the directest kind of challenge to England, and there was never any doubt as to how it would be answered. . . . If Germany could beat the armies of both Russia and France, with England remaining aloof, she would attain not only the hegemony of all Europe, but complete dominance. She would seize Belgium and Holland, and present a formidable front on the North Sea. By means of these latent threats, the Emperor William has, as it were, put himself in the position of the first Napoleon. If a coalition against his overweening pretensions did not exist, it would have to be invented.

Right or wrong, these judgments—as to the responsibility for the immediate bringing on of the war, and as to the nature of the international crime involved in the invasion of Belgium—were based upon the broadest and most patent considerations, and not in the least upon "British lies"; right or wrong, these same judgments were arrived at simultaneously by almost the whole American press; and right or wrong, no technical pleas concerning the exact date of mobilization, or other unessential details, can possibly break them down. Nothing that the champions of Germany have brought forward lessens by a feather's weight the force of the two fundamental facts—her undeviating insistence on Austria's pound of flesh, which made peace impossible, and her violation of Belgium, which made England's participation in the war inevitable.

That the case is not so simple when the more remote—if you please, the deeper—causes of the war are examined, we do not deny. To determine the rightfulness or unrightfulness, the wisdom or the folly, of the policies of the various nations in the course of the last ten, or twenty, or forty years, is an undertaking which will tax the powers of the future historian. Most Germans sincerely believe that their country was the object of a hostile policy on the part of the Entente Powers, against which she was driven to protect herself by force of arms. Most non-Germans believe, with equal sincerity, that this is a gross exaggeration of the facts, and that in so far as it is true it is but the natural counterpart of the militarist spirit and militarist ambition which have been steadily acquiring, year after year, more and more complete dominance over the German nation. To strike a just balance in this large question is more than can be expected of even a neutral nation at a time when the world is in the throes of such an agony as is now upon us. Most men content themselves with a simpler judgment. Before the world war—so runs their thought—each side professed to desire that so tremendous a calamity might be averted; and accordingly that nation must be adjudged guilty which, while thus professing, conducted itself in such a manner as to make the averting of it impossible.

One word, in conclusion, on the subject of lies. We shall not undertake to institute a comparison between the amount or the kind of lying that may have been done on the English side and that on the German. But there is another element that enters into the case, and which, to our mind, is of far more serious concern. We refer to the question not of uttering falsehoods, but of believing them—not of mendacity, but of credulity. Professor Darmstaedter, for example, is quite sure that the charges of "German atrocities" are false—so sure that he will not even use the phrase without quotation marks; but he accepts without a moment's hesitation the German assertion that the acts so designated were fully justified by the conduct of the Belgians, who "behaved like beasts, and murdered and mutilated our

brave soldiers in a treacherous way." This, however, as wars go, is a minor matter; there are other instances far more important. He speaks of the "many lies" told about "the so-called breach of Belgian neutrality"; and he declares that "it is quite certain that France and England had the plan to attack Germany by way of Belgium." The assertion that the invasion of Belgium was no violation of treaty pledges may now, in spite of the German Chancellor's famous confession, have become orthodox doctrine in Germany; and the second assertion has, as a matter of fact, been made by the German Foreign Office. But in support of the first no argument has been offered that could stand a moment's examination; and in support of the second there has never been produced a shred of evidence. To believe everything that is said on your own side, while flinging broadcast charges of infamous lying on the other, is a deplorable state of mind—and a dangerous one. How devastating may be its moral effect, the insensate hatred of the English which is so lamentably general in Germany bears melancholy witness.

HOW WE "MUDDLED THROUGH."

"And the thing stood so," says President Wilson, in his recent letter to Secretary McAdoo, "until the Democrats came into power last year." The thing he refers to is a condition, in the economic life of the country, in which "suspicion and ill-will" were rife, in which "wrongs and misunderstandings" gave a bad tone to men's thoughts, in which "interests harshly clashed which should have coöperated." But now, with the tariff readjusted, with the new banking system put in operation, with the Trust laws revised, all this has become, or is fast becoming, a thing of the past; "the mists and distempers which have so embarrassed us will be cleared away," and "we shall advance, and advance together, with a new spirit."

Whether this contrast with our past, and portrayal of our present happy state, goes beyond the reality or not, it is certainly a fact that a change of somewhat this nature has actually taken place. Some things of primary importance have been satisfactorily settled which were long the subject of what looked like almost hopeless controversy; and, apart from any such definite achievement, there is incomparably less of the spirit of antagonism between "big business" and the general public than there was some years ago. It would hardly be profitable to attempt to fix the exact degree of the change that has taken place. What strikes us as more interesting is another question suggested by the President's remarks. When he says that "the thing stood so until the Democrats came into power last year," he apparently makes for the Democratic party a claim of altogether extraordinary and exclusive merit. The question therefore presents itself whether this is a fundamentally sound view of the case; whether, upon a judicial consideration of the history of the past twenty years, we are not bound to make different distribution of praise and blame all round.

We speak of twenty years, because, in its distinctive character, "the thing" of which President Wilson speaks dates from that outbreak of discontent in the country at large, and that deep cleavage within the Democratic party, which followed upon the panic of 1893. Out of this grew a political situation which caused our party divisions to take on very much the character of a conflict of classes; and for this development the free-silver agitation, as conducted under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, was chiefly responsible. It may be argued, with considerable plausibility, that he builded better than he knew. Capitalistic interests really were guilty of great abuses, and Mr. Bryan, it may be argued, though wrong in the particular matter that he took hold of, stirred up a sentiment which, however ignorant, was righteous. The fact is that half the country was wrought up to a pitch of something like frenzy over an imaginary "crime of 1873"; and under the influence of this delusion there grew up not only an altogether needless ill-feeling and misunderstanding, but the country was confronted with the immediate danger of a disastrous unsettlement of business, and an injury to its financial stability from which it could hardly have recovered for a generation.

Upon the Trust issue, the position of the Democratic party was far more sound; but even in this there has been much that is faulty. A great deal of the Democratic talk on Trusts has been of that kind which ignores realities, and seeks to settle a question of immense difficulty and complexity by the application of some simple dogma. When the Supreme Court, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, found a way to make the Sherman law effective without making it an instrument of blind destruction, there was a great outcry from the rock-ribbed Democrats who had been preaching a holy war against monopoly. Even the Democratic platform of 1912 gave expression to this feeling. "The Sherman Anti-Trust law," it declared, "has received a judicial construction depriving it of much of its efficacy"; quite ignoring the fact that it was precisely by interpreting the law in such a way as not to demand impossibilities that its practical efficacy had been vastly increased. The firmness with which the party adhered to the anti-monopoly idea, during all those years when consolidation seemed to be sweeping everything before it, and the "captains of industry" appeared to have become the idols of the nations, is most commendable; but there was in its attitude an element of crude dogmatism.

Now, if we have arrived at a condition approximately answering to President Wilson's description, this is because, partly through good sense, partly through good fortune, we have managed to make use of what was good in the attitude and purpose of the Democrats and to slough off that which was bad; we have steered a middle course between the complacent standpatism of the old-time Republican leaders and the cocksure reform attitude with which the name of Mr. Bryan used to be chiefly associated. We have followed neither the captains of industry nor the champions of the people. In the matter of currency and banking, the Democratic party, when it came into power, passed a measure as different as possible from anything it had thought of when it was the Opposition party, a measure largely embodying the results striven for by the Aldrich Commission. In one signal respect—Government control—it differed radically from what was contemplated by that Commission; but on the other hand, as finally passed, it was free from the fiat-money and unsound-credit notions which have been so rife in a considerable section of the Democratic party ever since the Civil War. Looking back over the whole story, one cannot but feel that in the struggle extremists on both sides have been driven to the wall. The credit for what has been attained is to be given not exclusively to any one party or set of men; and a large, perhaps the chief, share in it is to be assigned to the influence of sober and intelligent criticism not specially identified with any party or interest.

BRAZIL'S QUARTER CENTURY.

President Wilson's congratulations to Brazil upon the completion of twenty-five years under republican government had special reason for heartiness. If only all the South American republics, and especially the Central American, would conduct them-

selves as, upon the whole, the youngest of them has done! A conservative spirit was manifested in Brazil in the very act of declaring her independence of Portugal. In the other Latin-American countries, independence meant throwing off, not only allegiance to a European government, but the form of monarchy. As if to mark the fact of separation from political connection with the Old World, these New World governments adopted, on paper at least, a popular system of government. Independence and democracy, as in the great republic that had cut loose from England half a century earlier, came together. In Brazil, this was not the case. When, in 1821, the Court of Lisbon, jealous of the rising influence of the country that a few years before it had elevated to the rank of kingdom, abolished the principal courts and other public institutions of Rio de Janeiro, closed the schools, and ordered the King to return to Portugal, his son, Dom Pedro, far from allying himself with the home Government, issued a manifesto, declaring: "So long as measures are adopted having for their object the welfare of all and the happiness of the nation, tell the people that I will not absent myself."

He proceeded to form a Cabinet of lawyers from the provinces, accepted for himself and his successors the title of "Perpetual Defender of Brazil," and convoked a constitutional assembly. He had thus put himself at the head of the movement for independence, as rulers of greater fame have not always done. Nor did he waver from his purpose. When it was learned that Portugal was about to send over a strong military force, he issued another manifesto, exhorting the people of Brazil to unite and win complete self-government. He gave them as their and his battle-cry, "Independence or Death." In 1822 he was proclaimed Constitutional Emperor of Brazil; two years later, he granted a fairly liberal Constitution, not, however, as one historian remarks, "for actual use, but simply to gratify the desires of those who wanted it"; and in 1825 Portugal recognized the independence of Brazil. There had been little bloodshed. Moreover, the conflict that raged in most of the rest of Latin-America between the liberalists on the one hand and the loyalists and the neutrals on the other had amounted to little in Brazil. Opinion had been substantially united upon the point of independence. There was less unity upon the kind of government that should follow independence. In part of the country, some sentiment in favor of a federal republic appeared. But the prestige of the monarchy was strong, naturally enough, and, besides, it had already been made plain that stability and republican government were not usually associated in Latin-America.

If independence was won in a happy manner, democracy, or rather the abolition of the monarchy, came about very simply. It was in 1889. Another Dom Pedro sat on the throne. He had made a tour through Europe and the United States, and had been received upon his return with demonstrations of affection. Even the advocates of a republican form of government looked forward to his finishing his reign in peace. But there were extremists who argued that the change could be more easily brought about while he was on the throne, a confiding Emperor, than when it was occupied by his suspicious and energetic daughter. In this way, his very liberality proved his undoing. On the 14th of November, 1889, the palace was quietly surrounded, the next morning Dom Pedro and his family were placed on shipboard and sent to Portugal, and the United States of Brazil came into being. But the new republic was in reality a military despotism, and so remained for two years until 1891, when at length a national assembly convened and framed a Constitution. Brazil had entered the family of Western republics late, but she had entered it without a record of civil strife, dictatorships, and political unrest. The cynical might point out that it was not until she abandoned monarchy for democracy that such troubles befell her!

These troubles, however, were transitory, and Brazil has long held a place of honor among her neighbors. Her acts have not invariably been wise. In certain economic questions, particularly, she has shown a faith in the magic of a governmental fiat for which we, unfortunately, are estopped from criticising her. Yet it is her economic progress as much as anything else that has raised her to her position in the front rank of Latin-American states. In international politics, too, she holds no mean place. Her representatives are enlightened men, seizing every occasion to make use of arbitration rather than war. That they know much more about us than we know about them is not to our credit. Most Americans, even now, would be a bit surprised to hear that Brazil is as large as the United States, excluding Alaska, although she has only a fifth of our population. With such a history and such resources, she is evidently destined to play an increasingly important part in the politics of this hemisphere. For this destiny, we as well as the Brazilians, may be unaffectedly glad. It is of no little value that in our not always smooth relations with the Governments to the south of us we may be able to say, "There stands Brazil! Go and do thou likewise."

EMBATTLED LITERARY FELLERS.

George Warrington, we know, had a low opinion of literary men in general. But he reserved his special wrath for writers who "sell their feelings for money." For that performance, "humbug" was not too strong a word, Warrington thought. What epithet he would have found for authors who for money sell their feelings, or their pretended feelings, about their country's imminent peril, we cannot guess. He might have drawn upon Capt. Costigan's vocabulary! But we think he would have agreed with one contention which we have heard put forward. This is that every literary man, high or low, Colonel or clown, who goes outside of his usual employments to write about the war—merely marketing his name, though he have no special competence—ought to turn over every penny that he is paid to the Belgians or some other victims of the war. To get advertising out of the awful calamity is repulsive enough. To coin money out of it is positively disgraceful.

This off our mind, we may go on more calmly to note some of the aspects of the literary rush to the fray. All must have noticed that the various warriors of the goose-quill are not of one opinion. A good part of their energy is devoted to refuting one another. Yet they always begin with a fine flourish of compliments—a sort of gallant salute before joining combat. Thus Shaw speaks handsomely of Wells before showing what a fool he is, and Bennett pays tribute to Shaw's infernal cleverness as a preliminary to exposing him as a trifler or a falsifier. There has been nothing just like this since the day when, according to the Oxford wit, "Stubbs buttered Freeman, Freeman buttered Stubbs." To this form of grace before meat, used by the battling knights of the pen—kind words about a fellow-author before rending him limb from limb—there is no great objection on the score of mere conventionality, but what does it do for the authority of the literary class? What for its sincerity and dignity? People will be tempted to put the whole thing away as merely one more squabble of the irritable genus.

Concerning the value of their contributions to the literature of the war, judged only by the test of good writing, notable testimony of a negative sort was borne the other day by Professor Sadler of Leeds University. Lecturing before the National Home Reading Union in London, he gave a list of

the memorable things that have been written or spoken during the war. And whom did he single out for mention? Our high-flying men of letters? Not one of them! His bestowal of the prize for literary merit was upon some of the British official dispatches —written in great haste though they were —upon a speech by Mr. Asquith, upon Kitchener's letter to the soldiers, and upon President Wilson's call to prayer for peace. And then this audacious professor of literature added insult to his neglect of the professional writers by affirming that some of the newspaper articles about the war had been of a high order. Think of that! Ranking mere journalistic hacks above the shining lights in the literary sky! After that, it does not surprise one to find Professor Sadler saying of most of the poetry occasioned by the war that it deserved no better fate than to be dismissed with a smile. He remarked that most of the poets who had broken out in verse reminded him of cooks doing rhymes by the kitchen fire when they ought to be getting dinner ready. This was said before Kipling's poem on Lord Roberts was published, but that production—as flat as the Flanders of its scene—could only lead him to make his assertion stronger. He might even recall Scott's unhappy poem about Waterloo, apropos of which it was said that of all who fell by shell or fell by shot, none fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

The whole affair lends itself to flippant treatment, but it has its serious side. A question of moral values, as well as literary, is involved. War too often silences human reason as well as laws; and in war-time every honest workman in letters ought to feel an especial obligation resting upon him to do nothing to confuse the popular mind or to add to the mass of credulity, already and inevitably large. In this aspect of the matter, what can be more reprehensible than for a man like Bernard Shaw to play his verbal tricks with the diplomatic documents of the war, showing either that he has not read them before writing about them, or that he is entirely willing to make of them a nose of wax for his handling? Or, take Mr. H. G. Wells's latest outburst. He declares that if the Germans ever reach England they will be "lynched." What he means is that the civilian population will fire upon them from every house. But, saying nothing about the laws of war in this connection, what is all this but to delude the people about what can really be done to resist a possible German invasion? The whole thing is without dignity and without sobriety. It is well enough to write in time of peace such a skit as Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland"; but a self-respecting literary man will take good heed lest, amid the vast upheavals of passion in days of war, he darken counsel by words without knowledge.

SEEING THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

Of the latest theatrical novelty, a play within a play, the critics have generally remarked that the main idea is not new. One may go as far back as Hamlet or Christopher Sly. The novelty of the present piece is in the thoroughness with which the old method has been applied. The writing of the imagined play constitutes the plot of the real one. The close manner in which the characters and incidents of the two are intertwined supplies the entertainment. There is an important distinction between the older method of putting a stage upon the stage and the modern purpose. In "The Taming of the Shrew" the device is employed to set the machinery of the main play in motion. In "Hamlet" the strolling players set up their stage in order to push forward the action of the principal story. In both instances the intention is to further the original scheme of illusion. But the newer intention is to destroy the illusion of the stage, to reveal the drama as so much copy turned out by a man who makes a living out of writing pieces for the theatre, and to reveal the actor as just an actor.

An example of a play that stands midway between the old and the new type is Arthur Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo," which was recently seen in New York in the original German and in a translation. The subject of "The Green Cockatoo" is the subject of "Pagliacci." In both the theme is the blending of the mummer and the man in one person, who is shown as acting in real life and living on the stage. The appeal is to the public's ancient interest in the human being behind the clown, the mountebank who laughs while his heart is aching. Much of the machinery of the theatre is exposed, but for a serious purpose. The interest is in the troubled soul beneath the motley. But in the modern play the interest is in the make-believe aching heart of the mummer. A fairly old example of this is the famous "Zaza," with its scene behind the scenes of a theatre. To the public are shown the mysteries of make-up, the thunder and rain-making machines, and the cynical weariness and disillusion of the actor.

The example set by "Zaza" has been followed until it attains its climax in Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton's "The Big Idea." True, the primitive theatre knew very little of stage accessories and actors' trappings. Without the illusion of lights and distances, acting out his little story in a close circle of bystanders, the early actor nevertheless obtained his effects. Mediæval audiences enjoyed their Mystery Plays none the less because Noah was the familiar Jock the tinsmith of every-day life, and Noah's wife was Wat, the apprentice boy. The fact is that footlights and the mysterious curtain have tended to create the idea of a barrier between actor and audience which does not really exist. The latest innovators in theatrical art have sought a deliberate return to the good-fellowship of the primitive theatre between actor and spectator. Max Reinhardt tried for Oriental atmosphere in "Sumurun" by having his actors walk upon the stage from the auditorium.

It is one thing, however, to say that an audience will not lose its enjoyment by being brought face to face with the machinery of the theatre; it is another to say that the enjoyment it derives has that peculiar quality which we associate with the highest effect of dramatic art. The spectator may laugh, but he will not be carried out of himself. He may be thrilled, but only in the way he is thrilled by a "death-defying" act at the circus. The rounded effect of the true play, in other words, illusion, he will not get. The critics are right in describing this new stagecraft as being in essence vaudeville. It consists in a rapid succession of effects, comic, serious, and unconnected. And there is the danger that, like cheap vaudeville, the abandonment of illusion will be carried to any point for the sake of the laugh obtained by the sudden incongruous emergence of the man from behind the actor.

It is a classic trick in vaudeville for the clog-dancer to stop suddenly and whisper to the audience that he really doesn't enjoy doing it, but that the man in the wings—pointing to the supposed manager—gives him five hundred dollars a week for doing it. The orchestra leader has become an indispensable factor in vaudeville humor. The lady in the upper right-hand box is important. The ushers do their share. This sudden bridging of the footlights is effective enough in vaudeville. It is effective enough for farce. But somehow one feels that the trick is illegitimate and rather cheap. It seems a somewhat desperate resort, this business of getting effects by "giving the show away."

Chronicle of the War

As the war proceeds the operations on the two fronts, west and east, are becoming more and more closely related. Interest during the past week has centred almost exclusively in the battle that has been under way in Poland. In France and Flanders the two lines of stone wall have remained virtually intact. There offensive and counter-offensive have resolved themselves almost into a double defensive. On the German side the important part played by artillery in the fighting has been particularly noticeable. The defence is maintained almost exclusively by artillery; offence is preceded by a heavy bombardment; the infantry advance under cover of the guns, and more often than not the final stages of the fight are settled by the bayonet, on which the Allies appear to put great reliance and with which they have been remarkably successful.

The German attacks in their effort to force a way to the cities of the coast have not ceased (there was violent fighting last week to the south and east of Ypres), but they have unquestionably slackened, and the general strategy in the west for the past two weeks has been defensive rather than offensive. There can hardly be a doubt that the explanation of this is that considerable numbers of troops have been taken from this front in order to reinforce the armies in the east, to roll back the threatened invasion of Silesia and Posen, and to undertake a second offensive into Poland. This being so, it might be imagined that Gen. Joffre would consider changing his strategy and adopting a general offensive. We have pointed out more than once in these columns the reasons that we may presume induce him to postpone offensive operations until the early spring, when the numbers of his troops will have been considerably augmented and the terrain will be in a condition more favorable to attack. But even granting the force of these considerations, it would appear on the face of it that the present offered a tempting opportunity to assume a general offensive and endeavor to drive the German armies out of the industrial and mining district of France, their occupation of which lessens appreciably the resources of the country. The Allies, we must presume, at the present moment considerably outnumber the German forces opposed to them, weakened as these have been by the sending of drafts to the eastern front; the pressure on the Russians has been severe and might have been considerably lessened by the adoption of a vigorous offensive by their allies in the west. Why, then, has Gen. Joffre not seized what has appeared to be a favorable opportunity, but has been content to remain on the defensive in his strongly intrenched positions?

The explanation, of course, may be, and very likely is, that even now he does not consider his numerical superiority sufficient to warrant an offensive against the almost impregnable labyrinth of trenches into which the Germans have dug themselves. He may, as we have suggested previously, be convinced that the policy of allowing the German forces to wear themselves out by their own momentum is still the wisest and surest. At the same time one cannot altogether resist the suspicion that this strategy of delay, while entirely sound and calculated in the long run to secure victory, is not a wholly voluntary one. One recalls the warning uttered with amazing frankness by Senator Humbert only a few weeks before the war began as to the unpreparedness of France and the lack of equipment for her army. One knows, too, that when war broke out there was a serious shortage of uniforms and boots. It is not improbable, therefore, that a similar shortage was found in arms and ammunition and general equipment. The factories of the Allies have, we know, been working night and day since the war began turning out military stores and equipment, but these things do not spring forth as it were from an Aaron's rod, and, taking into consideration the enormous wastage of sixteen weeks of war, it is wholly probable that the deficiency has as yet by no means been made good. Gen. Joffre, therefore, has very possibly adopted a strategy that has been forced upon him by circumstances. In attack the expenditure of ammunition and the general wastage of equipment is necessarily enormously greater than in defence. The Germans, with their splendid organization and their avowed plan of strategy, were well prepared at the outset of the war with arms and equipment. The French were not, and Gen. Joffre must wait on the armament factories before he can safely assume the offensive.

The veil of censorship which shut down last week on the operations in Poland has been lifted somewhat, and there appears to be little doubt that the second German advance into Poland, in the direction of Warsaw, has been checked. Indications are that Gen. von Hindenburg has suffered a rather serious defeat. As we write we have only unofficial dispatches to go upon, supplemented by an Exchange Telegraph report of an official communication given out at Petrograd, which announces the retreat of the Germans between the Vistula and the Warthe, from the line running from Strykow to Zgierz, Szadek, Zdunskawola, and Wozniki. That reports of a Russian victory are accurate seems to be confirmed by an official communication from Berlin, which states that "in Poland the appearance of Russian reinforcements is postponing a decision of the battle." Unofficial reports credit the Russians with a decisive victory and the capture of large numbers of prisoners, and state that the Germans are in full retreat towards their own frontier.

We recorded last week the initiation of this new German offensive into Poland. After the rapid retreat from his first advance, which reached the suburbs of Warsaw on October 14, only to be swept back in ten days to the German border, Gen. von Hindenburg re-formed his army, collected reinforcements from East Prussia and from the western front, and by the second week in November was again ready to resume the offensive. The vanguard of the pursuing Russian army, pressing on, apparently overreached itself, was caught by the renewed advance of the Germans, and suffered the defeat which we mentioned last week in the neighborhood of Plock. The recoil of this defeat drove the Russians back again, across the Vistula, in the direction of Kutno, and to a line on the Bzura River, stretching from Lowicz in a southwesterly direction. Warsaw was apparently again threatened, and German outposts are even reported to have penetrated to within thirty miles of the capital.

Meanwhile to the north and south the situation remained virtually unchanged. In East Prussia, Russian troops were well across the border, forming a thin fringe from the neighborhood of Gumbinnen (the capture of which was actually reported but has not been confirmed), southward to Lyck, and southwest to Soldau. In Galicia the Dunajec River had been reached, and in Southwest Poland the lines were drawn for a battle between Czenstochowo and Cracow, which is apparently still in progress as we write. The latter place was, therefore, threatened on two sides, from Poland and from Galicia. The plan of Gen. von Hindenburg's strategy was daring but perilous. Obviously his immediate objective was not, as in his previous advance, Warsaw. His design on this occasion was to drive a wedge into the Russian centre, inflict a defeat upon the army at that point, and then, before the beaten forces could recover themselves, to make a quick swing north or south. If the swing was to the north, he would attack the Russian army in East Prussia on its left flank, and would cut the railway from Warsaw to Mlawa; if to the south, he would cut the railway from Warsaw through Skiernewice and Piotrkow, and fall upon the rear of the Russian forces before Cracow.

The importance which was attached to the success of Gen. von Hindenburg's strategy is made evident by the comments upon it which have appeared in the German press while the battle was going on, but while no news of its progress was forthcoming. The battle was expected to result in a complete German victory, and the opinion was freely expressed that the success of Gen. von Hindenburg's plan would virtually decide the issue of the campaign in Russia. It would at any rate release a large number of troops for service on the western front and enable the German armies there to resume a vigorous offensive, perhaps—who knows?—even to undertake the long-cherished invasion of England. Yet the perils attending the strategy were obvious. For success it depended on the complete defeat of the army opposed to it. In case of failure it contemplated the risk of attack on either flank. Gen. von Hindenburg took a tremendous chance, and apparently the turn of the cards has gone against him. His position must now, if we accept the reports of his defeat, be by no means an enviable one. Nothing remains but a rapid retreat over the route that he has traversed in face of an army already twice victorious. The factor on which the German experts counted to harass the Russian forces in their retreat to the Bzura River—the impracticable Polish roads and the previous destruction of bridges and viaducts—will now hamper the German army. To those same Polish roads we may assume that the Germans, in large measure, owe their defeat, as they have doubtless deprived the army of the use of some of its most effective artillery. The large forty-two-centimetre guns can only follow the line of the railway, and so are out of the question in a campaign in a country like Poland, and even the six-inch howitzers, which are capable of horse or motor traction over the German highways, could hardly be transported over the indifferent Polish roads.

Foreign Correspondence

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG—"JACK" FISHER BACK AT THE HELM—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE KAISER—LADY ABERDEEN AND THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 6.

The cabal against Prince Louis of Battenberg, which led to his resignation of the post of First Sea Lord, is generally condemned. The intelligence of those who worked it may be gauged from the fact that they regarded the Prince as a German, whereas he is of mixed birth, his mother being a Pole. However, the assumption was geographically near enough. Regarded from the lowest plane of reasoning, it was foolish to suppose that he would conspire against the country to whose sovereign family he is linked by marriage ties and with whose fortunes his own are indissolubly bound. Not more than common people are princes disposed to quarrel with their bread and butter. The plot having succeeded, Prince Louis has felt bound to sacrifice a cherished salary of £1,500 a year, with a convenient residence in the new Admiralty buildings, on whose roof is limned against the sky a wireless telegraph apparatus which hourly communicates with the fleet in the North Sea or cruisers in more distant waters.

It would be idle to assert that had Prince Louis not been a connection of the royal family he would at the present national crisis have been found at a post whose incumbent virtually directs the business administration of the navy. Short of the exceptional capacity proper to that exalted rank, he is recognized by fellow officers who have worked with him as a capable and trustworthy commander. But his most uncompromising adulator would not compare him with Lord Fisher. There is no question that it is to this great seaman and administrator that the navy owes its present predominance afloat. Lord Fisher created the British navy of to-day, and it is only right that in time of war he should be at its head. His recall to the helm has been greeted with an outburst of national applause that must be gratifying and encouraging to the septuagenarian sailor.

Few men have lived a life of wider experience or fuller range of adventure than Lord Fisher. If he were disposed to imitate his sometime subaltern and unfortunately long-time dissevered friend, Lord Charles Beresford, and write his memoirs, it would be the book of the season. The publishers have persistently kept an eye on him. Two years ago one, chancing to hear that I was going to meet him at his son's country house in Norfolk, begged me to lay the project before him. I did as I was bidden. Lord Fisher shook his head, laughed, and proceeded to tell a new story that would have pleasantly filled up a chapter of the proposed book. Among his gifts he is a marvellous raconteur with an endless fund of stories. I have heard him rattle them out at the dinner table from Friday to Monday, and never caught him repeating himself.

The circumstances under which, upon advance to the peerage, he adopted the title "Lord Fisher of Kilverstone" are interesting and characteristic. When, sixty years ago, he was a midshipman, a gentleman named Vavasour visited his ship and interviewed the Captain with desire to interest him in a patent recently obtained for an improvement in naval gunnery. The Captain was unsympathetic, not to say skeptical. The midshipmite who chanced to be on duty in attendance, perceiving the value of the invention, boldly pointed it out. He was sharply reproved for unseemly interference. But upon reflection the Captain, his eyes opened, saw the value of the new departure. He brought it under the notice of the authorities, and in the end it was adopted by the Admiralty. Messrs. Armstrong recognized its value, and offered to purchase the patent for a colossal sum. Mr. Vavasour stood out for a partnership in the great concern, had it conferred upon him, and retained it to the end of his life.

He never forgot the midshipmite who was the founder of his fortune. When Lord Fisher's son was born he became his godfather, bestowed upon him, among other things, his name, and when he died left him his seat in Norfolk with a big estate and a sum of money ear-marked to build a new mansion more in keeping with its many broad acres.

As appears in the interesting memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford just published, he, through all the years when he was in command, whether of a ship or a fleet, devoted his thoughts and his energies to bring them into fighting form in view of the possibility of war. The strange thing is that the enemies he anticipated were France and Russia, France in the first line of certainty. He never once mentioned Germany as a possible foe, a singular fact since during the last twelve years, when at mess tables and ward-rooms in the German army and navy the toast at the dinner table has nightly been "The Day" (meaning the opportunity of getting at the throat of the hated English, a luxury now enjoyed with fulness if not satisfaction), British officers on land or sea habitually talked of an inevitable war with Germany. Lord Charles was, indeed, a personal friend of the Kaiser, who sedulously paid him court. Whenever his Majesty found himself in contiguity with the breezy Admiral, he paid his ship a friendly visit and was received with almost servile welcome.

Lord Charles gives a graphic description of such a visit paid ten years ago, when he was stationed at Gibraltar in command of the Mediterranean fleet. When the Kaiser came aboard for dinner, his flag as honorary admiral in the Royal Navy was hoisted on the British battleship. Passing from the Imperial yacht to Lord Charles's flagship the Imperial pinnace steamed between the boats of the fleet, which formed a passage. Every boat burned a blue light. All oars were tossed in perfect silence, the midshipmen conveying their orders by signs. "After dinner," says Lord Charles, "when it fell to me to propose his Majesty's health, I stood up, glass in hand. As I said the words 'Emperor of Germany' a rocket went up from the deck above, and at the signal every ship in the fleet fired a royal salute." As the Emperor was leaving, the German flag and the Union Jack were hoisted on the rock, half the searchlights of the fleet being turned on one flag and half on the other.

English society in Ireland, which, as a not unfamiliar indication of exclusive loyalty, has systematically boycotted the wife of the representative of the sovereign, is just now excessively indignant with Lady Aberdeen. Certain journals have published in facsimile a letter Lady Aberdeen is alleged to have addressed to the editor of *Freeman's Journal*, in which the following sentence occurs: "I am afraid there is a bit of a plot among the Unionists to capture the Red Cross Society in Ireland and to run it in such a way from London and through county lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants that it will be unacceptable to the Irish Volunteers' people." Shocked at this suggestion, the Committee of the County Dublin branch of the Red Cross Society wrote calling her Ladyship's attention to the matter. As they justly said, the writer of the letter was made to appear as charging a body of Irishmen and Irish women with seizing the occasion of a great public calamity to use for political purposes a charitable institution supported by public subscription. Lady Aberdeen has in the circumstances declined to be drawn into controversy on the subject, turning with renewed zest to pursuit of those good offices among the Irish people which have endeared her to them in degrees hitherto unknown by a denizen of Dublin Castle.

ITALY'S FUTURE ACTION—THE SALANDRA CABINET BEFORE ITS RECONSTRUCTION—PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT.

ROME, October 29.

The Italian Government is to-day in the hands of a strong Prime Minister, Salandra, who, though in office but a short time, has won, up to a certain point, the confidence of the majority of the country. But this confidence has a time limit, and it will go hard with him, as the weeks and months pass, if the people are not more fully convinced that at the close of the great conflict Italy's place in Europe will be one of increased dignity and respect. The colonial war in Tripolitania depleted Italy's military stores, and at the outbreak of the present war the army magazines were empty. In the past three months, however, enormous military preparations have been made, and in January the Italian army will be in a state of efficiency. The Terni works alone are manufacturing a thousand rifles a day; a field battery of the new Italian type, *Deport*, said to be superior even to the French *petit cigare*, is turned out every ten days; shiploads of army shoes and clothing have been imported from the United States; within a short time Italy will have spent seven hundred million francs in urgent military preparations. Will it be possible for the Government to go before Parliament and the people to ask for the approval of such an expenditure, which for Italy is enormous, for the simple purpose of remaining inactive and permanently neutral? If not, it is to be borne in mind that for Italy war to-day has one, and only one, meaning—war against Austria.

In a recent article upon Italian neutrality published in the *Nuova Antologia* of Rome, and signed "An ex-Diplomat," it is emphatically stated that the present European war has not arisen from a necessity for Germany and Austria to defend themselves against aggression, and that the provisions of the Triple Alliance requiring Italy to render them assistance are therefore not operative. Furthermore, Austria's fatal note to Servia was communicated to Italy only when it was given out to the press of Europe; in this action, which was the immediate cause of the war, Italy was disregarded by her confederates of the Triple Alliance, who afterwards hastened to demand her aid. The writer declares that in consequence Italy is "free from every obligation,"

and can act to-day "exclusively from the Italian point of view." Salandra, in reply to men who have asked him for a statement of his policy, has referred them to this same article in the *Nuova Antologia* as expressing his opinions.

The Salandra Cabinet is not, however, itself united in its view of Italy's future action. Rubini, Minister of the Treasury, is known to be stubbornly opposed to war, and his resignation, concerning which there have already been rumors, would be regarded outside as a step in advance towards Italy's participation in the European conflict. San Giuliano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, worked in harmony with his colleagues in the Cabinet because all had agreed that in view of the want of preparation in the army neutrality was the only possible policy for the first months. But as San Giuliano was the Minister who signed the last renewal of the Triple Alliance, it would have been harder for him than it would be for a new man to take diplomatic action now leading to war against Austria. His death on October 16 certainly removed one of the obstacles to Italy's abandonment of neutrality, and there is good reason for the belief that his successor, when Salandra gives up the *ad interim* tenure of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, must be satisfactory to those in the Cabinet who want war—otherwise, and this is quite possible, the Government will fall. The weakness of Salandra's position lies in the mongrel character of his Cabinet. He is himself of the Conservative Centre, but in order to command a majority in Parliament he was obliged, in the formation of his Ministry, to ask the coöperation of the Radical Left (exclusive of the Socialists), which is represented in the Cabinet by Martini and Ciufelli. Now the Radicals and Republicans have declared openly for war.

To those who oppose war with arguments based upon "the Slav peril," the Radicals reply that the Slav peril is quite as great for the rest of Europe as for Italy, and that it is a distant peril, if indeed a peril at all; whereas the German peril is immediate. The cost of war is the strongest argument of those opposed to it. Some, but not all, of the larger financial interests are working against it. Many merchants in Milan are its opponents because they are making fortunes by importing contraband of war into Italy in their own names, and then evading Italy's prohibition of export by declaring the cargoes *in transit* in the port of Genoa, and carrying them through into Germany. But the country at large is moved by more patriotic motives and by considerations of future national interests; it thinks, moreover, of the unredeemed Italian provinces still under the yoke of Austria—Trieste and the Trentino—and is impatient to free these enslaved Italians from foreign tyranny. The Hungarian manager of extensive estates in Austria wrote not long ago to their foreign proprietor stating that 2,700 citizens had been recently hanged or shot by the Austrian Government in the province. "Quiet subsequently reigned." A similar state of terror exists in Austria's Italian provinces, and patriots in Italy hear there to-day a "cry of anguish" identical to that raised by the Lombardo-Venetian provinces subject to Austria in 1859. The peace which follows the war will endure, it may be hoped, for a half-century. If the unredeemed Italian provinces do not become Italian now, it is not improbable that they will be lost forever. X.

The Altman Collection

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

The Altman collection, which was opened last week at the Metropolitan Museum, is so much the most important gift ever made to an American museum that one is tempted to write of it in superlatives. Yet importance is relative, and one is fain to ask if the Marquand pictures were not a greater accession in their day, and whether, if reassembled, they would not pretty well hold their own with the Altman group. Certainly there is nothing in the Altman collection to compare with the Marquand Vermeer, the Halses, the Van Dyck. The two Marquand Rembrandts would hold their own very well beside the newcomers, but the Altman group of thirteen examples—of which ten should be genuine—is comprehensive, and in two women's portraits contains two very great masterpieces. The two Altman Holbeins are invaluable accessions, for the Museum contained only one early and not very representative example. The Altman Ruysdael is incomparable, so is the early Velasquez, Christ at Emmaus. The Francia portrait of A Gonzaga Boy is the freshest and most joyous thing imaginable. Antonello da Messina's portrait of a youth is of amazing saliency and vivacity. The late Botticelli, The Last Communion of St. Jerome, is as poignant as anything that has come from the master's late and tragic years. The Giorgione portrait is full of fire and restrained pathos, and of utmost delicacy as painting. The Mantegna is instinct with religious austerity, and has tones as of old jade and sardonyx. Thus we have perhaps eight or nine pictures of highest merit in their class, as the unchallengeable benefit of the gift. The Marquand gift had about four of this merit. Extending the view from pure quality to historical importance, such accessions as the Gerard David miniature, Christ Taking Leave of His Mother, the Dürer Virgin with St. Anne, the fantastic Van Orley, the four panels rather hopefully ascribed to Memling, the Vermeer, and Rembrandt's Bathsheba, The Man with the Magnifying Glass, and The Auctioneer, are pictures both delightful and important. Of the fifty pictures about one-third are masterpieces, or nearly that. Surely, few collectors can claim a better ratio of hits, few museums even.

Yet the misses are also rather appalling. And as one wanders through the gallery the conviction grows that there is no wall of pictures so harmonious and uniformly fine as the best cases of Chinese porcelain and cut crystal. Perhaps this is in the nature of things, but Mr. Altman seems never to have acquired the same intimate knowledge of pictures that he had of objects of art. He sought for the best, took the highest professional advice, which alternately served him well and ill. Thus the pictures have nothing personal about them as a group, but represent a working consensus of opinion of dealers and experts which does not do unqualified credit to either class of humanity.

I do not wish to dwell on the reverses of a great and generally successful enterprise. Yet the failures are instructive. All the Halses are of the most superficial quality, and represent him near his worst. The Merry Company is one of the ugliest pictures in the world. It is a comfort to suspect with many critics that it is a modern forgery from the similar Dirk Hals in the Louvre. If the flimsy and over-sentimentalized Pilate and the big, dry head of Hendrickje are by Rembrandt, then, to speak Baconianly, some other man must have painted most of his pictures. And why, again, does a harmless little Lombard panel masquerade as a Filippino Lippi? With the Memlings the case is better; for they are all admirable pictures. The Madonna is of jewel-like blitheness of color, a schoolpiece of enticing quality. The amiable man from the Oppenheim collection surely was not painted in Memling's century, and may well be German. The two Portinari portraits are so fine that no one will quarrel violently with the attribution, which, however, has little to commend it. Karl Voll relegates all four panels to the doubtful list, and there they belong. The Fra Angelico Crucifixion is an impressive echo of his great fresco at St. Marco, but the work seems that of a merely competent scholar.

In the field of Italian sculpture, such gracious masterpieces as the Donatello and the Luca della Robbia Madonna immediately discredit a marble head of about the stolid competence of Bregno, which carries Verrocchio's great name. As for the stucco version of the Bargello Youthful John in sandstone—variously ascribed to Donatello and Desiderio—the antiquity of the Altman example would take a lot of proving. Such rather summary eliminations are necessary before enjoying unqualified masterpieces. Three pictures seem to me of highest value. First, the early Velasquez, Christ at Emmaus. The Spanish master, through sheer probity and rightness of feeling, has done admirably what has been essayed disastrously a thousand times: told a Bible story successfully as a local and contemporary event. How would the revelation at Emmaus have looked in an Andalusian inn? That is the simple theme. The Christ intent on the act breaks bread, a young disciple starts forward with amazed joy, a weather-beaten old disciple gradually and perplexedly grasps the great fact. The very externality of it, the absence of formal pathos, constitutes a sort of nobility. There never was greater fidelity to honest appearance, and honest appearance is enough. The painting is of steel-like perfection, the whole effect extraordinarily alert, yet sober and masculine. It is the high exemplar of this sort of Spanish realism, the realism one knows best in Zurburan.

Two fine late Rembrandts, The Auctioneer and The Man with the Magnifying Glass, Dr. Valentiner has lately identified as portraits of Rembrandt's son Titus. This seems very doubtful to me, for Titus died short of thir-

ty, while these two men, obviously two, and neither like the famous youthful Titus, are palpably middle-aged. It is more important to note that they are both fine interpretations. Rembrandt's portrait of himself seems the ruthless record of a black moment of self-contempt. It is as if he had faced the worst that could be seen or said of his premature decrepitude. The look is harassed and peevish. As a document it is valuable, yet it insists on something one would rather have inferred. It qualifies in a pathetic sense the heroic effigies in the Louvre and in the Frick collection. I doubt if the little Bathsheba quite deserves the eulogistic rhetoric that has been lavished upon her. To be sure, the painting of the central group is exquisite, the revelation of wholesome nude forms in the gloom alluring. There is an undeniable homely faery quality about the thing; it evokes legend. But the group is rather carelessly lost in the space, the accessories are a bit distracting, the indications of distance sleek, thin as painting. There is just a tinge of staginess about it, and one cannot but compare it disadvantageously either with the marvellous Bathsheba of the Louvre or the pearl-like Finding of Moses in the Johnson collection. The portrait of young Titus seems wafted or caressed on to the canvas rather than painted. Its tenderness is almost oversweet.

Of all the Rembrandts the two most remarkable are two portraits of old women, one painted in 1635, the other in 1658. They are masterpieces, respectively, of analytical and synthetic painting. In the earlier portrait all the surfaces are minutely charted and reproduced. Except for the subordination of the costume, the method is minutely topographical. It is amazing that the initial sympathy and curiosity could be maintained through so laborious a process. But that is the magic of all primitive artists, and Rembrandt in this work is a primitive. Nothing but belief in his subject-matter will carry an artist safely through these cumulative labors, and Rembrandt plainly did believe in this fine old dame, self-controlled, wistfully, bravely facing the ordeal of decline. The thing is perfect in character and faultless in painting, in spite of over-cleaning, lovely in its contrast of live blacks with creamy whites. It makes some of the later Rembrandts on the walls, with all their *maitrise* and emphasized pathos, look just a little theatrical and slovenly. But the later method finds its brilliant warrant in spectral vision, called The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails. It might equally as well have been named, as Dr. Valentiner genially hints, The Cumæan Sibyl. How what Maes would have prudently treated on small scale as a genre subject, Rembrandt boldly treats at full scale and with heroic effect, is one of the mysteries. To solve it would be to lay bare the harassed, heroic soul of Rembrandt himself, yet the symbols of what makes an epic figure of this old woman engrossed in a sordid necessary task are plain enough on the canvas.

We have simply so many strong accents, with complete disregard of the specific forms and textures of the smaller surfaces. The thing is reduced to a few large surfaces, if indeed we may apply so static a word to what are quivering dynamic indications of pits that hold shadow and bosses that reflect light. The figure has been reconstructed with a new and personal scale of emphasis. No detail is copied, nothing has value or meaning except in the particular relations conceived for this canvas. The work is not a charting, as in the earlier picture, but a symbolism for something deeply felt and seen chiefly with the inner eye. The old lady of 1635 is, one might say, modelled from the front by the spectator's eye, that goes back along her forms and verifies them; the old lady of 1658 is modelled from behind by the light-impregnated air that comes forward and envelops her. She exists as a vision, and her forms require no verification. Her impressiveness is due largely to the sparseness and emphasis of the method and the concentration of the effect, the poetry is not extraneous or communicable in words, but in the very nature of the vision. I must not labor a very old distinction. Yet a study of these pictures will make vivid certain fundamental truths in artistic expression no less important to be realized because they are old and ticketed truths. It is instructive to see exemplified in the work of a single master the rightness of both methods. It is also encouraging for the future of the synthetic method to see so magnificent a success at its very beginnings. Nor need we stress the obvious fact that the case of Rembrandt shows that to attain synthesis otherwise than through a severe preliminary analysis is the hope of a fool and the programme of a charlatan. If *Rembrandt als Erzieher* means anything, it means this.

Any adequate review of the collection would require several articles. I may now only remark the general high quality of the porcelains. The cases of ox-blood, green, and white are a joy for well-assembled beauties of tone and form. Generally, the installation of the collections is excellent, though the eighteenth-century French sculptures, Houdon, Pigalle, Clodion, and Falconnet, live very ill with the Rembrandts in the large gallery. It is draped in the green velour taken from the Altman house, and thus pleasantly recalls a past that many were sorry to see terminated. Yet it must be admitted that almost without exception the pictures gain from the truer and more abundant light they now have. Of the five galleries the most harmonious is perhaps that in which against deep blue hangings are set the Italian marbles and bronzes, with a few fine bits of majolica and pieces of Renaissance furniture, not to mention precious Eastern rugs and early Brussels tapestry. It is a place that invites to the solace of quiet inspection. More ingenious is the assembling, against a common background of warm mouse color, of the Primitives and seventeenth-century portraits. The hazard is justified by the results, but I doubt if this glorified "limousine" effect, which for the moment is piquant, will wear well.

On the crystals, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Renaissance, including the sumptuous Rospigliosi coupe by Benvenuto Cellini, there would be an entire article to write, but the reader is best referred to the excellent illustrated handbook issued by the Museum.

Through the acquisition of the Altman pictures the Metropolitan more than doubles its resources, if the reckoning be made by great pictures. For the first time it approximates the richness of the famous European galleries. It now has to be reckoned with, if not like Paris, Florence, Madrid, London, Berlin, or even Venice and Milan, at least like Kassel or Budapest. This may seem a modest claim, but, without Mr. Altman's generosity, in the present condition of the picture market, it would have taken a generation for the Metropolitan Museum to reach such a position.

Book Notes and Byways

THE SUPPRESSED LEAVES OF HAKLUYT'S "PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS."

I suspect that few persons in our day pore over the black-letter folios (or for that matter, the modern reprints) of that prince of documentary historians, Richard Hakluyt. Nevertheless, the perusal of Hakluyt is a diverting business, affording both delight and profit. And though few besides the scholar may read his books, there are fortunately still some who collect them. A bibliographical note, therefore, on the London, 1599-1600, edition of that noble collection, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," the third (or American) volume of which is one of the foundation stones of our history, will perhaps be of some interest.

The issue of 1599 is the counterpart, page for page, of the edition of 1598, except that from the title-page of Volume I all reference to the "famous victorie atchieued at the citie of Cadiz" is omitted. The account of this exploit occupies pages 607-619 of the 1598 edition; but owing to the disgrace of the Earl of Essex, in 1599, these leaves were suppressed by order of Queen Elizabeth, and the title-page changed. The disgrace of Essex swiftly followed his memorable quarrel with the amiable Elizabeth, who, it is said, slapped the Earl's face.

At a later time, the leaves on Cadiz were reprinted, and are to be found in many copies of the 1599 edition of "The Principal Navigations." In his elaborate and very thorough "Catalogue of Books relating to the Discovery and Early History of North and South America" (forming a part of the library of E. D. Church), Mr. George Watson Cole describes three distinct issues of the voyage to Cadiz, but appears to have been unaware of the fact that two of these are in reality merely reprints, published more than a century and three-quarters after the original. Issue No. 2, as described by Mr. Cole, is printed on paper which bears a watermark dated 1790, and issue No. 3 was probably reprinted about 1778. Mr. Henry N. Stevens, of London, informs me that,

some years ago, there came into the possession of his firm a copy of this so-called third issue on which was written, in a contemporary hand, "From a London catalogue 1778 2sh. 6d." Thus it will be seen that there are not three states of the Cadiz leaves, two being reprints and nothing more.

The suppressed leaves now and then appear in facsimile, but I should say that the reprints are superior and more to be desired. My own copy of this edition of "the prose epic of the modern English nation" contains the account of the voyage to Cadiz reprinted, as there is reason to believe, about 1778.

It is perhaps worth while to add a word concerning the famous map of the world by Emmerie Molineaux, "finished about 1600," and designed to accompany Hakluyt's work. It bears two inscriptions, of which one is, in part, as follows: "Thou hast here (gentle reader) a true hydrographical description of so much of the world as hath beene hetherto discouered, and is comne to our knowledge." The rarity of this map—a copperplate measuring 25⅛ by 16⅞ inches—is so great that only thirteen copies were traced by Mr. Cole. A copy of Hakluyt containing the original Molineaux map realized £375, in 1894, and another was purchased by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, in 1897, for £275. An excellent facsimile is available, and collectors should not fail to have it inserted in their copies of the 1599-1600 edition of "The Principal Navigations." Capt. A. H. Markham, in his edition of "The Voyages and Works of John Davis, the Navigator" (London, MDCCCLXXX), advances reasons for suspecting that this map is the work of Edward Wright, a well-known mathematician; and Mr. Cole styles it "The so-called Molineaux-Wright map."

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Madison, Wis.

Correspondence

THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber to the *Nation* for many years, I beg you to insert some lines in your paper, not to gain the sympathy for our cause, but to state the justice of our standpoint. I have entirely missed in your journal, and also in other American papers, an impartial discussion of the causes of the present war; I find a good deal of wrong information, based on the infamous lies of the English press, and, of course, false conclusions drawn from false premises. Allow me simply to state some facts which were obvious some months ago, and which are now quite forgotten.

The present war originated in the Servian conflict: Austria could no longer tolerate the dangerous agitation in her southern provinces, and Russia found it necessary to protect that kingdom of criminals by force of arms. The mobilization of the Russian army was the signal for the general war, a fact that cannot be denied. But the Servian question was only the occasion that led to the war; the real causes, and, of course, the real responsibilities for the war must be found in the policy of the different states in the last years. You cannot deny that Germany and Austria have constantly worked for the preservation of peace, even at the cost of their own interests. Germany did not profit by the South African war, nor by the Russo-Japanese war, to settle her controversies with England and Russia; Austria kept peace in the time of the Balkan wars and sacrificed great interests to the cause of the European peace. Germany renounced Morocco for the preservation of peace. The German and the Austrian Governments have done all for that cause; they have never had any aggressive tendencies against other nations.

The case is quite different with the Powers of the Entente. Russia, as her prominent writers and statesmen have asserted,* aims at the occupation of Constantinople and at the union of all the Slavonic peoples under the sceptre of the Czar. These aims are absolutely inconsistent with the vital interests of Austria and also of Germany. There you have one real cause underlying the present war. The other one is the desire shared by the majority of the French nation to regain their provinces lost in 1871. This desire was the leading motive of the French policy. And England? Why did England join France and Russia, neglecting, at the same time, very important interests of hers? For the cause of peace? England assured France and Russia of her assistance with the purpose of destroying the German navy, German industry, and German commerce. The Entente, from the beginning, aimed at the very destruction of the Empires of Germany and Austria. By the policy of the Entente Europe was for many years in a constant fear of war. It is a fact that Russia began her mobilization in the spring of this year, and it was told in your own paper that England had made ready for war at the same time. The Servian affair was, as you see, not the real cause of the war; the cause of the war must be found in the aggressive policy of the Entente.

You see by the statement of these simple facts that it is a fable to say that England was going to war for the cause of Belgian neutrality. It is quite certain that France and England had the plan to attack Germany by way of Belgium, and that the Belgian Government had—even before the outbreak of the war—adhered to the Entente. French soldiers were seen in Belgium before the Germans entered the country. Belgium was not a neutral country. Belgium was, before the war, on the side of the Entente. Many lies have been told by our adversaries about the so-called "breach of the Belgian neutrality"; more lies have been told about "German atrocities" committed in Belgium. I suppose that you are now informed about the circumstances under which these so-called "atrocities" were committed: how the Belgians behaved like beasts and murdered and mutilated our brave soldiers in a treacherous way. I hope that you are now informed, likewise, about the Russian atrocities committed in the province of Eastern Prussia, and that you have protested against these barbarous atrocities, not in the least justified by anything. I hope that you have protested, or that you will protest, against the sending of savages of Africa and Asia by the French and the English, who fight "for civilization" with the aid of negroes and Indians!

I confidently trust that the opinions of many Americans will change when they are informed about these matters. It is not my task to tell where American interests lie in the European conflict, but I wish to state some facts relating to this question. To be sure, the United States is interested in the integrity of China and in the maintenance of the open door in this vast region. Germany has the same interests, but what are the interests of Japan and Russia? Some foolish writers have asserted that Germany has had the intention to violate the Monroe Doctrine; it is sure that Germany has never tried to do so, and that Germany does not own an inch of territory in the New World. Our interests in the Western Hemisphere are purely commercial.

The case is quite different with France, and especially with Great Britain. England is, with the United States, by far the greatest Power of the New World, has many possessions and many interests in America, which are not always identical with the interests of the United States. I know very well that the relations of the two "Anglo-Saxon Powers" have been very good in the last years, but who can guarantee that they will be so in the future? The relations of Germany and England were intimate twenty years ago, and it is not more than twenty years since France and England and England and the United States were on the edge of war. Is the absolute hegemony of the English sea-power really in the interest of the United States? And is the hegemony of Russia on the Continent of Europe and Asia consistent with the supreme interests of the United States? Americans may answer these questions for themselves. You will probably tell me that you, also, fear a hegemony of Germany on the European Continent, and perhaps also on the sea. But I think reasonable people will see at once that such hegemony is an utter impossibility. Germany wants to preserve her independence and integrity, Germany wants to be assured against the attacks of envious Powers, but she does not claim the hegemony on the sea, like England, or even the hegemony on the European Continent.

At this moment I receive the *Nation* of September 17, with the excellent article of "Vernon Lee." If many persons in England were so fair as "Vernon Lee," an understanding between the two nations would be possible. There is only one error: Happily there is no danger of famine or starvation in Germany. In the last years Germany has become a rye-exporting country, and in this year our harvest was exceptionally good. I admire the article of "J. H. W." for its florid fantasy. How can a reasonable person think that there is a possibility of reducing Russia or England "to the negligible military status which Spain now occupies"? And how can a reasonable person assert that Germany would attack the United States? We see, with deep regret, that many Americans have such a misconception of the character of the German nation. The Germans are a peaceful nation, who want to live in friendship with the whole world, and cherish especially the friendship of the United States. It is, likewise, an utter misconception to speak of the rule of a "military caste" or a "military despotism" in Germany. Germany is a free country, like England and France; the rule of a military caste and despotism you may find in Russia, but not in Germany. Germany wants, of course, a strong army for her self-defence. The whole German nation, without exception, is quite united in this moment to defend herself. There are no differences of party, rank,

*Read the illuminating article of Professor Mitrofanow in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* of June, 1914. The statements of that Russian professor will convince you of the aims of the "peace-loving" Russians.

or creed; the Germans are, as they never have been before, "a united nation of brethren."

PAUL DARMSTAEDTER.

Göttingen, Germany, October 11.

THE ETHICS OF NEUTRALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Suppose that one of the belligerent Powers decided as follows: *Every prisoner to be henceforth burnt alive.* Of course, neutrals would protest against such wanton cruelty; but would they think themselves bound by neutrality to do nothing else? I hardly believe that. They would, I hope, send warning to the barbarian, forbidding him to burn his captives and menacing him, in case he did so, with some severe measures of retaliation, such as seizure of ships and goods, imprisonment of his citizens, etc.

I have chosen an extreme case which appeals to everybody. But what about bomb-throwing from airships on undefended towns, useless killing of women and children? Must neutrals look on at such horrors and be content to pray that they will come to a speedy end? I think that in the wicked game which is war fair play can and must be enforced, and I am sure that the enforcement of that *minimum* of humanity means observing the ethics of neutrality.

S. REINACH.

Paris, November 5.

EARL ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death, under romantic circumstances, of England's most popular soldier has inevitably brought forth a vast crop of biographical and historical reminiscence, but, curiously enough, of all those I have read, not one has succeeded in suggesting even remotely the real personality of the man. That he was an able soldier, a born leader of men, careless of his life, earnest and sincere, all these things we have heard. But the soldier in Roberts was but a small part, perhaps the least important of the whole. He was emphatically one of those men who are greatest because of the woman that is in them, and by "woman" I mean that he possessed just those qualities of intuition, understanding, and sympathy which are usually regarded as the highest feminine attributes.

In the twentieth century, Roberts for all his intense life, which never flickered even to the last, was something of an anachronism. In the outer virtues he was emphatically a Victorian; in soul he belonged to an age which perhaps never existed, but which has come down to us as the age of chivalry. Sir Galahad and Sir Guy, of Warwick, or, more historically speaking, Bayard and the Cid Campeador, are chiefly admirable, the former because they never existed, the latter because only the unreal parts of their lives have probably come down to us. Bayard was, very likely, in private life a bloodthirsty scoundrel of unpleasant habits—he almost had to be, considering the age in which he lived. He had certain conceptions of military conventions which appealed to his contemporaries, and the merciful fogs of history have done the rest. But Roberts, who lived among us as one of us, did actually strive to live the life of the "chevalier sans peur and sans reproche" and succeeded as well as it is given any man to succeed.

In history he will no doubt live as the great captain of Afghanistan, of South Africa, and a hundred other campaigns, almost as the central point round which revolved half a century of British military history. To those who knew him, however slightly, he will rather be remembered as the little, tender-hearted man-woman, with the kind eyes that understood. I can vouch for at least one unhappy little infantry subaltern of Territorials whom in half a dozen sentences, and without saying anything in particular, he rescued from a position of the most painful mortification—he had clubbed his half-company in the very presence of the great ones of the army. And there is a private from the same battalion who, I think, must have shed tears when he heard that "Bobs" was dead, because Bobs once spoke to him, as he would very proudly recall, "just like it might be you nor me." It was a drab little Cockney life, and any kindness from those in high places would no doubt be remembered as marking an epoch. But it could not have gained a real devotion so easily. That was "Bobs's" secret—or the secret of his eyes.

I never saw Lord Roberts until his fighting days were over, in the field. But he was just as truly the V. C.-deserving lad when his body had reached its eighties. And his all-embracing sympathy, especially for those less fortunately placed, remained with him. Especially was this shown in his attitude towards those reporters, ushers, and doorkeepers with whom he came into fortuitous association when "stumping the country" in his later years. I am not sure that in his last campaign, wherein he sought to arouse England to the danger of her unpreparedness, it did not actually militate against his success. You may defeat a rival general in the field without hating him; you are indeed more likely to win if your passions do not run away with you. But, in these democratic days, you must never omit to abuse your political opponent from the platform; either he is a scoundrel or you are, and if you do not call him what he is, it is a sign that you are what he calls you.

His very real humility, again, militated against his platform success. Because he was notoriously a religious man, of the unquestioning childlike faith that characterized the Victorian Age, he has been compared over and over again to Chinese Gordon. In actual fact, no two men could have been more unlike; you could as well compare Buddha to Mohammed. Like John Nicholson—one of Roberts's heroes by the way—Gordon never admitted that it was possible for the other side to have the rights of the matter; Roberts could never forget it. Roberts could never—as did Nicholson—have made the Hindu chieftain who entered his presence shod, himself remove his shoes and carry them out in his hand as a sign of inferiority. Roberts could appreciate Nicholson's point of view; he would have been too keenly conscious of the Indian's degradation to order it himself. And so it was with Havelock and any of the group of Victorian heroes who held India in Mutiny days; perhaps because he was of a later generation Roberts lacked that dour Covenanting spirit that could cheerfully slay the heathen for the good of their souls. Slay them he could and did, in the cause of duty, but never, I am sure, with enjoyment.

One reason, I imagine, why the army idolized its great chief, was because he possessed to so high a degree the sporting spirit which Mr. Atkins is showing so markedly at the front just now. Not the killing, not even the winning appealed to him so much as the joy of the game. His idea of an ideal war would have been one in which each side, while fighting desperately and performing innumerable deeds of heroism, could part unhurt, ready to fight again next morning. He could appreciate, again, the good points of an enemy, as he showed only a few days before his death, when he publicly appealed to his fellow-countrymen to refrain from "killing Kruger with their mouths" and belittling the heroism of the Germans. We are told that the German press joined with the rest of the world in praising Roberts after his death. If so, it shows that his words did not fall always on stony ground.

Roberts gained many laurels and wore them well; but it will not be as the war-leader that those of us who knew him, however slightly, remember him; rather as the slight, fragile figure in the frock coat of political life, standing very erect and alert, paper of notes in hand, his words almost falling over each other in their eagerness, pounding home the argument to which he gave his last years, yet always kindly, courteous, thoughtful for the feelings of others, so that even those who came to jeer could but stay, if not to praise, at least to admire and sympathize. Roberts's death closes an epoch, that of the Christian soldier as compared with the scientific destroyer. England may find many great generals in years to come; she will be lucky if one of them so truly deserves the epitaph of "a verray parfit gentil knight."

O. M. HUEFFER.

New York, November 20.

METHODS OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In consequence of a letter of mine appearing in the *Nation* not long ago, asking attention to the probable menace to the United States in case of a complete German-Austrian success in the present war, I received a letter from an officer of the so-called "Navy League of the United States," inviting my interest in its purposes, viz., the building of a strong navy. Along with the letter came a number of pamphlets, setting forth the needs for a strong military and naval force.

One of these pamphlets is a reprint of an article, published in 1911 in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, entitled "God's Test by War," written by one Harold F. Wyatt.

I do not know who that author is. But I wish to call public attention to the perniciousness of the doctrines by which this Navy League seeks to obtain converts. If there is anything in Gen. Bernhardi's book more degradingly materialistic, more sanctimoniously unmoral, more detestably alien to modern civilization, than the principles urged upon us in this pamphlet, I did not find it in the German's book.

Here are a few passages:

"Efficiency for war is God's test of a nation's soul. This is the ethical content of competition."

"Warlike efficiency at the present time is the price of moral and spiritual quality."

"If war could suddenly be rendered henceforth impossible upon earth, the machinery by which national corruption is punished and national virtue rewarded would be ungeared. The higher would cease to supersede the lower."

"While human nature remains what it is at present, war must retain its place beside death as a vital and essential part of the economy of God. The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path to victory."

"A spurious and bastard humanitarianism masquerading as religion declares war to be an anachronism and a barbaric sin."

"War remains the means by which, as between nations or races, the universal law that the higher shall supersede the lower shall continue to work."

And with anticipatory imitation of the German Chancellor's morality, there is repeated reference to "bits of paper which are written treaties."

This seems a proper place to express the opinion that the spurious biology and repulsive morality of this pamphlet furnish no fit arguments to win the American people to the purposes of the Navy League. A headnote to the pamphlet warns readers that the League's officers "do not fully endorse all that is in it." But the article has only a single thesis, and the above quotations represent it—the glorification of war as an instrument of righteousness. And the League is knowingly urging that thesis in circulating the pamphlet.

The time seems to have come when this detestable philosophy is seeking to gain a footing on our own shores; and we should unite to avow our repudiation of it.

JOHN H. WIGMORE.

Chicago, November 16.

"DR. GRAVES" AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Mr. Pearson, in one of his delightful articles in the *Nation*, recently spoke of a book called "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves," promising that the reader would find it entertaining, but not, perhaps, authentic. On this commendation, I have read the book, which seems to me to be as hair-raising as Mr. Pearson pronounced it, but which presents some evidences of untrustworthiness that even your critic appears to have overlooked. I mean that more than one hand has shared in its writing and that one of these hands was American. The introductory incidents of the book are written in the style that Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. William Le Queux have made their own, and the rest of the volume is full of Americanisms. "Dr. Graves" tells us that he knows very little of America and a great deal of England; he says that he was used for work in the latter country because of his knowledge of the English of London, but he talks of posing as "a strawberry *fiend*," of doing a "stunt," and of "mailing" (not "posting") a letter! What English-trained speaker of English would write: "Midnight interviews led to some *mighty* unexpected travelling"? Or: "Somebody *says to call* up that number"? One begins to doubt the "Doctor's" boasted cosmopolitanism when his knowledge of Zulu is shown only by his careful translation of the salutation "Koom," familiar to our boyhood delight in Rider Haggard. And *what* is one to think of the valued member of the German Secret Service who answers the Kaiser with a "Yes, sir"? Either the "Doctor" is not quite all that he represents himself to be, or else he has suffered from some very slovenly editing.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Cloughton-Newlands, Cloughton-under-Scarborough, Eng., November 9.

Literature

FOX AND THE REVOLUTION.

George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Vol. II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.

In measured terms the author assures his readers that this volume was completed before the outbreak of the actual European war, and contains no allusion, direct or covert, to passing events. "The story of the manly and chivalrous spirit in which, four generations ago, the two great English-speaking nations fought out, and ended, their famous quarrel is a story that an Englishman need have no scruple about telling even at a moment when his country, with a steadfast and grounded belief in the justice of his cause, is in the throes of war." He names four of the leaders—Viscount Howe and Sir Guy Carleton, Generals Greene and Washington, two on either side in the contest—who "set a memorable example of how it behooves gallant and humane men to comport themselves under the stress of arms." These forewords, written after the volume was in type, express the spirit of the history. For war and militarism no sympathy is shown; the best side of the leaders' characters are presented, and unfavorable opinions occur but rarely. Gates was "an impostor of a general," and Robertson a dishonest bully. Whether praise or blame is given, the general conclusions are not so extreme as to excite question.

The military events in America after 1780 called for no extended notice. The last campaigns in the Southern States—the running fight between Greene and Cornwallis, and the combined move by French and Americans against Yorktown—are told in sufficient detail, but present no novelty. To Greene the highest praise is given, based upon the admissions of those who suffered defeat at his hands. Yet he never won a battle, nor was he "a general of the first order." A vivid picture of partisan warfare in the Carolinas does not needlessly dwell upon the cruelties practiced and ignores the difficulties imposed upon Greene by the disinclination of too independent leaders to coöperate. French and Americans, Rochambeau and Washington, are commended, and the transfer of sea power for the time gave the victory to independent America. A description of what passed in New York, "the dreary and sordid annals of military government," in which all self-government was denied to the loyalists, explains the slight hold on the country gained by British arms. The officials plundered loyalist as well as rebel. At home the Ministry suppressed a promising inquiry into the conduct of the war, knowing well how far they would stand condemned in an honest and thorough investigation.

Under a notoriously corrupt Ministry, Great Britain had alienated Europe from any sympathy with her contest in the colonies. France and Spain had declared war against her, and Holland was soon to be involved, chiefly through the able and aggressive negotiations of John Adams. The rulers of Prussia and Russia dwelt upon the folly of the contest, and the northern Powers combined in the neutrality league against her sea-power and maritime pretensions. Britain stood alone, challenged by Europe, unprepared for war, and hampered by her costly and ineffective operations in America. The politicians, responsible for bringing the country to such a pass, had remained in full power for six years, deceiving themselves and the people by claiming a strong royalist following in the rebellious colonies, one sufficient to conquer in the end. But after 1780 the true contest was at home, and not in America. Either North and his following must be driven from office, or the empire ruined.

Thus political England offers the most attractive field to the author, and the career of Fox is his principal concern. A Parliamentary as well as administrative experience gives color and weight to his narrative. Here the author is at his best, drawing his material from contemporaneous records with an unerring eye to the picturesque, and interspersing reflections and "characters" as required. He is a strong partisan, and does not spare language in describing the misdeeds of the Bedfords, of Germaine, and of Sandwich. Against them he sets the earlier Ministry of Chatham and the leaders of his successors—Rockingham, Richmond, and Camden. His hero, Fox, supplies the running comment, making a fight of years against the corruption and indifference of the Ministry to the interests of the nation; and later acquiring with Burke and Pitt a strength to compel North to retire. For the wrongheaded King and for North himself the author has some liking, regarding the Minister as sacrificed to an imperious master, whom he could not desert because of his personal obligations to him, and because the political system prevented a reform. So centred was the majority in Parliament in the landed interest, such was the official strength of those who benefited by the war expenditures, and such the influence of the King in obtaining support, that, after six years of open misrule, a new election actually gave the powers of mischief an increased majority.

Taking advantage of the fears awakened by the Gordon riots, the King, without warning to the Opposition, but after carefully providing for his own success, suddenly ordered a dissolution of Parliament. The open purchase of seats, the flagrant bribery and abuse of influence, and, above all, the scandalous acts of Ministerial agents, resulted in a victory for the crown. It was dearly bought, for such as it was the representative system permitted the ablest of the Opposition to obtain seats in Parliament, and emphasized the King's position in seeking to exclude them. Burke, thrown out at Bristol, was returned by one of those pocket bor-

oughs which later served as the best of reasons for abolishing the system. Keppel, defeated at Windsor, was accepted by Surrey. Fox, after a close and exciting contest, carried Westminster. The use of the personal influence of the sovereign turned the Opposition leaders to plans of Parliamentary reform.

The contradictions in the political system of Britain were manifest. We are told that at few periods in the history of the country did so large a proportion of the people keep so jealous, attentive, and intelligent watch upon the course of public events. The press, of which Sir George makes a discriminating use, served to keep the people in ignorance of what occurred, either at home or abroad. Venality controlled the Ministerial papers, and the Opposition sheets knew only what was given out from official sources. The country was ruled by families, and the press by a clique. With a limited following they abounded in libels and abusive insinuation, exerting little direction on public opinion, and exposing in a half-hearted manner the faults of administration. The notorious profits given to placemen and party hacks on the negotiation of a public loan should have made the kingdom resound with denunciation. But Ireland was the silent member of the union, and Scotch politics offered even darker spots than English. Adam Smith showed North new sources of revenue, but did not correct the abuses of the old. A Priestley or a Price could not teach or preach in London, forbidden by old and intolerant laws. When showing great advances in the arts, England numbered few capable men among her rulers.

The restrictions on suffrage made it almost unnecessary to educate the people politically. They had no opportunity to make themselves heard save by petition, and the Opposition recognized their opportunity. The "Yorkshire petition" against the undue increase of the influence of the Crown seemed revolutionary and almost disloyal. Cartwright is drawn from an undeserved forgetfulness as the father of Parliamentary reform. Agitation spread. Shelburne's stroke at the origin of evil—the expenditure of public money—supported by Burke in the Commons, tested the growing weakness of the Ministry; to which the acceptance of Dunning's motion, embodying the Yorkshire petition, gave the final touch. The recognized failure of the campaigns in America, the apprehended approach of national defeat on sea and land, and the unceasing demands for increased taxation, forced North to resign, and with a new Ministry the war with America ceased to have an object, if it ever had one. Personal government by the King stood condemned after a trial of twenty years, and as "turbid and barren a record" as history could show. Of the peace negotiations Sir George does not treat, and the volume terminates abruptly with the entry of the new Ministry into power, with its pledge of peace. On Fox is laid the responsibility for throwing away the victory by refusing to serve under Shelburne.

This series of volumes stands alone as a history of the American War of Independence, at once so careful of the amenities of history, so favorable to the American cause and its leading actors, so unsparing in its criticism of the royal policy and agents, so replete with interesting pictures of English social conditions. The judicious selection of material and the charm of presentation amply compensate for the few errors to be found, such as the double confusion concerning Col. Washington, of Carolina. A reading cannot but lead to a better understanding of the contest between the colonies and the mother country, to a better comprehension of the difficulties Great Britain labored under through the inexpressibly bad system of representation and consequent administration. To the author may be extended a grateful appreciation of his endeavor to show the rights of the matter, and the added wish that he may complete as successfully his history of Charles James Fox.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wonder-Worker. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's.

This story begins like a play, by letting the reader into the secret:

> This is a story about two old people, their three children, and their fifteen grandchildren. Jacob West was seventy-six. Annie Shard was seventy-five. They lived together as husband and wife since Jacob was nineteen and Annie eighteen. All their friends said they were a very respectable, good-living, dear old couple. They had never been married. Nobody knew.

The wonder-worker, we are rather glad to say, does not appear in the narrative at all. But Jacob and Annie go to hear him preach, and the unconfessed uneasiness about their neglect of ceremony, which has been growing upon each of them, becomes first conviction of sin and then a determination to confess to their children. Meanwhile they have come to believe that several of their acquaintances have in some way discovered their secret. This belief gives rise to the best scenes in the book. The children, who are prosperous people with social ambitions, are not so much scandalized at the fact as alarmed at the possibility that it may be noised abroad. The daughter, in attempting to bribe an old charwoman to secrecy, reveals to her the horrid fact which she has never suspected, and in a similarly gratuitous way betrays it to another acquaintance. But the author, while willing that we should be amused by the antics of the respectable children, also wishes us to take the old people very seriously. Here, in failing to realize the limitations of his material, he has gone astray. For the purposes of farcical comedy it may do very well to assume that two simple and uneducated persons thus informally allied could live happy and unsuspected for fifty years, could then be convinced of their sin, and be induced to explode a bomb in the family by confession. But it will not do to expect the intelligent reader to sympathize keenly with these gray-haired paradoxes, nor to ask him to be present at their wedding in a spirit of reverence.

The Three Sisters. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Once, in "The Divine Fire," Miss Sinclair succeeded in telling a story which dealt frankly with spades, but did not make a fetich of them. Her hero, though a genius, was not the familiar weakling of feminine romance; and matters of sex occupied hardly more than their natural place in his young life. Elsewhere this writer seems never to have quite escaped into the wholesome world. Preoccupied with the mysteries of passion, she is as if condemned to find passion, on the whole, more shameful than glorious. "The Helpmate," that inquisitive study of young wifehood, we have always felt should have been called "The Bedfellow"; there was the real plane and point of view. We think of no English phrase to substitute for "The Three Sisters" as a more meaning title for the present story: a Frenchman might have named it "Les Trois Amoureuses."

They are daughters of an English vicar who has been thrice married, and who would be now provided with a fourth spouse if his third wife had not left him by desertion instead of by death. At fifty-seven he is still a sensualist, resentful of his enforced celibacy, and impatient of the happier lot of others. Because his youngest daughter has shown herself susceptible, he has taken them all three to the barren and gloomy village of "Garth in Garthdale." The only marriageable male in the neighborhood is a young physician, and to him the thoughts of the three sisters turn. They are very different thoughts, since the three belong to distinct types—one might say vaguely an Aphrodite, a Demeter, and an Artemis. Alice, the youngest, has inherited a physical need of love. Failing to win the gentleman, she gives herself to a clodhopper, who finally marries her. Gwendolen, the middle sister, yields her proud heart to Dr. Rowcliffe, and she is the one he really loves. But Mary, the elder, has marked him for her own, and, sly and persistent beneath the apparent bounty of her goodness and sweetness, and aided by the wasted magnanimity of Gwendolen, wins her way to be his wife. Then, to clinch her hold upon him, she sets herself to rob him of his virtue—his ambition, energy, self-respect. "She had more pleasure, because she had more confidence, in this lethargic, middle-aged Rowcliffe than in Rowcliffe young and energetic. His youth attracted him to Gwenda and his energy had driven him out of doors. And Mary had set herself, secretly, insidiously, to destroy them. It had taken her seven years." Finally, in his sloth and degeneration of body and spirit, the last shred of his romantic feeling for poor Gwenda visibly ceases to be. So far as he is concerned there is pathos in the situation, but as he is a weakling to begin with, there is

no more than that. Gwenda, the generous and the pure of heart, haplessly compassing her own and her lover's ruin, is the one figure which approaches tragic force.

Kent Knowles: Quahaug. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In this book, Mr. Lincoln has deserted his old friends, the sea breezes and the quaint folk of Cape Cod, and has wandered after strange gods—with somewhat questionable results. One is inclined to wonder why he has made England and the Continent the scene of his latest endeavors. The one distinctive figure in the book is Hephzibah, who is obviously reminiscent of the author's former work. The story deals with a writer of "red-blood" romances, who, because of his taciturn disposition, is called "Quahaug" by his neighbors, this appellation being the New England term for "clam." Hephzibah, Quahaug's elderly cousin, is a typical Yankee spinster, of the capable, common-sense type that Mr. Lincoln handles with success. Hephzibah idolizes Quahaug, and the plot centres around the trip they take abroad: the writer, in an effort to get out of the rut into which he has fallen, and Hephzibah, in search of an orphan niece whom she has never seen. The dénouement concerns the finding of this niece and ensuing complications.

Incredible Adventures. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The tale of fancy or of supernatural horror, built upon abnormal psychology, which Mr. Blackwood has made his own peculiar field, and to which he brings imagination and a style that lacks only reserve force, here suffers mainly from a want of tangible structure. In long stories the defect of the author's materials is far more apparent than in short. All the narratives are told in the first person; in nearly all the key to the mystifying situation is in the hallucination or aberration of the teller's mind; in nearly all Mr. Blackwood is under the necessity of sustaining a prolonged suspense. There are, hence, whole consecutive pages where the attention wanders, and where eeriness is dissipated through sheer diluteness. Compression is so vital a necessity, in the short story of mystery, as to be atoned for only by complexity of plot. For the rest, the author is as ingenious as ever, as full of poetic fancies, and as refreshingly original in his treatment of the unseen world. One story is of a youth wanting in vitality, who recovers himself through an unusual experience; another is of a man hurt in the Alps and carried to a house on the site of an old château, where he relapses, in delirium, into some of the experiences of the château's inmates during the Napoleonic wars; a third, where the horror is exaggerated beyond good taste, is of the atmosphere of an old house, lived in by generations of damnation-preachers. Restraint would come to the author with more attention to dramatic outline.

The Gilded Chrysalis. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co.

If there is an American university town with such an academic personnel, such methods of discipline, and such social manners as are here alleged, it might conceivably tolerate a faculty wife like Cicely. It would regard as inherently charming, though discomposing, the fair newcomer, who in her bridal months runs her husband into debt, insults his friends, flirts with his pupils, and (most crucial test of all) alienates a prospective benefactor of the University. Cicely's creator evidently thinks her delightful though erring, and it may be that feminine readers will be found to share the opinion. To the rough male intelligence she is, to put it brutally, a disagreeable little cat in need of nothing so much as the broom-handle. Her escapades with an undergraduate whom she deliciously calls "Pancakes" and who with equal humor addresses her as "Nuts," though technically blameless, show her in top form. When the patient, not to say fatuous, husband finally turns, her deep love for him is suddenly revealed to her with her own unworthiness, and she runs away, having bestowed the traditional caresses upon his pillow and shooting-coat. That she comes back in due time, penitent and to be forgiven, goes without saying. The action is liberally decorated with that form of facetious dialogue known in knitting circles as "bright."

ORGANIZED LABOR IN AMERICA.

American Labor Unions. By Helen Marot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Helen Marot's book contains a good deal of information on labor organization generally as it exists in the United States and will be useful to those who have not already an intimate acquaintance with the subject. As she says in her preface, she has tried to interpret the nature and purpose of each of the principal organized groups, writing not as a critic nor as an advocate (though her own sympathies are plainly disclosed at times), but as an observer and reporter. She expressly disclaims speaking for any particular group or wing. In this sense her book is more or less impartial. Its peculiar value to the general reader is probably in just what the author argues for it, namely, its interpretative character. In her pages organized labor speaks for itself with more frankness than usual, and it is always important in any matter of this kind to apprehend (and comprehend) the point of view.

Three main groups are distinguished in the general body of organized labor in America: the American Federation of Labor, the railway brotherhoods, and the I. W. W. The American Federation stands for the general principle of partnership relations between labor and capital, and also for what may be called a community of labor interests, while the railway brotherhoods, accepting this principle of partnership, have adopted a thoroughly exclusive policy so far as other labor interests are concerned and are not members of the Federation. The I. W. W. rejects *in toto* the notion of any partnership between labor and capital, and stands for complete economic revolution by dispossession of capital. It is in fact the simplest form of syndicalism. Besides these broad lines of distinction there is another, viz., that which divides the "craft union" from the "industrial" union. Broadly speaking, the latter form bears the same relation to the former that is borne by the "integrated" industry to the ordinary craft. The United Mine Workers (coal), the Western Federation of Miners (metals), and the Brewery Workers' Union are the principal examples of the "industrial" type: all three are members of the Federation. The author regards this type of union as more "sophisticated" than the craft union, and therefore better corresponding to present-day conditions.

In one sense, there is a radical difference between the "partnership" theory of labor organization and the syndicalist theory, but the description given of the point of view of organized labor—what, indeed, might be termed the soul of the labor movement today—makes it reasonably clear that in practice the entire movement is at the bottom revolutionary in tendency. This is stated in terms in the author's preface:

> There is no question of rivalry between the reform movements and the labor unions . . . many movements of national scope operate without crossing. But the difference between labor's activity in its own behalf and the activity of others in labor's interest is not only a matter of results. Immediate results may be served in either case, but whenever labor attacks the evils which beset it, *new power is created* . . . no one doubts that measures for industrial betterment, as they are initiated by philanthropists or by capital and administered by experts or state officials, will make large contributions towards minimizing physical waste and disease in modern industry. It is indeed a movement for sanitation and conservation. Its full realization would give clean homes, healthy children, and efficient workers. But class-conscious labor wants much more. It wants citizenship in industry. It is no more willing to submit to the rule of the beneficent and efficient than were the American colonists willing to submit to the rule of the British Parliament. Labor would rather be free than clean. The reform movement is not co-extensive with democracy, but with bureaucracy. The labor unions are group efforts in the direction of democracy (pp. 8-10).

All through her discussion of matters like the boycott, sabotage, and violence the author makes it clear that between the existing order and organized labor there is an irrepressible conflict, although in her statements of the labor theory on these matters there is not the frankness of admission that characterizes the utterances of extremists of the type of Haywood. It is, however, probably fair to say that she regards as the final ethical test of these things the value that they have as tending to advance the interests of labor as such. Of violence, for instance, she says: "The conviction of union men is that violence does not meet the oc-

easion, not that the occasion does not justify it" (p. 198). Of the courts she says that "labor's particular quarrel with the courts is that they refuse to take motives into account or provocations for coercion; that courts are incompetent to distinguish between acts which are inspired by selfish interests and acts which result from efforts to settle issues of social significance . . ." etc. (pp. 181-2). All this may be regarded as the contribution of revolutionary Socialism to the labor movement in general. It may be that Helen Marot overstates the extent to which the revolutionary idea has permeated organized labor's consciousness, but there can be little doubt that it is in complete possession of its sub-consciousness. Because her book shows this more clearly than have the books of most other writers who are not professedly Socialist in their leanings, it is of especial interest.

SOCIETY AMONG DIPLOMATS.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life, 1875-1912. By Lillie de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.

A volume made up of extracts from the private correspondence of a clever woman, covering a period of thirty-seven years spent at various capitals, could hardly fail to be an interesting human document. This one will have a peculiar attraction for readers old enough to recall the career of the Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Mass., who studied singing under Garcia, achieved a notable artistic success in Paris while living there with her first husband, Charles Moulton, and after his death married Johan de Hegermann-Lindencrone, of the Danish foreign service. The fragmentary record carries us from Minister Hegermann's first billet, at Washington towards the close of Grant's Administration, to Rome, Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin, where he reached the legal age of retirement. In the opinion of his wife, obviously, the sunny side of diplomatic life is its social side, and this lends itself readily to the gossipy method of her letters.

As a music-lover, Mme. Hegermann naturally found most enjoyment in her stay at the Italian court under the reign of King Humbert. Queen Margherita was a devoted amateur in music, and used to sing duets with her. Here, too, she met many musical geniuses, including Verdi, who struck her as abnormally self-contained, and whose "very interesting face with burning eyes" surprised her by not glowing perceptibly when she told him how much the Queen admired his operas. Another visitor was Liszt, tirelessly watched over by an unseen and unnamed guardian angel of the gentler sex, who saw to it that he should not be allowed to sit in a draught, or smoke too strong a cigar, or drink any but weak coffee lest it interfere with his sleep. An old acquaintance was renewed with Massenet, whom Mme. Hegermann had helped in his days of penniless obscurity by paying him five francs an hour for copying manuscript, but whom all the fashionable world was now paying twenty francs for the privilege of merely looking at him.

We are treated to a touching story of Mascagni and the first production of his "Cavalleria." The audience, having had no foretaste of the work and knowing nothing of its source, were enchanted with the overture and grew more and more enthusiastic as the performance proceeded, presently calling in excited tones for the author. Mascagni was pushed forward from the wings, evidently against his will, shabbily attired in an old gray suit with the trousers turned up, just as he had come in from the street. His hair was long and unkempt, and his unwashed face haggard from starvation. He was but twenty years old, and with his girl-wife and baby had been living in a garret without money enough to buy a candle, and with no instrument but an accordion on which to work out his score. His awkward bows seemed to arouse his audience still further, so that they rose with a bound and cheered vociferously, their delight bursting all restraints when the intermezzo was played, and compelling him to come before the curtain at least twenty times. "Any other composer," writes our sympathetic witness, "would have beamed all over with joy and pride at such an ovation, but Mascagni only looked shy and bewildered. The tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked at the poor young fellow, who probably that very morning was wondering how he could provide food for his wife and baby."

Among the literary celebrities drawn to Rome about this time were Ibsen and the romancer best known by her pen-name, Ouida. Ibsen, "with his lion face and tangle of hair," his piercing, critical eyes looking forth from under bushy brows, and "his cruel, satirical smile," made a rather disagreeable impression on Mme. Hegermann; he did not like music, and did not disguise his dislike, so that his presence at studio teas where music formed a part of the entertainment took all the spirit out of the performers. Ouida struck her as somewhat of a *poseuse*. "She was dressed with a lofty disregard of Roman climate," wearing a gown "open at the throat, with short sleeves, and the thinnest of shoes and stockings, which she managed to show more than was quite necessary. She spoke in an affected voice, and looked about her continually, as if people were watching her and taking notes."

Not all the interesting figures in this Roman panorama were musicians or writers. One was the then youthful Kaiser Wilhelm II, just raised to the throne by the death of his father, and now making a round of friendly visits to his brother sovereigns. Our author found him a genial soul, with a sporting spirit which stood the test well when the German Minister—a happy bachelor with no talent for housekeeping—put him up at the legation in a room which boasted neither soap-dish nor towel. In a later period Mme. Hegermann saw a good deal of him at Berlin, where he continued to please her by his preference for speaking English, and by such evidences of a cheerful temper as his endurance of an underbred American woman who volunteered her advice that he ingratiate himself with the French people by giving Alsace-Lorraine back to them! He had, we are told, "a way of fixing those discerning gray eyes on you when he talks, and you have the feeling that he is sifting and weighing you in his mind; and when he smiles his face lights up with humor and interest. You feel as if a life-buoy were keeping you afloat." Theodore Roosevelt came to Berlin while the Hegermanns were there. The Kaiser "was charmed with him, just as Mr. Roosevelt was charmed with the Kaiser." There is a familiar note in the account of the reception given in honor of the ex-President at the American Embassy, where he "was most amiable. He greeted people with a cordiality which bordered on *épanchement*, giving their hands a shaking the like of which they had never had before." He "smiled kindly at the guests as they poured in and out of the salon. It was about all the guests did—pour in and pour out."

Intimate pictures of the domestic life of several royalties are sprinkled through the book. The pleasantest, perhaps, is the glimpse we get of King Christian IX of Denmark, known to an earlier generation as "the grandpapa of Europe," and his good Queen Louise. Albeit the King tried to excuse himself by pleading a twinge of lumbago when the Queen first sent for him to come and meet Mme. Hegermann, he soon fell so under the fascination of her singing that he took down a life-size oil portrait of himself which had long hung on the wall of his room, and brought it to her in his arms, dust and all, to beg her acceptance of it as a souvenir. The old gentleman even waltzed with her. Not less appreciative, but more labored in his way of expressing his sentiment, she found King Oscar during her sojourn in Stockholm. He appears to have been fond of singing himself, as well as of listening to other experts in the art; and when he had notified her of his intention to come and sing for her, and she had had her piano especially tuned for the occasion, what was her surprise to see a van draw up at her door and discharge his Majesty's private piano! The mystery was explained when she discovered that this instrument had a shift-apparatus by which one could "lower the whole keyboard by half-tones, so that a baritone could masquerade as a tenor . . . and no one would be the wiser."

The simplicity of high official life in the Washington of the 'seventies, by comparison with the ceremoniousness of foreign capitals, is illustrated by an account of Minister Hegermann's presentation to President Grant. Attired in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations, he drove to the White House, and mounted the steps with his written speech, nicely folded, in his hand. Instead of being received at the door by a bevy of gorgeous chamberlains, he found there a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly

donned a coat and, with an encouraging wave of the hand, said: "Come right along in, sir. I'll let them know you're here, sir." He was shown into a room where he waited patiently till the President and Secretary Fish appeared. Grant was dressed in a gray street suit and wore a colored tie, and Fish, who had evidently just come in from a walk, was in equally unconventional costume. The new Minister delivered his speech, and the President responded by reading, with some difficulty, a paper the Secretary handed him at the last moment. Then Minister and President shook hands, the Secretary ventured a remark about the beauty of the weather, and the momentous formality was over. At White House dinners she attended during Grant's term, Mme. Hegermann noted that, though wine was served, Grant turned down his glasses; but that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, though averse to the use of wine at such functions, took very kindly to Roman punch because it was eaten with a spoon.

It is a pity that a book so full of good things should have its surface marred by errors which could have been avoided by a little care in editing or proofreading. For an American writer to imprison Carl Schurz at Schandau, and introduce "Old Probabilities" as Gen. Meyer, is scarcely less culpable than for a Dane by marriage to refer to a duel between Hamlet and Polonius; and these instances are, unhappily, only typical.

Notes

E. P. Dutton & Company announce for publication in their Times Series, this month, "Some French Cathedrals" and "A Dickens Pilgrimage." The same house will publish shortly "Builder and Blunderer," by George Saunders.

Two new handbooks of the series entitled "Principles and Methods of Religious Education" are announced by the University of Chicago Press: "Graded Social Service for the Sunday School," by William Norman Hutchins, and "The Sunday-School Building and Its Euipment," by Herbert Francis Evans.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have ready for immediate publication "In the Supreme Court of Civilization: The Dual Alliance vs. the Triple Entente," by James M. Beck, and "Deutschland über Alles," by John Jay Chapman.

Benziger Brothers announce the publication of "Rambles in Catholic Lands," by the Rev. Michael Barrett.

"A Tale from the Rainbow Land," by Katherine M. Yates, will be published next month by Paul Elder & Company.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of "Twilight Sleep," by Henry Smith Williams, and "The Bible and Modern Life," by Joseph S. Auerbach.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of the following volumes: "On the Cosmic Relations," by Henry Holt; "Civilization and Health," by Woods Hutchinson; "Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress," by W. W. Keen; "The Early Life of Mr. Man," written and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith; "A Century's Change in Religion," by George Harris; "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century," by William E. Mead; "Biology and Social Problems," by George Howard Parker; "Songs of the Outlands," by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, in "The War in Europe" (Appleton; $1 net), has produced an excellent historical, statistical, and military commentary. He goes briefly into the political, racial, and commercial rivalries that underlie the war, discusses the diplomatic preliminaries, methods of recruiting and fighting, possible effects in redistribution of territory. It is an exposition rather than an argument, though the author does not hesitate to declare that nothing can justify the worst of the havoc wrought in Belgium. On the whole, he seems to regard the war as based on long-standing racial animosities and conflicts of interest; hence as unavoidable. From the suddenness of the conflagration and the speed with which modern war is conducted he draws the lesson that the United States should considerably increase its army and navy. His remedy for future wars is the much mooted one of an international coalition, with small armies which could be united to form a world police. The tone of the book is generally so sober and objective that one reads with some misgivings such prophecies as that no nation but Russia can fight for more than two years. It would be interesting to inquire if any nation has ever stopped fighting just because of shortage of money. Again, to read that "Any day may bring the news that the feat of destroying the English sea power has been accomplished" (through a Zeppelin raid) suggests rather an active imagination than a cool calculation of the probabilities. If it were as easy as that, there would now be no British fleet. Of course, the very magnitude of the war tempts to such forecasts. Generally Professor Hart's book is free from such blemishes. It is well packed with accurate information clearly conveyed, and is just about what the traditional intelligent reader will want to have at hand as he reads his papers. The tabulation of much of the statistical material and the addition of a map or two would have made the book still more useful.

From George H. Doran Company come three slender volumes ($1 net each) dealing with the British, the German, and the French armies "from within." E. Charles Vivian, on the British army, has produced an excellent little manual. It is written with apparent fulness of knowledge, and with an evidently sincere desire to convey information. It takes up Tommy Atkins in the recruiting office and carries him through the routine of the various branches of the service in a systematic, complete, and eminently readable fashion. "Ex-Trooper," who writes on the army of France," displays far less intimate knowledge of his subject. Now and then he gives us a bit of local color, but as a whole his account deals in generalities which might be true of any army; the exception being a fair amount of data regarding organization such as is available in any reference book. The author lays stress on the prevalence of punishment as part of the French soldier's training, which is contrary to the general impression of the relations existing between the French conscript and his officers. The volume on the German army written by a British officer who has served under the Kaiser is worthless. It is made up almost entirely of dubious anecdote, the "information" it conveys is full of errors, and the spirit in which it is written is enough to discredit it, being one of cheap sneers at the army it is supposed to describe and the nation behind that army. The book was evidently written to tickle a certain kind of public taste in England.

There is something self-conscious about the efforts or experiments of the present day in colonization attempted by powers that are "new at the game." The burden of past and present criticism seems to sit heavily upon them, now that the old traditions that led England, France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal far afield in quest of empire have undergone a thorough change. Something of this alert, sensitive paternalism characterizes the Italian adventure in Tripoli as described in Ethel Braun's "The New Tripoli" (London: Fisher Unwin; 10s. 6d.). And especially sensitive an up-to-date modern nation must be when she supplants an historic dependency of the Sublime Porte! The efforts of the Italians in Tripoli are sympathetically described, but one is disappointed to find, with all of Mrs. Braun's wealth of shrewd observation of the natives and their customs, that she has offered under a chapter entitled The Political Situation a mere hint of what her readers would like to know. It is interesting to hear that "Tripolitania has not been annexed to the kingdom of Italy, but has only been put under its dominion . . . the natives of Tripolitania are not Italian citizens, but merely Italian subjects, and Italian laws are not applied in the colony," but some definite notion of Italy's political commitment in the matter would have been more to the point. Granted that the fanaticism of the Mohammedan religion calls for infinite tact by the administration, yet a frank acceptance of native talent, an impartial respect for custom and religion, as shown in the British policy in India, and the admission of the native to a part in the organization of a new régime, would appear to be the surest policy for the Italians. The Mohammedan sentimentally dominated from Constantinople is a type that exists only in Egypt, an academic type that is not even found in India, and a bold attempt to rehabilitate local race consciousness, is one that Italy will find inevitable in gaining control of the religious problem, and knitting together political allegiance. Mrs. Braun, everywhere observant of ethnic differences, is especially illuminating on the Berbers, but notably reticent on the Senussian influences pervading the outlying desert tribes. Tripoli was once a centre for Senussian activity; and, at one time, the Sultan feared the Sheik would rival his authority in Tripoli. We must regard Mrs. Braun's brief survey as a good preliminary to a more ambitious study of Italy's new colony.

Students of English literature are probably less likely to remember Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the father-in-law of the kingmaker, as the player of a minor rôle in several of the "Henry" plays than as the romantic knight, the hero of a three days' tournament at Calais, in whose service, it has been very plausibly conjectured, was Sir Thomas

Malory. The great earl, known as the "Father of Courtesy" by virtue of a glowing compliment paid him by the Emperor Sigismund, lived a busy life; fighting and feasting "in Lettowe and in Ruce"; piously journeying to the Holy Land, where he was amiably received by the Soldan because of his descent from Guy of Warwick; serving his King, Henry V, as general and governor; negotiating for him a marriage with Katharine of France, and acting as "maister" to their infant son. Some forty or fifty years after his death in 1439 a series of fifty-three spirited drawings were executed by an unknown, but presumably English, hand, presenting the pageant of this busy life from birth to death. These pictures, obtainable hitherto only in the imperfect engravings of Strutt and the very limited edition for the Roxburghe Club, are now made accessible in a series of photo-engravings from the original MS., together with interesting comment by the editors, Viscount Dillon and W. H. St. John Hope (Longmans, Green; $7). The drawing is animated to a remarkable degree, yet executed with careful attention to detail, and in the successive scenes of baptisms, marriages, crownings, jousts, battles, pilgrimages, sea fights, feasts, councils, embassies, sieges, even the chambers of birth and death, all the bravery and splendor of the fifteenth century in its habit as it lived passes before the eye.

The erstwhile supremacy of the Jesuits in matters educational lends a kind of melancholy interest to "Teacher and Teaching" (Longmans, Green; $1 net), by Richard H. Tierney, S.J. The fourteen essays here elegantly reprinted from *America* deal with both practical and pedagogical features of a teacher's labors, in an admirably simple and direct style. A shrewd and experienced teacher, devoted to his task, he displays a preoccupation with the building of character which is unfortunately rare in the public schools of our country. His suggestions, however, are too vague and general, and where most sensible are least new. Indeed, freshness or progressiveness is the last quality one would remark upon in these pages. The psychology assumed throughout is the theory of faculties, long since discarded by all scientific students. The basis posited for intellectual training is the doctrine of formal discipline for some time now discredited by pedagogical authorities. And the references to boyish modes of thought and feeling disclose the old-fashioned supposition that youthful capacities are of only two or three kinds. Scientific study of education has of late years emphasized the wide diversity of aptitudes and the necessity of suiting the instruction to varying abilities. In brief, the fundamental assumptions throughout the volume are not merely conservative, but those of a past generation.

Prof. F. Crawford Burkitt's "Jewish and Christian Apocalypses" (Oxford University Press; 3s. net) is a useful contribution to the history of these works, the interest in which has of late been constantly growing. The modest volume (one of the Schweich Lectures, price 3s. a volume) is not a translation or a detailed criticism, but a brief sketch of the nature of the apocalypse (the central idea in which Burkitt takes to be the final general judgment), with outlines of the several books and critical remarks in three appendices. The tone of the book is sane and judicial. The occasional references to a connection between the Jewish Apocalypses and the New Testament are well put. Special attention is paid to the book (or books) of Enoch, as to which, and as to the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," the author dissents from the conclusions of Dr. Charles in a number of cases.

The extent to which development of the educational side of trade, commerce, and industry is receiving impetus from purely academic sources is again made manifest by a book from the pen of Prof. Paul H. Neystrom, assistant professor of political economy at the University of Wisconsin. The book is entitled "Retail Selling and Store Management" (Appleton; $1.50 net), and is the first volume in a Commercial Education series prepared by the Extension Division of the University. As the volume is primarily a textbook, Professor Neystrom begins with first principles, discussing production, retailing, training of clerks and salesmen, and so on, in the simplest terms. He devotes considerable space to personal habits, character, and requisite qualities, and goes into detail regarding knowledge of goods and customers, devoting two chapters to the psychology of selling and the observation and analysis of human nature. Window and store display, newspaper advertising, and other aids to selling are discussed sufficiently to indicate their importance. The book thus furnishes a good grounding for the student salesman, or for retailers who wish to know what training to give their people. At the same time, the larger subjects of policy and general store efficiency in management, organization, standards, selecting employees, buying, credits, and collections are not overlooked. In common with the majority of business men and business treatises, Professor Neystrom's volume fails to emphasize sufficiently the importance of market study, which implies thorough investigation, study, and analysis of the entire zone of delivery, estimate of the possible volume of business, methods of determining who are the individuals that fail to patronize the store, why they do not, and what will attract them, and so on. In other words, the author deals mainly with customers, salesmen, and executives inside the store, and less with the relation of the store to the community upon which it is dependent.

Professor Haverfield's "Ancient Town-Planning" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 6s. net), though it was submitted in part to the Conference on Town-Planning, held at London in 1910, is likely to prove more instructive to classical scholars and historians than to those "women and men" who have included in their programmes of social reform "the daily life of human beings in their domestic environment." For to them the most it can offer is a successful attempt to show "the slow and painful steps by which mankind became at last able to plan towns as units, yet inhabited by individual men and women," and to "emphasize the need for definite rules and principles" as a restraint upon the vagaries of individual caprice and convenience. To the others, and, indeed, for that matter to mediæval scholars and historians as well, it brings a rich store of information and suggestion. In Greece systematic town-planning first became established in the military foundations of the Macedonian epoch. In Italy approximately rectangular schemes are observable from a very early time (terremare, Marzobotto), but it was only under Greek influence and the necessity of planting military colonies in large numbers that the Romans corrected, in late republican times, the native Italian tendency to operate with trapezoids, or squares and oblongs, "so to say, askew."

The result was a compromise on a type which "has obvious analogies with earlier Italy and with the town-planning of the Greek world, but is also in certain respects distinct from either. The town areas with which we have now to deal are small sq
or oblongs; they are divided by two main streets into four parts and by other and parallel streets into square or oblong house blocks ('insulæ'), and the rectangular scheme is carried through with some geometric precision. The two main streets appear to follow some method of orientation connected with augural science." This new type is visible still in the street systems of several modern towns, particularly in North Italy (Turin, Aosta, Florence, Lucca). It may be induced from the sites of Italian colonies excavated in the Latin part of the Roman Empire (Timgad, Carthage, Laibach, Numantia, Lincoln). Interesting cases are those of native towns in Britain (Silchester, Cærwent), where the rectangular streets of the Romans were shoved through the haphazard collection of farmhouses with which the aborigines had been satisfied. In Autun Augustus seems to have prepared in advance a model Roman city for the Celtic inhabitants of the neighborhood, thus anticipating the decoy streets and houses so common on this continent. The book is illustrated by excellent plans of all the towns discussed. We note the absence of any reference to Delos, where town-planning was, indeed, conspicuously lacking, but where indications are not wanting of a skilful adaptation of street systems to local conditions.

"The French Revolution" (McClurg; $1), by H. Packwood Adams, is a clear-cut elementary account of the great movement for liberty and equality between 1789 and 1795. The author does not pretend to any researches of his own, but relies largely on the writings of Aulard and Sorel and on the "Cambridge Modern History." He is interested in the French Revolution as alive with problems of political freedom and economic justice which are still vital to-day. His own sympathies, and his reading of Kropotkin's "The Great French Revolution," lead him to a somewhat more radical attitude than is found in the sketches of the Revolution by Mrs. Gardiner, Shailer Mathews, and R. M. Johnston. A much more considerable volume on the same subject, but of quite a different character, is Harold F. B. Wheeler's "The French Revolution from the Age of Louis XIV to the Coming of Napoleon" (Stokes; $2.50 net). In order to give the proper background for an understanding of the great changes which began with the Meeting of the States General, the author devotes more than a third of his volume to a good sketch of the germs of decay and the development of criticism and unrest with which France was struggling before 1789. The dramatic side of the Revolution itself is told with something of the dash of modern journalism. The author freely quotes apt accounts of the more vivid and trustworthy eyewitnesses and contemporary sources. But he makes no attempt at constructive criticism, offers nothing startlingly new, and is not free from minor inaccuracies. He gives relatively little attention to constitutional, economic, and social matters. His interesting, spirited vol-

ume is to be read for pleasure rather than conned for information. It is well illustrated by some four-score authentic portraits, caricatures, and miscellaneous pictures of real historical value.

There will always be a legitimate place for brief biographies of the Presidents, but to such a compilation as James Grant Wilson's "Presidents of the United States" (Scribner; $7.50 net) cannot be given very high praise. The twenty-seven sketches which fill these four volumes are by various authors, and have even more various merits. Those of the earlier Presidents are reprinted from Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography," where they served in their day a useful purpose; but the slight revision to which the editor has subjected them has not sufficed to bring them up to date, while in several instances the articles were hardly worth reproducing at all. No American historian, for example, could have been less qualified by knowledge or temperament for writing about Jackson than John Fiske; to which must be added the fact that the works of Catterall, MacDonald, McMaster, and Bassett, all published since Fiske wrote, have quite restated both the events and the significance of Jackson's reign. We may still accept Gilman's estimate of Monroe or John Hay's opinion of Lincoln, but the present generation needs a more authoritative biographer than Fiske, again, of John Quincy Adams, and more impartial ones of Jefferson than Parton, or of Buchanan than Curtis. Of the recent Presidents the treatment is better, for while the accounts of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft tend, not unnaturally, to kindly and harmless panegyric, they have at least the value of useful and readable summaries. A quantity of election statistics drawn from the *World Almanac,* together with a list of Cabinet officers, helps out the fourth volume. Few of the portraits are good, while those of the wives of the Presidents are quite insignificant. One feature of the work, however, may be heartily commended, and that is the full index.

The task of writing the early history of India is one not readily essayed because, as Elphinstone admitted, no date in Indian history prior to Alexander's invasion can be precisely determined. Nor has modern research greatly changed this dictum. No one, however, is better equipped for the task than the author of the life of Asoka, and Mr. Vincent A. Smith's third edition of his "Early History of India" (Oxford University Press; 14s. net), first issued nine years ago, and considerably revised, is a welcome contribution. For a true early history of India no record will be complete and final without extensive research and study of the south. The chief reason for a lack of accessible evidence is the fact that the Gangetic plain invariably settled the destiny or satisfied the ambitions of invaders, and no further conquest was attempted, especially in the south. Nothing remains of the work of native historians: "no connected relation," says Elphinstone, "of the national transactions" of southern India. So far the primitive Dravidian stock has been chiefly interpreted through the ethnologist, and Mr. Smith is not alone in his contention that the history of this pre-Aryan race, early driven south, must be regarded as the history of India proper. Isolated studies of the archæological remains, chiefly epigraphic, in which southern India is particularly rich, have appeared from time to time. In ancient times, Ptolemy was familiar with the southern peninsula and called it Damirikē, which Mr. Smith regards as a good transliteration of Tamilakam; and later a long succession of travellers like Marco Polo knew the kingdom of the Tamil at the time of its commercial prosperity. In his present work Mr. Smith confines himself almost exclusively to the political history of early India, which is contained, by extent of conquest, in the north. But we are grateful for his illuminating chapters on the non-Aryan south, and hope that he will soon follow upon his own promising initiative.

Dr. George James Bayles, for six years prize lecturer at Columbia University, and an authority on ecclesiastical law, died on November 20. Dr. Bayles was born at Irvington-on-Hudson, on August 28, 1869. He graduated from Columbia in 1891 with the degree of A.B., and subsequently received the degrees of A.M., LL.B., and Ph.D. Among his works are three volumes dealing with civil church law in New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts; "Civil Church Law Cases," and "Woman and the Law." Dr. Bayles was a member of the New York Academy of Political Science, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the American Historical Association.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Surely no previous war ever gave such a stimulus to the lie-making faculty. The newspapers of the world have been printing a spurious article, first published in a Swedish paper, in which Tolstoy was alleged to have predicted the present war and to have foretold the coming of a new Napoleon from the North. The prophecy appeared in the form of a letter of Tolstoy's to his daughter. His literary representative and executor, Vladimir Tchertkoff, writes from Russia to a London paper to expose the fraud. Tolstoy never wrote anything of the kind.

The General Medical Council of the United Kingdom is becoming anxious lest there should be a serious lack of doctors in the near future. Enlistment for the war has brought down the number of medical students at Cambridge to 64, as against 116 in the corresponding term last year, and similar decreases are reported from the other medical schools. The new conditions created by the Insurance Act had already made it difficult for the profession to meet all the demands upon it, and this pressure is daily increasing as the Red Cross hospitals are becoming filled with wounded soldiers from the front. It is now being suggested that medical students will really be doing a more patriotic service by completing their course than by leaving to join the colors.

One of the minor ironies of the war is the predicament of the British Universities' Mission to Central Africa. Its operations are largely carried on in German East Africa. The officials of the society at home recently sent out to the missionaries a consignment of food, drugs, and other necessaries in a German vessel. It is feared that this vessel, with her cargo, will be taken as a prize of war by a British cruiser.

Joseph Déchelette, killed at the battle of the Aisne by a German shell exploding against his breast, was one of the French archæologists whose work has been most useful to history. The three bulky volumes which have been published of his "Manuel d'Archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine" form the only approach to a complete repertory of researches and results in this matter. He carried on his life work in the admirable provincial museum of Roanne, on the upper Loire. This he had organized, and he remained its curator, although Paris had welcomed him to the Institut de France and the University. His age, but not his patriotism, would have exempted him from active service; and he has died a captain of the territorial army at the head of his company.

Henry Beuchat followed closely in the steps of Déchelette when writing his unique manual of American archæology which appeared in the same series (see review in *Nation* of October 9, 1913). He, too, is said to have perished, in the Stefansson Arctic expedition, which he hoped would give him opportunities to study the industries of the Eskimos and further connect their race with prehistoric science. The American press, while chronicling his death in the disaster, seems not to have known the unparalleled service he had rendered to our own prehistory. Our veteran Americanist, Henry Vignaud, when presenting his book to the public, said: "Its publication is in advance of any work of like character in Germany or England or America."

A neutral and, by all ordinary rules, an impartial and well-informed judgment of what has really been going on in Belgium is found in the declaration made by Prof. Alfred Martin in the name of the Consistory of Geneva, Switzerland, after due report by the Rev. Pastor Gailiard: "We consider that, even in the interests of the Protestant churches of Belgium, it is better to delay sending our proposed letter of sympathy to them until such time as Right shall no longer be trampled under foot. Our letter would not reach those for whom we should destine it, and, very likely, would be intercepted by the German military authority which might find in it a pretext for new severities. But it needs not to be said that each of us feels, not only for the churches of Belgium, but also for so brave a country, ardent sympathy. The unprecedented misfortunes of which it is the innocent victim are for us a veritable nightmare. The violation of its neutrality in contempt of treaties, the invasion of its territory by a foreign army which has devastated it, the destruction of its cities and villages, the ruin of its commerce and industry, the crushing taxes levied on its inhabitants, the carrying away of hostages—no calamity has been spared this unhappy people who were a menace to none and whose only crime consisted in their will to remain free. Amid all these misfortunes, we do not count the invectives which the conquerors have generously flung at them, for such iniquity only hurts its authors. A manifesto drawn up by a group of men of science, among whom are found professors of law and theology, treats as bandits citizens who have taken up arms to defend their homes. Bandits, so be it! In the Belgian bandits we hail the valiant race of those whom the Duke of Alva called disdainfully *Gueux* (beggars). History, a just judge, takes upon herself to transform a low insult into a title of glory."

Science

VITALISM AND MECHANISM.

Mechanism, Life, and Personality: An Examination of the Mechanistic Theory of Life and Mind. By J. S. Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Every generation of thinking men, from the time of Aristotle, has attacked the problems of life and mind in an endeavor to correlate its science or its philosophy with the prevalent thought of the age; but great as the progress has been all along the line, in philosophy as well as in science, most biologists at the present day would probably admit that we are still confronted by the same impenetrable wall that baffled the ancients, and that in this particular field we do not seem to have advanced beyond the classification of the venerable father of zoölogy, who divided all things into the Living and the Dead.

Dr. Haldane, who speaks with the authority of a physiologist of high repute, and of one who has mastered his material in more than one field, is of a different opinion. Moreover, he considers the time to be "more than ripe for bringing the great biological movement of the nineteenth century into definite relation with the main stream of human thought." The four brief lectures which form the present volume—"The Mechanistic Theory of Life," "Criticism of the Mechanistic Theory," "Biology and the Physical Sciences," and "Personality"—are to be regarded as a contribution to this end. For all who can follow his philosophy many devious ways will be perceptibly straightened.

From the standpoint of a scientific worker the first two lectures are the more interesting, on account of their clear statement and keen criticism of the mechanistic theory of life. The general reader, on the other hand, will doubtless find his attention more easily engaged in the final essays, in which the author calls to his aid the supporting arm of philosophy. The lectures are marked throughout by an admirable conciseness, and the restraint of the author who can compress to so brief a compass a discussion of many fundamental problems is as noteworthy as the originality of his ideas.

The author's argument does not admit of much further condensation, but we shall attempt to summarize it, and then glance at what is offered in place of the theories assailed. The mechanistic theory of life, as now generally understood, is that form of materialism which attempts to explain or describe living things as nothing but machines, and to account for every vital phenomenon, including human experience, as a result of chemical and physical change. It is not denied that this product of Cartesian philosophy has borne some excellent fruit, but it is considered to have outgrown its usefulness, and to be ripe for the rubbish-heap. It has become, says the author, more of a hindrance than a help in solving the problems of modern biology.

The traditional opponents of the mechanistic theory, the vitalists, and the animists, for the purposes of the present argument, are placed in the same category, since both maintain that living things are so peculiar that some guiding and controlling factor, unknown to physics or chemistry, must be present. The vitalists have called this factor the vital force or principle, or latterly the entelechy, while to the animist it is the soul, that may even act sub-consciously.

The defects of vitalism are found to be many and weighty; if we assume this doctrine to be true, the action of the "vital principle" is strictly limited by the physical and chemical environment. Lower or raise the temperature, or cut off the supply of oxygen, and the vital principle vanishes. Wherever we turn we find each part of every organism closely dependent, in both a qualitative and a quantitative sense, upon such influences. A mechanist might therefore ask if such a theory had any excuse for existence. Vitalism would further seem to imply a breach in the law of the conservation of energy, which all experimental evidence has firmly established in the domain of biology. Again, as the author observes, in order to guide all the complex movements and processes of living things, the vital principle would stand in need of superhuman knowledge, yet it is supposed to act blindly and unconsciously. Such an agent is clearly unintelligible, and the hypothesis is practically useless.

With vitalism and animism disposed of, the author devotes himself freely to the mechanistic theory, and concludes, as we have intimated, that it totally fails to explain either the lower or the higher forms of life and mind. Among what are held to be fatal objections to this theory may be mentioned the delicacy of organic regulation and the phenomena of reproduction and heredity. Within the organism of whatever grade, perfect adjustment and correlation are the rule. It is thus the function of certain cells of the vertebrate kidney to hold the composition of the blood constant, yet what under the microscope appears like gelatinous matter "can react, and continue through life to react, true to the finest mechanism of tempered steel, to the minutest change in the environment." We may as well relegate to oblivion those crude notions that found their favorite expression in "jelly-like protoplasm," or an indefinite "plasma," for "simple protoplasm" does not exist, even among the most primitive bacteria. "What the mechanistic theory must assume in the case of an organism such as man is a vast assemblage of the most intricate and delicately adjusted cell-mechanisms, each mechanism being so constituted as to keep itself in working order year after year, and in exact coördination with the working of the millions of other cell-mechanisms which make up the whole organism."

If such assumptions tax the imagination, how shall we deal with reproduction and heredity on the basis of pure mechanics? A vast organization of cell mechanisms which represents the body of any higher animal has arisen from a single cell, that was produced by the union of two cells, an egg and sperm. The hereditary characters coming from both of these cells must be carried in the two nuclei which unite to form the nucleus of the germ or embryo. "On the mechanistic theory, this nucleus must carry within its substance a mechanism which by reaction with the environment not only produces the millions of complex and delicately balanced mechanisms which constitute the adult organism, but provides for their orderly arrangement into tissues and organs, and for their orderly development in a certain perfectly specific manner."

"The mind," declares the author, "recoils from such a stupendous conception." To continue, we are compelled, on the mechanistic hypothesis, "to attribute to the germ plasm, or nuclear substance, a structure so arranged that in the presence of suitable pabulum and stimuli it produces the whole of the vast and definitely ordered assemblage of mechanisms existing in the adult organism. Such a structure must be absolutely definite and inconceivably complex. There is no escape from this assumption." In other words, how two nuclear mechanisms can fuse in fertilization, to form a mechanism of a different order, is unintelligible. When the analysis is pushed to this extreme no one can fail to perceive that the difficulties which the mechanist must encounter in dealing with the powers and properties of the living things are not only very real but apparently insuperable.

If the mechanist, the vitalist, and the animist are all at fault, how, then, are we to account for life and mind? In the last two chapters of this volume the author gives his answer, which might be called the creed of a physiologist, although it is supported, he is assured, by both logic and philosophy. We shall try to epitomize the author's conclusions, but the interested reader must follow the argument for himself: The only real world is that of ideas, which the human mind and personality has moulded for itself, and there is no other. Did any other world exist, it would be impossible for us to know it. Of things, three classes are to be clearly differentiated, though all are bound inextricably together—persons, organisms, and dead or inorganic things. The first cleavage-line is furnished by the mere organism, struggling blindly with an environment which it does not clearly perceive or comprehend; nevertheless, it represents a living, active, structural, and autonomous whole, and furnishes us with a concept that is radically different from anything known to either physics or chemistry, for it embraces the idea of organic determination, and this determination is the key to all organic phenomena. We cannot even admit, says the author, that the living substance is material. The person, alone conscious of itself and of its environment, which it moulds to its will, is more than a machine, more than a mere organism; it is a spiritual being *par excellence*, for it is endowed with personality, the central fact and problem of the uni-

verse. There is no separateness of existence, for, as the author reiterates, all things form one inseparable whole. "Both the external world of things and the spiritual world of persons have their existence, somehow or other, in only one Supreme Existence."

The living organism is not only a unique and specific entity, but it also belongs to a wider organic whole, without which much of its life and its death would be unintelligible. Upon this basis we must, of course, abandon all attempts at a causal explanation of life, but this is thought to be a distinct gain, for if we regard the living organism as a machine merely, we at once abstract from it all that is really characteristic of life. Psychology deals with the person, with the whole man; physiology with only an abstract, since in the latter science the attributes of personality are invariably left out. "Physiological psychology," as a science, cannot therefore exist, and the phrase, with all that is implied, must be regarded as a misborn product of modern times, inevitably doomed to perish.

Personal existence implies participation in a wider personal life, and in speaking of duty the author affirms that "in losing his individual personality in the wider personal life he realizes his true personality," which does not perish with the life of the individual. Philosophy, says the author, leads us up to a central personality, that is not merely an individual. "However dimly we may see it, it is a personality which includes within itself our whole universe."

If we ask what of the time before conscious personality existed, the answer is: "We know nothing of such a time; and time and matter are but expressions of personality. The logic of the universe is the logic of personality, and cannot, as it were, rise up and destroy itself. It is the business of philosophy and religion—for there is no real distinction between the two—to free us from the various illusions through which such a theory seems possible." To quote further: "Personality is living, suffering, rejoicing, and working existence. This idea is clearly embodied in the Christian conception of God; and when we try to penetrate the sensuous mist which blurs that conception we can see that our discussion has brought us very near to it."

To conclude, Dr. Haldane believes that life supplies us with a fundamental concept, that, evolution or no evolution, living things have not come from dead matter, that the world and everything within it has a spiritual significance. The biological concept, he thinks, may in time be extended so as to comprehend the entire realm of inorganic nature. Granting his assumptions, speculation in regard to the origin of either life or personality would therefore be useless.

Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot, professor of anatomy and director of the anatomical laboratories of the Harvard Medical School, died on November 19. Dr. Minot was born in West Roxbury, Mass., on December 23, 1852. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1872, and from 1873-6 studied in Leipzig, Paris, and Würzburg. In 1875 he received the degree of S.D. from Harvard. He also received an honorary LL.D. from Yale, Toronto, and St. Andrew's University, Scotland, and Oxford conferred on him a doctorate of science in 1902. The greater part of Dr. Minot's career was passed at the Harvard Medical School, and since 1905 he had been the James Stillman professor of comparative anatomy. Dr. Minot invented two forms of automatic microtomes, the "automatic wheel microtome" and the "precision microtome," and he was widely known for his studies in the origin of life. He was a fellow or member of numerous American and foreign scientific associations, and was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1900. His publications included: "Human Embryology," 1892; "Bibliography of Vertebrate Embryology," 1893; "A Laboratory Textbook of Embryology," 1903; "Age, Growth, and Death," 1908: "Die Methode der Wissenschaft," 1913, and numerous papers on biological subjects.

Drama and Music

THE MODERN STAGE.

The Theatre of To-day. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

All persons interested in the modern stage and drama will find this an attractive and instructive book. The author is thoroughly well acquainted with every phase of his subject, writes in a compact and vivacious style, and exhibits an uncommon breadth of view in combination with much sound judgment. Actually, he furnishes a rapid but comprehensive survey of the theatre, at home and abroad, its recent developments in literary, artistic, mechanical, architectural, and managerial achievement, on commercial and independent stages, and therefrom deduces speculations and hopes for the future. With some of his critical estimates of the genius and influence of certain writers of the realistic and emotional school one may disagree—he is somewhat apt to mistake the strange or abnormal for the miraculous—but, as a rule, he is both acute and sane, and his dependence upon facts encourages faith in his generally optimistic outlook. His volume must find a place in every complete theatrical library.

Of course, he is traversing well-beaten ground, and has little to tell that will be absolutely new to the student of theatrical affairs. The value of his work lies in the convenience and brevity of its summaries, its grasp of essentials, and its avoidance of insignificant detail, but, above all, in its realization of the possibilities and almost unlimited scope of the ideal theatre. He sees clearly not only the degradation inflicted upon the stage by the present systems of commercial management, but the underlying causes which have made it inevitable. Without committing himself definitely to the support of any particular plan, he insists strongly upon the necessity for some sort of democratic control, maintaining that the public, as a whole, will not feel a personal interest in an institution in which it has no sense of ownership. In support of this theory he describes the origin, growth, and notable accomplishment of the Free Folk Theatre in Berlin and similar organizations. There can be no question of the superior artistic value of any self-sustained repertory theatre to any other. For one thing, these theatres are the only effective schools of acting. But whether the whole problem of a dramatic renaissance can be solved by the establishment of popular proprietorship on a remunerative basis is another matter. Such a scheme does not, for instance, insure the maintenance of an enlightened and catholic directorship. It is only reasonable to suppose that the choice of productions would, sooner or later, be dictated by the will of the majority, which probably would declare itself in favor of the lighter and least worthy forms of entertainment. Certainly it would not be likely to lead to that free and open competition which existed under the old system of the stock company and is the best stimulant for art of all varieties.

The fact is that commercialism in the theatre is not, of itself, necessarily an evil. To a certain extent it is inevitable and beneficent. Theatres of every kind, unless highly endowed and therefore non-competitive—which is for many reasons undesirable—must depend upon their receipts. It is only abominable and destructive when organized, as it is to-day, into a few Trusts for the abolition of rivalry and for mere money-making without reference to art or public responsibility of any kind. What is needed is a series of competitive, self-centred theatres seeking public support on their individual merits. These, of course, would be run on different lines, in order to attract different constituencies, but would find their profit in the excellence of their reputations. It is in the establishment of independent theatres, under individual management of whatever kind, that the surest hope of a dramatic revival is based, and the number of them is steadily and rapidly increasing in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Moderwell gives an inspiriting account of these houses, their origin and intent, and their achievement, not only in the newer literary, realistic, or imaginative drama, but in the application of the latest mechanical and scientific devices for artistic scenic illusion and suggestion. Comparatively few persons, outside the profession, know what immense advances have been made, during the last few years, towards a revolution in the very form of theatres and their stage machinery and appliances. Those desiring information on the subject will do well to look for it in these pages. There is no reason, of course, why the stage, to which all the arts are tributary, should not profit by any form of artistry useful to it; but there is, neverthe-

less, a real danger to the art of acting in the latest theories of decorative enthusiasts. After all, the interpretation of dramatic fiction by human players is the primary and all important function of the stage. Better no scenery at all than a scenery which by its splendor or mystification distracts attention from the words and action. If Miss Horniman ever said, as reported, that the scenic ideas of Mr. Gordon Craig, who would replace live actors by puppets, were sheer nonsense, she was not far wrong. This puppet-making is what most of the actor-managers from Charles Kean to Beerbohm Tree have, in effect, been engaged in. The best scenery is that which is the best background for the play. What is more than this cometh of evil. But there is a legitimate field for highly symbolical, imaginative, and interpretative scenery in opera, poetic romance, and Maeterlinckian fantasy. In the theatre spectacle is the first and last device for the concealment of histrionic incompetence.

The chapters dealing with modern dramatists are models of concise and intelligent comment. Mr. Moderwell, just and discriminating as he is upon the whole in his comments upon tradition, is somewhat anarchic in his championship of the ultra-moderns. He has even invented a phrase to justify his eulogistic admiration of Strindberg, whose extravagances he approves on the score of "intensive psychology." It is an easy way of accounting for any conceivable inconsistency in the portrayal of character. But it may be conceded that Strindberg had genius of a wayward order, and that human nature is confoundedly complex. Unfortunately, insoluble psychological problems are tiresome or exasperating except in a hospital. In most instances, Mr. Moderwell notes the characteristics of his representative dramatists—he leaves the crowd of popular "hacks," without so much as a contemptuous mention, severely alone—with uncommon discernment and felicity. Even when he exaggerates their sum—as in the case of Ibsen, Shaw, and one or two others—his appreciation of their several abilities is judicious and keen. Evidently he is an omnivorous reader, with a most retentive and calculating memory. He has pungent paragraphs on all the prominent dramatists of the last quarter-century in Russia, Austria, Germany, France, Italy, Scandinavia, England, and the United States, and speaks of all with the authority that comes of intimate knowledge. Thus, among the French, he dissects the work of Rostand, Bernstein, Bataille, Donnay, Hervieu, Porto Riche, Brieux, and Curel; of the Italians he selects D'Annunzio, Benelli, Giacosa, and Bracco; of the Russians, Alexander and Leo Tolstoy, Tchekoff, Gorky, and Andreieff; of the Germanic branch, Schnitzler, Bahr, Hofmannsthal, Hardt, Eulenberg, Molnar, and Wedekind; of the English, Barrie, Arnold Bennett, and Masefield; of the Americans, Walter, Sheldon, Charles Klein, Rann Kennedy, and Percy MacKaye. The list is not complete, but is sufficient to indicate the range of his scholarship.

THE REVIVAL OF "CARMEN."

Emma Calvé made the part of Carmen, in Bizet's opera, so much her own that other singers, however venturesome, have hesitated to try to replace her. This is one of several reasons why this masterwork, which in the opinion of many good judges ranks next to Wagner's operas in the matter of harmonic as well as melodic inspiration—Nietzsche even placed it above Wagner's—was neglected for nearly six years at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Century Company won one of its biggest successes with it within a year, but "Carmen," simple and tuneful though it may seem as compared with some other works, is an opera which requires for the full setting forth of its wonderfully varied charms a cast of the greatest singers available. New Yorkers heard it three decades ago with Minnie Hauk and Italo Campanini; some years later, with Calvé and Jean de Reszke; and last week the two most popular artists at the Metropolitan—Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso—combined their rare art and once more aroused an eager audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

Caruso has usually chosen the part of Don José as one of three or four in which he annually appears in Berlin, and not without reason, for, better perhaps than any other rôle in his repertory, it shows his skill as an actor as well as the unequalled charm of his voice. New York audiences also have had repeated opportunity to admire his Don José. His enactment of the last scene, where he chases Carmen and plunges his dagger into her, is one of the finest bits of tragic acting ever seen on the operatic stage. Quite as impressive as this was his enactment, last week, of the officer's insane jealousy in the third act. He is less successful in the lighter episodes of the first act, but his voice is as glorious as ever.

Geraldine Farrar has among her best rôles two—Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the page Cherubino in his "Figaro"—which betray her rare gift for vivacious and comic action; but the parts which in this country have done most to make her famous are pathetic and tragic—the Goosegirl in "Königskinder," "Madama Butterfly," "Tosca," and "Marguerite." Carmen is a composite. In the overture the composer sounds the tragic Fate theme which accompanies her throughout the opera; but in the first two acts the fascinating gypsy girl is seen chiefly in her coquettish, merry, mischievous moods. In her portrayal of these Emma Calvé was inimitable, and it was probably the fear of falling below her standard that made Miss Farrar nervous and inclined to over-act, particularly in the episode with the soldiers in front of the cigarette factory. Again, in the scene where she reads her death in the cards, Miss Farrar, though convincing, did not rise to the height of Calvé, whose big, horror-struck eyes will never be forgotten by those who saw them. In other respects—especially in her tigerish rage when Don José brutally ill-treats her, and in the portrayal by gesture and facial expression of her boredom and impatience at Don José's insistence in front of the bull ring—she is already perfect. Vocally her performance was superb. The part suits her voice admirably, and having evidently recovered her health, she was in better voice than at any time last season.

Toscanini's conducting, though vivacious, lacked some of the delicacy, glow, and esprit of Campanini's at the Manhattan Opera House in the days of Oscar Hammerstein, but this was largely owing, no doubt, to insufficient rehearsing due to the delayed arrival of the singers from Europe. It cannot be said that the new scenic setting provided by the management is an improvement on the discarded one; rather the contrary; but the spectacle in front of the bull ring is past all precedent in pomp and splendor, giving one an excellent idea of Spanish originals, with the gayly attired men, mules, and horses, the shouting, the flower girls waiting for the toreador, who comes at the end of the procession with his new sweetheart, Carmen, at his side, and all of it glorified by Bizet's inspiring music. The ballet in this last act also is superlatively interesting as danced by the new ballerina, Rosina Galli, and her companions, to exquisite music, some of which is taken from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" and "La Jolie Fille de Perthe."

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

RAILWAY REGULATION AND PHYSICAL VALUATION.

Charles M. Prouty, formerly Interstate Commerce Commissioner and now in charge of what is known as the "physical valuation" of the railways in the United States, speaking before the Convention of Railway Commissioners a few days ago, said that the question of whether the railways should be publicly or privately owned and operated could never be satisfactorily settled until it was known what relation actual value bore to present outstanding securities. He further said:

Assuming that we are to leave the discharge of this function to private enterprise, there arises the even more difficult question as to what the treatment of this private capital shall be. What rates shall be accorded in order that the present investment may be fairly dealt with, and that such further investment will be induced as will render possible the proper development of these facilities?

It must be remembered that the "valuation" process which the Government has in hand will not actually assume to determine what is the actual "present value" of the railways; it will simply collect the facts which are necessary to enable such determination to be made by judicial bodies, for it belongs to such bodies to determine this question. No law of Congress can lay down the principles upon which it is to be determined. The main factors which govern were partly enumerated by the Supreme Court in Smyth vs. Ames (1898) as follows:

And in order to ascertain that value the original cost of construction, the amount expended in permanent improvements, the amount and market value of its bonds and stock, the present as compared with the original cost of construction, the probable earning capacity of the property under particular rates prescribed by the statute, and the sums required to meet operating expenses

are all matters for consideration and are to be given such weight as may be just and right in each case. We do not say that there may not be other matters to be regarded in estimating the value of the property.

It is the object of the Valuation Commission, of which Mr. Prouty is head, to collect information on these points. Apparently, the task will take seven to ten years to complete, and the total cost will be something like $50,000,000, of which 70 per cent. will be met by the railways.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that "valuation" has been made, and that the courts have named a sum of money as representing the fair "present value" of each railway. The problem will then be to make rates such as will give a "fair return" on this "value," and also will attract new capital. Obviously, rates will have to be, as at present, uniform for all carriers throughout each particular rate territory; further, it is impossible to suppose that the existing territorial structures will be abandoned, for such a step would produce instant disturbance of existing commercial and industrial equilibrium. It is also clear that, whatever the courts may decide to be the "present value" of capital already invested, it is the investor who will decide what rate constitutes a "fair return" thereon, and also it is the investor who will judge as to the attractiveness or otherwise of the terms offered by the railways for employment of new capital. Neither Congress nor courts can determine what such return must be—they can only recognize and give effect to whatever the investor determines on the point. Neither Congress nor courts can force investors to provide new capital for the railways. Such capital must be attracted; it cannot be commandeered.

Apparently, it is intended to use the "present values" as ascertained under the law very much as the railways in the 5 per cent. advance case used the "property investment," and set such "values," grouped according to territorial considerations and the "earnings" thereon, against rate structures as a whole, testing results finally in the light of the investor's own judgment. He must, in any event—if private ownership and operation are to continue—be the court of last resort from whom there is no appeal.

This being so, what is the peculiar importance for regulation of the "physical valuation" now proceeding? The investor has been "valuing" these properties every day since they came into being. If the "value" found by the courts agrees with his judgment, well and good; if it does not, he will not accept the court's "value" as a basis for his future investments. The Government (through Congress and the courts) can make him *sell* his property at a valuation, but it cannot oblige him to accept it for the purpose of future business relations with the Government. It would in fact seem that the real importance of Government valuation would be much more as a necessary step before Government purchase than as a preliminary to scientific regulation.

It is a curious thing that so fundamental a fact as the investor's absolute control over his own capital should not be recognized as the most important consideration in regulation of privately owned enterprises—especially when, as in the case of railways in the United States, a continual supply of new capital is absolutely necessary. If there were no need for this new capital it would be easy enough to say that the railways were worth so much and that they should pay so much to their owners and no more. But as things are, the benefits of private ownership and private enterprise can only be obtained by satisfaction of the investor's demands. This is a practical consideration which no amount of theorizing can remove.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. XI. Putnam.
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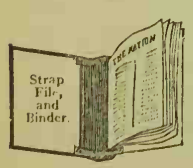

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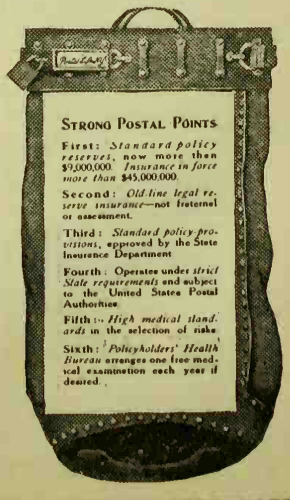
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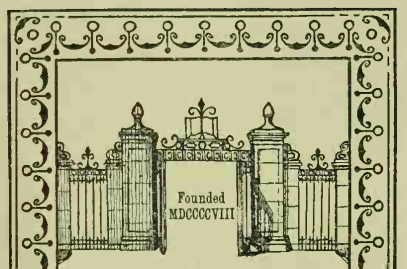

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1914.

Summary of the News

The week has been a quiet one so far as any new political developments in the European situation have been concerned. Even the rumors concerning Italy's intentions have simmered down to the somewhat vague suggestion that she is waiting till the spring before declaring herself, presumably on the side of the Allies, the idea being that there is little chance of the issue of the war being decided in the near future, and that Italy, therefore, though delaying a few months, will still have ample time to enter the fight without her participation savoring too much of eleventh-hour opportunism. The suggestion hardly seems to do justice to the apparently sincere efforts which Italian statesmen have made to preserve the neutrality of their country. Among the Balkan states the decision for peace or war appears, for the present at any rate, to rest with Bulgaria, who so far has exhibited no intention except that of observing absolute neutrality.

The question that arose out of the firing on the Tennessee's launch by Turkish authorities in the harbor of Smyrna has been officially declared to be closed. According to a statement issued by Secretary of State Bryan on November 27, the Turkish Minister of War reported that two blank shots were first fired to warn the launch that it was headed straight for a mine, and that the third shot was only fired "in another direction from that of the launch" to prevent the helmsman of the launch from holding his course. Great regret was expressed by the commander of Smyrna that "such an obligation was presented to the sentinel of the port, which he attributes to the indifference of the helmsman of the launch."

According to dispatches from Washington on Friday of last week, it has become known that some two months ago the President communicated unofficially to the diplomatic representatives of the United States in the belligerent countries of Europe his disapproval of attacks by bombs from aircraft dropped on unfortified cities occupied by noncombatants. Except that the President was careful not to take up the matter officially through the State Department, it is stated that nothing of a more definite character is known of the matter.

The situation in Egypt, so far as can be ascertained by dispatches, has not been seriously affected by the Sultan's declaration of a "holy war," or by the fulminations of the Khedive and his declared intention of assisting to lead the Ottoman army of invasion into the country of which he has been the nominal ruler. Meanwhile it has been reported, but not confirmed, that Great Britain contemplates appointing a new Khedive in the person of Hussein Kemal, son of Ismail Pasha, who was Khedive from 1865 to 1879, and uncle of the present Khedive.

If a dispatch published by the Paris *Temps* is correct, Belgium may not regret that she failed to take advantage of the opportunity to turn a dishonest penny by according the German host a welcome passage through her neutral territory. According to the *Temps*, Germany has paid to the Duchy of Luxemburg the princely sum of $37,500 as compensation for the violation of its neutrality. The amount of this damage has presumably been assessed by the German military commission which was recently appointed for the purpose.

Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France, who is retiring in favor of William Graves Sharp, and whose term had already been prolonged in consideration of the European situation, left Paris last Saturday. The retiring Ambassador and Mrs. Herrick were the recipients of many tokens of appreciation of the services they have performed since the outbreak of the war.

An interesting proposal for the creation of neutral zones in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is understood to have been made to Washington last week by representatives of various Latin-American countries, the object of the proposal being to safeguard the trade of Pan-American countries with one another. Owing to the difficulty of inducing all of the belligerent nations to agree to any such suggestion, it appears extremely improbable that the question will advance beyond the academic stage of discussion.

According to the report of Chandler Hale, of the American Embassy in London, who has investigated conditions at the detention camp for German prisoners on the Isle of Man, the recent riot there, which resulted in the deaths of five of the prisoners, was the fault not of the guards, but of the prisoners themselves. Mr. Hale found the detention camp well equipped in every way. His report will be forwarded to Berlin, where the incident occasioned much bitterness.

Subscriptions to the French loan have apparently come in at a rate that is regarded as eminently satisfactory, the aggregate subscribed, including the original Treasury notes put out, which were renewed on expiration, having amounted to more than 1,000,000,000 francs. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* declares that "as the Council of State had only authorized a total of 940,000,000 francs, application has been made to increase this total to 1,400,000,000 francs, for all indications point to this amount being easily reached within a week or two."

President Wilson on Sunday issued a statement dealing with the strike situation in Colorado, in which, in commenting on the continuance of the present state of affairs, he referred to the refusal of the mine owners to accept the plan of temporary settlement which he had already suggested, and which had been approved by the employees. The President declares, therefore, that he has decided "to appoint the commission contemplated in the plan of temporary settlement, notwithstanding the rejection of that plan by the mine operators." The commission is to consist of the Hon. Seth Low, of New York; Charles W. Mills, of Philadelphia, and Patrick Gilday, of Clearfield, Penn.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company gave notice on November 29 that on January 1 passenger rates would be raised on all its lines to two and one-half cents a mile.

The arbitration of the differences over wages and hours of employment of ninety-eight Western railways and their enginemen began in Chicago on Monday before a board of arbitrators appointed under the Newlands act.

The New York Stock Exchange was reopened on Saturday of last week for trading in bonds, after having been closed since July 30. Business since the reopening has been conducted quietly, and there has been no sign of the heavy liquidation which it was feared in some quarters might ensue. The Philadelphia Stock Exchange was reopened on Monday. There, too, trading was quiet and normal.

Dispatches from Athens have announced that a serious earthquake in which twenty-three persons were killed and others injured occurred on November 27 in western Greece and the Ionian Islands.

Conditions in Mexico can hardly be termed encouraging. President Wilson, in his weekly conference with the Washington correspondents on Tuesday, warned them that there were many persons in Mexico, as well as in the United States, who were interested in giving out false reports concerning the situation, with a view to stirring up trouble. That is doubtless the case, but the variety and conflicting nature of the reports that are published day by day would indicate rather that some ingenious person is interested in writing an extravaganza, with the distracted southern republic as its setting. The report, for instance, that Gonzales has set himself up as a third Provisional President may probably be regarded as the creation of some correspondent whose whimsical fancy has got the better of his veracity. Meanwhile, all that we can be certain of is that Carranza, who appears to have exhibited throughout an almost incredible combination of weakness and vanity, has retired in dudgeon to Vera Cruz, which he says is the temporary capital of Mexico, and from there amuses himself issuing directions to the United States to remove its warships from the adjacent waters. Villa, after being several times defeated in dispatches, and after a hairbreadth escape in a railway accident, finally entered Mexico City on Tuesday at the head of some 25,000 troops. There he issued a statement to the Associated Press, affirming the disinterestedness of his intentions and his entire devotion to the cause of Provisional President Gutierrez.

The deaths of the week include: Cardinal Aristide Cavallari, November 24; Dr. Clinton Wagner, Col. Robert B. Beath, November 25; Dr. James Truman, November 26; Philip Herbert Holt, November 27; Marchese Visconti-Venosta, November 28; Gen. Lewis Seasongood, November 29; Lucius Tuttle, John Gottlieb Wendel, Fanny Whiteside Brough, November 30; Rear-Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, December 1.

The Week

Whatever the outcome of the battles in Russian Poland, it is perfectly obvious that the German army must revise its judgment of the Russian troops, precisely as it has been compelled to admit that its low opinion of the British soldiers was erroneous. After the Austrian ultimatum to Servia had been sent, and it appeared as if Russia would come to Servia's rescue, the organ of the German General Staff, the *Militär Wochenblatt*, appeared with an article about the Russian army, so contemptuous in tone that it must have seemed to Petrograd a veritable *casus belli*. The *Wochenblatt* declared that the Russians had not recovered from the Japanese war; that the two new army corps supposed to have been formed since then did not exist save on paper; that the *morale* of the officers was very low, and that no Russian troops had ever defeated an equal number of any enemy in the history of the Empire. To the latter statement the German army may, perhaps, still cling, because the Russians have apparently everywhere outnumbered their enemy. But Field Marshal von Hindenburg himself—he seems a remarkably frank and generous soldier—admits freely that the Russians have made wonderful progress since their Manchurian campaign, and have fought with skill and daring. From our point of view, if the war should end to-day, the prestige of the German General Staff would be found to have suffered greatly. It miscalculated as to Belgium, as to the English, and as to Russia, to say nothing of the failure of its plan to rush Paris.

It is hard to part with a war-myth, but we are afraid that we shall have to give up those famous "concrete beds" which the Germans had prepared in England. The story of them is familiar. Here and there near London it had been discovered by various Sherlock Holmeses that an ostensible factory site, or even an innocent-appearing tennis-court, was in reality an emplacement for German howitzers, made ready in advance with secret and devilish ingenuity. So firmly convinced of this were many Englishmen that the War Office finally had the matter investigated. Major-Gen. O'Callaghan has reported on all the suspected places brought to public notice. He did, indeed, find some concrete floorings, but they were already giving way under the weight of mere machinery, without waiting for the heavy guns which they were to support. In a word, he completely disposes of the whole bugaboo. Moreover, Major-Gen. O'Callaghan pointed out that if the Germans had made in England concrete bases for their heaviest guns, they would have done a foolish because entirely unnecessary thing. There are no forts in England which it would need the 42-centimetre guns to demolish. If the Germans ever land an army on English shores, they will need to bring with them only their ordinary field guns, which stand on their own wheels. So if there are really any "concrete beds" in England, they must have been made by the Russian soldiers on their way from Aberdeen to Dover.

The loss of the battleship Bulwark may turn out to have been due to the Germans, but that is hardly likely to prove the case. For one thing, the instantaneous destruction of the ship, while the cruisers torpedoed went down comparatively slowly, makes against it; and then her anchorage at Sheerness was so protected that it seems incredible that a German submarine could have found her way into the fleet. The Audacious, too, was some time in sinking, and, if we may judge by the photographs, was without external above-surface injury. Even the Maine took some time to go down. The completeness of this disaster is truly overwhelming; it far surpasses the loss of the Maine, the Mikasa, and the Liberté. Were we not calloused by reading daily of thousands upon thousands of lives lost ashore, and the wiping out of the entire crews of such ships as the Good Hope and Monmouth, the whole world would be shocked by the character of the catastrophe. Whatever its cause, it is another blow to the battleship advocates, for it necessarily invites comparison between the financial and naval loss when a battleship disappears and when a submarine disappears—to say nothing of the lives lost. The total loss is now heavy in the British navy. In officers alone the fleet has lost about 280 killed since the war began.

Once more there are rumors afloat that France and Russia are seeking loans in Wall Street. They are to be small ones, easily subscribed for by two or three banks or trust companies, and, therefore, do not call for public offering. To make them the more attractive, large commissions are tendered, and in addition there is further bait in the promise that the money will be left on deposit here and be used solely for the purchase of war supplies in the American market. These small loans are, of course, merely to be entering wedges for the larger to follow. The fact that there is to be no public advertisement is counted on to relieve the operation from the criticism that this procedure is in violation of President Wilson's expression of policy, as given to J. P. Morgan & Co. in connection with a French loan at the beginning of the war. We trust that no bankers will be found to swallow the bait. For quite aside from the question of international morals and humanity, there are sound business and economic reasons to be advanced against this country's going into the business of financing either belligerent nation. First of all is the fact that we have been drawing on Europe for the last few years for the means to finance not only some of our railways, but also many new constructive enterprises. When the war is over, surplus European capital will for years to come be needed at home to make good the frightful waste of war, and we shall not have this resource from which to draw in connection, for instance, with the large capital needs of our railways during the next three years. Moreover, by dint of hard and able work by our bankers, the situation in respect to international exchange has been brought into better shape. To complicate its status now by large loans to European nations—and the large will inevitably follow the small if an entering wedge is driven—would be a grave mistake. This is the time for the United States to sit tight. We have suffered enough from the war without taking chances by weakening our home resources and becoming financially bound up with the fate of the warring nations.

There is one complaint, or appeal, that comes from all the countries involved in the war. It relates to the provision for the wives and children of soldiers. In Germany, as in England, this has been alleged to be far too meagre. Only this week we have the dispatch citing the Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, which reproaches the Government for not having done more to care for the real heroes and martyrs of the war. Similar protests have been made by newspapers and writers speaking for the British Labor party. No doubt, the authorities in all the warring nations have made great efforts to avert misery among the women and children left behind, and among men thrown out of work. More will doubtless be done, as the war goes on. In all this government activity in behalf of the needy and unemployed, certain Socialists are seeing an adoption of their own position. What is now done temporarily, in a terrible emergency, will hereafter be done regularly, on a great scale, and as a

part of the recognized obligation of governments. Relief will continue to be organized; money from the public funds given to those who cannot support themselves; and the finding of employment, or "making work," reckoned among the duties of responsible officials. This is surely too hasty a jump to conclusions. It may rightly be hoped, however, that the knowledge and experience gained in this whole class of problems, under the stress of war, may not cease to be of avail after peace has come. Miss Tarbell makes the point forcibly, in her article in the *American Magazine*, that the great lesson to be learned by the United States from the European struggle is, not to prepare for war, but to organize for peace, and to do it by grappling more resolutely than we have done with the tough problems of industrialism and of poverty.

The Dutch Government's declination of aid from other nations in caring for the Belgian refugees in Holland ought to serve as a reminder of the nature of the obligation which the people of countries free from the affliction of war should cheerfully assume. While many have given generously in this country for the suffering Belgians, it is a mistake to regard the amount thus far contributed as coming anywhere near the amount which so extraordinary an emergency calls for. Indeed, there has been a marked scarcity of those large individual contributions which, in a country with so many multi-millionaires, ought to be a matter of course; there has been no contribution above $10,000, only two, we believe, of that amount, and very few have exceeded $1,000. It is gratifying to see that the contributions of more modest sums continue to flow in at a steady rate, but it cannot be too plainly said that the five or six hundred thousand dollars thus far received by the Belgian Relief Committee is but a small fraction of what we ought to send.

In reading of the tributes of appreciation paid to Ambassador Herrick on his departure from Paris, one cannot but feel how regrettable it is that our practice in relation to the diplomatic service should make it a matter of course that such a man should be displaced solely for the reason that a new political party, or a new national Administration, has come into power. During nearly half of President Wilson's term, Mr. Herrick has held over; now his place is to be taken by a man without any diplomatic experience, and with no special qualification for the post so far as the country knows. It is true that in many instances the new man does surprisingly well; there is no question of the remarkable adaptability which the typical American shows in all kinds of unexpected situations. But the opposite kind of showing is by no means unknown in the service; and indeed, unless every maxim of human experience is foolishness, it is plain that the Government, like any other institution, must in general be the loser if it removes tried and successful men who have served it in difficult tasks, for no better reason than the desire to give the "job" to some other person.

The decision last Monday of the Supreme Court, on the Oklahoma "Jim Crow" law, is but one of several that will soon have to be made in cases of like kind pending before it. They all involve the Constitutional rights of negroes. While the Court held itself in this instance, as all courts will, to the strict legal procedure, and so dismissed as faulty the petition to enjoin the Oklahoma railways from enforcing the State law, this dismissal was not simply without prejudice, but was accompanied by an opinion on the ultimate main question which is of good augury for the future. The majority decision, as given by Justice Hughes, laid down positions which are wholly inconsistent with attempts of any kind to write race discriminations into law. "The essence of the Constitutional right," said the Supreme Court, referring to the right to equality of treatment, "is that it is a personal one." It has nothing to do with the numbers or color of persons affected. "Substantial equality of treatment of persons travelling under like conditions" is what common carriers are bound to furnish, declares the Court, and, if they do not, the aggrieved traveller "may properly complain that his substantial privileges have been invaded." This doctrine is as cheering as it is sound; and it leaves no doubt that, in the end, the Supreme Court will not consent to the setting up in this country, and under our Constitution, of a "Jim Crow" government.

In announcing that he has appointed a commission of three, as contemplated in the tentative plan for the settlement of the Colorado mine troubles, in spite of the rejection of that plan by the operators, President Wilson uses language that seems carefully calculated to prevent this move in the interest of conciliation from being itself made the occasion of fresh controversy. It does not appear that he asks either mine-owners or mine-workers to accept the Commission as having any specific powers. His object in appointing it is "to create the instrumentality by which like troubles and disputes may be amicably and honorably settled in the near future"; and it is solely upon the good will of the parties, and their sense of public duty, that he counts for the calling in of the commission to investigate and settle disputes which stand in need of such interposition. The personnel of the Commission is such as to give good ground for this expectation. The men representing respectively the operators' and the miners' point of view have had much experience in just such work as would fall to them in Colorado; and to represent the standpoint of the community at large, both with broadmindedness and with seasoned ability, Mr. Wilson could not have chosen a better man than Seth Low. The consent of these gentlemen to undertake the task is fitly made the subject of warm commendation by the President.

The minimum-wage question is not, just at this moment, being very much agitated. How complex it is, we took occasion to point out at the time when proposals for a minimum wage for women were sensationally thrust forward under the influence of sex-hysteria. A cardinal element in the case, though it seemed to be completely ignored by the agitators, and received scant consideration from anybody, is the relation between the rate of wages and demand for labor. This must, of course, be a potent, though perhaps unnoticed, factor at all times; but at a time like this, when unemployment is widespread, it should not fail to obtain attention. In the Chicago *Herald* we find a pathetic account of the scenes at the opening of the emergency employment centre of the Woman's Club of that city. "The aim of the women inside and those in the hall," we are told, "was the same—to get a job, a thing that meant the difference between hunger and food, want and comfort. There were not jobs enough to go round." Mrs. Benjamin Carpenter, one of the directors, said:

> There is something tragic in the thought of these disappointed, hopeless women. We need more offers from employers of women. We need more jobs to give.
>
> If employers would come to us for help, if they would come selfishly, if they would come out of sympathy for these girls and women, if they would come on any grounds at all, a great problem would be solved.

Is it not obvious that a minimum-wage law—certainly the kind of minimum-wage law chiefly advocated at the time we have referred to, a law establishing a fixed minimum of eight or ten dollars a week—must vastly in-

crease the extent of this kind of unemployment?

Not much is heard nowadays of that parallel between the new-born Progressive party and the Republican party in its early days, which, two years ago, the Progressive leaders never tired of proclaiming. Indeed, the only reference to it we remember to have seen since the election is the unfortunate one made by the Acting Chairman of the party organization in Massachusetts, who, writing—it must have been in his sleep—to the Progressive brethren, gave them the astonishing information that "in 1858 the Republican party, after showing marvellous strength in its first Presidential election, two years previously, apparently disappeared, and the Whigs came back"; whereas in reality the Republicans in 1858 became for the first time the dominant party in the House of Representatives, while the Whig party "stayed dead." However, the contrast in point of electoral success is not the only one that stares us in the face. If, after the elections of 1858, Lincoln had declared that he was "the privatest of private citizens," if Seward had announced that "the irrepressible conflict" was all a mistake, and if Chase and Giddings and the rest were considering whether on the whole it might not be just as well to get on with what the Whigs or the Democrats might do for Republican principles, we should have something like the condition that the Progressive party now finds itself in.

Reports of a falling out between Gov. Johnson and Francis J. Heney come just in time to give piquancy to the Progressive autopsy at Chicago. Heney does not understand why he ran so poorly in San Francisco in his race for the Senatorship, while doing so well in the rest of the State. Phelan, his Democratic opponent, was supposed to be weak with the labor unions, because of his having put police on the wagons in a teamsters' strike fifteen years ago. Johnson, on the other hand, is allied with the unions. Yet Phelan had a plurality of 60,000 in San Francisco, which was reduced to 25,000 by the returns from outside that city. Heney is said to be on the track of a deal between Johnson and Phelan, having relation to Johnson's Senatorial ambitions, and to have decided to make trouble by bringing charges of graft in the Progressive stronghold, Oakland. All this is sad reading, coming from the only State where the Progressives are still marching on. Too many leaders, it is evident, spoil harmony, particularly when they are not content with moral victories.

Interesting evidence of the essential homogeneity of our country is furnished by the way in which the recent radical advance in standards of medical education is appreciated in the South. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, dwelling on the statistics adduced by Dr. McGuire, in his recent presidential address to the Southern Medical Association, approves his position in regard to their significance and the policy that lies behind them. The reduction that has taken place in the number of medical schools and of physicians, says the New Orleans paper, "does not mean that there has been any reduction in the number of competent physicians, that there are not enough to attend to all our ills, but simply that the standard has been raised, and that fewer young men are being turned loose on the public each year, after a few months of lectures, to hang out their signs as 'M.D.,' and afterward learn the trade by experimenting surgically or medically on those who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands." And so far from being frightened by the drawbacks which attend this process of improvement, it urges that State Legislatures should adopt a policy of strict examination into the standards not only of medical, but of other professional schools.

Does anything take longer in this country than to find out who was elected to an office, if either candidate disputes the returns? Last year, a Dr. Bacon was declared elected to the Philadelphia Select Council. His opponent, a Dr. Moore, demanded a recount. He got it—six months later. One month afterward, the examiner in charge of the case reported in favor of Moore. After another month, the Court of Common Pleas affirmed the report. Bacon then appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. This was five months ago, and the decision is yet to be rendered. The candidate whose claim to the seat has been declared by two separate authorities to be null holds it, voting upon measures relating to the interests of the ward he may in the end be found not to be representing. But what difference does it make which of two respectable citizens speaks and votes in a city council? Well, in this case, the candidate in possession of the seat is an organization Republican, while his opponent is a reform Republican.

The "dead hand of literature" has long weighed heavily on living authors. What chance has Gifted Hopkins against Shakespeare, when the latter can be endlessly reprinted without royalties? The plaint is an old one; but it is varied by a Western college professor. He protests that the dead hand of the past is strangling the teaching of literature. The prescribed reading is almost wholly confined to dead masters. Pupils receive nothing fresher to read in the way of novels than Thackeray or Hawthorne. But how can literary education be brought strictly up to date unless its material is just off the presses? The thing to do, urges this logical instructor in literature, this educational Lochinvar, is to set the boys and girls courses in O. Henry, instead of George Eliot, and to displace Dumas with Oppenheim. Only so can the students be made to feel that they are living, that they are moving, in a grand and awful time, and that books are really a part of the breezy present. We should say that if any teachers find the breezy present neglected by their young readers, who spend all their spare time on forgotten sages and out-of-date poets and romancers who never dreamed of an aeroplane, this would be a good way to make them rub their eyes and wake up and realize in what century they are living.

"Canada," said the Hon. Robert Rogers recently, "is going to do her share in feeding the Empire." The Government's announcement that the acreage to be given to wheat in Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan is 45 per cent. more than that of this year bears him out. Such figures must be based partly on autumn preparations for spring planting; but there is no reason to believe them greatly exaggerated. In 1913 the three Provinces named planted over 10,000,000 acres—nine-tenths of Canada's whole acreage, and about one-fifth of the American total. An increase bringing this up to about 15,000,000 acres, and the output in bushels to over 315,000,000, would be amazing in its suddenness. The Government, however, has made strenuous efforts to induce the settlers to enlarge their farms, and, with the railways, is even now distributing millions of bushels of seed; the current of immigration has been fairly steady; and the price of grain is now an extraordinary incitement. These official estimates already show that the reports of depression in Saskatchewan following this season's drought and storms were unfounded. In some sections the distress bade fair to be severe, but the Province's action in providing $1,000,000 for public work on the roads relieved it, and has apparently encouraged newcomers without resources.

THE "PREPAREDNESS" FLURRY.

That President Wilson intends to keep his head in the present flurry over our "preparedness" for war is gratifyingly apparent in the news from Washington. It has been quite evident that the present conflagration in Europe is to be made the excuse for a wild raid on Congress for more soldiers, more sailors, and more ships. Witnessing the total breakdown of the militarist pretension abroad, that large armaments insure peace, we hear from our Navy League, our alarmed Gardners, our gun and armor makers, our Roosevelts, and our jingo generals, that we, too, must imitate the folly of Europe, even though it is now drenching its soil with blood. At the very moment when the "most senseless of wars" is endangering civilization itself, we are told that the United States must check its internal development, rob industry of hundreds of thousands of workers, and pour forth treasure by the hundred millions—just as if everybody could not now see that the European armaments were certain to have brought on a conflict, had there been no other cause.

That some of the people behind this movement are sincere, if too badly frightened to think straight, appears from the list of New Yorkers who have recently joined together to demand an inquiry as to our preparedness for war—to see if we are really "safe." No such inquiry as they and Congressman Gardner seek is necessary. The facts as to our preparedness for war are easily ascertainable. They are contained in the reports of our Secretaries of War and Navy, our Presidents' messages for years past. They can be obtained from those officials at any time. The Navy League is so sure that it has them all that it knows just what to advise, both as to army and navy. Every military attaché in Washington has the whole story at his disposal. Information is not the object of Congressman Gardner, however it may be with the New Yorkers who are suddenly desirous of having more light on our situation. He wants to have army and navy officers appear before committees of Congress to give testimony as to what they think ought to be done, which is like asking protected manufacturers battening on the Treasury to write their own tariff schedules. If this prevails, we shall be in for an inquiry of the utmost sensationalism, at which our generals will dispute whether we shall have 205,000 or 500,000 regulars, and our admirals whether we shall have fifty battleships or two hundred and fifty submarines.

Fortunately for the country, the President is not to be stampeded. With courage and far-sighted statesmanship he lets it be known that he should regard any such inquiry as ill-timed. He does not put it on the ground of keeping your head when your neighbors are shooting one another. He puts it on the far nobler ground that before this country lies the greatest opportunity that has ever come to it, or perhaps to any country—the opportunity of playing the leading part in bringing the war to a close. Never before did a greater possibility of usefulness open before an American statesman than that which looms before Woodrow Wilson. That he is of stature to seize the opportunity when it presents itself, this stand he is taking clearly proves. For he sees how ineffective—how hypocritical—would be our appeal for peace, our offer of good services, our pointing the way to disarmament, if we were to make that appeal fresh from new concessions to the armament ring, fresh from voting more hundreds of millions out of the pockets of the people and into those of ship-contractors and manufacturers of supplies.

To approach the European combatants thus with new weapons in our own hands, would be to fling away our moral position. Never has the United States stood higher morally in the world than to-day; this is attested by the way our good opinion is sought by both sets of allies. If it is to live up to the greatness of the hour, it must go to the warriors not with the news of a slavish imitation of the wicked policies which have driven some to the verge of moral and material ruin and others beyond it, but with a readiness to lead in the other direction. The menacing growth of our navy has been cited both in the Reichstag and in Parliament as one excuse for piling more burdens upon German and British taxpayers, by building more and more battleships. To our mind this is not only not the time to inquire about our preparedness for war, it is the time to refuse to vote a single additional ship, and to lead the world towards disarmament by beginning to disarm ourselves. The high example to be set by such an action would make a strong appeal to the victims of the war—certainly to enlightened consciences in every quarter of the globe.

Surely, it is a cause for the utmost thanksgiving that the occupant of the White House sees and senses this, and is ready to bear if need be the criticisms of little minds who can see nothing more in all this horrible suffering and carnage, this breakdown of Christianity, than the need of preparation for slaughter. We are convinced that the President has only to state the case for the people to rise to him as they have risen whenever he has made a plea for justice and humanity. The American people are thinking about what all this means. Hundreds of thousands have fled to this country to escape the burdens of militarism; they have no desire to shoulder new ones here. There are plenty of men in public life, too, who will rally to the President's support. There is Congressman Walter L. Hensley, of Missouri, for instance, a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, who is openly stating his belief that this is no time for an inquiry; that the lesson of the European struggle for us is that we should refrain from building more battleships and weapons of destruction. But it is the hour for all who feel thus to make themselves heard.

WHAT NEUTRALS CAN AND CANNOT DO.

It has been customary to speak of nations that are neutral in the present war as singularly fortunate. Such, of course, they are in a very true sense. But to picture their lot as if they were nothing but a *tertium gaudens*, wholly detached, with no vital interest of their own involved, no dangers to guard against, and no duties scrupulously to undertake, would be a mistake both obvious and ludicrous. Holland and Switzerland are neutral, but to what expense has each been put! What anxieties have robbed their rulers of sleep! Even upon the United States, sundered by the sea from the scene of hostilities, the war has laid heavy burdens. For weeks the strain upon the neutral Government at Washington was almost too great to be borne. We need not again enumerate the emergencies which successively confronted the President. Some of them have been continuing in their nature. Financial crises could be surmounted, relief for Americans caught abroad could be organized, impaired public revenues could be made good; but the work of maintaining neutrality and living up to all its obligations, while being vigilant to assert every neutral right, has been incessant and exacting.

Not the least of President Wilson's troubles during the war has been to resist impossible demands. From foreign nations and by some of his fellow-countrymen, he has been called upon to do what could not properly be asked of him. Certain impulsive people seemed to think that somehow he could stop the war! At least, he could "protest" at everything they did not like. It has been gravely argued that he should have called Germany to book for violating the neutrality

of Belgium—though to what book, was not specified. And various excited citizens have been heard to declare it to be the President's duty to say in a loud American voice that "atrocities" must cease, and that if there was another instance of bomb-dropping, as upon Antwerp, the American navy would be ordered to do something or other, just what never clearly appeared.

Many things less absurd have been urged upon Mr. Wilson; but about them all he has refused to speak. From this it did not follow that he had given up thinking about all the phases of American neutrality, or about what he might be able to do to mitigate the ferocities of warfare, while waiting the fit hour for the proffer of good offices in bringing about peace. And that he has not been so inert as has been asserted in some quarters appears from the news that our Ambassadors have in some of these matters addressed inquiries to the Governments of the belligerent nations. There has been no fine flourish about it; nothing approximating a formal or threatening protest. In this way at least the President has indicated that he should regret to see any violation of the established rules of war. One of those involved relates to the security of non-combatants, and requires that they be notified before the bombardment is begun of any place which they may be occupying. This does not, in set terms, forbid the dropping of bombs upon the houses of a city, but in effect it does. Nor is this based upon any Hague agreement, partially ratified, but upon a principle of international law long recognized. To have called to it the attention of warring nations was not an unneutral act. And that the President's activity along this line has borne fruit, there seems to be evidence in the distinct lessening of the reports of this form of warfare. It is a long time since any German aviator has dropped bombs in Paris. From English aeroplanes explosives were dropped into a Belgian town a short time ago, killing a few civilians, so it was reported, but the explanation would doubtless have been that the aim was to destroy a railway station or trains which the Germans were using. Whether the slackening we note is only temporary, or not, whether the long-heralded raid of the Zeppelins on London will be made or not, we have no means of knowing. All that we at present remark is that President Wilson did take a quiet but effective step to bring about new respect for an old rule of war. And he did it wholly within his obligations as the head of a neutral Power.

To judge by dispatches from Washington and from some parts of South America, a more ambitious project, with the aim of extending the bounds of neutrality, is afoot. This is nothing less than an attempt to draw the United States and all of Central and South America completely out of the range of hostilities. The proposals, as thus far outlined, seem rather vague. The idea is to prevent our commercial ships from being interfered with by the warships of a belligerent. And there is also said to be hope that an agreement may be come to by which no naval battles will be fought in American waters. This is not, of course, a question of the three-mile limit, but of the high seas off American coasts. The mere statement of all this is, of course, enough to show that it is extra-legal. But that something of the kind is being seriously considered, appears to be beyond doubt. The South American Governments seem to be actively interested in it. Should the result aimed at be obtained even but partially, it would show statesmanship taking occasion by the hand to make the bounds of neutrality wider yet.

UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

Nothing could be more vigorous, or more broad-minded, than President Butler's verdict, in his annual report, on the foolish and wrong-headed proposal of applying to the teaching body of a university the mechanical tests of the efficiency engineer. Strangely out of keeping with the spirit of that utterance is the following passage, elsewhere in the report:

> The University is expending each year out of the income of its endowment immense sums to supplement the fees paid for tuition, in order to provide the best possible facilities for college and university instruction. The University owes it to the public and to itself to see to it that these colossal expenditures are made only upon and in the interest of those who are really fit physically as well as mentally to take advantage of the opportunities which the University has to offer, and to make appropriate return to the community in the form of personal and social service. There is a careful physical examination insisted upon in the case of candidates for admission to the military and naval academies maintained by the Government of the United States. . . . It is a matter well worthy of earnest consideration whether Columbia University should not once more take the lead in formulating educational policy, and provide specifically that physical fitness as well as intellectual capacity shall hereafter be required of all candidates for admission to the University in any of its parts.

Of course, President Butler cannot mean that the physical test he recommends should be as severe as that employed at West Point or Annapolis; but evidently he has in mind a fairly exacting test. It is true that he mentions the fact that "in Columbia College a certificate of good health is now required for each candidate for admission, but no similar provision is made elsewhere in the University"; but he opens the whole discussion with the statement that "there is one particular [viz., physical fitness] in which the examination of candidates for admission is not sufficiently searching." Taken altogether, it is plain that what Dr. Butler contemplates is something more than the ordinary "certificate of good health."

This proposal of a physical test as a condition for the enjoyment of university opportunities has evoked a number of protests in the newspaper press. It has been pointed out not only that a poor physique may be no insuperable obstacle—often no obstacle at all, sometimes even a stimulus—to intellectual success, but also that some of the greatest and most fruitful minds the world has ever known have been housed in very imperfect bodies. But President Butler's proposal is open to an objection far deeper and broader than this. It is true that the student of a university receives benefits the cost of which his tuition-fees are insufficient to cover; but to press this point home, in such a way as to cause the student to regard himself either as an object of charity or as the recipient of an advance which he is in honor bound to repay in any definite way, would be fatal to the spirit of university life. We must take a broad view of the way in which university education conduces to those great ends which the resources devoted to it are intended to compass. Those resources should not, indeed, be wasted upon young men who do not avail themselves of the opportunities furnished for the acquisition of knowledge, for the improvement of mental powers, for the advancement in culture; but to insist upon a return, in each individual case, in the shape of "personal or social service" is to make impossible a free and generous intellectual atmosphere. Let our universities welcome every young man who is attracted to them by the love of learning, and we can well afford to take chances as to just what percentage of them will make a return for the cost in the shape of specific "personal or social service." If we take the broadest view, to be sure, the question lapses; for simply to *be* a man of high intellectual quality, of serious intellectual interests, is, we take it, a "personal" service of high import; but, waiving this,

we may be sure that the harvest of "service" of a more material kind will be greater if we let the free air of a generous intellectualism play about the crop than if we attempt to enclose it within the barriers of a narrow and calculating utilitarianism.

Neither the analogy of West Point and Annapolis, nor the analogy of the undergraduate college, helps to bear out Dr. Butler's view. At the army and navy training schools the end in view is the single and specific object of turning out a body of men fitted to take charge of the operations necessary for the national defence, and to take command of the forces of the country, on land and sea, in time of war. For this purpose, physical fitness is as essential as mental competency; and no incidental benefits that might come from the training can possibly be permitted to count as a substitute for these imperative needs. As for the certificates of good health required of college students, these, so far as we know, are imposed, not for fear that a few dollars of the institution's income may be wasted upon here and there a delicate youth, but for fear that the boy himself shall suffer injury, or fail to get benefit, from an undertaking beyond his strength. The question of a young fellow being in danger of a breakdown often comes up in the meeting of college boards; but we have yet to hear of an instance in which it has been considered from the financial, and not from the human, standpoint.

In the course of his remarks on the question of efficiency in the professorial body, President Butler said: "A university is precluded from being efficient in the mechanical or business sense by its essential character and by its necessary policies." Most true—and applicable just as truly to the spirit in which the university should regard its body of students as to that in which it should view questions of faculty organization. In the one case as in the other any specific gains that might be obtained by keeping close tab on the concrete results in the case of each individual would be far more than counterbalanced by the general loss in tone, which would affect the whole body. In both cases alike the proposed innovation is a manifestation of a certain misdirected striving for perfection which is very much in the air nowadays; a thing that should be called an itch for perfection rather than a striving for it. In short, in both cases, we would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs—that classic symbol of "efficiency" overreaching itself.

Chronicle of the War

The slackening of the German attack on the western line, which we noted last week, has continued until it may be said to have ceased altogether. Even the force of the artillery fire has diminished considerably during the past ten days. There have been the usual and obvious reports that this does but mark the lull before the storm, and that the Germans are massing their forces preparatory to launching another desperate attack in the direction of Arras or of Ypres. It implies no undue disparagement of the German fighting force if we discredit these reports. The frequent statements that the German regiments, many of them, consist now mainly of old men and boys have been sufficiently disproved by the fighting quality which these regiments have displayed. As further warning against undue optimism in Allied quarters on this score, we may call attention to two private letters which appeared recently in the London *Times*, one from a major in a Highland regiment, the other from a general officer commanding a brigade, both protesting against the misinformation concerning the quality of the German troops published by the English papers and paying high tribute to their courage and efficiency.

It is not necessary, however, to assume that German resources in men are strained to the severest pitch to doubt their resumption of a serious offensive at this time. There are many indications that, so far as the German offensive is concerned, the long-drawn-out struggle on the Aisne and in Flanders is drawing to a close, may, indeed, already be said to be ended. Of this, the report of Sir John French, which was given out by the Official Press Bureau on Sunday, and which covers the operations in Flanders, approximately from October 11 to November 20, furnishes the strongest evidence. "As I close this dispatch," declares the Field Marshal, "signs are in evidence that we are possibly in the last stages of the battle from Ypres to Armentières. For several days past the artillery fire of the enemy has slackened considerably, and his infantry attacks have practically ceased." We saw last week how the operations in the eastern area of warfare have reacted upon those in the west. It is unquestionable that considerable numbers of troops have been withdrawn from France to reinforce Gen. von Hindenburg's army in Poland, and in view of the course which the fighting there has taken, it is probable that the drain on the forces in the west may continue. Sir John French's dispatch brings out clearly how violent and powerful were the German attacks on the line Nieuport-Ypres-Armentières after the fall of Antwerp and when the German armies were reinforced by the troops that had been engaged in the siege of that city. Yet these attacks failed, though only by a narrow margin. Later, in the second week of November, there was the desperate attack of the Prussian Guard, the fine flower of the German army. That, too, was repulsed with enormous casualties.

If, then, these two offensive movements, the one strongly reinforced by a fresh army, the other initiated by troops especially picked for the purpose, were unable to accomplish their object, not the most hopeful member of the German General Staff, one would suppose, can look for success from a new offensive undertaken under conditions far less favorable than attended the former attempts. Not only is the German army in the west weakened by drafts sent eastward and by casualties (and these Sir John French estimates with confidence as having been in the proportion of not less than three to one to those of the Allies), but it has opposed to it, not this time Belgian troops in the last stages of exhaustion and a British force, as Sir John French points out, greatly over-extended over a long line, but an army that has had time to recuperate and has been considerably reinforced. As we write, there are reports of a renewal of fierce fighting at Ypres, but, though this should prove to be of some magnitude, it will almost certainly be found that the German attack is in the nature of a counter-offensive, undertaken solely for defensive purposes. It is even conceivable that it might be the preliminary to a general retirement.

Writing last week, we pointed out that present circumstances would appear to be favorable for an assumption of the offensive on the part of the Allies, and suggested that lack of equipment rather than lack of men might explain Gen. Joffre's delay in taking the initiative. There have been since we wrote certain faint indications, each slight in itself, but in sum presenting an argument that is at least worth taking note of, that the offensive movement of the Allies may not now be long delayed. In the first place, there is the confident tone of Sir John French's dispatch, seeming to confirm the sanguine note that is sounded by the French military experts. Secondly, there is the significant news that came on Saturday of last week through the correspondence of the Associated Press, dated from Havre on November 19, that ever since Lord Kitchener's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, on November 9, there has been a steady stream of transports from England to Havre. The fact of the arrival of considerable British reinforcements is confirmed in Sir John French's dispatch, where he speaks of nine Territorial regiments which have taken part in the recent fighting. That was up to November 20. The reinforcements to which the Associated Press alludes cannot, of course, consist of Lord Kitchener's new army of more than a million men, for these have not as yet received the training to fit them to take their place in the line of battle; but if nine Territorial regiments have already acquitted themselves well in the fighting, there seems no reason why others should not prove equally efficient. Add to this Sir John French's statement that the improved military situation has lately allowed of large numbers being withdrawn from the fighting line to rest and refit, and it seems safe to assume that Territorial reinforcements in very considerable numbers have arrived at the front.

Definite news from Poland, where for two weeks a fierce battle has been raging, is still lacking. The unofficial accounts, which we noted with reserve last week, giving news of an overwhelming Russian victory, were never supported by the official bulletins, and, as events have turned out, were premature. It is still extremely difficult to give even an approximately accurate account of the progress of the battle around Lodz, and quite impossible to hazard any prophecy as to its ultimate outcome. There seems to be no

doubt, however, not only that the German offensive into Poland received a very severe check, but that part of the German army was at one time in considerable danger of annihilation. That was after the battle which we recorded last week on the line Strykow-Zgierz-Zdunskawola. Unofficial reports declared that the right wing of the Germans was here virtually surrounded, and another Sedan was confidently expected. Something very like this appears to have been narrowly averted, although the official statements from Petrograd uttered repeated warnings against the acceptance of unofficial rumors of crushing victories. Sedans, though, as we saw in the west in the earlier stages of the war, are unlikely to happen under modern conditions of fighting. Apparently, the German right wing was all but enveloped, but the Russian forces were not sufficiently overwhelming in number to complete or to hold the circle, and the Germans by heroic exertions succeeded in cutting their way out.

To speak, therefore, of the German line as having been cut in two places, and the right, centre, and left of the army separated from one another, is no doubt an exaggeration. German losses, if we are to accept any part of the unofficial reports as true, must have been enormous, but the line, though a tortuous one, still holds. On the north the Russians have apparently penetrated as far as Plock, on the Vistula, which marks a notable advance of their right wing. From this point the line may be traced southeast to Gombin (occupied by the Russians last week) and to Lowicz, on the Bzura River. There it turns to the west, forming an acute angle, and follows the Bzura to Sobota, where the Mroga River flows into the Bzura. Turning south again at this point, it follows the Mroga through Bielawy to Glovno, and continues thence through the Strykow-Zdunskawola line to the River Warthe. Though the Russian successes have not proved to be of the overwhelming character which reports from Petrograd would have had us believe, the positions indicated are sufficient to show the definite nature of the check which the Germans have received in their second advance into Poland.

It is, however, more important still to note that the Russians have checked this advance without, as was the case in the former advance on Warsaw, withdrawing troops from their right and left. On the previous occasion the incursion into Poland immediately relieved the pressure on the Austrians in Galicia. The present advance was undoubtedly undertaken with the same motive and with the additional, and in German eyes doubtless far more important, purpose of staying the Russian aggression into East Prussia. In both respects it has failed. The Russian centre has held without drawing in its wings. In East Prussia the significant admission is made by the Berlin War Office that Russian forces have penetrated to the neighborhood of Darkehmen, which is some thirty-five miles west of the frontier, on the river Angerap, southwest of Gumbinnen. Here, then, the Russians are across the German strategic railway which skirts the frontier between Stallupönen and Goldap, and are threatening Insterburg. Similarly in Galicia their advance has not been halted, as on the previous occasion, by the events in Poland, and they are now within striking distance of Cracow.

Foreign Correspondence

PARLIAMENT AT WORK AGAIN—NEWS FROM THE FRONT—KHAKI THE ONLY WEAR — CAPTAIN VON MUELLER—LORD ROBERTS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 13.

The meeting of Parliament for what will prove its last session was marked afresh by that unity of feeling and devotion to a common cause instantly established when the country found itself at war with a foreign foe. We have lived to see the realization of the poet's dream of a condition of things when none are for a party, but all are for the State. Parliament has been summoned at this abnormal date for the specific purpose of providing further money for prosecution of the war. This done—and it will be accomplished next week practically without debate, certainly without division—further adjournment into the new year will take place. On this side of Christmas no attempt will be made to proceed with legislation.

For the first time within the memory of living man, a new session of Parliament has been started without festive preliminaries. On the night before the opening ceremony is achieved the Prime Minister is accustomed to entertain his colleagues at dinner in Downing Street, the leader of the House of Lords playing the part of host to the titled members of the Government. The leaders of the Opposition in both houses provide the same pleasing reception for ex-Ministers. It is an old-fashioned courtesy, still happily extant, that they are provided with a copy of the speech to be delivered from the throne on the following day. It is read aloud to the company about the same time that its secrets are disclosed elsewhere by the Premier and the leader of the House of Lords.

Up to the accession of Edward VII a full summary of the document was supplied to editors of the principal daily papers. Its information was available for use in their leading columns. But it was a point of honor to maintain throughout the article a tone of ambiguity. It would have been something approaching *lèse majesté* to anticipate the utterance of the sovereign. Accordingly, able editors gravely ambled round the text of the speech, introducing successive announcements in such phrases as: "It is probable that the gracious speech may announce—" or, "We should not be surprised if his Majesty were to declare intention on the part of his Government to—" On coming to the throne, King Edward made an end of the solemn, not to say priggish, farce. The proposals set forth in the speech from the throne are not now communicated to the editors, who nevertheless by effort of intelligent anticipation generally get pretty near the facts.

This week there have been no Ministerial or ex-Ministerial dinners. More important still to a wide political circle, there have been no evening parties at headquarters in either camp. It has been usual at Downing Street for the Prime Minister's wife to be "at home" to supporters in both houses, their wives and daughters. The brilliancy of the Assembly is added to by the appearance on the scene of foreign Ministers, wearing all their stars and ribbons. Interest of another kind is added by the presence of well-known men of science, of literature, of art, of music, and the stage. Had Mrs. Asquith given her usual party on Tuesday evening there would have been what is known in the money market as "a shortage" of Ambassadors. The German Minister departed three months ago, followed reluctantly by Count Mensdorff, who for many years represented the Austrian Emperor at the Court of St. James's, acquiring the position of one of the most popular members of London society. Now the poor Turk has trundled off—in tears, it is said, emotion partly due to regret at leaving London, and partly to certain prevision of what will follow to his helpless country as a penalty for permitting itself to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Kaiser.

Since the war commenced a striking change has been made in the neighborhood of Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Formerly sentries, drawn from the regiments of the Guards, wore the red tunic, the striped black trousers, and the gigantic busby. Today they pace up and down in khaki, with knapsacks on their backs, water-bottles at their sides, ready for active service, however sudden the call. Khaki is indeed the only wear for soldiers. His Majesty has added a suit to his abundant wardrobe and wears it occasionally when he visits newly recruited forces. On Wednesday, as the King drove down to Westminster to open Parliament, he passed between rows of detachments from crack regiments of the regular army all in khaki. The only exception was the staff and escort accompanying the royal carriages, who wore the review order uniform. The troops from overseas, who, marching in the Lord Mayor's procession on Monday, met with a remarkable ovation, were, of course, all clad in unobtrusive khaki. The adoption of this fashion, of comparatively recent date, is a distinct advantage to the service, showing off the manly athletic form for centuries obscured by the medley of gaudy colored uniforms.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet a significant indication of popular feeling lurked among the commonplaces of the wine list. No German wine was served, an exclusion that will doubtless lead the way at public banquets elsewhere and hereafter. This will be an added blow to innocent wine merchants already suffering from a marked falling off of trade. It is becoming the fashion at clubs and at many private houses to abstain from champagne at dinner. It is justly thought that this is not a time to grow merry at an extravagant price per head. Incidentally, the war has proved a powerful incentive to temperance. At home, as in France, public houses, restaurants, and the bars of hotels and clubs are closed at an hour so early that had it been decreed six months ago there would have been a riot in the streets. In Russia, the Czar, at enormous cost of revenue, has at a stroke prohibited the sale of vodka, resulting in a social revolution, second only, in a sense parallel with, the emancipation of the serfs. In Paris the Government, having closed the cafés after an early dinner hour, has prohibited the sale of absinthe, thus eliminating from the time of day what to the boulevardier was its happiest stroke—*l'heure d'absinthe*.

Up to this year the month of October marked a distinct and pleasant departure in social life in London. It has a season all of its own. Folk returning after holiday-making at home or abroad, delighted to meet old friends

after three months separation, got up little dinners, not so big nor so elaborate as those which crowd the regular season, but none the less pleasant. Nothing of the kind has marked the course of this late autumn. People instinctively refrain from holding festivals of any kind. With millions of men fighting day and night in the once fair fields and prosperous towns of butchered Belgium, it seems better to dine quietly at home, haply setting aside out of reduced household expenditures something additional in the way of relief for the victims of the war. Most of the big London restaurants, whose crowded glittering conviviality at the dinner or supper hours was this time last year one of the sights of London, are shrewdly ministering to this Spartan mood of economy by providing special luncheons and dinners at reduced prices.

WESTMINSTER, November 21.

In spite of the niggardly disposition of the Press Bureau and the baldness of its literary style, readers of the morning papers get a more or less dim impression of the progress of the biggest battling the world has ever seen. More eloquent are the simple columns cataloguing the names of killed and wounded in action. Still more vivid are flashes of personal knowledge of the operation of the war upon quiet, happy homes of yesterday. Less than a month ago I bade farewell to a friend and country neighbor going to the front. In order to accomplish his heart's desire, he had resigned one of the most highly prized positions of distinguished officers on Home Service. As soon as he was gone his brave and capable wife devoted herself to hospital duties, taking her turn at hard work from four o'clock in the afternoon till midnight or after.

Perhaps such engrossing labor had its compensation in distracting her mind from hourly anxiety. In addition to her husband, three of her brothers, the eldest heir of an historic Scottish dukedom, had gone to the war. Of the two younger, one returned from the battlefield wounded. The other, known to be dangerously wounded, is among the missing. Nothing has been heard of him since he disappeared a full month ago. And now comes a brief summons from Boulogne bidding her repair to the bedside of her husband, who lies in hospital grievously wounded.

Capt. von Müller of the Emden is well known in London, where he has left many friends. He was domiciled here for some years acting as Naval Attaché to the German Embassy. In the spring of last year I met him at luncheon and was much struck by his appearance and manner. Tall, slim in figure, beardless, and innocent of moustache, he had no resemblance to the ordinary type of German. The dissimilitude was carried further by his manner, which was gentle, courteous, and unobtrusive. He did not take prominent part in general conversation at the table, but after luncheon I had a chat with him and was charmed by the variety of his information and the grace of his culture—spelt with a "c" not with a "k." I little thought when we parted that the next time I heard his name it would be a terror to the British mercantile marine.

The funeral of Lord Roberts to-day was made the occasion of a rare display of public emotion. In order to find its nearest parallel we must go back to the burial of the Duke of Wellington, hymned by Tennyson in deathless verse. Lord Roberts also has his Poet Laureate. It has been written that the poet is in some cases also the prophet. The truth of the aphorism is justified in the case of Wordsworth. A hundred years ago he wrote a poem with the incongruously prosaic title "Character of the Happy Warrior." The subject of his monody was his brother, a sea-captain, who had died at his post. I resist the temptation to quote couplets and passages that might have been written to-day by one analyzing and describing the character of Lord Roberts. But the poem is worth looking up for the remarkable coincidence it supplies. Lord Roberts's greatness was equalled only by his modesty. Nothing would have amazed him more than to hear the lamentation at his death echoing from pole to pole, from India, where his name is worshipped, to Canada, that glows with pride and affection at hearing it mentioned.

I made the personal acquaintance of Lord Roberts twenty-one years ago, and was to the end honored by his friendship. The occasion of meeting was a garden-party given by Lord Onslow at Clandon Park in honor of the visit to this country of a representative gathering of Australians. For the convenience of his guests returning to the railway station Lord Onslow engaged the services of a miscellaneous collection of local traps and gigs. Seated by the driver of one I was startled by a sudden exclamation. "There he is. There's Bobs," he cried, his face glowing with animation as he pointed to a slight upright figure in a group crossing the lawn. He told me he was an old soldier who had served with Roberts in India, and the sight of his old chief filled him with gladness. Among many natural gifts Lord Roberts was one of those men who, sharing the quality with Peter Pan, never grow older. It is no exaggeration to say that after a lapse of twenty years his face and figure did not show alteration from the time when I first knew him. Nor did his manner change. He remained the very pink of courtesy, the perfection of simplicity, the model of modesty.

As was shown in the visit to Paris in wintry weather which directly resulted in his death, he spared no pains, shrank from no personal inconvenience, when there was question of doing a useful service. Shortly after he returned from India in 1893 question of the safety of the Afghan frontier came again to the front. In course of a conversation with me on the subject he remarked that it would be well that a journalist accustomed to address a wide circle of readers should be accurately informed on the matter. He, a busy man with many calls on his time, accordingly proposed to come and lunch with me and talk the matter over. I summarized his views in an article written for the *Daily News*, of which I sent him a proof in anticipation of publication. Naturally, inevitably, dealing with the subject, I had something to say of the services he had rendered in India. He returned the proof begging me to destroy it, explaining that he had merely endeavored to inform me on a subject on which from time to time I might have occasion to write. The article was accordingly withdrawn, and as I did not keep a duplicate of the proof Lord Roberts's views on a subject of which he was master are not available.

The Savage Civilian

THE FEROCITY OF THE NON-COMBATANT, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE GENTLER SEX.

More years ago than I care to think of I had a friend who was a Dutchman. He was also an official in the service of the Transvaal Government, and when war broke out he fought for the Boers under Villebois-Mareuil, was wounded, taken prisoner, and in due time released; whereafter he returned to Holland. While in Africa he married a Boer wife.

About six months after the war was over I happened to visit The Hague and wrote to my friend that I should like to see him. He called at my hotel, asked me to dinner, and added hesitantly that he hoped I would excuse his wife's absence. It happened that I made a mistake about the day, and called sooner than I was expected. I was shown into a room in which husband and wife were sitting. No sooner was I announced than the lady rushed towards me, slapped me soundly on both cheeks, and with a war-like scream vanished from the room. I was only a boy at the time, and not even my friend's explanation that his wife's dislike was intended for the English generally rather than for me in particular comforted me overmuch.

I was at a dinner-party in London a few weeks ago and very tactlessly put forward some mild expression of my belief that the Germans were very probably human beings after all, and that the stories of their atrocities might be exaggerated. Nobody hit me, but I happened to meet next day in Lower Sloane Street the lady next to whom I had been sitting, an acquaintance of some years. She crossed the road to tell me that if I was a traitor to my country I might have the decency to keep it to myself.

Now, it is a curious fact that just as the Dutch husband of the war-like lady agreed with me that the British had not committed atrocities in South Africa, so a man at the English dinner-table who was a soldier and the brother of a soldier at the front entirely agreed that the Germans made a very decent foe, all things considered, and that their "atrocities" were, if not altogether invented, very much exaggerated. I have not dined with any German ladies since the war broke out, but I have very little doubt that, if any German suggested that the English, the Russians, the French, or the Belgians were not blood-stained murderers, plunderers, and ravishers, he would be promptly taken to task as was I myself.

Another curious point which is to be noted just now in the civilian populations—and especially the women among them—of London and Paris—and, doubt it not, of Berlin and Vienna also—is the extraordinary relish with which they anticipate the plunderings, murderings, and ravishings which must follow should the "enemy" *quelconque* ever seize their particular capital. Not one jot or tittle of horror will they dispense with; not one item of all the long category of wars'

infamies since the Stone Age—and woe betide the man who hints that not inconceivably some few unburned buildings, living men, and uninsulted women might be found even after the entry of the barbarous foe.

Per contra, I have discussed the matter with the soldiers of four nations—it is true that the Germans among them were prisoners—and even the Belgians, who might be expected to feel most bitter, were united in finding good words to say for the foe and in insisting that where atrocities took place they were to be blamed solely to individual blackguards, such as are to be found in any great foregathering of men, and not at all to the nation unlucky enough to own them.

I am not talking of the real fear that comes from real ignorance. In the remoter parts of England there are no doubt many people who have never seen a German—just as there must be many Germans who have never seen an Englishman—and who would not be surprised to find, if the invading army did appear, that it was composed of blacks, was horned, tailed, and hooved completely. I know of one perfectly true instance of an old lady, living in the Berkshire Down country, who barricaded herself in her cottage at the beginning of the war from sheer terror that the Germans might be expected at any moment, and would certainly have starved to death had not kindly neighbors wondered at her disappearance. But the phenomenon of which I write is not confined to the ignorant or to children; it might almost be said that the higher the social scale so much the greater is the almost ghoulish appreciation of "foreign atrocities."

The average Englishwoman or Parisienne of the educated class has certainly in her time met at least one German, just as she of Berlin or Vienna has certainly met Englishmen or Frenchmen. They have talked with them, perhaps flirted with them, have found them invariably human—if unfamiliar—occasionally very sympathetic. I have in mind one English girl in the early twenties who not many months ago dined with me as the guests of a German friend, now doubtless in the field if he be not already dead or in hospital. "It is awful to think," she said to me in all sincerity, when the subject happened to be raised between us since the outbreak of war, "what a blackguard the man was all the time." And doubtless in Berlin hundreds of young ladies are saying similar things about Englishmen with whom, six months ago, they were glad to be intimate and to greet with their brightest smiles. At the best, the absent foreigner has been changed by the act of war into a demon of tiger-like ferocity; at the worst he was so all the time, even when he covered his villany with the hypocritical veneer of civilization.

Though silly, such feelings are credible enough; the curious part of the matter is that not fear but relish is the predominant feeling on the part of the civilian at the thought of the coming invasion of barbaritics. Very much as the "white slave traffic" not so very long ago was the predominant subject of conversation at the most respectable suburban tea-tables, so what the peaceful inhabitants (and more particularly the women) have to look forward to, should the enemy succeed, is now absolutely *de rigueur*, and I honestly believe there are whole thousands of women in London, Berlin, or Paris who would be bitterly disappointed if the foreign occupation of their capital failed to produce a crop of unnamable horrors.

I was discussing this very subject with an officer high in the British Intelligence Department in a little French town "behind the firing line" a short time ago, and not only did he agree upon the main point, but he added that not the ferocity of the most ferocious "Freiritter" who ever slaughtered was to be compared with that of his own womenfolk, so far as words at least are concerned. That is true enough, and perfectly reasonable. His womenfolk, I mean, might be pardoned for hating the men who were doing their best to slay their own menfolk. Also, as we agreed, it is confined to words. The German woman tends the wounded English or French prisoner as devotedly as do French and English the German, even though they talk nevertheless of "something with boiling oil in it" for the unwounded free enemy. Both at Newbury in England and at Torgau in Germany, as it happens, indignant patriots have protested at the favors showered by local womanhood upon "enemy prisoners," and a German prisoner himself told me that our kilted Highlanders have proved almost as irresistible to soft-hearted fräuleins as they have to the young ladies of France.

The real reason, my soldier friend and I were agreed, why so many women regard the approach of the horrors of war in their direction with such eagerness that they are furious if you try to discount them, is curiosity. They have read of such horrors—and the better educated the more they have read—but the written word conveys but a feeble image. They want—quite impersonally—to see for themselves, for the race of Fatimas increases all the time and the number of Bluebeard chambers closed against them grows always less. For those of us who have actually seen something of war and what it carries in its train, it is almost impossible to realize exactly how little the words "atrocities," "barbarities," "murders," "pillaging," "ravaging," and the like mean to those who in well-sheltered homes have never had any nearer actual acquaintance with them than comes from the sight of the house on the next street in which a burglary has been committed. You will not find that eager, almost joyful, anticipation of war's horrors in the women—and men and children—from Belgium and Northern France who in their thousands have been fleeing into England to escape the actual wrack of war—as maybe those of Germany into Denmark or Sweden or Holland to-morrow or the day after. There is no anticipation among them—and I have talked to very many—no dwelling upon gory details; only a dull, crushed silence of despair. They have seen.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Recent Novels

THE PRODUCT OF THE AUTUMN SEASON—SOME OUTSTANDING BOOKS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.*

The reader who may have been privileged or fated to become in some general sense familiar with what may be recalled as the ante-bellum—or say precataclysmic—fiction of England and America is likely to have been favorably impressed with the character of the American commodity. As for that desperate hope of the age, clung to by even so exacting a critic as Mr. Howells—the "high average workmanship" which is fit for democratic peoples—English practitioners of the rank and file have already realized it almost beyond our dreams. Somehow, though it is sad for us to admit, and though we have Matthew Arnold's remark about Boston to comfort ourselves with, writing Englishmen as a class use better English, or use English better, than we do. They also, as a class, have a clearer notion of what they are writing about, and more skill in construction. It is astonishing how many recent English novels by new writers have stood clear of mediocrity. On the other hand, we may fairly congratulate ourselves that our recent fiction has been cleaner and more wholesome, if less skilful than theirs. Our story-tellers are busy enough about sex matters, Heaven knows; but other aspects of life remain of importance to them; and mere salacity, though it has infected popular literature, is not yet in the best of standing among us. Certainly, the better American fiction of the season is, as a whole, far more tolerable in the family circle than the better corresponding

**Clark's Field.* By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Rise of Jennie Cushing. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Perch of the Devil. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

To-day's Daughter. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Witch. By Mary K. Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Encounter. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: Century Co.

The Hands of Esau. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Last Christian. By George Kibbe Turner. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

The Poet. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Diane and Her Friends. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Copy Cat and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Mutiny of the Elsinore. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Lone Wolf. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Honorable Percival. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: Century Co.

The Nightingale. By Ellenor Stoothoff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

English product: a test to provoke hearty but not inextinguishable laughter.

I.

Of the score or so of novels I have in mind as pretty well representing the best of current fiction, almost all are, in the nature of things, by well-known writers. Prodigies are rare, and a season which produces new work by Mr. Cable, Mrs. Deland, Mr. Hardy, and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman would be of note if it had nothing else to its credit, nothing to offer from younger names like Mrs. Watts, Mr. Herrick, and Miss Sedgwick. But a grouping by seniority would be mechanical. We may, for convenience, mention our books as their character rather than their authorship roughly groups them. There are, for example, four novels of some length which attempt to deal seriously with one or another phase of American contemporary life.

In "Clark's Field" Mr. Herrick, who has sometimes seemed to be in pursuit of wandering fires, has achieved, I think, a richer and more stable piece of work than ever before. Heartiness cannot be expected of him: his melancholy is too deep-seated; but the brooding and dubious quality, the plaintiveness, at times fairly enervating, of his earlier novels is far less noticeable here. His leading figure, the girl and woman Adelle, is a singularly healthy and normal person; an "average" person, even an insignificant one in most of her earlier phases. The romance of her inheritance is of the matter-of-fact domestic order—it is such fortune as might come to any one among a thousand mute, inarticulate, shabby, and commonplace little American girls. The real romance—and there is such a thing underlying or contending with all Mr. Herrick's realism—lies in the fact that little plain Adelle is not quite commonplace. She has elements of mind and character which develop too slowly to protect her from the silly accident of her marriage and the suffering which must follow, but not too slowly for her final salvage.

Mr. Herrick might well have called his novel "The Rise of Adelle Clark." Mrs. Watts's theme is strikingly similar. Her Jennie is a personality very different from Adelle, but she is also a personality, she also has a latent force of character, something sturdy and sound born in her, which brings her out of the least promising conditions, through very bitter experiences, to self-comprehension and self-mastery. There is quite as much realism in this story as in the other, and it is a realism which circumstances make more striking. This is, indeed, one of those stories about a girl which one hesitates to put into a girl's hands. Jennie is the waif of a brothel, is educated in a reform school, chooses to be the mistress rather than the wife of the man she loves, and will not marry him even when time has tested the permanence, at least, of his feeling. On larger grounds one's misgiving as to the permanent value of either of these stories as a work of art is based on a sense of their "petering out" a little, being somehow vague and ineffectual in the outcome.

The other two books in this group are of distinctly less merit. Neither represents its author at her best. Mrs. Bacon has attempted a study of a type which has been much attended to by English novelists—roughly, the "Ann Veronica" type, the maiden who is determined not to be maidenly, who openly revolts against the traditional lot of woman, and who makes herself and everybody else pretty miserable in the process. Mrs. Bacon apparently finds her heroine charming in spite of her faults; unluckily, she does not succeed in conveying the charm, so that the reader's joy in her eventual conversion to womanliness, by the somewhat familiar road of motherhood, is not extravagant. Mrs. Atherton's story is a study of American life in a Western setting. On one side it involves a commercial struggle between a Butte mining engineer and mine-owner and a great copper company. The company is as unprincipled as all such companies are known to be, and Gregory defeats it by such boldness and skill as belong to all proper heroes. On its other side the tale concerns the relations of Gregory to his wife Ida and to Ora, wife of his best friend. Ora is the modern married siren, as a character less considerable than Gregory. The one really striking figure in the book is the wife Ida, a heroine to be roughly classed with the Adelle of Mr. Herrick and the Jennie of Mrs. Watts. She also evolves strength out of apparent weakness, and scores against life in the end by virtue of her own mental and moral thews.

II.

Four of our elected novels may be grouped as historical romances. Rather vaguely so the most important of them, perhaps; but "Gideon's Band" deserves a place, if not a high place, among those pictures of Southern life in which the subtle atmosphere of a provincial society which has already passed is caught and made imperishable. Lovers of "Dr. Sevier" and "The Grandissimes" will find something, at least, of the old spell in this tale of the Mississippi. They will even enjoy, as readers of a younger generation may not, the complexities and obscurities which, characteristically, the author does no more than his part in clearing up. In "The Hidden Children" Mr. Chambers has again broken away from his popular commercial successes with what is analogous in literature to the "Broadway public" of the stage. This is a tale of the Iroquois wars, with an ensign of Morgan's Rifles as romantic hero; a very good tale of its kind. Miss Johnston's new story is (many of her readers will be glad to hear) more like her earlier novels, "Audrey" and the rest, than the not altogether happy Civil War series which intervened. It contains, as usual, quite enough of bloodshed and horror to stir the most sedentary reader, and a vivid if hectic picture of witch-hunting in England in the time of King James.

"The Encounter" has historical or biographical interest of a sort, since one of the chief persons is confessedly drawn after "a famous modern philosopher" of Germany, whose memory, we take it, is just now being execrated by all nations but his own. This Wehlitz of the story is a species of male "Tante." His genius happens to be primarily for philosophy rather than music, but he is a masculine embodiment of the same mad egotism which characterized Miss Sedgwick's diva. One has again the feeling that the portrait goes fairly over to caricature. Again, as in "Tante," the young heroine seems not quite up to her part; and again the really striking and living figure is that of a subordinate character. There is a touch of irony in the fact that Mrs. de Selincourt, expatriate and cosmopolitan, is at her strongest in the handling of such both broadly and subtly American types as the old retainer in "Tante" and the delicious Mrs. Fennamy of the present story.

There appear on our little list a number of stories of smaller compass, but not of less importance, than those which have been mentioned.

"The Hands of Esau" is a characteristic study by Mrs. Deland of a primary and poignantly human situation. As always, it is a moral, but not conventionally moral, issue that she is concerned with; and as always her handling of it is, upon the surface, so simple and straightforward as to give the effect of a presentation rather than a subtle study. A reviewer in the *Nation* has characterized it as a "novel of eighty pages which might well have been a short story of thirty." One may say with as much truth that it might have been a novel of four hundred pages. In fact, I think it of precisely the right length—for Mrs. Deland, who has done so much of her best work upon approximately this scale. Our publishers and editors are too generally under the tyranny of the yardstick. "The Last Christian" is upon a somewhat larger scale, but it is a study of a few persons in relation to a phase of religious change which, as so many of us remember, shook New England to its foundations a quarter of a century ago. "The Last Christian" is a parson of the old school, who clings fiercely and hopelessly to his faith in the literal truth of the Scriptures and the old stern doctrine of hellfire, until the higher criticism and Christian Science, and a general laxity and indifference reduce his parish to nothing, and make of his world a place in which he can no longer live. It is a book of genuine power, a faithful and sympathetic epitome of the passing of an ancient supremacy. Another novel in little is Mr. Nicholson's graceful little romance. He is faithful to his customary Hoosier setting, and it is not difficult to guess the original of the genial poet and *deus ex machina* who is more interesting than the story as a story.

III.

The "Diane and Her Friends" of Mr. Hardy represents a relatively new type of fiction (but then there were "The Pickwick Papers") which seems destined to supplant the old-fashioned serial—the connected series of tales, any one of which may be read by itself. The "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories and the tales of "The Charmed Life of Miss Austen" (Century Co.) are instances of series of this kind, which, after proving very popular in the magazines, have had a second success in book form. Mr. Hardy's work is, of course, upon a much higher plane. Among new collections of detached short stories, the foremost in importance is the "Copy Cat" volume of Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, in which she shows her complete range, from grim realism to light comedy.

A few other books we may include in our tentative list—two of adventure and two of whimsical humor.

Mr. London's tale displays in an unusual setting his usual vigorous appreciation of tough customers and hard blows, his talent for making one fear the worst when things are tolerably bad, and his relative clumsiness in the necessary business of "heart-interest." His style is as vigorous as usual, but his exciting happenings do not fall as thickly to the square page as we are wont to expect of him. With "The Lone Wolf" Mr. Vance makes his contribution to the ever-swelling popular store of crook-literature. Children cry for it.

"The Honorable Percival," if it introduces no new comedy material, makes excellent use of the old. Mrs. Rice's true-born Briton quite lives up to his monocle, and is properly humbled in the long run by as delightful an embodiment of the young ebullient American female as has ever been seen on any literary stage. "The Nightingale" deserves especial mention, not because it is the work of a new writer, but because, being delightful in itself, it seems to give promise of pleasures to come. Here is "to-day's daughter," the spoiled and young American wife and mother who, for lack of other employment, ails herself and is therefore ailing—here is that indefensible person set off with so much good humor and unaffected laughter that it is impossible to remember to be angry with her.

H. W. Boynton.

Poetry

THE OLD INN.

The ghosts of what dead gallantries
Within your low-ceiled walls remain,
And from those diamond-panes, your eyes,
Look forth again?

The trim lawns still are dewy-pearled,
That oak still guards your crescent drive—
But, since your day, what flags have furled,
And yet men strive!

Within your hall the rafters rung
With toasts that pleased an elder day:
Alas, the old songs have been sung,
And died away!

The mellow candle-gloom is gone,
But the same firelight leaps anew
To char the mantel, and the dawn
Still finds a few—

Still smiles a "Finis" to the tale
That on the world's rim first found breath:
For Love and War shall never fail,
The legend saith.

No more the shrieking brakes proclaim
The distant Coach with News and Friends,
Nor bugle note some chariot's fame
Distinction lends.

Out on the ribbon-road there stands
The sign-post of the final mile,
Whose vigilant new-painted hands
Bid: "Rest awhile!"

And though the motor's acrid smoke
Assails the ancient stable-shed,
The weary guests your charms invoke
As those long-dead.

And quite as fair Milady seems
As she who minced in rich brocade——
Then, long up-stand to house our dreams
Till Memory fade!

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Some New Verse

The Sea Is Kind. By T. Sturge Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Collected Poems. By Norman Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Florence on a Certain Night. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

My Lady's Book. By Gerald Gould. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Georgian Poetry. 1911-12. Collected by E. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Modern Anglo-Irish Verse. Collected by Padric Gregory. London: David Nutt.

The verse, partly new, partly reprinted, in "The Sea Is Kind," will hardly render intelligible to Americans the hyperboles lavished upon Mr. Moore's work as a whole by English critics of unquestionable discernment. Mr. Moore writes readily, copiously, variously, has something to say, or at least something to utter, in classical, Biblical, and metaphysical fields, and has an air of knowing what he is about, which is effective even when it is misleading. His work is not picturesque, though composed out of fragments of pictures. His style, though loaded, even thronged, with words, seems rather solidified than padded. Melody in any rich measure his verse lacks, but saves itself from commonplace badness and commonplace goodness by being at the same time spontaneous and unconciliating.

The spirit of an age in which writers smooth their own path by obstructing that of their readers is reflected in Mr. Moore's adoption of a style which makes eternal vigilance the price of understanding. His verse is not ill described in his own phrase, "odd freak of shadowy coils and turbid gloom." I as reader feel that the wage hardly corresponds to the work, and if it be said that it corresponds exactly to the skill of the workman, I can only point out that one or two quite verifiable symptoms—the structural laxity of the poems and the absence of decisive resemblance in the comparisons—suggest that the intellectual values which these obscurities veil are not superlative.

In a group of poems for children, Mr. Moore seems trying to impersonate a hearty youngster emitting lusty crows; the crows are rather dream-like. "At Bethel," a Biblical narrative, is a poem relatively clear; its authorship is apparently undisputed. In the poem "To a Sicilian Vine-Dresser, 276 B. C." Mr. Moore is at his best. Hellenic stimulus cannot make him simple or concise (the powers even of the Greeks are finite), but it inculcates a truth which he would hardly have consented to learn from other teachers, the value even to poetry of a cornerstone in actuality. I quote two stanzas:

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet
For other twenty days in cedarn casks!
Where through trance, surely, prophecy will set;
As, dedicated to light temple-tasks,
The young priest dreams the unknown mystery.
Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate
In the sea's marge, so welled back warmth which throbbed
With nuptial promise: she
Turned; and, half-choked through dewy glens, some great,
Some magic drone of revel coming sobbed.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice,
Such as has fully ripened on the branch,
Such as due rain, then sunshine, made rejoice,
Which, pulped and coloured, now deep bloom doth blanch;
Clusters like odes for victors in the games,
Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all!
Spread such to dry—if Helios grant thee grace,
Exposed unto his flames
Two days, or, if not, three; or, should rain fall;
Stretch them on hurdles in the house four days.

Mr. Moore's wilfulness is rather tonic; among poets he may belong to a mild species, but in that species he is of the males.

In his "Collected Poems" Mr. Gale conducts us back to simplicity, invites us to a "Sabine farm" in Warwickshire, and sings of flowers, birds, and rural lasses in simple metres and unpretending language. If one falls, somehow, to be duly grateful, it is possibly because one suspects Mr. Gale of not living himself with any exclusiveness on the fruits and lentils which he serves so assiduously to his readers. I find myself in the position of Richard I in "Ivanhoe," who, when served with bread and pulse by Friar Tuck, could not conceal his suspicion

that the goodly hermit harbored secret stores of venison and wine in some nook of his modest habitation. A like suspicion is confirmed in Mr. Gale's case by a vein of lusciousness, hardly significant in itself, but curiously ill assorted with the birdlike and childlike playfulness which the author desires to attain.

Mr. Gale would be a skilful maker of phrases, if phrases were things that could be detached and mounted for individual inspection in even rows in the numbered cabinets of a museum. At times he outdocs himself, and rises to merits quite unforeshadowed by the average level of his fluent, effortless, companionable verse. Among these happier visitations to a muse too hospitable to be fastidious, let me specify "The Danger," "To the Sweetwilliam," and "Shakespeare in the Thrush."

Mr. Dawson's volume falls naturally into two parts. The less significant portion is a group of lyrics embodying the piety or pietism of fifty years ago, rarely but singularly dotted with points which the taste of fifty years ago would have called blasphemous. The life of the volume, however, is comprised in two narrative (or quasi-dramatic) sketches of the Renaissance, "The Hill-Tower" and "Florence on a Certain Night." The second of these, which centres in Leonardo da Vinci, is one of the rarer instances of poetical recital in which the poetry is not hostile to the narrative effect. Still better than this clear-cut work is "The Hill-Tower," in which the error of indiscreet fulness in the treatment of a moderately attractive theme is finely offset by the tingling speed and fiery onset of the martial tetrameters:

> Bianca of the yellow hair,
> With witch-face white as ivory,
> Yield to our might that we may bear
> Thy body back to Rimini.

"My Lady's Book" is a little cluster of twenty intimate love-poems in which the "lady" is cloistered and niched at the same time that she is passionately cherished—a combination of courtliness and ardor for which the original model may be sought perhaps in Rossetti's "House of Life." Mr. Gould's technique is consummate when he cares to make it so, and his verse beguiles us with a rich effect of recessed and embowered privacy. His feeling surpasses in richness and vigor that of many of his contemporaries; the complicating circumstance is his apparent desire to express a little more feeling than he actually possesses. In the following beautiful sonnet the emotion is true and strong, though not quite strong enough to vitalize the hyperboles, and the mastery of rhetoric and rhythm is complete:

> I cannot love my Lady as I would;
> She is past loving lovable—she tries
> With childish hands the portals of surprise,
> And finds by faith those secrets understood.
> She wears the double crown of womanhood;
> Maternal thoughts make bright her maiden eyes;
> Wisdom would not be pure were she not wise,
> Nor goodness beautiful were she not good.
> I have held her in my arms and called her "Sweet";
> Of this high spirit have I said "My own"
> High for all hearts know peace where she is known,
> Her hands are full of service when they greet,
> And round about her in the grievous street
> The happy airs of Paradise are blown.

The Georgian anthology, which is confined to the two years 1911-1912, merits the interest to which the public has certified by buying up nine editions in eighteen months. What the poems disclose is not so much inspiration as character; the writers are ready and firm, favor energy and speed, shun the piddling and the finical, commit themselves fearlessly, and give prominence to matter. This is not genius, I admit, but it is the climate in which genius ripens. The prediction of immortality for any one of the seventeen cited poets would be indiscreet, but the rise of an immortal in their neighborhood is no irrational or remote possibility. Among remarkable things are the finely touched etchings of James Flecker and Walter De La Mare, the packed, if intricate, suggestiveness of Gordon Bottomley and Edmund Sargant, the spurring lines of G. K. Chesterton, the spirited and high-bred ease of Lascelles Abercrombie's masculine blank verse, and the shorter iambics that fairly skate along in the zestful and tingling verse-narrative of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. If John Masefield and T. Sturge Moore show themselves to less poetical advantage, they are not less happily resolute in keeping the commonplace in abeyance. Some allowance must be made for the illusion which makes the reader of anthologies transfer to each guest a little of the versatility which pertains to the whole company, and for the fact that guestship sometimes evokes a charm which the man fails to maintain as host in his own domicile. The volume as a whole gives suggestion of the breath of literary enterprise and the zest of artistic adventure.

A quite different feeling is aroused by Mr. Padric Gregory's much larger compilation of "Modern Anglo-Irish Verse." The poems are too many, too much alike, and too nearly equal in value to profit by each other's neighborhood. In literature and economics alike, there is undoubtedly an association between plenty and wealth, but there is likewise an association between plenty and cheapness. Both associations are recalled by the present volume. Many of these poems are respectable, or somewhat better than respectable; now and then a distinctive poem from W. B. Yeats or "A. E." or Herbert Trench or Stopford Brooke or John Eglinton reminds us that the Irish are a highly gifted people; but most of these accomplished and creditable verses are not only undistinguished but indistinguishable. They form a kind of mat in the memory. We have ripple, not pulse; fragrance, not savor; sparkle, not glow. Irish nomenclature and setting are plentiful, but, for all the marrow they contain, the verses might have ripened under an English hedgerow.

O. W. Firkins.

Old Coaching Days

ROADS AND TAVERNS OF NEW ENGLAND.

A romantic interest surrounds the history of the highways and turnpikes of New England coaching days. The story of their growth from Indian trails into well-built roads for the accommodation of a coach and four, is a history of the social, business, and intimate life of the time. Over these primitive roads a post on horseback carried the first regular mails between New York and Boston, then the two largest commercial towns of the colonies. Occasionally an ardent traveller, like the Widow Knight, whose diary gives a truly feminine account of big and little accidents by field and flood, made the perilous journey. This was in 1704. As travel increased, a box was mounted on wheels, and furnished with seats without backs: thus, rudely, the "stage" was born into a career of nearly a hundred years.

Travel by means of those tortuous contrivances was a dreaded necessity. It was only at the end of a day of struggle through muddy gullies in the roads, and the fording of bridgeless streams, that the tired traveller found cheer and comfort in the tavern, and discussed the news and gossip of the day over a great bowl of Bamboozle. With such a companion as Jonathan Oldbeck, or, better still, Scott himself, one may pleasantly make an imaginary journey over the old Boston Post Road. The varied and minute learning of our fellow-traveller would entertain but never bore us. The conversation would be humorous, gossipy, and serious in turn. We should meet, on the coach, or in the great barroom of the tavern, men of note and fashion of the day—perhaps Josiah Quincy, of Boston, or Ben Franklin, and, possibly, the great Washington himself.

The historical matter so industriously gathered in Mr. Jenkins's book,* or in such collections as Mrs. Earle's "Taverns and Coaching Days," and the Rev. S. G. Woods's "The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford," should furnish the structure for a more readable and life-like narrative than those volumes contain. For, after all,

> The show is not the show,
> But they that go.

With the learned but not diverting Mr. Jenkins for guide, one need not, even at this day, lose the trail of the old Boston Post Road. from Pearl Street, Manhattan, to the old State House at Boston. With him, however, it leads too often to the large towns and cities of the present day; one hardly cares, in a work like this, for a description of the city of Hartford, and a picture of the modern State House. Only on what remains of the turnpikes and taverns of coaching days, the few old houses that look as if Nature had made them into a part of the landscape—whatever time and man have

**The Old Boston Post Road.* By Stephen Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

spared out of that grim and romantic past—does the imagination love to dwell.

The golden days of coaching in New England date from the building of the first Concord coach by Lewis Downing in 1815. This admirable vehicle lent a picturesqueness and charm to travel that the world seems never to have tired of. Indeed, one questions if any of the present inventions for speedy travel are so conducive to the enjoyment of natural scenery, good companionship, entertaining talk, and adventure, as the old Concord "stage." With the coming of the steam engine, so far outdoing the coach in speed but not in glee, stage routes in New England were shortened and pushed into remoter regions, to make a glorious retreat before the brazen vulgarity of the trolley-car.

But so late as the 'sixties a few enchanted regions were yet spared to the charm and romance of travel by stage-coach—none, perhaps, more attractive than the one from Lake Winnepesaukee, up through the Saco Valley and the Crawford Notch, to the Franconia Mountains. The first stage of this journey, from Centre Harbor to North Conway, a distance of thirty-five miles, it was the present writer's privilege to travel many times between 1857 and 1865. It was an afternoon's drive through villages that had barely begun to feel the changes that were to rob New England of so much of its old-time custom and color. There was time for observation and absorption of the scenery, whose beauty and grandeur unfolded with cumulative interest as we crept higher and nearer to the mountains. Is it the illusion of Youth, the enveloping haze of distance, that gives coaching, in the days of an era that has passed, so much of charm, romance, and adventure?

In her "Taverns and Coaching Days" Mrs. Earle pays a merited tribute to Charles Sanborn, whose long, sandy beard I seem even now to see waving in the breeze, as I proudly rode beside him on the driver's seat. It may have been called "the box," but I do not remember it so. Had she never heard or known of Peter Hines? He antedated Sanborn by many years; the veteran of a "stage" on which he played one part longer than Jefferson played "Rip," and with as great glory and as rare humor. It was Peter who, in describing the walk of a local celebrity, said that "he stepped high and wide like a man hunting for snakes."

The lover of New England will be grateful to Mr. Jenkins for the industry and patient thoroughness with which he has uncovered the trail of the old Boston Post Road. By the aid of his excellent maps and explicit directions, the highways and turnpikes of coaching days may, for the most part, be followed through various old towns that still hold great natural and historical charm. Many of the ancient taverns are still standing; but they are no longer the oases of protecting hospitality and roystering cheer that our travelling forefathers gladly found them.

> They are all gone away.
> The House is shut and still,
> There is nothing more to say.

J. Eastman Chase.

Correspondence

THE PROFESSORIAL LANDSTURM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The note of Prof. Paul Darmstädter in the *Nation* of November 5 serves, I fear, rather to illustrate than to correct the characterization I had given (in a letter published in the issue of September 24) of the methods of patriotic apologetics used by distinguished German professors. My letter called attention to four statements upon important questions of fact in the pamphlet, "Truth About Germany," which statements it described as either false or misleading; and it pointed out the omission, in that ostensibly sufficient account of the causes of the war, of two facts not merely relevant but decisive. Dr. Darmstädter conceives it to be an adequate vindication of his professional brethren to reply, first, that one of the statements in question can now be shown to have been true; secondly, that my letter in turn omits mention of an important circumstance among the antecedents of the present conflict, "the total mobilization of the Russian army."

About the *tu quoque* I need only say that when one criticises an historical narrative for untruth, or for the suppression of pertinent facts, one scarcely obligates oneself to write the entire history over again. Moreover, the German grievance over Russia's mobilization arose only after Russia had formally offered to "arrest her military preparations," upon a definite and entirely proper condition—which condition was rejected by Germany and Austria. Dr. Darmstädter's other point, however, involves an issue of fact concerning which a good deal of misinformation has been put about. It seems worth while, therefore, to deal with it somewhat fully.

"Truth about Germany" declared that Great Britain, by demanding that Germany respect the neutrality of Belgium, simply "asked that Germany should allow French and Belgian troops to form on Belgian territory for a march against our frontier." Dr. Darmstädter's defence of this passage in the pamphlet is doubly curious. "There is *now*," he writes, "ample documentary evidence for the statement that France and England planned to attack Germany by the way of Belgium, and that Belgium was a member of the *Entente*" (italics mine). This sentence noticeably avoids saying that such evidence was available early in August, when "Truth about Germany" was prepared; it therefore, if true, would not absolve those responsible for that volume from the charge of having published a statement, of the utmost significance if correct, for which they had no proof. At best, Dr. Darmstädter merely pays a compliment to their power of divination, a faculty not highly esteemed among historians. What the new evidence is, Dr. Darmstädter does not trouble to mention; but it may be supposed that he refers to the documents found by the Germans in the War Office in Brussels, of which an account was published in the German newspapers shortly before the date of Dr. Darmstädter's letter to the *Nation*. This evidence, as given in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of October 13, I have examined with some care. It not only fails to prove the assertion made in "Truth about Germany," and reiterated and amplified by Dr. Darmstädter; it clearly tends to prove the contrary of that assertion.

What is published consists of two parts: (a) A summary, with a few scattered words of textual citation, of certain correspondence exchanged in 1906 between the British Military Attaché at Brussels and the Belgian General Staff, relating to arrangements to be carried out in the event of the sending of an English expeditionary corps to Belgium; and (b) part of a letter by Baron Greindl, for many years Belgian Ambassador at Berlin, written in 1911 to the Belgian Foreign Minister.

In the former part of this evidence, supposing it to be genuine, there is nothing to show that the arrangements for possible action in Belgium by England were other than defensive provisions against the contingency of a violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany. Subsequent events have not made this contingency seem one for which it was unwise to make provision. Furthermore, Baron Greindl's letter, as reported, contains positive evidence that it was solely to this contingency that the Anglo-Belgian military understanding had reference. The letter is the more credible testimony upon the point, because it is written by a Germanophile diplomat whose feeling towards England and France evidently reflects that of the Wilhelmstrasse. Baron Greindl complains (I translate the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung's* paraphrase) "that the plan of the Belgian General Staff for the protection of Belgium's neutrality in a Franco-German war, which had been transmitted to him, *deals only with the question of the military measures to be taken in case Germany should violate Belgian neutrality.*" To Belgium's representative in Berlin, it seems that the hypothesis of a French or English attack upon Germany through Belgium "has just as much probability in its favor." To prove that possible danger lies on this side also, he argues at some length. On this point, however, the letter shows no more than that the Ambassador had learned in Berlin to look upon Albion and all her agents as "perfidious." But he constantly implies that the arrangements made with reference to the possible landing of an English *Hilfsarmee* were, so far as the Belgian Government was concerned, purely defensive in their purpose.

The concluding sentences quoted by the German journal are especially significant. There is a risk, Baron Greindl writes, that the English, if involved in a war with Germany, may land at Calais and Dunkirk and enter Belgium from the northwest.

> That would give them the advantage of being able to bring on an action at once, and of meeting the Belgian army in a region where we should be unsupported by any fortress, in case we should choose to risk a battle; it would in any case make it possible for them to hamper our mobilization, or to permit it only after we had formally bound ourselves to carry it out solely for the advantage of England and her ally. It is therefore imperative that a plan of battle for the Belgian army be drawn up in advance with a view to *this* eventuality also. This is required in the interest alike of our military defence and of the conduct of our foreign relations in the event of a war between France and Germany.

Here, manifestly, the Belgian diplomat is writing to his Government in a way which would have been absurd, if there had existed anything approaching an alliance between his

country and England. He assumes that Belgium is not bound to favor England or France any more than Germany. He takes it as a matter of course that if an English army should attempt to pass through Belgium (without a prior violation of Belgian neutrality by another Power), it would have first to meet and overcome the Belgian army, unless the invasion were so sudden as to anticipate the Belgian mobilization. He urges merely that the chance of such a conflict with the Powers of the Entente has been underestimated in Brussels and that insufficient military preparations have been made with a view to it. It would be hard to imagine better evidence than Baron Greindl's letter that it was a settled principle of Belgium's policy that the inviolability of her territory was to be defended against all comers and by all available means. Yet it is apparently upon the ground of precisely this evidence that we are informed that "Belgium was a member of the Entente," and meant to join England and France in a rald upon defenceless Germany! May I express the hope that Dr. Darmstädter's summary of these documents is not an example of the way in which history is ordinarily written in Göttingen nowadays?

I trust I may be allowed space to make, in conclusion, an observation of a more general sort, even though I cannot hope for enough space to prove it by citations. Since my former comment upon "Truth about Germany," that publication has been followed by many others of its kind, from the pens of German scholars of all degrees of eminence, including the highest degree. I have reason to believe that I express the opinion of the majority of American university teachers when I assure Dr. Darmstädter and his *confrères* that this huge mass of professorial pamphleteering with which we have all been bombarded has done little service to the cause of their country and much injury to the credit of their profession.

The German professorate has long been the object not only of respect but of a certain awe and reverence among us. We have at the same time formed certain conceptions of the intellectual and moral qualities reasonably to be expected from professional scholars, above all from the leaders of the profession. It has seemed to us that professors ought to be scrupulous in their published statements of fact, careful in their examination of evidence, and moderately acute in their discrimination of the proved from the unproved, and the decisive from the irrelevant consideration. Scholars, we have felt, ought not to believe all that they see in the newspapers, even of their own country; in reading documents published in newspapers they should heed rather what the document itself proves, than what the headline or the editorial comment says it proves; and they should not affirm "of their own knowledge" about matters in which they have no expert competency, and with which they can have had no first-hand acquaintance. We have gone so far as to expect that trained scholars, as a class, even in times of great popular excitement, will retain something of the critical faculty and manifest some detachment and coolness of judgment; that they will exhibit a greater ability than the average man to understand how a situation appears from a point of view not their own; that they will be less subject than other men to the more frenzied forms of national feeling; and that their public utterances will be characterized by some moral elevation and dignity, and a degree of restraint.

In the writings of Germany's professorial apologists, with strangely few exceptions, the qualities for which we looked have seemed to many of us to be conspicuously absent. We observe the fact less with anger than with a grievous disappointment and disillusion. To not a few Americans the spectacle presented of late by the leaders of German science and philosophy seems scarcely less than what a sincere lover of Germany has called it—"the greatest moral tragedy of the war." ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, November 24.

A REPLY TO MR. GALSWORTHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to correct some of the important misstatements contained in Mr. Galsworthy's extended summary of the British attitude towards Germany in the present war, which was published on November 15 in many newspapers throughout the United States?

By quoting the first line of one of the German national airs: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," as if it were the literal sum of a national programme, and by mistranslating it into: "Germany above everything," Mr. Galsworthy distorts into a jingo slogan an innocent avowal of loyalty to country. The meaning of the line is: "Germany, Germany, dear to me above all things." In the second part of the stanza in which the line occurs, Germany is specifically limited to its present geographic boundaries, north, south, east, and west. The intent of the song is the direct opposite of that imputed to it by Mr. Galsworthy. The song is a vow to protect the integrity of the country. The spirit of it is wholly defensive, without the faintest trace of a desire for conquest. Mr. Galsworthy's interpretation of the line is as false as would be an interpretation of the "Star-Spangled Banner" which imputed to the words "The land of the free and the home of the brave" the implication that every nation except the United States was composed of slaves and cowards, and that therefore the United States for the good of mankind felt in duty bound to impose, by force of arms, the blessings of its civilization upon a recalcitrant world.

This misinterpretation is characteristic of the entire article. Half-truths are tortured until they yield untruth; extreme sayings of individuals are recklessly overstressed and generalized; the clamor of jingoes (who form noisy minority groups in all countries), when it speaks in German, is heralded as the concerted utterance of the nation, but when in British, is ignored as a negligible outburst of discredited individuals; candid statements of universal, historic conditions are turned into cynical avowals of a German national ideal of ruthlessness; faults of German temper and manner are wrenched from their compensatory virtues and graces and grossly exaggerated in a perspective of fixed national antipathy; the signally German virtues are slurred and disparaged; the serious German offences are singled out and magnified out of all proportion until they fill the entire field of vision, blotting out the far greater and more numerous British offences, which are perfunctorily regretted in order to be more decorously ignored.

Of such substance, studiously cast in the outward forms of scientific objectivity, Mr. Galsworthy has composed what he "hopes" is a "fair statement of the German position and state of mind." Germany, in his statement, is a monster of iniquity, ruthless, honorless, maniacal in its conceit, recognizing might alone as right. Britain, on the other hand, whose empire is a vast record of weak nations beaten down and appropriated, from the early conquests in India and the Opium War to the subjugation of the two free Boer republics and the strangling of Persia in the present days, is described as the defender of the rights of existence of weak nations, and the champion of international liberty.

Thus Mr. Galsworthy debauches his honor and his talent in order to join the great number of his countrymen who are pouring out over Germany a flood of calumny the like of which the world has not known until this day.

Inexpressibly sad as it is, the fact should be brought home to Americans and to those of the British nation whose honor has not been debauched by this frenzy of meanness, that the chief responsibility for this campaign of calumny rests with the British writers, marshalled by the Official British Press Bureau, at the head of which is a highly paid official of the British Government.

The following, which any one can easily verify, is a fair illustration of the British public spirit. A few days ago, in looking over the war files of the German *Illustrierte Zeitung*, the French *Le Monde Illustré*, and the British *Graphic*, three illustrated weeklies of the better class and of fairly equal standing, I found this condition: The French and German numbers recorded, in pictures of their own and the enemy's armies, navies, and national life, matters of genuine information. Their hostile bias was sharp, but sincere and dignified. When I turned to the *Graphic*, I found drawings like these: a German cavalryman, with a face like a devil, swinging by the leg an infant which he was about to impale on his lance; a German soldier, with features like a fiend, striding over a slaughtered infant and setting his foot upon the body of a murdered woman; and again, a German soldier, designed partly as a wild boar and partly as a fiend, massacring women and children; and so on, until I could not endure looking any more.

In every country there are publications which cater to the lowest passions; but is it possible that the British men and women of the classes which support the *Graphic* can respond to such lust of brutality? Is it possible that a cause which seeks the inspiration of such an orgy of malice is righteous?

There are two kinds of hatred. The one, that of an honest enemy, however cruel, yet acknowledges the gallantry, the uprightness, and the honor of its adversary. This hatred, which has an heroic quality, passes soon after the end of the conflict into mutual respect and sympathy. In fact, at its deepest roots it is fed, even in the passion of fighting, by a certain obscure respect and sympathy. The other, base and malign, spatters the venom of calumny upon the honor of its enemy. This hatred inflicts wounds that do not heal in centuries.

Calumny speaks not only in the roar of coarse abuse of insidious plots. It has many less obvious forms of utterance; and one of them is the pseudo-objectivity of the discourse of men like Mr. Galsworthy, which, by unobstructive distortions, descends to conclusions as vicious as brutal abuse.

It is in times like this that the worth of

men is determined. The tragedy of this war is too great, the causes and consequences of it too profound and far-reaching, to leave room for rancor and wantonness. Only he has a right to be heard who, even in such fateful catastrophes of inner being and outer existence, holds fast to the enduring values of life by which has been nurtured and sustained the best in him and his fellows.

The German people, who are wholly at one with their Government, and who, in this, the world's hour of destiny, have risen to the highest levels of heroism and self-sacrifice, are by their character, by their record of peace and humanity, by the sincerity of their devotion to the noblest ideals, entitled to a judgment which combines the greatest sympathy with the greatest integrity. MARTIN SCHUETZE.

The University of Chicago, November 19.

MINES ON TRADE ROUTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that we Americans ought to be able better than almost any one else to view events of the present war impartially, and that, in the fortunate position in which we are placed for reaching a just opinion, it is our duty not to give silent consent to wrongs, but to express a judgment at the time when it may do some good, on whichever side wrongs may occur.

The steamship Olympic, of which I am a passenger, has just put into Belfast, after remaining anchored for some days off the north coast of Ireland until the sea could be swept of mines. Her escape was narrow, as the news reports have doubtless informed you. During the last few days numbers of these mines have been uprooted from the waters through which this ship was steaming at the time the warning came, a warning made possible only by the sad fate of others. The mines were secretly placed along the regular trade route to Scotland and North Ireland. It was a deliberate attempt on the part of Germany at wholesale murder, directed against the citizens of all countries.

Perhaps the German people are not at heart in sympathy with all the methods of their overlords, and will make themselves heard after this first period during which their reason has naturally been obscured by sentiment. No one blames them for their ardent patriotism, but if the German people, and especially those abroad with better opportunities for learning facts than those at home, continue to approve methods such as these, or profess to approve them, they cannot expect to hold the admiration or trust of any one.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Belfast, Ireland, November 3.

"CULTURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Culture" is a very prominent word in the newspapers at present, but I wonder how many persons have clearly defined for themselves what it means. I have not the slightest intention of attempting to supply such a definition on my own account. Facts are moving too fast now for definitions to keep up with them. But perhaps we might revive with a certain felicity the suggestive epigram, "Culture is the result of things forgotten."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., November 15.

THE ALABAMA AND THE EMDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The exploits of the German cruiser Emden, recently destroyed have suggested to newspaper writers comparison with the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Having had occasion, some time since, to go over the official records relating to the search for the Alabama, conducted by the United States navy, I am the rather impressed with certain contrasts illustrating the profound difference wrought in the conditions of naval service by telegraphy, the searchlight, airships, and the like. Thus, while the career of the Alabama was spun out over some twenty-three months, the Emden met her doom within about a tenth of the time. The fundamental difficulty in the search for the Confederate vessel lay in the impossibility of notifying a Union cruiser of her position in time to bring the destroyer to bay. Thus in Sunda Strait in November, 1863, the U. S. S. Wyoming seems to have been within twenty-five miles of the Confederate on the day the latter took and destroyed the merchant steamer Winged Racer, without being aware of her presence. In September the Alabama entered the Cape of Good Hope only five days after the U. S. S. Vanderbilt had left the same anchorage. In November, 1862, both the C. S. S. Alabama and the U. S. S. San Jacinto had been in the harbor of Fort de France, Martinique, at the same moment, but, although the Union commander endeavored carefully to watch the exit to the harbor, the Confederate was able to elude her antagonist and escape under cover of night. On other occasions United States Consuls or other friendly observers were unable to give timely notice to Union cruisers in order that they might intercept the famous rover of the seas. The only exception establishes the truth of the general conclusion. When the Alabama entered Cherbourg harbor in June of 1864 the American Consul was able to telegraph the news of her arrival to the American Minister at Paris, who in turn telegraphed Winslow, commander of the U. S. S. Kearsarge, at Flushing. At last the essential information was afforded a Union commander in season to bring results known to history. On the other hand, it is interesting to compare the surmises of United States commanders with the actual position of the rebel cruiser. Thus the Alabama was believed to be near Bermuda when her log shows her to have been near Trinidad; near the Azores when she was near Porto Rico; near Lisbon when she was east of New York.

Some sixteen United States cruisers are mentioned in the dispatches as being in pursuit of the Alabama, which fact also has to be contrasted with the seventy pursuers of the German destroyers. Doubtless, however, the naval forces of the Allies are not to be drawn upon for the overhauling of German commerce destroyers to a point likely to impair the control of the seas in German waters; and in this respect the two episodes we are comparing bear a close analogy. The paramount duty of the American navy in the Civil War was not to protect our commerce—important as that was—but to throttle the Confederacy by a rigid blockade. The Allies will probably keep the same major operation in the foreground, preferring, as did the Union Government, to lose not a few merchant vessels to seeing any relaxation of the death grip on the enemy.

L. A. CHASE.

Houghton, Mich., November 15.

Literature

JUGGLING WITH ECONOMICS.

The Economic Synthesis: A Study of the Laws of Income. By Achille Loria. Translated from the Italian by M. Eden Paul. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.

Since 1877, when Loria took his doctor's degree at Bologna, he has written every few years a considerable book, and at shorter intervals periodical articles, on some subject of economics. He has published in the fields of economic theory, of economic history, and of applied economics; a list of his books presents a bewildering variety. When the reader of "The Economic Synthesis," therefore, is told by Loria at the beginning of the preface that it "may be said to sum up the researches of more than thirty years in the domain of economic science, and to form the complement and the theoretic crown of all my earlier writings," he will anticipate the fruit of ripened scholarship and of extended knowledge. Nor will the prospectus of the book disappoint his expectations. The author promises to couple history and theory, to treat economics as part only of a greater social science, to present, as he says, "the omnipresent lineaments, the general and sovereign laws," which determine all economic forms.

In human history, "the process that is common to all the successive economic forms is the association of labor, a constant and invariable phenomenon in all ages; while the factor of immanent instability of all the changing social forms is the coercion that disciplines the association of labor." In the earliest period men work as isolated individuals for lack of inclination or of compulsion to bring them into association. The pressure of population in time forces an association of labor, which heightens productivity and gives rise to income. Income is the surplus product of coercively associated labor, it is like the surplus value of Marx, and is only part, therefore, of the total product of society. Income is of different forms. It is undifferentiated when the means of production are wholly owned and supplied by laborers, so that income and subsistence are merged; it is differentiated when the ownership, and therefore the income, are vested entirely in the class of non-laborers; or, finally, it is mixed.

The essence of human history is the struggle of the recipients of different kinds and degrees of income, which has tended to the advantage of the well-to-do, and therefore has steadily widened the breach of economic inequality. Meanwhile, however, the coercion which has effected the division of labor and the differentiation of income, has grown so burdensome that it has become an intolerable restriction on production itself. The world faces now no mere development of existing economic institutions, but a revolution which will substitute free association for compulsion and will mark the beginning of a new era. "The régime of coercion, of

inequality, and of war, sinks once and for all into the abysses of history, and from its ruins at length emerges the bright and enduring régime of liberty and peace."

It is but fair to recognize that this summary gives only a bald outline of Loria's argument. Two peculiarities of his method forbid an attempt to reproduce his thought in greater detail. In the first place, he gives to common words, the word "income" for illustration, a technical significance, which he qualifies and elaborates by special terms of his own; so that the reader is faced by the difficulty of acquiring a new vocabulary before he can hope to understand the text. Even more discouraging is the author's habitual disregard of his own definitions, which frustrates constantly an attempt to apprehend his ideas, and which must raise doubts whether he actually holds ideas which can be explained and defended by the approved methods of logic. The reader finishes this book on the laws of income with an angry realization that he has been juggled with, that the terms change their significance in every place to suit the need of the author's argument. It is, of course, a wonderful thing to see a conjurer produce a rabbit from an empty silk hat. The spectator's admiration is diminished if he discovers that the performer put the rabbit in the hat before taking it out; and this is a process that Loria constantly enacts. He covers his tricks by a dazzling display of references to books in many languages, including Russian, by bold generalization from isolated facts, by a wealth of big-sounding phrases, by adeptness in the methods of all the schools. The product is a very clever imitation of a great book; but it lacks all substance of reality.

Loria distinguishes three stages in the evolution of human labor: the prehistoric, isolated labor; the historic, coercively associated labor; the stage of final equilibrium, freely associated labor. The book begins by an account of the organization of society in a period of which we have no historical knowledge, fortified by references to Hahn's "Hausthiere," Humboldt's "Nouvelle Espagne," and an article on "The Colonial Policy of Germany," published in a Russian periodical in 1906. No reference is given for a proof, by algebraical methods, of the terms on which prehistoric producers exchanged their wares. The book closes by a picture, not quite so vivid in detail, but warm and attractive in coloring, of the impending stage of economic equilibrium. The imminence of this change in the United States is shown by the institution of societies for coöperative production, and by the establishment of a coöperative mine, the Caledonia, in Michigan. "Simultaneously in the Great Republic, there come into existence all kinds of free associations, such as that of the Colonial Dames, that of the Sons of American Civilization [*sic*], and numerous workingmen's societies. Everywhere free groupings and voluntary federations arise to replace passive obedience."

If we seek to determine the value of Loria's knowledge of the unknown past and of the unknown future by a critical estimate of his knowledge of recorded history, we find him, in the handling of facts, as in the handling of theory, an unsafe guide. He has read widely, and cites references in abundance. He quotes some of the best authorities in economic history. But the spirit of their work has never touched him, and he is content, in history as in theory, to achieve his construction by piecing together unrelated fragments. He holds the old-fashioned village community theory, and cites Seebohm, of all writers, in support of its liberty and equality. He makes Vinogradoff appear to support his contention that the growth of the coercive association of labor was determined by the relative infertility of the soil. He solves the problem of mediæval serfdom by the formula V=R+x; it is hardly worth while to tell what he means by the terms of this formula, but it is of the first importance to realize that Loria explains in technical catallactic terms an organization which existed by the absence of exchange, and dissolved as economic exchange grew up. The craft gilds appear to him, even in their later period, as examples of "undifferentiated income."

Loria's position is that of the mystic, who disdains the tedious methods of the ordinary seekers after enlightenment and surrenders to the promptings of a direct personal revelation. There may be in his suggestions the germs of great truths; but this at least is certain: he gives us no *reason* to think so.

CURRENT FICTION.

Landmarks. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"If this story were told on the cinematograph"—the introductory words of Mr. Lucas's latest collection of episodes describe the novel itself and are a kind of literary confession. All his stories have been of the nature of a series of moving-picture scenes cleverly strung together without much plot or thought of construction, and all have been in their way delightful. In the first and best of them, indeed, "Over Bemerton's," the lover and his lady met in the opening scene, and played their parts with fair consistency through all the diverting incidents that followed, and the tale had also a certain wisdom of unity in diversity, lent to it by the wonderful discovery of the book of Chinese biographies, with its unfailing application to every situation of life. But the next best, we think, is this story of "Landmarks," which is just a frank succession of episodes in the career of an honest young Englishman who comes to London to find his fortune, and of course his wife. The hero, unheroic, indeed, but most likable, takes up writing, and his first book is made up of sketches of the second-hand bookshops of London and their quaint keepers. One sighs to think how much pleasure is missed because Mr. Lucas did not use the writer's adventures in that delectable land somehow as a comment on his adventures in the actual streets and among the very living people of the city. The past and the present may be so winsomely jumbled together by an author who knows old books and modern eccentrics as well as does Mr. Lucas.

But if something is missed, a great deal is found. The town and characters portrayed are a delicately etched imitation of Dickens, with the darker shadows and the forced sentiment also omitted, and with the atmosphere of Mr. Lucas's own genial Bohemianism over all. The shams are there, too, the rich and ineffective American amateur, the posing young women with luring shallow eyes, the famous authors who look, and are, so commonplace; but the satire is only fun, and subdued laughter is, after all, the more prudent way to deal with the literary cliques who have been, and may still be, disporting themselves so seriously in the palaces of profitable modern Grub Street. And the heart of the people Mr. Lucas really likes is true and their thoughts clean. Of some of these we get only momentary glimpses; others appear and reappear in many scenes; and their niceness forms the real unity of the story.

Hoof and Claw. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In the gentle art of nature-faking, which a few years ago was becoming, at the hands of Mr. Burroughs and other literal souls, so wide an advertisement, no practitioner has been more persistent or more successful than Mr. Roberts. W. J. Long is no longer in this field, and the voice of Mr. Thompson-Seton grows fainter year by year. But Mr. Roberts is evidently prepared to work his vein to the last thread of pay ore. The market justifies him. The present sketches have all obtained the final award of publication in popular magazines. They are builded according to an apparently infallible recipe: two parts animal characteristic and habit, one part "nature," or background, and one part "pathetic fallacy." This writer is uncommonly successful in conveying an impression of the atmosphere of the wilderness, or "wild," as he prefers to say. Sometimes it is a "wild" peopled only by its native "kindreds," and the little dramas of life and death at which we are invited to assist include no human actors. But this is rare; almost always there is a human figure within range, woodsman, trapper, or voyageur, sometimes as spectator, sometimes as conscious or unconscious participant. A man is treed by an elk, and a fight that follows between the elk and a lynx is determined by a can of molasses, in the woodsman's abandoned pack. A bear-cub is adopted by a dog, and when he grows up establishes his identity by trying to wag his tail. The humor of the physical contrast between the ways of man and the ways of wild animals is made much of.

On the other hand, and of more importance, perhaps, to the popularity of this type of tale, these animals are always being presented to us in human terms. This is not done symbolically, as in the Æsop

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fables or the Kipling "Just-So Stories," but as if literally. The bear and the otter and the moose are represented as thinking and feeling, inspired by love and hate, jealousy and revenge, adjusting their conduct to unusual exigencies, putting their human adversaries to shame by the flexibility of their mental processes, and their human friends by the warmth of their attachments. This method evidently extends the field of the "nature-writer" almost without limit. More scrupulous observers, like Mr. Burroughs or Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp, must be continually observing new things to find "copy." There must be an end to mere description, whether of a lion or a tomtit. As hero of fiction, a creature with mane or tail feathers, instead of sweater or frock coat, but otherwise virtually human, what limit can be set for the usefulness of a Child of the Wild?

The Wall of Partition. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ten years before, when Madge had dismissed him, Rodney had recklessly taken to globe-trotting and the writing of best-sellers. Poor chap, could you blame him, when Madge simply wouldn't stop to hear how a slight cerebral hemorrhage was entirely to blame for the dreadful letters displayed by the blackmailing person—not only wouldn't stop to listen, but had unfeelingly closed the door upon all possibility of explanation by precipitately marrying another man? All that he had suffered as a consequence, with stern insistence upon the devastating effects of such treatment upon masculine character, he had put into a Great Novel—a class quite apart from his best-sellers, be it understood—and published under a *nom de guerre.* This great work is just bursting upon the English-reading public when he returns to London. The loneliness of this man, who is famous under two names, in a London flat, is something sad to read about. Not a friend in town, apparently, but his publishers—his only solace a mysteriously Kind (female) Voice that calls up regularly to say good-night, with blessed tenderness, and is ere many nights entrusted with all the secrets of his heart and pen.

When the telephone friendship reaches this confidential stage, and a meeting in the flesh is proposed by the Kind Voice; when he learns that the Kind Voice's domicile adjoins his own, and rushes over to call; when Madge, the now widowed Madge, who has yearned in secret over his solitary homecoming, and availed herself of a recent change of telephone numbers to solace his loneliness—when this charming, distinguished, and still desirable Madge advances to meet him with outstretched hands, readers of the rasher sort may be led to exclaim, "Thank Heaven, this must be the end." But hold, says Mrs. Barclay, not so fast. This by no means amounts to a novel of my usual size, nor does it contain half my usual quota of Bible verses. I must needs harden my hero's heart with indignation at having been led to betray his inmost feelings over the telephone, and should this resentment not be proof against the warmth of Madge's graciousness, I will confront him with a grave moral question, to wit: Has he still the love for her that a husband should have for his wife, or would it merely be a gross piece of self-indulgence if he gave in to the lady and married her now? The solution of this poser will call for some lingering in country churchyards, and allow a motherly bishop's widow to bring into play her late husband's whole arsenal of favorite texts. Further, the story may be stretched to include a fiend of a lady who shall presume to arrogate to herself the honor of the Great Novel's authorship, and otherwise do her best to deserve a tragic taking-off, which shall be duly accorded her. Consequently, it is some time after the story is really over before Rodney and Madge are finally permitted to hang up their receivers.

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The Battle of the Seven Arts: A French Poem by Henri d'Andeli, Trouvère of the Thirteenth Century. Edited and translated with introduction and notes by Louis John Paetow. Memoirs of the University of California. Vol. IV, No. 1. Berkeley: University of California Press.

The quarrel between the ancients and the moderns we have always with us. Like the mythical battles of the Hjathnings, it is daily renewed with unabated vigor. It was very much alive in Horace's day, to go no further back. In his Epistle to Augustus he pleads eloquently in behalf of the moderns to a generation which had not left off preferring Ennius and Lucilius; and though for the rest of that century the moderns carried all before them, the next witnessed a reaction in favor of the ancients. And the whirligig of time has not yet done sporting with the question.

So numerous are its disguises that it does not easily submit to a formula. Even more than politics it delights in oddly assorted bedfellows and strangely matched opponents. It places a barrier between a lover of the classics like Ronsard and a lover of the classics like Boileau; it takes pleasure in beholding in seventeenth-century France ardent Catholic and equally ardent skeptic allied on the side of the moderns; it finds satisfaction in ranging scholars like Cheke and Ascham in opposition to the enrichment of the English vernacular from classical sources, leaving such important work to be done, let us say, by Gabriel Harvey; in its irony it makes Swift the defender of the ancients against Bentley.

It is of Swift's immortal "Battle of the Books" that the English reader first thinks, with its phrase "sweetness and light," which in some quarters at least was the phrase that made Matthew Arnold famous. But Swift's skit is, after all, only a precious bit of flotsam come ashore in one of the backwaters of the oceans of discussion which inundated the seventeenth century, chiefly in France. In its most philosophical moments this discussion might be regarded as a conflict between the view, sometimes at any rate, held by the ancients, of the progressive degeneracy of mankind and the view just beginning to be held by the moderns of man's perfectability. But too often, when the question did not turn on mere personalities, or a rationalistic attack, in the manner of Zoilus, on Homer, or the authenticity of the Letters of Phalaris, it did hardly more than debate whether the Christian centuries were more productive than the pagan. The cleavage was chronological, so that Perrault could claim his arch-enemy Boileau for the moderns, and Swift, following as usual the hints of Temple's "Essay," could thus carelessly slip into assigning the astonished Nicolas a command in the modern light-horse. Too often, that is, the seventeenth-century discussion was pretty much of a piece with the mediæval *certamina* between water and wine, or the adherents of knight and clerk.

In the Middle Ages themselves, however, in a manner that strikingly resembles the temper of more modern days, the debate took a more practical turn. Are the classics, since they are certainly not financially remunerative and possibly mentally corrupting, worth studying at all? was then, as now, a form of putting the question. The modern answers are sufficiently familiar, but Dr. Paetow deserves the thanks of students of literary history for his present contribution to the mediæval discussion. Already in his dissertation, "The Arts Course at Mediæval Universities," Dr. Paetow had done not a little to correct, following among others Rashdall and Haskins, a misconception concerning the uniform opacity of the centuries between the fall of Rome and the fall of Constantinople. He has helped to make clearer that the quickened intellectual interests of Western Europe at the close of the eleventh and twelfth centuries found expression not only in a renewed study of law, medicine, and dialectic, in the foundation of universities, and in the rise of a brilliant vernacular literature, but also in the cultivation of classical studies, to such an extent that John of Salisbury could obtain, as part of the varied course he pursued at Chartres, a training in Latin literature scarcely inferior to that offered by the universities of the Reformation.

Even at Paris, too, from Abelard to John Garland, Latin authors received some attention, but Paris was too far gone in dialectic, especially since the recovery of the "new" Aristotle, to take much interest in the new Humanism. Indeed, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Humanism, as always, was on the defensive, and presently a combination of other interests choked its fair promise. Among the causes of the decay of classical studies, deeply lamented by men like John of Salisbury, Peter of Blois, Jean de Hauteville, and Alexander Neckam, Dr. Paetow points out the absorbing fascination exerted by logic, the attractions of science, the drift towards the lucra-

tive professions of law and medicine, the popularity of modern, that is contemporary, neo-Latin literature, and a certain amount of clerical uncasiness touching the possible usefulness and the probable dangers of meddling with the ancients. In result, classical studies entered upon an almost total eclipse in the thirteenth century. To Petrarch's century it looked as if things had uniformly been in their desperate case since Rome fell, and ever since the world has been often too ready to accept at its face value that very suspicious commodity—one age's judgments concerning its more or less immediate predecessors.

In Henri d'Andeli's poem, which Dr. Paetow sumptuously lays before us, this unavailing struggle of humanism against the more brilliant and more practical interests of the day is vividly recorded. In method it is an astonishingly spirited anticipation of Swift. The combat is between the forces of Paris, commanded, as we should expect, by Logic, and those of Orleans, one of the last strongholds of classical studies, under the leadership of Grammar. Homer, Claudian, Donatus, Persius, and Priscian, together with some less noteworthy contemporaries of the poet, encounter the Parisian forces, among them Common and Civil Law, Rhetoric (a highly practical study, then much affected by men of legal inclination), avaricious physicians, Necromancy, Astrology, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Music; Theology meanwhile had withdrawn to the wine cellars of Paris. Donatus strikes Plato, and Aristotle Priscian. Thereupon Persius, Juvenal, Horace, Vergil, Lucan, Statius, Sedulius, Propertius, Prudentius, Arator, Homer, and Terence all set on Aristotle. To his assistance rush Boethius, Macrobius, Porphyry, and some of his own works. Meanwhile Grammar does deadly execution with a participle and the point of her adverb, but is finally discomfited by Socrates, because she cannot answer all his questions, and the forces of Logic carry the day, leaving a number of neo-Latin authors dead on the field. Then the rear guard is brought into action under the command of "Primat" of Orleans and Ovid, with such success that Logic sends a message to Grammar which the ignorant scion of Logic was, to his shame, unable to expound. But on his return Logic comforted him and took him to her high tower:

> Si le voloit fere voler
> Ançois que il peüst aler.

At this point the general confusion is reflected in the state of the MS; one almost looks for Swift's *nonnulla desunt*. Grammar, it appears, withdraws to Egypt and Sir Versifying is honored only among the Bretons and Germans (perhaps said in bitter jest). But Henri boldly prophesies that the next thirty years will see a generation that will go back to Grammar, as was the case when he was born. Nearly thrice that time elapsed before his bold prophecy was fulfilled. The present edition contains text and translation, with full illustrative notes and handsome photographic reproductions of the two extant manuscripts.

THEORIES OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

Recent Developments in Textual Criticism. By Albert C. Clark. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1 shilling.

The Primitive Text of the Gospels and Acts. By Albert C. Clark. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 4 shillings.

The newly appointed Corpus Professor of Latin at Oxford has published, in the first of the works under review, his inaugural lecture. After paying fitting tribute to his famous predecessor, Robinson Ellis, he touches on various matters with which the textual critic of to-day must reckon. He shows how Latin palæography as revolutionized by Traube must examine national and local scripts with a minuteness not known before; how the history of the transmission of texts has thus acquired a new definiteness; how an attitude of conservatism is fostered by an increasing knowledge of the history of texts and the practices of the mediæval scribes; how the study of the papyri induces an increased respect for manuscripts of even the latest date; and how the nature of the prose-rhythm employed by ancient and mediæval writers must be familiar to the editor of a text. These are the chief topics lucidly discussed in what at first might seem too technical a discourse for the occasion. They lead up to a matter of very general interest. Starting with certain peculiarities in the text of Cicero, a subject in which Professor Clark is an acknowledged expert, he applies results gained there to well-known problems in the text of the New Testament. A fuller presentation of his views is given in the second of the works before us.

Readers of the revised version of the New Testament who do not relish the brackets enclosing the beautiful story told by St. John (vii, 53-viii, 1) of the woman taken in adultery will approve Professor Clark's thesis. It is that this passage and others of doubted genuineness, notably the ending of St. Mark's Gospel (xvi, 9-20) are all contained in the primitive text and were omitted merely by the negligence of scribes. Since in the ancient majuscule codices the script was written continuously, without division into words, we can often calculate with some certainty, as Professor Clark has shown in the case of Cicero's works, the contents of lines or leaves or quires of an ancestral manuscript. After elaborately counting the letters in many passages of the New Testament, he attempts to show that the primitive text was written in narrow columns with lines, on the average, of ten or eleven letters. Many of the shorter omissions are intelligible on such an hypothesis, and the larger omissions contain like units or multiples of like units. Thus the story of the angel at the pool of Bethesda (St. John v, 4, only in the "Western" text) contains 167 letters, an addition of the Western text in St. Luke v, 14, contains 166, another such addition after St. Matthew xx, 28, has 320, the story of the adulteress 829, and the ending of St. Mark 964. The larger figures are, nearly enough, multiples of the smallest, and all the passages can be easily arranged in lines with an average of ten or eleven letters. Over a hundred fragments of text, large and small, from the Gospels exhibit the workings of what the author calls a decimal system. Though many of these passages are wanting in the oldest manuscripts, they are abundantly represented in the Western group and form part, Professor Clark believes, of the original text. Why, then, are they not in the older manuscripts? Origen and the Alexandrians, adhering to the methods of the ancient Homeric critics and possessing a keen scent for interpolations, detected evidence for these in what were merely accidental omissions from the primitive text. Collating their material, they prepared a new and "scientific" edition which replaced the primitive text, best represented by the Western group, just as Westcott and Hort have replaced the *textus receptus* on the parson's shelf to-day. This is a highly attractive theory which receives apparent support from history, common-sense, and minute statistics. It makes protest against those modern critics who, like Marcion, would copy the scriptures rather with the sword than with the pen.

Professor Clark is well aware that the problem is delicate, many-sided, and not to be solved by arithmetic alone. He purposely restricts his treatment to mechanical considerations to which insufficient attention has been paid. Restricting our judgment to such data, we find that even they must be further elucidated to become significant. Any passage can be readily divided into parts as minute as lines of eleven letters, which may sometimes sink to nine or rise to twelve. One need not count the letters in all the New Testament or any part of it to be sure of this result. Many of the smaller omissions are single words with και or are very short phrases or end in the same words or syllables which have immediately preceded. In all such cases scribes frequently omit, whatever the length of the line. We turn for a real test, therefore, to the larger units—columns and pages and leaves. If the passage in St. Luke v, 14 (166 letters) and that in St. John v, 4 (167 letters) represent columns, then the ending of St. Mark (964) occupied a leaf with three columns on a page. This seems a promising clue, which other scholars have suspected before. If there were another such case, we could perhaps verify the theory by grouping the intervening letters into an exact number of leaves. Unfortunately, the next longest passage, St. John vii, 53-viii, 11 (829) makes only five columns. It is not easy to see why a scribe should omit a page and two-thirds. Was the primitive text, then, in the form of a roll, not a book? In this case five columns could as readily be lost as six. But Professor Clark makes it probable that the original volume was not a papyrus roll. He further seeks to explain certain possible transpositions in the fifth, sixth, and sev-

enth chapters of St. John on the basis of columns of 168 letters. The sections of text concerned are *a* (33 columns), *b*+*c* (26 columns), and *d* (6 columns). The present order, if we must suppose it a wrong order, is *b*, *a*, *d*, *c*. How to account for the change in terms of shifting leaves is a mystery. If, as before, we calculate six columns to the leaf, *d* makes a leaf, but the other sections are incommensurate. The results for the Acts, in which there are no long passages to consider, seem somewhat surer: at least, certain of the added readings in the Western text appear too good for a glossator.

Thus after a perusal of these careful statistics, we are left with a few interesting possibilities and a welter of uncertainties. After attempting a few countings of letters to test the method, the reviewer feels in danger of the condition attributed to St. Paul: *τὰ πολλά με γράμματα εἰς μανίαν περιτρέπει*. Professor Clark asks us to suspend judgment until the publication of his latest studies in the text of Cicero. This we do, registering for the moment an opinion of *non liquet* as to his primitive text of the Gospels and the Acts.

Gift Books

From the press of Hodder & Stoughton, imported by George H. Doran, we have received some extremely artistic reprints. Henry Newbolt's stirring collection of poems of the sea, published under the title of the initial poem, "Drake's Drum," has, appropriately to present circumstances, been republished in a handsome holiday edition with a dozen spirited illustrations in color by A. D. McCormick. From the same house comes a welcome edition (we believe the first published) of that masterly little dramatic preachment and satire of J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"—by the way, is it not time for an American revival of this play? The format of the volume is worthy of its matter, and the plentiful illustrations, in color and line, are from the graceful brush and pen of Hugh Thomson. We associate this artist more with the dainty designs of the period of wigs and powder than with the dress of to-day, or, in this case, of yesterday, and though these drawings are facile and pleasing, it must be admitted that he is happier when dealing with "costume" subjects. It is pleasant also to find a new edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" (Holt) among the season's publications, and one hopes that it may portend a revival of interest in a masterpiece and its author too much neglected in these days. The volume is handsomely got up, and the numerous illustrations, many of them in color, by Edmund J. Sullivan, reflect delightfully the spirit of the work.

A particularly sumptuous volume is the new edition of the late Andrew Lang's "Oxford" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $3 net). Not, perhaps, since Lamb, from the standpoint of the humble layman, wrote of "Oxford in the Vacation," has any writer caught and set down the spirit of Oxford, the charm of her history, with such sympathy as did Andrew Lang, writing with an intimate view, in the present volume. The sixteen full-page illustrations in color by George F. Carline are both worthy of the text and are in themselves paintings of exceptional beauty. For any lover of Oxford this is a book to recall rare memories; and for any lover of good books it is one to handle with fondness.

From Hodder & Stoughton (Doran) we have received, in a handsome edition, "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," which is a collection of stories of primitive folk, for the most part reprinted from Sir G. W. Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse." Such titles as "The Lassie and Her Godmother," "The Lad Who Went to the North Wind," and "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" will bring back to readers at all familiar with Scandinavian legends the peculiar flavor of Northern sagas. In no other folk-tales is there quite this combination of pensiveness, eeriness, and good human striving for better things. The illustrations by Kay Nielsen, who knows Scandinavia first-hand, have a strong intermixture of poetry, and sometimes show a surprising daintiness, suggestive indeed of Japanese drawings. Hodder & Stoughton (Doran) also send to this country a charming edition of "Sindbad, the Sailor and Other Stories from the Arabian Nights." It goes without saying that the artist, Edmund Dulac, has chosen the familiar, though never trite, episodes for his illustrations. In addition to Sindbad's experiences with the whale, the rokh, and the snake, much is made of Aladdin's adventures, of "The Story of the Three Calenders," and of "The Sleeper Awakened." Altogether, this is a most satisfactory gift-book. Adults, as well as children, will rejoice that John Galsworthy's "Memories" has been brought out specially for the season (Scribner; $1.50 net). He must be a stout hater of dogs who does not find pleasure in the black shaggy "Chris" as he emerges both from the text and from excellent illustrations by Maud Earl. We are tempted to say that the artist understands the ways of dogs quite as well as the author, and in her own manner can express them as vividly.

Laurence Hope's excellent adaptation of "India's Love Lyrics" is issued with holiday embellishment by John Lane Company ($5 net). The sensuous beauty of the text is generally known, and of itself presents striking visual images. For this reason the task of the artist, Byam Shaw, was particularly difficult, but he has contented himself with symbolic figures, which, though highly colored and at times a trifle stiff, are sufficiently vague not to interfere with one's preconceptions, while at the same time being decorative. "Lohengrin" is this year added to the stories made famous by Wagner which have been placed in the holiday list. The text of T. W. Rolleston is used, and the artist is Willy Pogány, the excellence of whose work has become thoroughly familiar to readers during the past few years. Full justice is, of course, done to the delectable swan, who even on the stage as a mechanical device is never quite rid of personality. This is a satisfying book to pick up in odd moments (Crowell; $5 net).

R. L. Stevenson's "Fables" come to us from the press of Scribner in an edition decorated by E. R. Herman.

After the thirty-second chapter of "Treasure Island" [the book begins], two of the puppets strolled out to have a pipe before business should begin again, and met in an open place not far from the story.

And then begins the tales told by the author, Cap'n Smollett, and Silver. The love of Stevenson still continues, and readers will welcome this book. "Our Sentimental Garden" of Agnes and Egerton Castle comes from the press of Lippincott ($1.75 net), with illustrations by Charles Robinson, mostly in black-and-white, but some of them gayly colored. The book offers a pleasant retreat to those whose experience with gardens in winter must be vicarious.

The season would hardly be complete without an edition of Dickens's "A Christmas Carol." This comes to us from the press of David McKay (Philadelphia; $1.50 net), attractively illustrated in line and color by A. I. Keller. Henry Holt & Co. publish a very handsome edition of "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," with bold type, wide margins, and a most attractive cover. There are twelve colored plates and sixteen illustrations in line by W. Heath Robinson, who has found here a subject admirably suited to his whimsical fancy and his delicate and skilful draughtsmanship. A glance through "The Kipling Calendar" (Sully & Kleinteich; 50 cents net) raises the doubt whether Kipling is adapted for the purposes of a calendar. Certainly not very many pages reveal the helpful touch which it is the mission of calendars to supply for every day in the year. The same firm publishes "The Dinner Calendar," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, and "The Dickens Calendar."

Notes

We have received the second number for 1914 of the *American Oxonian*. This magazine, which represents the interests of Rhodes scholars, past, present, and prospective, of the United States, is a new venture started last April. Beginning with January next year, it will be published quarterly, under the editorship of Frank Aydelotte, Bloomington, Indiana. The subscription will be $1 a year. The first issue of the new year, it is stated, will be especially designed as a handbook for prospective Rhodes scholars. The intent of a publication of this kind stands in no need of commendation. There are already four hundred Rhodes scholars in this country, and thirty are added annually to their number. Nevertheless, there is prevalent, not only among laymen, but in the schools and universities, a wide misconception and not a little prejudice regarding the purposes and benefits of the endowment. One of the objects of the *American Oxonian* will be to dissipate this cloud of misunderstanding. An excellent start in this direction is made in the present number in a most interesting symposium on "The Lack of Competition for the Rhodes Scholarships." Not only for ex-Rhodes scholars, but for educationalists in schools and colleges who come into contact with those who might like to compete for the scholarships, if they properly understood the advantages of the endowment, this new quarterly should prove invaluable.

The second volume of the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1913, contains the statistics, running to 600 closely printed pages, covering "57 States, Territories, and possessions of

the United States, approximately 1,200 cities, 14,000 high schools, 900 kindergarten systems, and 1,000 private kindergartens, 1,150 colleges, universities, and professional schools," and so on, to "675 summer schools, 1,000 museums, 15,000 libraries, and several thousand educational associations and societies." The report deals with the facts relating to the school attendance of more than 25,000,000 children (and adults), and the expenditure of three-quarters of a billion of dollars. No wonder that the Commissioner remarks that he does not know of any other agency which "attempts with so little money to collect, compile, digest, and interpret so large and varied a mass of statistics from so wide a territory." The convenience of the two volumes would have been greatly increased at slight additional care, by making the index at the end of the second volume cover both, instead of providing each with its own index.

In "English Literature Through the Ages" (Stokes; $2 net) Amy Cruse endeavors by telling the stories of individual books from "Beowulf" to "Catriona" to set up "a series of bright lights, which, . . . although they do not mark every winding and every change of level, yet do show the main features and general outline of the road" of English literary history. Addressed as it is to the four million, the author makes many simplifications in her narrative—as, that "Tamburlaine" marks the beginning of Elizabethan drama, and that Marlowe (with no mention of Nashe) wrote "Dido of Carthage," a title which is obviously a modern improvement over "The Tragedie of *Dido Qucene of Carthage.*" Incidentally she is able to settle many questions which have occasioned extended debate among scholars; we are informed, for example, that "about six months after *Dr. Faustus* was put upon the stage, another play dealing with the same subject was produced by Robert Greene." The statement not only throws a flood of light upon the character of "The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay," but will keep any one from bothering himself further about its date. With all of this certitude on moot points, however, there is too little illumination from the "bright lights" along the road. A summary of each book, of no particular distinction, many interesting heterogeneous facts about the authors' lives, a few critical—but not too critical—remarks on various productions, three score of portraits and other illustrations—these hardly furnish a unique contribution to human wisdom or happiness.

Half a century ago Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire published the third edition of his deservedly praised "Le Buddha et sa religion." A translation of this work has just been issued by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Dutton; $1.25 net), devoid of any indication that "The Buddha and His Religion" is not a modern work. Worse than this, the old notes, good fifty years ago and well-nigh useless now, are still retained without addition or correction. We mention this chronological absurdity only to warn readers against it. As a specimen of the value of the book to-day may be cited the note on p. 133: "Burnouf has translated some of the most important Jātakas."

Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money must be classified as a State Socialist—if he is to be classified at all. The opening chapters of "The Future of Work" (London: Fisher Unwin; 6s. net) are a powerful argument for the "Great State" as the best means of obtaining proper economic results for all. According to his preface, "The paucity of output by our competitive system, after more than a century of production by power, is demonstrated, and an attempt is made to outline an industrial system calculated to yield a full harvest to science while securing for the individual, albeit in an organized society, a maximum of personal liberty." This is the theme of a large part of his book. Whatever may be the reader's views on the subject of Socialism—state or otherwise—he can hardly fail to be impressed by the author's indictment of present productive methods on the score of their inefficiency. Even if all that Mr. Money undertakes to demonstrate be not wholly demonstrated, enough remains to give one food for serious thought as to whether, on the whole, free and unrestrained competition in production and sale of commodities *is* quite the best way to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. One need not, however, be a Socialist—nor even a "Great-Stater"—to see good in coöperation carried to lengths much greater than anything yet actually tried. Perhaps we can learn something to our advantage by going part of the way with Mr. Money on these matters, without following him to his goal. Later chapters in his book, viz., on Gold Supply and Gold Prices (wherein he acquits the yellow metal of being anything worse than partial accessory to the "high cost of living") and on the Single Tax (which he handles not merely "without gloves," but positively with "brass knuckles") are interesting and provocative of discussion.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have brought out, in attractive form, "The Story of Our Navy" ($1.50 net), by William O. Stevens, a professor of English at the United States Naval Academy. Whether such a book was needed, in view of its many precursors of similar nature, and whether it fully redeems the promise of its Introduction to present its subject in its larger aspects may be questioned, but the oft told tale loses nothing in Mr. Stevens's repetition. The work is carefully done. Its results are commendable for general accuracy of statement, the few errors noted being unimportant. It would have been well to mention the indispensable part played by the "Advisory Board" of 1881 and 1882 in recreating the navy; to give further details of Commander Sicards's ingenious measures to preserve the lives of the Saginaw's crew when cast away on Ocean Island; and to describe Commander W. B. Cushing's vigorous action in Santiago de Cuba at the time of the Virginius affair, action only less praiseworthy than the sinking of the Albemarle. To the author's association with Capt. G. R. Clark is doubtless due the account of the latter's repairing and operating the Tientsin railway during the Boxer troubles—an excellent instance of energy and resource. The Naval Chronicle is an admirable feature. But why did a professor of English descend so frequently to a flippant, not to say slangy, style, even if he was writing for boys?

An amiable specimen of eclectic thinking is E. F. Carritt's "The Theory of Beauty" (Macmillan; $2). Various philosophies of the beautiful he explains and criticises "in respect of their harmony with those facts of æsthetic consciousness which it was their business to explain." From the hedonistic-moral theories of Plato, Tolstoy, and Ruskin to Lipps's theory of *Einfühlung*, from the realistic-typical theory of Aristotle to the expressionist theory of Croce, he everywhere finds some soul of goodness in things evil. His exposition is presided over by a nice sense of proportion. Kant and Hegel, though classed as intellectualists, he discusses in separate chapters, while the emotionalists Nietzsche and Schopenhauer he disposes of in a single chapter. The Italian critic and philosopher, Benedetto Croce, he accords the honor of the longest and most significant chapter, avowing candidly: "I believe that a greater amount of truth is contained in Croce's *Estetica* than in any other philosophy of beauty I ever read." This estimate does not deter him from making sly thrusts at Croce's efforts to combine elements of Schopenhauer and Hegel, nor does it prevent him from directing an assault at the citadel of his whole system, that is, the identification of intuition and expression. It must be confessed that the undertaking does not issue in conspicuous victory, because in executing it he adopts a realist position that Croce would instantly reject as untenable and inconsistent with his philosophy. Indeed, it reveals the chief weakness of the entire review of æsthetic thought from Greece to Germany. He confesses that "many metaphysical ghosts slumber uneasily in the surrounding shadows," but he nowhere seeks to conjure them by defining his own bias as realist. However, he has the excuse of aiming at no ultimate philosophy, of proceeding on the belief that "problems, like temptations, will be always with us." For the layman the procedure is probably an advantage. Certainly the writer's winning modesty, his mastery of the original languages of the thinkers criticised, his evident appreciation of the intuitive views of the poets, his catholic temper, will render his lucidly and brightly presented exposition of various æsthetic systems a welcome introduction to the subject.

"The General Federation of French Workers has never failed to smooth out any international complications which have arisen. Let us recall the serious tension which existed in the year 1900, between the English and the French nations; that between France and Germany in 1911; the Balkan war in 1912, and, lastly, the campaign which we have waged in France against the reintroduction of the three years of military service." "In their thoughts and aims the German and British workers are one." These statements, made last year at the Trades Unions' Congress in Manchester by the French and the German delegates, respectively, are quoted towards the end of Prof. Adam W. Kirkaldy's little book, "Economics and Syndicalism" (Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature; 40 cents net). For reasons that need not be given, their interest is greater now than when they were spoken. The title of the book does not accurately define it, for it is a sketch, after a fashion, of the development of economic thought from Aristotle to the Syndicalists, with the object of making out a case against both Socialism and Syndicalism. Other recent volumes of special timeliness in this series are "The Royal Navy," in which John Leyland traces the influence of the British fleet upon British history, and "Military History," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. "The Sun," by Dr. R. A. Sampson, gives the present position of ascertained fact and intelligent theory regarding that important body; "Coal Mining," by T. C. Cantrill,

sets forth the history and methods of one industry, and H. R. Procter's "The Making of Leather" does the same for another.

A writer in the *Bulletin Critique*, reviewing a book on Bernadotte, says: "This drama has no prologue." The prologue in question Mr. D. Plunket Barton proposes to supply in "Bernadotte: The First Phase; 1763-1799" (Scribners). Here, then, we have a biography with a *raison d'être*—by no means an invariable accessory to modern lucubrations of the kind. That the work is very well done it is only just to premise. Contemporary records have been ransacked, and the result may be regarded as definitive so far as candid and conscientious research can make it. For us the book is chiefly interesting as answering, in a large measure, the author's own question: "How did it come about that this ex-ranker from Gascony, this child of the revolution, bred as he had been in barracks and battlefields, succeeded, during more than thirty years, in charming the aristocratic court of Sweden as their Crown Prince and King?" Born at Pau, birthplace of Henry IV, of a bourgeois family, Bernadotte enlisted in 1780, was captain in January, 1794, and general of division in November of the same year. A born leader of men, he fought his country's battles in Belgium and Italy, served as Ambassador and later as Minister of War, until, after the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, he fell for a time under the shadow of Bonaparte's predominance.

It was in connection with the *coup d'état* of Fructidor that Bernadotte first made acquaintance with politics. At this critical moment "Bernadotte seul se montra modéré," says Sorel, adding significantly, "était-ce instinct de roi latent?" And this moderation—shall we say decency?—had distinguished him throughout his early military career. He alone of the republican generals treated the conquered with restraint and humanity. His soldiers of the Sambre et Meuse were nicknamed "messieurs"—which gave considerable offence when they joined the "citoyens" of the army of Italy. The fiasco of his embassy to Vienna brought upon him much obloquy, but his tact and urbanity gained him personal respect which stood him in good stead afterwards. When *coups d'état* were in active progress he always contrived to be elsewhere—a fact which has not been accounted to him for righteousness by patriotic historians. But he was a hater of disorder and a firm upholder of the powers that be—at this period of his career, at all events. This attitude logically explains the position he took at the time of the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, when he stipulated that he would act if called upon by the Legislature. The call was not forthcoming, and Bernadotte remained in the background. Yet his was no self-seeking policy. "He is honest," said Bonaparte. "But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have bought him over." "A typical Bearnais—brave, resourceful, impetuous in action, cautious in affairs . . . If he had self-love, he had also 'self-reverence' and 'self-control,' qualities which Tennyson ranks among the forces that 'lead life to sovereign power.' In the end they led his life to sovereign power."

Six years ago some women members of the Fabian Society formed the "Fabian Women's Group" to study the matter of woman's economic position with regard to Socialism. In "Women Workers in Seven Professions" (Dutton; $2) Miss Edith J. Morley, professor of English at University College, Reading (England), has collected and edited seven essays, each dealing with a profession employing women in England. These professions are teaching, medicine, nursing (including midwifery and massage), health visiting, civil service, clerkship, and acting. Miss Morley explains that this volume is the first of what she expects will be a series in which the results of the six years' work of the Group will be given to the public. The essays now published are in the main the substance of lectures given to members of the Group and other women by women of experience and have brought together a mass of information not heretofore collected in convenient form. It is impossible to summarize in a few lines the content of such a volume—which consists, indeed, mainly of facts and figures—but Miss Morley in her preface points out that almost all the contributors agree upon certain fundamental things, and "definitely express the conviction that women need economic independence and political emancipation. . . . The writers are unanimous in their insistence upon the importance—to men as well as women—of equal pay for work irrespective of sex" (p. xv). The attempt to exclude married women from professions is also vigorously rejected. The book is excellently documented, and reflects much credit upon the authors of the various essays—as upon the editor herself—for the calm and scientific spirit that it displays.

"Nature," "Society and Solitude," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Morals," "Literature and Democracy"—so run the essays collected under the general heading, "The Spirit of Life" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50 net). Either the author does not fear comparisons, or he is indifferent to them. And indeed these pages are free from imitativeness or emulation. Moreover, a comparison of their writer, Mowry Saben, with Carlyle or Emerson would be as much out of place as a comparison between, let us say, Mr. G. S. Viereck and Longfellow or Lowell. Mr. Saben happens to be a professional "editorial-writer," but these papers are not reprinted leaders, nor do they carry the smell of the sanctum. There are more distinct traces of his extended university training in America, England, and Germany; these are the essays of a student of philosophy rather than of a newspaper man. But they are the work of a consciously "modern" thinker, a person a little impatient with the inefficient past and defiant of the smug present. He is fond of such utterances as this: "The higher morality is never conventional. It is never Puritan, it is never Philistine. For the highest morality has to bid defiance to custom in order to get the sweetness of poetry and music out of life. . . . The moral man is the man who is right when God measures him, not when his neighbors measure him. A great soul will always seem immoral to the bulk of his contemporaries, if they succeed in probing into his essence." There is, of course, a kind of transcendentalism in this, as in: "All reform means liberation; it means a new freedom somewhere. When we shall have secured the free mind and the free body, the task of the reformer will be over. The Conservative and the Radical will then be as one." Or on a more mystical plane, in this final sentence of the book: "If in our highest ideals we may find the real meaning of our personal lives, because they are the quintessence of the spiritual universe, whose avatars we should be, then there is nothing too glorious for the heart of man to conceive." The book is by no means all in this vein of speculation, there is much plain speaking upon concrete matters of life and conduct; and the writer chooses more than once to lead his readers, in the name of freedom, upon decidedly boggy ground. With that passage, for example, which he hopes will "shock a great many people," he may have his wish; we are not clear that they will earn the name Philistine by turning from the ideals and the logic of a writer capable of pronouncements like this: "It will not do for the man or woman who indulge [*sic*] from necessity their hetero-sexual tastes to throw stones at the man or woman who indulge from necessity their homo-sexual tastes. One might as well stone a painter because he is not a sculptor, or a sculptor because he is not a painter."

When we read, for example, that, since ninety-five per cent. of the crimes committed remain unpunished, while fifty per cent. of business men come to bankruptcy, therefore crime promises a more prosperous career than honest business, and that, since appointee-judges are accessible to venal influences, therefore hereditary judgeships will be a guarantee of purity, we are tempted to drop the book in disgust. By such logical irresponsibilities and dull-pointed paradoxes does Emile Faguet, in "The Dread of Responsibility" (Putnam; translated by Emily James Putnam; $1.25 net) satirize and condemn the average Frenchman's aversion to a sporting view of life. Yet, logic apart, his argument is not wholly without substance. Whether French judges are more slavishly bound to law and precedent than our own, we shall not pretend to say—to American institutions, which he calls republican rather than democratic, M. Faguet is everywhere gratifyingly, but rather inconsistently, deferential. But the average Frenchman's preference for "a title and a salary," however small, his dread of more than two children, his anxiety for his daughter's *dot* and for a moneyed husband to match it, his attempt to establish a political system which shall work automatically—all these point to a smug and rather mean view of life which is apt to result in stagnation. On the other hand, M. Faguet seems to forget that responsibility points in two directions: towards initiative, and, at the same time, towards solidity. And recent events should be enough to convince him that France is not yet stagnant, nor has democracy issued in cowardice.

Of Hans Breitmann and his ballads many Americans have first heard through Kipling's praise; and while the humorous songs of this German-American "gentleman who drinks, fights, and plunders" have run through numerous editions in England, they have been so neglected in this country as to be available only in the original, poorly edited volumes published by a firm in Philadelphia in the middle of the last century. One reason for this neglect was the cloud cast over the career of Breitmann's creator, Charles Godfrey Leland, as champion of the Indian and as educational reformer, by the persistent confounding of his personality with that of the uproarious Hans;

for his sensitiveness on this score prevented his ever making an effort to revive the publication of the ballads in America. It was contemporary history, moreover, which gave them much of their early popularity, for Breitmann as soldier and "bummer," politician and globe-trotter, did a great deal to sustain the country's cheerfulness through the dark days of the Civil War period. Those who appreciate the fact that Breitmann was a worthy follower of Hosea Bigiow and more than a worthy forerunner of Mr. Dooley, and that the ballads unite a real philosophy with a Falstaffian humor, will be pleased by the issue of a definitive American edition under the editorship of Leland's biographer, Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Houghton Mifflin; $7.50 net). There are notes on many of the ballads as well as a careful bibliographical introduction, and paper and binding are worthy a memorial edition.

Detached from their romantic past, the heyday and goal of European adventure, the Spice Islands have hitherto flourished outside the tourist radius, though, thanks to Wallace, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the islands of the archipelago have long been the hunting ground of the naturalist. Centuries before Paris was ravished by the beautiful plumes of the bird of paradise Chinese traders were gathering them for their own mandarins, and have since virtually effected a "corner" in their export to Europe. Under the benign government of the lethargic Dutch the population of the islands has increased enormously, and, favored by the fertilizing ejecta of their volcanoes, the islanders, with a minimum of effort, flourish through the advantages derived from prodigal Nature. Indeed, Mr. J. Macmillan Brown in "The Dutch East" (London: Kegan Paul; $3.50 net), sees in this benefit the economic demoralization of the native. Despite the polyglot nature of the races, Javanese, Malay, Polynesian tribes, Hindu, Chinese, and even Japanese, the tongue of the wily Malay is the official native language.

JUVENILE BOOKS—I.

There is no indication of an immediate change in the trend of children's literature; in fact, fashions seem to have settled down into a deeper rut than usual, and the only new note sounded is that of war. "The Story of Our Army for Young Americans" (Dodd, Mead), is much more an historical survey of our important wars than a description of the elements constituting our army in the crucial periods of its history. Willis J. Abbot, however, writes well, and the accounts of the Revolution and the Civil War are full and graphic. "The Boy's Book of Famous Regiments" (McBride), is by the illustrator, H. A. Ogden, assisted by H. A. Hitchcock. It recounts the history and exploits of the regiments of all countries, and, as an up-to-date feature, the final chapter deals with some regiments of Europe in the Great War of 1914. Perhaps the most ambitious volume among the many advertised is "The Boys' Book of Battles" (Houghton Mifflin), a collection of exciting stories and poems taken from literature, and arranged in a most spirited anthology. Good reproductions of many historical paintings embellish an altogether well-made book. In fiction, a story like Donal H. Haines's "The Last Invasion" (Harper) is calculated to raise comment, for it is the prediction of a future war between the United States and a Blue Army, much resembling one of the armies now at war, in which at first we get the worst of it, but finally, thanks to our aeroplanes and dirigibles, come out victors.

For the theorists who yearly discuss what young people like to read, and what are the best sources for teachers, mothers, and librarians to go to for information, we have Orton Lowe's "Literature for Children" (Macmillan). Of practical assistance to the story-teller will be Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Good Stories for Great Holidays" (Houghton Mifflin), a perfect storehouse of selections, from Xenophon and the *Gesta Romanorum* to Abbie Farwell Brown.

Edward Cave's "The Boy's Camp Book" (Doubleday) will find its immediate public. For the author, instead of theorizing, has made an exact record, based on an encampment of a Boy Scout troop. The consequence is that all one wishes to know about health, equipment, discipline, cooking, and fun is contained in this handy little volume. "Indian Scout Talks" (Little, Brown) will be as eagerly read by the Camp Fire Girls as by their brethren; it makes available some of Charles A. Eastman's own Indian experiences. The spirit of "The Boy Scout" (Scribner) is excellently caught in a rapidly moving short story by Richard Harding Davis.

When we touch on the Boy Scout movement we touch on nearly all the fiction that is written nowadays for children; that type runs neck and neck with the college story, and is becoming just as conventional. The practical book is likewise serviceable to the Boy Scouter and the Girl Camp Firer. "Harper's Book for Young Gardeners" (Harper), therefore, is likely to be found in many camps next spring and summer. A. Hyatt Verrill should know exactly what information the youngster is most likely to seek, for he has had wide experience in preparing the "How to Make" kind of manual. This season's book takes up gardening of all sorts: the garden for profit, the garden for ornament, the garden practical. No soil should be too discouraging to the reader of this complete guide!

The reprints and special volumes for the young are fewer than usual. A rich edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Harper) has been copiously illustrated by Louis Rhead. This is one of a series which should be called to the attention of shoppers. "The Arabian Nights" (Rand, McNally) is newly illustrated by Milo Winter in a series of color plates of certain grotesque excellence. Whoever edited the volume is a believer in footnotes to explain various words and passages. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"—perennial joy since Charles Dodgson penned it fifty years ago—comes to us from the press of Hodder & Stoughton, in new dress and with new illustrations by A. E. Jackson. The latter are excellent in draughtsmanship and coloring; there is humor, too, in their conception and composition, and even at times a reminiscent flavor of the original immortal characters of old Tenniel. Strictly speaking, they are both more beautiful and more artistic than were Tenniel's drawings, but they lack his joyous inspiration, and we do not like them half so well. "The Jackdaw of Rheims" appears in a gorgeous edition (Winston; $3 net). Twelve handsome color plates and numerous pen-and-ink drawings by Charles Folkard show us the progress of the mystery of the loss of the cardinal's ring in a way that enhances the fun of this immortal Ingoldsby Legend.

From the Oxford University Press comes in one volume, simply but beautifully printed, Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," with colored illustrations.

An interesting edition of "Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Doubleday) has been illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker, who has taken the pains to explain many of his conceptions in fantastical language totally out of accord with the simplicity of the stories themselves. The pen drawings and decorations, rather than the colored full-pages, are distinctive, though at times the details are overcrowded. The Every Child Should Know series has grown to important proportions in the reissue of the "Myths" volume (Doubleday), illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. The typography and format of the volume are commendable, and the contents are well chosen. A large, roomy, splendid edition of Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" is issued by John Lane. R. J. E. Moony's illustrations for it are disappointing, but the cover design is enough to set one dreaming. Without reservation we may recommend the charming volumes in E. P. Dutton's half-dollar series of Tales for Children from Many Lands, of which sixteen are announced and half a dozen have reached us. Bound in blue, green, and gold and with plenty of colored illustrations the books are an exceptional bargain at the price. The titles are "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," "Water Babies," "Hans Christian Andersen," Harriet Martineau's "Feats of the Fiord," for which Arthur Rackman has done the pictures, and the delightful "Pinocchio." Even better than Rackman's pictures we like Maxwell Armfield in the Andersen volume. Mr. Armfield has done a rare thing in looking at the characters of fairyland as a realist. Pleasing, too, are Margaret W. Tarrant's pictures in the "Water Babies."

Longmans, Green elected Henry Newbolt as the successor to Andrew Lang in their holiday list, and he writes "The Book of the Blue Sea." The activity by sea of 1805 and the excitement of Trafalgar are excellently told by one who has deservedly made a reputation, both in prose and poetry, as a writer of the sea. Though Lang has his official successor, there have come to our desk four reprints of the series which he conducted for so long—"The Red Book of Heroes," "The Olive Fairy Book," "The Crimson Fairy Book," and "The All Sorts of Story Book." No more welcome reprint could have been decided upon than Noah Brooks's "The Boy Emigrant" (Scribner), a tale of excellent character, full of good writing and healthy national spirit. This story is nearly fifty years old; it was one of the earliest serials in *St. Nicholas*, and time has robbed it of none of its freshness. H. T. Dunn, after the manner of Pyle and Wyeth, has painted a series of pictures which bring out all the poetry and excitement of the text. Another favorite we cordially welcome is Mrs. Molesworth's "The Cuckoo Clock" (Lippincott), though we think it unfortunate that Maria L. Kirk's color plates are not more in accord with the old-fashioned quality of the story itself. Incidentally we can recommend other volumes in this Stories All Children Love series, published by the Lippincotts. Joel Chandler Harris is always a splendid gift, especially when "Uncle Remus" is in question. Houghton Mifflin, in their Visitors editions, have included "Uncle Remus and His Friends," illustrated

with views of the author's home in Atlanta, and of Snap Bean Farm.

There is a plentiful amount of material in the field of biography this season. Particularly notable is a collection under the title, "More than Conquerors" (Century), by Ariadne Gilbert, which in straightforward and pungent style records the careers of such men as Scott, Lamb, Emerson, Phillips Brooks, Thackeray, and Edwin Booth. We have not met with a more agreeable series of sketches in a long while, and we feel assured that the volume will be welcomed as a distinctive supplementary reader in schools. Oliver Clay's "The Treasure Finders" (Duffield), is also a collective series of adventures of four centuries, telling in accurate manner how explorers from Lief Ericson to Hudson opened up a new world to England, France, Spain, and Holland. As a gift-book for a boy old enough to take an intelligent interest in his country's history, nothing more suitable can be imagined than Frederick Trevor Hill's "Washington, the Man of Action" (Appleton), illustrated in old-fashioned style, appropriate to the subject, by the Comte de Breville ("Job"). "Helmet and Cowl" is the title of a volume of attractive make-up and illustration, by W. M. and M. F. S. Letts (Stokes). It tells the stories of some of the early saints and of the knightly orders of the Middle Ages. John Esquemeling's "The Buccaneers of America, or the Pirates of Panama, a True Account of the Famous Adventures and Daring Deeds of Sir Henry Morgan and Other Notorious Freebooters of the Spanish Main" has been edited and illustrated as a gift-book by George Alfred Williams, and published by Stokes.

A splendid intention dominates "When They Were Children" (Stokes), Amy Steedman's recounting of the childhood of famous men and women. She deals with forty-five heroes and heroines, from Saint Augustine to Stevenson, from Saint Catherine to Louisa Alcott. H. E. Marshall's "Boy Kings and Girl Queens" (Stokes) is of similar design, and seems to us a delightful way of learning history.

Helen Ward Banks's "The Boys' Motley" (Stokes) is a version for young readers of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." A very rich and sumptuous volume, with poorly reproduced color plates by Walter Crane, is Mary McGregor's "The Story of Greece" (Stokes). This will prove an excellent foundation for nursery stories, and we recommend its use at an early age, for our classical knowledge is being sorely neglected. Still another book of classical stories for children that we can recommend is Hilda Johnstone's "Stories of Greece and Rome" (Longmans). The tales of Greece, with one exception, recount in simple but spirited language the main incidents of the epic of Troy; those of Rome take up the story with the escape of Æneas, and carry the legend of early Rome to the expulsion of Tarquin and the defence of the Tiber bridge by Horatius.

A nice little set of individual biographies, under the general head of "Heroes of All Time," has been imported by the Stokes. We have before us René Francis's "Augustus," Ada Russell's "Alexander the Great," A. E. McKilliam's "Alfred the Great," E. M. W. Buxton's "Jeanne D'Arc," and Beatrice Marshall's "Sir Walter Raleigh." The cheap cover design is by no means indicative of the worth of the contents. Other volumes will be added to the series.

There is not a year when we can say that the field of fairy tale and legend is neglected by the publishers. In fact, though it would seem that education is ignoring imagination, the yule-tide books bring forth material enough to rejuvenate the most matter-of-fact school-board curriculum. Such a volume as Janet M. Clark's "Legends of King Arthur and His Knights" (Dutton), though not as spirited as Howard Pyle's narratives, will nevertheless supplement whatever casual mention is made of the Round Table in the nursery. The present author knows her Mallory and Tennyson, but she has caught none of the chivalric tone of either. In *format* the book is done in the regular Nister fashion.

Jeremiah Curtin's posthumous "Fairy Tales of Eastern Europe" (McBride, Nast), has an explanatory introduction by J. Walker McSpadden. The author was the translator of "Quo Vadis," and in the present instance the new volume indicates that he was a very worthy collector of folk-lore from Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Servia. Houghton Mifflin are the publishers of "Black Tales for White Children," gathered by Capt. C. H. Stigend and his wife, from Swahili.

Louey Chisholm's "In Fairyland" (Putnam) is the usual retelling of our old favorites, to accord with the author's theories regarding how much children can understand, and how strong they can stand it. We always turn to the retelling of "Little Red Riding Hood," and frown if it has been mildly modified. We are frowning! Penrhyn W. Coussens, in his "The Diamond Story Book" (Duffield), vies with Lang's series. The sources of the tales are varied, and indicate that the editor has searched systematically for what he considers to be the best. A volume of fairy stories somehow reminiscent of Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," but more poetic in coloring, if narratively less interesting, and thoroughly modern, is Margaret L. Woods's "Come Unto These Yellow Sands" (Lane).

In passing, let us call attention to the "Arthur Rackham Book of Pictures," issued by the Century Company, with a sympathetic introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. All of the plates are not intended for the nursery, but the interpretation of some of the fairy tales is very dainty. Similarly the full humor of text and illustration in E. Boyd Smith's "The Early Life of Mr. Man" (Houghton Mifflin) appeals rather to maturity than to infancy, and promoters of "sex instruction" will certainly pick a quarrel with Mr. Smith for perpetuating in his text the legend of the stork and in his illustration that of the cabbage patch. Nevertheless, the really rollicking humor of the pictures will be appreciated by all the seven ages of "Mr. Man." This is a book that it would be good fun to expound to an intelligent child. Cecil Aldin's animals have almost become a regular feature of the holiday publishing season. This year's contribution is the "Bobtail Puppy Book" (Hodder & Stoughton).

In "The Book of Friendly Giants" we have Eunice Fuller's defence of giants, and she puts up a good case, especially convincing after we see how a real giant behaves when he takes a little tenement boy to Central Park, and does not even step on a single soul as they go up the Avenue together. Many of the tales in this volume are drawn from foreign sources, and they are accompanied by some excellent drawings by Pamela Colman Smith.

Science

A FASCINATING STUDY OF PLANTS.

Physiological Plant-Anatomy. By Dr. G. Haberlandt. Translated from the fourth German edition by Montague Drummond. New York: Macmillan & Co. $6.50 net.

A pioneer who has opened a new domain, and has seen it occupied promptly by those who have recognized its possibilities, must take much satisfaction as he reviews his early work. This satisfaction must be all the greater if he has welcomed the newcomers in a kindly spirit, and has never regarded them as intruders. Professor Haberlandt began his work as a pioneer in 1881, and published a summary of his early results in 1884, in a treatise which has now reached its fourth edition. During the intervening thirty years he has continued his fruitful activity by the side of those who have been led by his example to explore this new field of investigation. The field is that along the border between Plant-anatomy and Plant-physiology, which, like all borders, had been sadly neglected. There is apt to be much waste land near the fences, which richly repays cultivation. Professor Haberlandt has made this land his own.

The English translation is accurate and readable. The translator has succeeded in the difficult task of preserving the style of the original, which is chatty, confidential, and very attractive. But, owing to the fact that the treatise is primarily designed for advanced students, extremely technical terms are employed even at the outset, which may cause difficulties for the general reader. The author plunges directly into his subject, and assumes that the layman must make use of the index and the dictionary. The translator had to follow copy: perhaps a French translator would have preferred to give suggestive and explanatory equivalents.

The author faces boldly the fact that since "any particular physiological function appears to the observer to be the aim and object of the correlated structural features, every demonstration of a connection between structure and function naturally assumes a teleological aspect." But, as Professor Haberlandt well says, the value of a teleological explanation depends entirely upon the philosophical attitude of the author, and, further, all the phenomena with which the physiological anatomist is concerned partake of the nature of useful adaptation. But though it is impossible to deny the actual existence of purposeful adaptations, physiological anatomy, which describes the adaptive features of the internal structure of plants, is incapable of explaining their origin, and "indeed does not profess to do so." In this branch of science an experimental method must be employed, although it is subject to severe limitations. Like the comparative method, it is of very great value, but it also has its weak

points. Haberlandt has endeavored throughout to maintain a judicial attitude.

After a brief but satisfactory description of the vegetable cells and tissues, the author considers the special tissues involved in the growth of parts, and thus prepares the way for minute treatment of the many systems in the plant. These systems he presents under the following heads: (1) Dermal, all exterior parts, which are protective; (2) Mechanical, including all contrivances for imparting stability and strength; (3) Absorbing, comprising the avenues for procuring income; (4) Photosynthetic, comprehending the apparatus for utilizing the influence of light upon the manufacture of organic matter; (5) Conducting, for effecting transfer of raw materials and of elaborated products; (6) Storage, the treasuries of food and the like; (7) Aerating and ventilating, for promoting the entrance and movements of gases; (8) Secretory and excretory, embracing the glands and certain reservoirs; (9) Motor, effecting the transfer of the whole plant or of its parts; (10) Sensory, under which the movements of plants in response to stimuli are treated; (11) Stimulus-transmitting, the system by which a stimulus is made active at a point remote from its origin. There is not one of these systems which does not possess attractiveness, when considered in connection with its activities. Even the general reader will find it well worth his while to examine the text even if he is obliged to search for definitions of the many technical terms. In the chapter devoted to the dermal system he will come upon a host of interesting adaptations by which plants are enabled to resist untoward influences, especially of drought, and he will find also a fascinating account of certain means by which some plants defend themselves against their animal foes. And here fresh information is presented. For instance, we are told that the irritant substance which is characteristic of the stinging hair of the nettle is not formic acid, as is generally supposed, but is an albuminoid substance, held in solution in the cell-sap, and in many respects resembling an enzyme (an unorganized "ferment"). This discovery opens up a new chapter in organic poisons. Another very interesting subject here considered is the healing of wounds and the regeneration of tissues after injury. In one case cited, the regenerated outer covering reproduces even the breathing-pores of the normal layer.

The chapter in which mechanical adaptations are discussed is not so exhaustive, of course, as the special treatise by Schwendener, but every engineer will see in it numerous examples of adaptation in plants which satisfy all demands for economy of material. Strength is obtained with the least expenditure of material, and many of the instances can be best described in the language of mechanical engineering. Besides these illustrations of adaptations to obtain stability, there are given in this chapter certain cases of structures for climbing and fixation, which are partly novel, and all of which are interesting. Among the curious hairs which play a secondary rôle may be mentioned the "eel-trap" sort, by which the intruding insect is not only prevented from passing beyond a certain point, but is there securely entrapped and held.

As might be expected, the absorbing system in plants presents many interesting examples of adaptation. The water-absorbing hairs of certain foliage leaves are especially fitted to appropriate the dews which fall at night in the great deserts. The author holds that absorption of water takes place through these hairs, and never under normal conditions through the stomata (breathing-pores). In striking instances, the absorbing hairs form a felted surface on both sides of the leaves. But it is only those hairs which can be easily wetted which are capable of appropriating water.

The absorption of organic matter from decomposing substances and from living organisms is a topic which carries the author through a vast group of plants, in which the mechanism varies extremely, but is always characterized by efficiency. And he devotes attention also to the curious relation of the embryo in the higher plants to the food-materials stored within reach, which the embryo must take in the same manner as the plants just mentioned. This range of adaptations is surprisingly extensive.

In the chapter devoted to the relations of plants to light, and its action in the production of organic matter, the author has brought within a narrow compass the extraordinary story of some of the most remarkable adaptations in all nature. The shapes and arrangement of the cells constituting the apparatus by which all the food on the earth is directly or indirectly produced, are well described, and the maximum exposure of the working parts to light is clearly shown. The devices by which the manufactured products are taken away from the constructive machinery, and thus all clogging is prevented, are referred to in so plain a way that any intelligent observer can verify the principal statements by examining our common plants. The conducting system brings up certain puzzling questions which the author states fairly and explains as well as is possible in the present state of the science; but it is surprising that so many of these questions remain almost unanswered. The storage and ventilating systems are far better understood, and the account of these will be found very satisfactory. All the adaptations are interesting, and form, when taken by themselves, a fascinating chapter in the life-history of plants. The author has dealt as fully with the secretory and excretory systems as the ascertained facts warrant, but he is obliged to leave without answer a good many queries which naturally arise. Of course, he dwells upon the protective and attractive features of the side-products, but he confines himself to the vegetative organs, and leaves out of treatment the matters of floral perfume and color. The relations of the flower are not regarded to any extent in the present treatise: it is confined to the vegetative organs alone, except as relates to the movements of certain parts of the flower, and the dissemination of certain seeds and fruits.

Professor Haberlandt's study of the sensory system brings out a good many startling facts, particularly with reference to the profound influence which certain solid contents of the cell, in definite cases, have upon the power of motion. The author describes clearly and without any exaggeration the so-called optical-sense organs of foliage leaves. All of this will be found by even the most casual reader of profound interest. The translator's use of the words "flying-hairs and flying-tissues," to denote the appendages by which certain separated parts of the plant are aided in flight by the winds, is perhaps justifiable, but it is a trifle misleading. However, it is difficult to find better terms for these mechanisms. The author has a supplementary chapter on anatomy, in which he discusses secondary growths and the like, and this chapter closes the work. Without copious extracts from the pages, it is impossible to convey any idea of the attractive treatment of this fascinating subject.

Prof. Thomas Hunt Morgan has succeeded in presenting the difficult subjects which he treats in "Heredity and Sex" (Columbia University Press; $1.75 net) in a way that will command the gratitude of the specialist, and, at the same time, will be intelligible, or almost intelligible, to the general reader. The latter individual may miss the significance of many of the details, and probably will be confused by the complexity of some of the diagrams in which the book abounds, but he can hardly fail to grasp the main facts, for the author has the gift of presentation and a sprightly, attractive style. Probably every intelligent person has given some thought at times to the question of sex, and has wondered regarding the conditions that determine whether any given being becomes a male or a female of the species. Hypotheses by scientific men have been numerous, and, for the most part, worthless, and it is a matter for congratulation that at last a proximate solution of the problem has been furnished mainly by American zoölogists. Morgan gives in this book a clear account of the internal mechanism in the egg and the sperm-cell through which the sex of the fertilized ovum is determined, and applies this mechanism in the light of the Mendelian principles of heredity to the explanation of the inheritance of so-called sex-limited or, rather, sex-linked characteristics, such as color-blindness and hemophilia in man. In this latter application he is able to make much use of his own well-known and brilliant experiments upon fruit flies (Drosophila ampelophila). Variations that develop spontaneously in one sex of these animals he is able to transmit by suitable mating in a predictable manner to the male and female offspring. The accuracy with which those results may be obtained seems to justify the author's conclusion that "an internal mechanism exists by which sex is determined," and that the older theories, according to which sex is or may be conditioned by external conditions, must be abandoned.

Drama

THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

The Drama League of America, now in its fifth year of activity, was founded for a definite purpose and has pursued it with such consistent and contagious vigor that its membership in the United States is more than a hundred thousand persons, and much praiseworthy work of a constructive character has been accomplished. That membership, composed not only of individuals who join as such, but also of schools, colleges, libraries, and clubs innumerable, is unified by certain ideas not hitherto held concerning the drama and the theatre in relation to the general life of the community.

This attitude on the part of the League towards the play and the playhouse involves, first, a belief that the drama in our time is fast becoming an appreciable and important part of literature, its representatives in the English-speaking lands and on the Continent now embracing many of the most distinguished writers of the day. After a generation of dominance, fiction is beginning to have a rival in this other form of story-telling, that of the stage. And because of this coming of the drama once more into serious regard—recalling in some measure those periods of the past when the chief literary glories of Spain, or France, or England were associated with the stage—the theatre becomes an institution to be reckoned with as a cultural opportunity. The Drama League, believing that a right use of the playhouse can minister to civilization, if only the amusement it offers be rational, sound, and of value as art and interpretation of life, is doing what it can by the emphasis of concerted action to encourage good plays, of all sorts and descriptions, only asking that they make an appeal to intelligent theatre-goers.

And closely associated with the thought that the theatre can (and therefore should) be an asset in the national civilization, goes a democratic ideal, the League's contribution to social service, that shibboleth of our time. The theatre, in nature and origin, is a great people's institution, a kind of forum of the emotions of mankind. It is the most widely appealing and influential of all the forms of story-telling, and of amusements; its democracy inheres in these facts. Hence, anything done to make it clean, artistically attractive, mentally and emotionally stimulating in the best sense, is directly a service to the public which attends the various theatrical offerings in almost inconceivable hordes. Of the motion-picture houses alone, there are 22,000 in this country. Allowing an attendance of 1,000 a day to each house—which is a fair estimate—we see that 22,000,000 folk attend this kind of entertainment daily in the United States.

Already it is beginning to dawn on the thoughtful few, at least, that with an institution so influential as this, so capable of popular instruction, it may perhaps be wise for city or State to have a hand in controlling or directing such an amusement; or, in lieu of such action, for enlightened individuals consciously to band themselves together in the way of assistance. The late William T. Stead, who was of strict non-conformist stock, never entered a theatre until he was well past fifty. After witnessing his first performance, he declared in an article in his magazine that the theatre should be supported by the people through taxation. Coming freshly to the problem, realizing what the drama could do, he saw the matter in its true significance as the jaded habitué could not.

With these ideas underlying its organization, the League devotes its attention to the play-goer because of the firm conviction that if he be trained gradually to know and demand good plays, the plays will be forthcoming. Desirous to help all concerned—players, playwrights, and managers, as well as the theatre-going public—it puts its central work, as I said, upon the auditor, believing that he can in turn affect all the others: is, indeed, the one great ultimate tribunal in the welfare of the drama. And in so far as it can, the League would wish to diminish the ignorant majority and increase the numbers of that honorable minority which is responsible to the things of the mind and the spirit when offered in the shape of a stage play.

To bring about these results, the League has elected a programme that it has steadily prosecuted. One thing it has refused to do: it indulges in no censure or attack upon bad drama; plays that are silly, negligible, or vicious it damns only by silence, preferring to draw attention to drama that is good. This is done primarily by the bulletin system, inaugurated in Chicago, the mother city of the movement, and now in familiar use in many of the thirty-six large cities where branches have been established. A play-going committee selects from the offerings of a given week the drama it deems most worth while, and a bulletin, giving succinctly the facts about the play and urging its patronage, is sent out to all local members—in cities like New York and Chicago amounting to many thousands. This bulletin, emanating from one of the centres, goes also to numerous suburban members. So successful has this plan been in operation that the manager of the bulletined play regularly assumes the expense of this circularization, which, for example, in the Chicago branch, amounts to about $160—a practical proof that he regards it as good advertising.

Of late, the League has undertaken, as a natural development of the bulletin idea in cities, to arrange for the support of a play which is regarded as worth helping and is about to be tried in the smaller towns. By the advance work of representatives of the League in such towns a guarantee is secured, so that the drama is seen in a circuit of towns which otherwise would have no chance of witnessing plays of that calibre, owing to the skepticism of the local manager, or the Laodicean attitude of the local public itself. This attempt to stimulate audiences in the smaller communities was sufficiently encouraging in the Middle West last season to suggest a promising field for the future in an important part of the League's work. Such an organization as the Irish Players, for example, was brought to a number of small towns by this League guarantee. As Mr. Winthrop Ames said at the fourth annual convention last spring, the problem of the small town and the "one-night stand" is more difficult than the city problem. The question whether any drama has actually been tided over probable failure by League support can be answered by citing Mr. Parker's "Disraeli," which was saved for a long and prosperous career by the prompt action of the Chicago branch when the play opened in that city.

Another activity in which the League has done much has to do with publication. It finances and conducts a quarterly, the *Drama*, devoted to the best interests of play and playhouse, and a special feature is the printing in each number of a complete play in English, whether translated or native, not before available in print. The so-called Drama League series of plays, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., in which eight volumes have appeared and which presents, in agreeable form and at a fraction of the price hitherto charged, representative drama, American, British, or foreign, is another enterprise. A series of study schemes and special pamphlets of great usefulness to individuals and for club courses are being issued at intervals, and a dozen or more can now be obtained. They are prepared by specialists, and the demand for them, coming from all parts of the country, runs into many thousands. Of peculiar value is the list of all books concerning the drama and the theatre; together with a list of all plays printed in English, whether native or foreign, compiled by Mr. Frank Choteau Brown, it meets a want not before supplied by any publication with such intelligent thoroughness.

The League, again, has a vigorous juvenile department, in which much specialized work has been done with the school children, one striking result of which was the Shakespeare Festival several years ago in Chicago, where thousands of the little ones enacted the master's plays on his birthday in April in the parks and open places of the city. Similar festivals have been given in New York and other cities. Splendid work has been done in the interests of the child in the playhouses in New York and Washington, sympathetically related in purpose, though not under League auspices. Let it be added that, as the movement has so rapidly grown, much fine work has been accomplished by societies affiliated or independent. The important thing is that all should work together and realize the advantage in the way of impressiveness and associated action of a large central organization.

These are a few of the main phases of the activity of the Drama League. Other ways of work will be undertaken in the future, many have been proposed, some

chosen as practical and wise. All who would care to have a comprehensive statement of what the League is doing, has done, and hopes to do, can be recommended to the admirable pamphlet by Mrs. A. Starr Best, the former president of the League, in which she reviews the first three years of its life. Of great value, too, is the report of the Fourth Annual Convention in Philadelphia last April. Both these publications can be obtained from the League's headquarters, 736 Marquette Building, Chicago.

If our Little Theatres and New Theatres, and especially endowed repertory companies, represent the aristocratic tendency in the drama (a very good tendency, too, rightly understood), the Drama League represents the democratic ideal, to give people at large opportunity to witness drama that, while it amuses, also enlarges the mental horizon, and which is sound art, but at the same time does not neglect its mission as good recreation. To quote Matthew Arnold: "The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre."

Richard Burton,
President of the Drama League of America.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." These words of Shakespeare might be a fitting epitaph for many of the actor-managers who, since the days of Charles Kean, have sought to veil histrionic incapacity in a glare of spectacular glory. In the last century there has been an enormous development of the mechanical and decorative resources of the theatre, which has been accompanied, in the poetic drama at any rate, by an increasing irreverence for the text and, naturally enough, by a steady decadence in the art of acting. It is not necessary now to revive the old dispute whether or not the Elizabethan play is best presented in Elizabethan fashion, but it is obvious that where the play, and not its adornment, is the thing, the histrionic possibilities of the text become the vital object. To scenery, in the abstract, in the Elizabethan drama, there can be no valid objection. The Elizabethans themselves made such use of it as lay within their power. And it is clear that the scenery, when employed, should be of the best kind, appropriate, fit, and illusive, but, from the literary and artistic point of view, it becomes an unmitigated evil whenever it is permitted to dominate the play, or is made an excuse for mangling the text, and unduly modifying the action. The form of a classic drama is one of its essential characteristics. Any attempt to express it in modern terms is utterly unjustifiable. Not only is it inartistic, it is offering goods under false pretences.

Shakespeare has triumphed in the theatre in spite of all misrepresentation by poor players and pretentious charlatans. Among modern managers few have used him more disrespectfully than Sir Herbert Tree. An actor of moderate abilities except in eccentric comedy or melodrama, he has, in the great Shakespearean parts which he has assumed by virtue of his managerial prerogative, consistently offered gorgeous panorama as a recompense for histrionic deficiencies. And he has never hesitated—on purely artistic grounds, of course—to sacrifice the text to the exigencies of his spectacle. One of the latest specimens of his handiwork is the version of "Twelfth Night"—arranged in three acts instead of five as in the original—now to be seen in the Liberty Theatre. It is true that considerable ingenuity has been displayed in this remodelling. All the characters and essential incidents and a fair proportion of the lines are preserved, but localities are changed and scenes transposed to the great confusion and detriment of the action and the destruction of sequence. Personages come and go, as required, without reference to trifles like time or space, or such attention as Shakespeare paid to these details.

The task of designing the scenery to fit this arbitrary rearrangement has been entrusted to Joseph Urban, a prominent representative of the modern school of scene-painting, and it may be admitted readily that his sets are imaginative, rich in color, and pictorially effective. That they are peculiarly appropriate, or helpful, to the dramatic theme may be seriously questioned. Certain anomalies in them such as the flight of stone steps on the wild Illyrian beach, the impressionistic treatment of foliage and flowers, and some puzzling stone archways—neither promote illusion nor supplement the action. But allowance must be made, in common fairness, for the difficulties imposed upon the artist by the prescribed conditions. He has furnished handsome, spacious, and complete pictures, in which the ordinary absurdities of stage perspective are skilfully avoided. It is not altogether his fault if they are not always suitable to the occasion. The true responsibility rests with the London manager who hoped that an uninspired Malvolio might seem illuminated in the reflected brilliancy of his surroundings.

As a matter of fact the representation at the Liberty suffered more than it profited by the luxuriance of its environment. Yet it was, on the whole, taking all existing circumstances into consideration, meritorious. It was smooth, lively, and generally intelligent, though lacking in poetic and romantic atmosphere and the true flavor of the alternately quaint and robust Shakespearean humor. The Viola of Phyllis Neilson-Terry was an attractive but most uneven performance. This young actress, daughter of Edward Terry and Julia Neilson, scion of an old and illustrious theatrical family, comes with the prestige of London popularity and has been the subject of much perfervid journalistic praise. She is of a rare feminine type, tall, fair, slim, graceful, and charged with an electric vitality. Her face is bright with intelligence and girlish charm. Potent in personality, and evidently gifted with quick dramatic instinct, she is as yet in no sense a great or finished actress. Of Shakespeare's Viola she offers only rare glimpses. She comes nearest to that exquisite conception in her early scenes with Orsino, wherein, with fine natural intuition, she indicates her secret love and self-sacrificing devotion, with considerable subtlety and pretty maidenly shyness. But her passion is not very deep or moving at any time, while curiously intermittent. For the most part she is far too impulsive, restless, and volatile, betraying an animation and an exuberance of animal spirits which are gravely inconsistent with a state of tender melancholy. But she plays her scenes with Olivia with delightful archness and pleads her lord's cause with eloquent sincerity. Her assumption of the masculine air and swagger is excellent—in many ways she seems to be more suited to Rosalind than Viola—but in the duel with Aguecheek she abandons all pretence of virility and with it all the proper restraint of comedy. Here she follows the worst of bad precedents. The stupidity with which this scene is habitually mishandled is so crass as to be almost pathetic. As yet Miss Terry, who is very young, is a clever novice who obeys the promptings of impulse, not the laws of art. The best actor in the cast is Eben Plympton, whose Toby Belch is rightly conceived and firmly executed, only needing a little more liquorish unction to be wholly admirable. The Malvolio of Henry Dixey is capable and, but for occasional extravagance, sound. Other players do not require individual mention. But there is good stuff in them, and, if the forethought expended upon the scenery had been devoted to their instruction, the representation might have been thrice as satisfactory. J. R. T.

"THE GARDEN OF PARADISE."

Days approaching the Christmas season are an appropriate time in which to launch Mr. Edward Sheldon's dramatization of Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid," which opened on Saturday at the Park Theatre. The sweetness and tenderness of this tale of the sea maiden who aspired to the love of a human king receive a particular sanction just now and can be looked at with a child's directness. Though, by the nature of the case, the spectacle gets perhaps more prominence than the drama proper—there being nine glowing scenes divided into three parts—Mr. Sheldon has succeeded in holding the dialogue strictly in accord with the original spirit of the story. In parts, indeed, the dramatic interest is asserted so well that one could wish that the author had had more room to himself. He shows the proper sort of imagination, which while pretty never becomes sophisticated and continues throughout to exhale the fairy presence upon which it essentially rests. In portions of the play, notably in the witch scenes and those in which the maiden, as page, ministers to the love of her lord, one sees the author striving for some of the exuberance of which Shakespeare in similar situations was master. But the imitation though conscious is never disagreeable. All things considered, Mr. Sheldon might well be content to exercise his talent in other fanciful pieces, instead of returning to the problem plays which have hitherto attracted him.

The cast was chosen with an eye to daintiness of effect. There were sweet girlish figures in abundance, and in the principal part Miss Emily Stevens was truly effective. The range of the part is of course not great, but she at least put the audience in sympathy with her pathetic ambitions, and those not familiar with the story were evidently much concerned, when her sojourn on land was drawing to an end, for fear that she would be forced to become a drudge of the witch who had helped her to human form.

Mr. Joseph Urban was responsible for the scene-painting, which, when the difficulties are considered, showed no little magnificence. The device of supporting wires unfortunately prevented an accurate simulation of swimming in the scenes under the sea, but this was an insurmountable difficulty. In other respects, truth to life, or rather to faëry, was well cared for. F.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE.

Three very short plays and a miniature drama in four scenes with an ambitious setting make up the new programme at the theatre devoted to "thrills and laughter." The laughter was supplied in generous measure by George Ade's "Nettie," a mordant little skit of life not more than two minutes from Broadway, developing an idea that is far from new, but doing it with the characteristic satirical flip of Mr. Ade's humor. One is especially grateful for a certain quality of imagination or atmosphere in this little play. Mr. Ade resisted the temptation of effects that are called suggestive because they are really very obvious. But to have avoided coarseness would be only a negative merit. Mr. Ade has succeeded in imparting a universal quality to his easy lines and familiar types, so that it is precisely this inconsequential little play, out of the entire programme, which comes closest home to the spectator.

Imagination is the quality lacking in the other three plays. They strive for horror and the thrill in the most obvious way. In J. B. Larrie's "The Denial" the scene is the death house at Sing Sing just before an execution. The idea is not a bad one. The ruffian who is about to meet his just fate denies his identity to his own mother and sends her away consoled in the belief that her son was only the victim of the murder for which the penalty is about to be paid. But the characterization, the emotional situations, and the language are utterly commonplace and fatal to illusion of any kind. Whatever effects are obtained are merely the mechanical response to the exhibition of the machinery of death by order of the State.

A far better bit of work is Frederick Truesdell's "The Fog." It has plot, situation, suspense, even thrill and horror. A murder is performed before the eyes of the spectators. But once more there are effects by obvious means. The nerves are rasped rather than thrilled. Of the subtlety that creates the higher horror, there is little suggestion either in the development of the story or the dialogue.

"Across the Border," by Beulah Marie Dix, is a dramatization of the horrors of war with very obvious reference to things of the moment. The author's sincerity is unmistakable. The method employed is the now familiar dream effect. Between the opening scene in a beleaguered field outpost and the last scene in a field hospital we have two scenes "across the border," in a vaguely defined half-station between the present life and the Ultimate. The horrors and folly of war are elaborated with detail, but with no suggestion of original thought and in language that is particularly commonplace in the mouths of the mystic figures that inhabit the superterrestrial scenes. There is also a great deal of repetition. More effective than the spoken sermon are the scenes of pain in the field hospital; it is again a rasping of the nerves rather than a stimulation of the higher emotions, but it is effective nevertheless.

Of the players, Mr. Powell did exceptionally well in the principal rôle in "Across the Border," handicapped though he was by his commonplace lines. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, who appeared in three rôles, was best as the old rounder in George Ade's play. Mr. Edgard showed versatility in two such different rôles as the gilded youth of Broadway and the blasphemous Tommy of the hospital. S. S.

Music

A LOST ART.

One of the rare pleasures in Rome, not enjoyed by many tourists, is to attend mass or vespers at Sant' Anselmo, the chapel of the international congregation of Benedictines on the Aventine. Services are held at hours discouraging to the tourist, too soon after a hotel luncheon, and much too soon after a hotel breakfast, but if he will conform his moments to the event, take a long ride in the street-car, and climb the steeps of the Aventine, he will be amply repaid. He will hear the nearest approach on earth to celestial music, the pure Gregorian song, after which even the service in a French cathedral seems but an echo, while the tunes in most of our churches become tawdry and profane. The next step is to buy the *Liber Usualis Missæ* and the *Liber Antiphonarius pro Vesperis*, edited authoritatively by the monks of Solesmes, to accustom one's self to square and rhomboid notes, to *virga* and *punctum*, *flexa* and *quilisma*, and thus to follow the ritual with an ever-deepening relish. Then the liturgical manuscripts displayed in many a library abroad exert a new fascination. One notices at first the general similarity between the notation employed in the authoritative editions, and that in the splendid service-books of the fifteenth century. Then interesting differences appear. If older manuscripts are consulted, these differences become more and more pronounced; the clear, square forms of the later Middle Ages dwindle into dots and dashes and curves, stenographic and mysterious. What is the history of these signs, and did anybody ever understand them?

The science of musical palæography is not half a century old. Excluding a few isolated attempts to penetrate that *selva oscura*, we must give chief credit to the patient monks of Solesmes, who, since 1880, have written learned treatises, published facsimiles of manuscripts in their monumental "Paléographie Musicale," and edited a number of service-books containing both the Roman rite and the rites of different monastic orders. There now appears, in the series of reproductions of manuscripts issued by the Vatican Library, a remarkable work entitled "Monumenti Vaticani di Paleografia Musicale." The author is the Rev. Henry Marriott Bannister, a priest of the English Church and an eminent authority on liturgics. Mr. Bannister has registered and described every manuscript in the Vatican that bears the faintest trace of a musical note. There are most careful descriptions of more than a thousand manuscripts, and excellent reproductions of more than two hundred of these. A scholarly introduction treats of the history of musical notation in the Middle Ages, and the forms and uses of the notes or neums. The forms of neums are set forth in special plates; two thousand varieties are presented, not in drawings, but by a difficult process skilfully executed, in photographs. There are also elaborate indices. The author informs us that his concern is with palæography rather than music, and he discreetly avoids matters of controversy in the latter subject.* For all that, his work is indispensable for the historian of music. It is the most important systematic and comprehensive treatment of musical notation in the Middle Ages that has yet appeared.

Neums probably developed, the musician may be indignant to know, from the accents of Greek grammar. The acute accent, called *virga*, represented a note higher than the preceding, the grave a note lower. This latter sign, which originally, like the Greek accent, was a line slanting downwards from left to right, was gradually reduced in length, eventually became a point, and hence is known as *punctum*. Its history is suggested in the diamond-shaped note which appears in the later square notation and which is simply the extremity of an oblique line. The circumflex denoted a high pitch succeeded by one lower. Both from the early forms of the note, ˊ and ˆ which represent an acute accent followed by a grave, and from its name *flexa*, we can trace its origin, not apparent in the modern symbol ♫, more nearly suggested in the square notation by ⁋ and obvious enough in the succession of forms presented in Mr. Bannister's plates.

From the two simple original elements and their modifications are developed by combination a variety of other forms. The *flexa* is one. Its opposite, the *pes*, represents a low succeeded by a higher note. The original form ✓ which is simply the union of the two accents, is often replaced by ✓. Sometimes also the top of the *virga* was adorned with a little cap, as in ✓ or ✓ from which form there easily grew the familiar sign of the square notation ⁖. There also developed a notation by points alone, whereby ⁘ would represent the *pes*. More complicated is the ascending run of three notes, *scandicus*, the descending run *climacus*, and what looks like a more elaborate variety of the former, *quilisma*. Then there are "liquescent" forms, which indicate the half vowel noticeable when a closed syllable ending in a liquid is carefully pronounced, as in *summus*, *il-lumina*. Since these liquescent forms occur in English manuscripts down into the fifteenth century, we may infer that the sloppy manner of pronouncing syllables to which we and our English cousins are addicted was not always in vogue in the British Isles.

An inspection of Mr. Bannister's plates is as interesting as a visit to a zoölogical museum. One can readily distinguish the different specimens, in which national characteristics are revealed as clearly as in architecture and script and personal appearance. French neums are fine and graceful, Italian are firm and clear; German neums, says Mr. Bannister, have a tendency to hori-

*He is not responsible, I am bound to say, for several categorical statements in the present paper.

zontal rather than vertical enlargement, and ultimately develop a coarse variety known technically as "hob-nail." The classes once distinguished, we become interested in the growth of musical notation, seeing everywhere writ large, or small, the doctrine of evolution and the survival of the fittest. Consider the stroke, which originally denoted the very essence of the *virga*. After the pitch of the note was indicated by the position of the point on the staff, the stroke either served merely to connect or became an ignominious tail. In the modern method it regains something of its importance, for it bears the bars or flags which denote length. But its rank is reduced, none the less. The whole note, the most dignified of all, never permits its company. The point was the form destined, as the fittest, to survive, into which the original strokes of both accents were ultimately metamorphosed.

We query next how exactly pitch could be represented, seeing that the staff with four or more lines does not appear until the end of the twelfth century. The invention of a single line is sometimes attributed to Guido d'Arezzo about 1033, but there is evidence of its use a century before his time. Guido's innovation, and it was an important one, consisted in the addition of a second line. He used red for the *F* and yellow for the *C* line, made musical instruction far easier than before, and paved the way for the more elaborate staff of the later period. But we must observe, further, that though there is no actual evidence of lines before the tenth century, there are clear instances of diastematic notation, that is, the arrangement of notes at different heights, in the earliest known manuscripts. So obvious is this method in Italian books that Mr. Bannister thinks the scribes must have had in mind an imaginary line to guide them in transcribing, or actually drew a temporary one by snapping on the parchment a cord covered with dust. Although manuscripts with full musical notation are not found in great numbers before the tenth century, there is reason for suspecting that a careful system of arranging the notes at distinct intervals of pitch was an early Italian invention, and indeed may have been a feature of Pope Gregory's musical reforms.

At first, however, the teacher was more important than his chart. He would render the exact melody with the proper emphases. The singer learned from him and used the written notes merely as an aid to memory. The Gregorian chant, like the Homeric poems, was thus transmitted orally at first. The two centuries following its invention have left us no written records of its melodies, and only a few texts with neums have been found in manuscripts of the ninth century. The original notation may well have been rigorously diastematic, but the carelessness of scribes and the exigencies of writing the neums between narrow lines of text led to a frequent neglect of the proper intervals. Indeed, so frequent was this neglect that it became a method and flourished in certain places to the exclusion of the exact and original system. The latter is hailed as a welcome innovation by the monks of Corbie towards the end of the tenth century and gradually prevailed everywhere. By the twelfth century, Germany alone was clinging conscientiously to what perhaps seemed to its scribes the earlier way. Just so Bismarck patriotically defended as the *Nationalschrift* that species of debased Gothic cursive long since abandoned by the other countries of Europe. For Germany, whatever its improvements in the ethics of war, is palæographically cautious.

It is also a matter of debate whether duration of time can be expressed by neums. The monks of Solesmes declare emphatically that it cannot, but recent researches open large fields for conjecture on this subject. Particularly important evidence is found in an anonymous treatise on musical art in a Vatican manuscript of the eleventh century; the treatise itself, of course, may have been composed before that date. The author, after defining in a little catechism what *cantus* is, says explicitly:

> The elements composing the system derive their origin from pitch-accents and syllabic feet. The derivation from pitch-accents is shown in the use of acute and grave and circumflex. The derivation from syllabic feet is shown in the use of short and long.*

Here is a writer who has traced the neums to their accentual source, and who also declares that they deal with longs and shorts. He proceeds to expound his theory with careful detail and seeming coherence, and adds illustrative neums in the margin. The only trouble is to make out what he means. Is he, in the manner associated by the modern world with scholasticism, merely talking elaborate nonsense, or is it we who fail to understand good sense? Let us adopt the more courteous view. A closer examination of the neums suggests that their differing forms are not due to the idiosyncrasies of a scribe or a school, but denote differences in time. Thus the signs for long and short, — and ⏑, may appear in the composite neums. In the *pes*, for instance, the form ✓ may denote a long, low note succeeded by a short, high note, ✓ a short, low succeeded by a short, high, ✓ a short, low succeeded by a long, high. If this is so, many pleasing subtleties are possible in the elaborately composite forms.

This is why I have ventured in the title of this paper to refer to Gregorian music as a lost art, the splendor of which, like that of the mediæval stained glass, has vanished in our modern world. The invention of the square notation secured clearness and precision at the expense of many a delicate nuance. Mr. Bannister can show by examples in the manuscripts how various fine emphases indicated by the earlier neums disappear when the melody is done over into the square notation. With the enthusiasm which only an expert and a conservative can feel, he declares, "Vetus melius est." Let us hope that further investigation by him and others will throw more light upon this fascinating obscurity.

Meantime, one must wonder that the cordial encouragement given to Gregorian music by his Holiness the late Pope Pius X has produced so little effect. Fragments of Gregorian are admitted in Roman Catholic and other services, but flashy anthems and female quartets are also not unknown. One charm of the Gregorian chant is its antiquity. Like the words of the liturgy, with which it was intended to be indissolubly wedded, it carries the worshipper back along the centuries of an unbroken tradition. One of Mr. Bannister's plates gives the music of a Gradual found in a German manuscript of the tenth century, agreeing with that used in the Roman rite, but not known in Italian manuscripts earlier than the twelfth century. Did Italy borrow a German invention at that time? Hardly. Both records, as in numerous other cases presented by Mr. Bannister, derive from the same ultimate source, which, as research tends more and more clearly to show, may well have been the elaborate musical liturgy devised by Pope Gregory the Great.

But another charm of the Gregorian chant is its amazing variety. At first one may find that it all sounds alike, as great music generally does to the uninitiate, but soon the fine shadings appear. Certain melodies are constant, though variously rendered, and are greeted each time as old friends. But every Sunday and Feast Day has its appropriate offices with appropriate music for each. Uniformity in variety; that is the essence of great art everywhere, and that is the essence of Gregorian music. Its melodies sounded in their magnificent simplicity and pleasing complexity through the Middle Ages, and may not be wholly lost even today for him who has ears to hear.

E. K. Rand.

*Ortus quoque suus atque compositio ex accentibus toni et ex pedibus syllabarum ostenditur. Ex accentibus uero toni demonstratur in acuto et graui et circumflexo, ex pedibus denique syllabarum ostenditur in breui et longa.

Queen Alexandra and a large party occupied the royal box at Covent Garden when a performance was given in aid of the artistic profession. It resulted in a profit of nearly $7,500. The chief musical feature of the performance was the first stage performance in English of "Phœbus and Pan," by the German, Bach. An appropriate and inspiriting addition to the concert was the "Fanfare" written for the Delhi Durbar of 1903 by Sir Charles Stanford. It was played by the trumpeters of the First Life Guards, under Lieut. George Miller.

"That the public welcomes the distraction offered by music from the one momentous issue was proved by the enormous audience at Queen's Hall on the day on which the news of the fall of Antwerp came through," says the London *Musical Record*. "It is true that it was a Saturday, and that the programme contained that ever-potent attraction, the 'Peer Gynt' Suite; but the fact, for all that, was not without significance in showing the trend of opinion as regards the necessity of 'carrying on' as usual."

Finance

REOPENING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The opening of the New York Stock Exchange on Saturday ended the longest period of suspended trading in the history of the institution. In the panic of 1873 the Exchange closed its doors for ten consecutive days, an incident unparalleled until last summer; they have been closed on this present occasion during four consecutive months, lacking three days. On the day of Germany's ultimatum, July 31, following the example of the London Stock Exchange, practically every institution of the kind in the world which had not already suspended business simultaneously took such action. Business was tentatively resumed on the Stock Exchanges of Chicago, New Orleans, Cleveland, and Toledo on Monday of last week; it was resumed at Philadelphia and Washington on Monday, and at Pittsburgh on Wednesday. Neither at London nor at Paris has the Stock Exchange yet reopened; but Paris has fixed December 7 for resumption of cash transactions, and London is discussing similar action around the beginning of January.

This reopening of the exchanges, as every one is aware, does not mean resumption of trading on the basis of normal times. The transactions authorized by the New York Stock Exchange, which began on Saturday, were in bonds only; trading in stocks was forbidden. Furthermore, a "minimum price" had been fixed for every bond by the committee, below which no sales were to be permitted; that price ranging from the actual final price of July 30 (or a trifle higher in two or three bonds) to a level 7 points below the quotation of that day. The variations in these permitted minimum prices were governed chiefly by the course of prices in private transactions among banking houses and investors during the four past months. It is clearly understood that the question of altering or removing the arbitrary minimum (which has already been dispensed with, in the case of State and city bonds), and the question of re-admitting stocks to trading on the floor of the Exchange, will be determined by the outcome of the present tentative resumption. With a view to fixing its policy in these directions, the Stock Exchange committee has required that all sales of bonds for foreign account must be so designated.

The purpose of these cautious restrictions is plain enough. They amount to recognition that the causes which led to the closing of the Stock Exchange on July 31 may possibly be still in operation, and that the present more or less experimental trading will test the question. Primarily, the Stock Exchange was closed, at the end of July, because the anticipated outbreak of war was believed to insure such an outpour upon our market of European holdings of American securities, at any price obtainable, as would utterly demoralize values and precipitate panic in the money market, where such securities were pledged, in enormous quantities, as security for loans on the basis of previous prices. Such a sequel was prevented through the withdrawal by the Exchange of all facilities for selling stocks or bonds at any price. The obvious problem now is whether the impending foreign liquidation, interrupted by the closing of the exchanges on July 31, will be resumed at their reopening—wholly, or partially, or not at all—and if it were to continue, how far its influence would be offset or modified by other influences.

The argument that European liquidation would not be resumed, on anything like the scale of last July, is chiefly based on the facts that the markets of the world were then in outright panic; that nobody knew what would happen on the credit markets, with the intricate relations of the great international money centres suddenly broken off; that, on the face of things, insolvency threatened powerful European houses with extensive international engagements, and that therefore the realizing on their investment holdings, wherever possible, was a peremptory necessity—whereas none of these conditions now exists. Protective and remedial measures of the most extensive scope have been adopted, with the support of Government, on every market of the world.

At London particularly, through the exceptional facilities offered by the Bank of England, the credit crisis has been definitely averted, and, through that institution's enormous accumulations of gold, the position has been safeguarded for the duration of the war. While the motives for the prodigious European selling of our securities in July have to this extent been removed, our own country's capital available for investment has been accumulating in the four months' suspension of the market for securities. To-day, moreover, even the facilities of credit have been greatly enlarged, through the introduction of the new banking system.

On the other hand, there has been in progress, since the beginning of the war, an absorption of capital into war loans on an unprecedented scale. The accepted estimates of the cost of the present war, to all belligerents, run close to $50,000,000 daily, and sooner or later the enormous total amount thus expended must be drawn from European investment funds. Such a demand would naturally raise the price of investment capital the world over, and that movement would ordinarily be reflected in lower prices for investment securities already outstanding. This is the real problem which overhangs the market, in the present tentative resumption of Stock Exchange operations. It will not be solved immediately. The trading in bonds on Saturday was conducted, as a rule, at prices not only slightly above the "official minimum," but not very far from the closing quotations of July 30. But naturally the process of determining how far a restricted market of the present sort tests the real character of the investment situation will be slow. The three important offsetting facts to keep in mind are that prices of securities had already been heavily reduced before the Stock Exchange shut down, in anticipation of these very conditions; that the whole world had in a sense been hoarding its accruing capital during the year before the war began, and that the rate of interest at which the strongest belligerent states have been placing their war loans has not yet reached any very abnormal level.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Egan, M. F. The Ivy Hedge. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.
Ellis, Mrs. H. Love-Acre. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Foster, D. S. The Divided Medal. Franklin Book Co.
Gorky, M. Tales of Two Countries. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.
Lawson, C. The Buried Ideal. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
Titterton, W. R. Me as a Model. Mitchell Kennerley.
Water, Van de, Virginia Terhune. In the Web of Life. Hearst's Int. Library Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Armstrong, D. B. The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Aydelotte, F. Materials for the Study of English Literature and Composition. Oxford University Press. 75 cents net.
Benson, A. B. The Old Norse Element in Swedish Romanticism. Lemcke & Buechner. $1 net.
Deming, A. G. Language Games for All Grades. Chicago: Beckly-Cardy Co.
Explorations and Field-Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1913. Vol. LXIII, No. 8. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Grahame, K. The Golden Age. Lane. $3 net.
Hawkes, E. The Boy's Book of Astronomy. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Heyliger, Wm. Off Side. Appleton. $1.25 net.
In the Days of Old Series: Stories from Robin Hood. France. Rome. Scotland. Stokes. 75 cents net.
Johnstone, H. Stories of Greece and Rome. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Letts, N. F. S. and W. Helmet and Cowl. Stokes. $2 net.
MacGregor, M. The Story of Greece. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Maps Relating to Virginia in the Virginia State Library and Other Departments of the Commonwealth. Compiled by Earl G. Swem. Vol. VII. Nos. 2 and 3. Richmond: Davis Bottom.
Marshall, H. E. Boy-Kings and Girl-Queens. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Miller, Alice D. The Burglar and the Blizzard. Hearst's Int. Library Co. 50 cents net.
Moss, A. P. The Elf of the Orchard. Stokes. 50 cents net.
Porter, Wm. N. The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible Stories and Poems. From Creation to the Captivity. Endorsed by Union Bible Selections Committee.
Burgess, Wm. The World's Social Evil. Chicago: Saul Bros.
Harris, George. A Century's Change in Religion. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Jourdan, G. V. The Movement Towards Catholic Reform in the Early Sixteenth Century. Dutton. $2.50 net.
McCabe, Joseph. George Bernard Shaw. Mitchell Kennerley.
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White, B. A Message to the World. Church of the Social Revolution.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Croce, B. Scritti di Storia Letteraria e Politica. Vols. III and IV. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.
Dupuy, W. A. Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Eliot, T. D. The Juvenile Court and the Community. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hall, A. B., and Chester, C. L. Panama and the Canal. Enlarged Edition. Newson & Co.
Hepburn, A. B. Artificial Waterways of the World. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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Lowell, A. L. The Governments of France, Italy, and Germany. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Shurtleff, F. Carrying Out the City Plan. Survey Associates.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

A Great Peace Maker: The Diary of James Gallatin. With an introduction by Viscount Bryce. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Benton, J. H. John Baskerville: Type-Founder and Printer (1706-1775). Privately printed.
Blatchford, R. Germany and England. N. Y.: E. J. Clode. 50 cents net.
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Davis, W. S., and McKendrick, N. S. A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe. Houghton Mifflin.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914.

Summary of the News

The past week has been an active one in the Parliaments of the world. Congress reassembled after its six weeks' recess on Monday, and the President read his address in person on the following day. The Reichstag met on December 2, and the Italian Parliament on December 3. On Monday the Japanese Diet also opened, and during the week it was announced that the French Chambers would reassemble at Paris on December 22. The Portuguese and the Servian Cabinets both resigned on December 5.

A considerable portion of his address to Congress President Wilson devoted to the subject of national defence, particularly in connection with the agitation recently started for an inquiry into the preparedness of the United States for war. With this question we deal elsewhere. For the rest, the legislative programme before the present Congress includes passage of the conservation bills, the bills for ultimate independence of the Philippines, ratification of the London convention for safety at sea, a Government-owned merchant marine, charting the perilous waters of the Alaskan coast, and measures for economy in all branches of the Government.

The most interesting political event of the week was the opening of the Italian Parliament, when the Premier, Signor Salandra, made a statement explaining the situation of Italy, defending the correctness of the course so far pursued, and recommending the maintenance of an attitude of loyal, but "watchful, and armed neutrality." A significant demonstration was made by the Extreme Left when Signor Salandra referred to "the just aspirations of Italy," the phrase being taken to apply to Italian ambitions for the recovery of Trent and Trieste, and another demonstration occurred when a member, before adjournment, proposed that the Chamber send greetings to "heroic and unfortunate Belgium." A vote of confidence in the Government was passed on December 5 by 413 to 49, the dissentients having chiefly expressed dissatisfaction with the military preparedness of the country. Replying to criticisms on this score, Signor Salandra declared that the Italian army and navy were "ready for any event."

A sensational episode in the debate was the reading by ex-Premier Giolitti of telegrams that had passed between himself and the late Marchese di San Giuliano in August last year, showing that Austria at that time had intended to make a declaration of war on Servia, and had consulted Italy as to what her position would be. This correspondence, to which we allude elsewhere, showed that the stand taken by Italy on that occasion was the same as the one adopted by her under present circumstances, a resolution to maintain neutrality, on the ground that no *casus fœderis* existed where one of her allies was the aggressive party. The correspondence also indicated that Italy, in that instance, made representations to Germany to induce her to prevent the contemplated action of Austria.

The general impression left by the debates in the Italian Chamber is that the Italian Government intends to hold loyally by its neutral attitude unless events should occur to force it into belligerency, and that, in adopting this position, it enjoys the overwhelming support of Parliament. At the same time, the tenor of the debate made it clearer than ever on which side Italian sympathies are ranged, and Signor Salandra's grave words concerning the military preparedness of the country and the sacrifices which might have to be borne are not without signficance. That Berlin appreciates the delicacy of the situation is sufficiently indicated by the official confirmation of the report that Prince von Bülow, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, has been appointed to replace Herr von Flotow as Ambassador to the Quirinal during the latter's absence for three months, on account of ill health. The appointment is assumed to represent a strong effort on the part of Germany to prevent Italy from joining the Allies.

The German Reichstag, at its opening on December 2, voted a new war credit of 5,000,000,000 marks, there being only one dissentient, the Socialist, Dr. Karl Liebknecht. The Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, in addressing the Chamber, attributed the blame for the war to England, asserting that "the Cabinet at London could have made the war impossible if it had declared at St. Petersburg that England would not allow a Continental war to develop from the Austro-Servian conflict."

In the Balkans the situation remains unchanged. The position of Servia is obviously serious. Belgrade was taken by Austrian troops on December 2, and the Servian army, depleted by its recent losses and by those in its two previous wars, is presumably opposed by forces greatly superior in number. Nevertheless, since the evacuation of the capital, it appears to have made a stand. The danger spot for the cause of the Allies is still Bulgaria. According to reports, and to the probabilities of the situation, Turkey has a considerable body of troops concentrated at Adrianople, and awaits only the acquiescence of Bulgaria to dispatch these through her territory and into Servia. Thence they could be thrown into the fighting in western Europe. In favor of the realization of this plan is Bulgarian rancor towards Servia; against it is the general sympathy of Bulgaria for the Allied cause, and the attitude of Rumania, which appears to grow increasingly favorable to the Allies. It was reported from Athens on Monday, though not on unimpeachable authority, that progress had been made in the direction of an understanding among the Balkan states, and that a basis had been reached for a rapprochement between Bulgaria and Servia. In the meanwhile, Turkey formally proclaimed a "Holy War" against Servia on December 4.

The rebellion in South Africa, abortive from its inception, may presumably be said to have been definitely crushed by the capture of Gen. Christian de Wet on Tuesday of last week. De Wet, whose forces had been dispersed or had deserted him, and the score or so of followers who remained with him, after a long chase, surrendered without resistance at Waterburg, British Bechuanaland. His fate has not yet been decided. By the rules of warfare his life is forfeit, and some of the London press has clamored for his execution as a traitor. Judgment will be left to his South African compatriots, and one may perhaps be permitted to hope that they will find it in their hearts to temper justice with mercy in dealing with the old irreconcilable. Whatever the verdict, it will be a melancholy end for one who once caught the imagination of the world, of friend and foe alike.

A communication was issued on December 6 by the British Foreign Office relative to the attitude of Great Britain towards Belgian neutrality before the war. The communication consisted of the record of a conversation between the British Minister at Brussels and Sir Edward Grey, on April 7, 1913, wherein the former had stated that there was apprehension in Belgium that in case of war Great Britain might be the first to violate Belgian neutrality. Sir Edward Grey's reply was to deny that Great Britain contemplated taking such a course. "For us," he said in part, "to be the first to violate it [neutrality], and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium . . . what we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and, as long as it is not violated by any other Power, we should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory."

Not much additional light has been thrown upon the situation in Mexico during the past week. Provisional President Gutierrez made his formal entry into Mexico City on December 3, escorted by the troops of Emiliano Zapata. Gen. Villa was already in the city, and according to dispatches from Mexico City published on Monday, he and Zapata are on the best of terms. At any rate, after a conference, they made public announcement that they would work together, and that each would retire into private life when their work was accomplished. It was also stated that an active campaign against the Carranzista forces would shortly be undertaken by Villa and Zapata acting in conjunction. The civil and military convention will meet next week in Mexico City to approve the proposed plan.

The deaths of the week include: Temple Bowdoin, Earl of Stair, the Rev. Addison Ballard, Henry William Banks Davis, December 2; Earl of Erne, Dr. Alexander Campbell Fraser, Charles P. Sainton, December 3; Congressman Edward A. Merritt, jr., John Chatterton (Signor Peruginl), Simon Towne Russell, December 4; Cardinal Angelo di Pietro, Capt. James Hillhouse Perry, U. S. N., Miss Agnes Irwin, December 5; Dr. Albert Charles Peale, December 6; Madison Julius Cawein, December 7.

The Week

When a history of the Great War as it affected the United States is written fifty years hence, the hysteria of the organizers of safety leagues to prevent our being invaded by the victors in the European struggle will doubtless afford one of the most entertaining chapters. Last week eloquent appeals were made to do something or other to forestall the unloading of 150,000 soldiers on our shores within a week or so after the declaration of war. There were visions of the conquest of Canada by the Germans, from which they would, of course, having disposed of the British and American fleets, calmly walk down the Hudson to Albany and New York. No nation could possibly land 100,000 men here, save after weeks and months of preparation. Probably only England, with her great sea-power, could accomplish this at all. It was shown by a prominent British writer in the war scare of 1909 that to move a force of 200,000 German soldiers to England, with all their guns, ammunition, horses, forage, transport wagons, and food supplies for three weeks, would take every ship in the German merchant marine, including all those in service in Asian and Australian waters, and that the speed of this impossible fleet could not be much over twelve miles an hour. What such an undertaking would be across 3,000 miles of water, any one can figure out from the weeks it took the Japanese to transport their army to Manchuria and for us to send a few thousand men to the Philippines.

In his speech at the opening of the Reichstag, the German Chancellor not only gets miles away from his famous confession of wrong in the violation of Belgium's neutrality, but gets out a brand-new view of the responsibility for the war. He puts the blame upon England, not in the usual way, but because she failed to declare to Russia that she would not allow her to bring on a Continental war in consequence of Austria's ultimatum to Servia. But if this is a valid argument against England—and in our judgment it is not—is it not precisely as just to ask the old question: Why did not the Kaiser notify his subservient ally that he would not permit a Continental war to arise out of her ultimatum to Servia? If there was any responsibility on England whatever to hold Russia in check, there was ten thousand times more responsibility upon Germany to prevent the original firing of the fatal train. The only point, it seems to us, where von Bethmann-Hollweg scores ever so slightly is in his parallel between England's concern for Belgian neutrality and her connivance at Japan's violation of Chinese neutrality.

Highly significant in the proceedings in the Reichstag was the solitary vote cast against the new war loan by Dr. Karl Liebknecht. For some time it has been plain that there was no such unity in Socialist ranks with regard to the war as would be indicated by the unanimous vote of that party in favor of the first war budget last August. Through the press the revolutionary wing of the German Social-Democracy, as represented by Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkin, have let it be known that they strongly disapprove of the active propaganda carried on in favor of the war and Germany's cause by Socialists like Scheidemann and Südekum. It has been brought out that, while the 110 Socialist votes were cast as a unit last August, this was the result of caucus action. Within the Socialist caucus there was a large faction opposed to voting for the budget. Last year similar caucus action dictated the Socialist vote in favor of the quarter-billion war contribution. Mr. W. E. Walling states in the *Outlook* that in the 1913 caucus there were 51 votes in favor of supporting the war loan and 37 against, so that an actual minority of the Socialist party representation of 110 dictated the party policy. It is now apparent that Dr. Liebknecht has broken with the party leadership and has made himself the spokesman of a discontent with the war which has always existed in Germany, and is now becoming articulate, even as it is becoming articulate among Socialists in England and in Russia.

"The Belgian Government," says M. Havenith, its Minister at Washington, 'has requested that these alleged documents should be published in full. Three months have passed since this alleged discovery, but nothing has appeared." What he refers to is, of course, the documents found in Brussels which the Germans assert are proof that Belgium had surrendered her neutrality to England. That they *do* show anything of the kind, there is not the faintest reason to believe; even according to the German account of their contents, all that the documents prove is that the Belgians had prepared, in consultation with English officers, a scheme of defence against German violation of their territory. Whether this was so or not, M. Havenith does not know; but, he says, "events have shown too clearly, alas! how much such a precaution against Germany's projects would have been timely." It ought to be remembered, in all this, that the plea made by Germany—last reiterated by the Imperial Chancellor in his speech a few days ago—is not only a plea in defence of Germany's conduct, but a charge against Belgium of disgraceful bad faith. To make such a charge without at least a respectable pretence of proving it is monstrous, and really but intensifies the feeling of Germany's guilt in the whole matter.

In the revelation by ex-Premier Giolitti that Austria in 1913 was proposing to make war on Servia, and asked Italy if she would stand by the Triple Alliance, there is great suggestiveness in several different ways. We see clearly, for example, that the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand merely gave the Austrian Government a good excuse for proceeding with a war-like policy against Servia which it had long cherished. It is plain, too, that Italy was already studying carefully the nature of her obligations under the Triple Alliance. She was bound to join Austria and Germany only in case they—or either of them—were attacked. There could be no *casus fœderis* in a deliberate move of Austria against Servia. Italy's straightforward refusal to lend herself to the Austrian plans of 1913 should have been a sufficient notice to her allies that she could not be drawn into their schemes of 1914. The attitude of the Italian Government this year is, by the way, as good a proof as one could ask that Austria and Germany were not, as they alleged, beginning a "defensive" war. Italy located the aggression in Vienna and Berlin. Finally, in the light on the troubled year 1913 which is cast back by Giolitti's statement, we see how fully justified was the continued apprehension of financial Europe. It did not believe that the apparent settlement of the Balkan War meant assured peace; and we can now perceive that it was right.

The French Parliament is to meet in extraordinary session at Paris on the twenty-second. This is not tantamount to a return of the Government from Bordeaux. It is a sign, however, of growing hopefulness and undiminished determination on the part of the French nation. Though France may be justly regarded as the focus of the great conflict, we know less of what is going on in France than in any other of the combatant nations, not even excepting Russia. We have no way of judging the losses she has suffer-

ed, in the absence of casualty lists. Only hints come out as to the way the very important problem of dealing with the enormous number of refugees is being confronted. It is certain, of course, that France's losses have been very great and that her resources are being taxed to the utmost. But enough has come out to show also that the French are facing the situation with a pluck, a tight-lipped resolution, which is not usually associated with their national character.

Uninterrupted preparations for marking the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent show that the event will be observed with dignity. The war now sweeping Europe, far from diminishing the notice it will attract, gives it clearer relief. Could anything better emphasize the difference between the Canadian-American frontier, along whose 3,800 miles a celebration will be held in every city from Vancouver to the Atlantic, than the smoke and carnage on the Belgian and Polish frontiers? On the 24th of this month the feeling that peace is the greatest of public blessings cannot but be uppermost in every heart. It will not be possible for the appointed delegates to meet that day in Ghent, or for Belgium to take any part in the celebration; but the cataclysm abroad will not interrupt the ceremonies in London, Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, nor, we hope, any of those planned in this country. New York has voted $10,000, and the Governor has appointed a commission; Virginia has passed a law that the event shall be celebrated by the cessation at noon for five minutes of all traffic, labor, and business; Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, and other States have appointed official commissions; Louisiana is to hold a great celebration at New Orleans on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of next month. When we remember that the War of 1812 was connected with the Napoleonic conflicts, to which the present war offers a parallel, there is special point in calling to mind what Premier Borden of Canada calls "the excellent way these two great Powers have found and followed."

Treasury estimates of the expenses of Government during the next fiscal year, sent to Congress on Monday, carry with them a warning to the country that Washington must still be made to feel the necessity for economy. They have been drawn up under departmental injunctions to save on every possible head, and are hailed as expressing the general desire for retrenchment; yet their total of $1,090,775,134 is but $3,392,962 less than the appropriations for the current fiscal year, and about $17,500,000 less than the Treasury estimates for 1915. So recently as 1913 we were spending but $963,738,000, and in 1912 but $965,273,677. Attention will doubtless be centred on the rivers and harbors appropriations, for which an outlay of over $53,000,000 is recommended. Senator Ransdell and his associates have announced their purpose of fighting for at least $45,000,000, to be spent in the same wasteful way as formerly. Public sentiment in this matter is to-day unequivocal, and it is probable that attempts at "log-rolling" will only intensify the demand for minimum appropriations until some such body as the proposed Newlands Commission can be formed. There is promise that everywhere President Wilson will use his influence for economy—for genuine economy, that is, and not for the false economy that cuts into needed expenditures.

The Colonel must be delighted with his latest recruit. Senator Penrose gives his warmest approval to Mr. Roosevelt's violent assault upon the Mexican policy of President Wilson. The Pennsylvania Senator states that he has not been able to agree with Roosevelt in many positions, but that in this business the Colonel is a man after his own heart. The reason is plain. Political reforms and chatter about social justice only fill Penrose with disgust; but since many Pennsylvanians have "large interests" in Mexico, which might be enhanced in value if we were to seize Mexican territory, he is naturally for as vigorous and aggressive steps as any that the Colonel advocates. The significant event, however, is this getting together of Penrose and Roosevelt on the issue of intervention in Mexico. May we not soon see them locking arms under the banner of a thundering army and an invincible navy, and singing in lovely unison "Onward, Christian Soldiers"?

Gifford Pinchot's voice is still for war. Others may debate the desirability of going into the campaign of 1916, but he does not propose to "abandon the 270,000 voters who gave me their suffrages in the last election." In this respect he is different from most of his fellow-Progressive candidates, who found themselves abandoned by their quondam supporters. Nor can many candidates afford to go on spending fifty thousand dollars per campaign, as Mr. Pinchot confesses to having done. Penrose, as he says, doubtless spent more than that. These expenditures were in spite of the law limiting Senatorial candidates to ten thousand dollars for expenses, but as the law excepts "necessary personal expenses," which include travelling and printing, money is still able to talk loudly in a fight ostensibly at least between principles. There have been murmurings that the Progressive General Staff was too much of a millionaires' club; certainly, the party has failed to capture the labor vote, despite its social-justice slogan and the presence in its ranks of prominent social workers. But what could it hope to do without its Pinchots and its Perkinses? If only for the sake of the picturesque element they bring to our politics, one hopes that they will decide to keep the mimic war going a while longer.

A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau on the Chinese and Japanese in the United States supplies for the analysis of the yellow menace some wholly new figures regarding the agricultural situation. It appears that in 1910 the total number of farms operated by the Chinese was 760, and by the Japanese 2,502—the land in the Chinese farms totalling 52,041 acres, and that in the Japanese 157,259 acres. It is further stated that "only 57 of the Chinese farms and only 257 of the Japanese farms were operated by owners, the majority of the Chinese and Japanese engaged in agriculture being cash tenants." Figures of this same purport were made public by various authorities in 1912 and 1913, but the Federal Government has heretofore published only the total number of Chinese and Japanese farmers. As the Census Bureau states that these farms are scattered through eleven States, it is plain that the dangers of alien land-ownership are not great. The Bureau's figures on the marital condition of the two races also suggest that most of the land is held by single men, and that the amount of land whose tenure will be kept in Chinese or Japanese hands by inheritance might be limited by that fact. There are fourteen times as many Chinese men as women in the United States, seven times as many Japanese; and of the 72,000 Japanese in this country, considerably less than one-third the adults are married.

The New York *World's* statement of the case against Minister Sullivan in Santo Domingo is bound to raise anew the question of his fitness. It seems incredible that these details of the Minister's relationships could have been known and considered in the State Department, prior to the Minister's recent whitewashing. By this we do not mean to pass judgment upon the *World's* particular charges. We merely point out

again that the appointment of Mr. Sullivan, when competent, trained men of many years of service were being turned out of the diplomatic corps, was a wrong to the service and the grossest injustice to the Santo Domingans. Surely, we owed them something better than a press-agent for a prize-fighter and counsel for the notorious "Jack" Rose, a man all of whose associations and relationships in New York city stamp him as the last one who should be put into a position to represent the United States. There are plenty of men here a hundred-fold more competent and worthy, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Bryan did not send a fit representative to deal with the extremely delicate situation in Santo Domingo.

Besides its opinion on the Jim Crow question, the Supreme Court last week gave another that seriously concerns the civil rights of negroes in some of the Southern States. The particular case arose out of that peculiar system under which, in lieu of the ordinary form of punishment for a criminal offence, by fine or imprisonment, the offender is virtually placed in a state of peonage. The practice consists in permitting a planter to become surety for a negro condemned to pay a fine for some petty offence, the negro contracting to reimburse the planter by a long term of service, the breaking of this contract being itself treated as a crime and subjecting him to fresh arrest and punishment. Justice Day, in handing down the opinion of the Court, drew a clear distinction between the "involuntary servitude" imposed by the State as "a punishment for crime" which is contemplated in the Thirteenth Amendment, and this kind of involuntary servitude of which the duration and character are practically beyond the State's control. "This system," says the Court, "is in violation of rights intended to be secured by the Thirteenth Amendment," and of laws enacted by Congress in pursuance of that amendment. There is, moreover, in this matter, no reason why any intelligent Southerner should desire to countenance an evasion of the Constitution. Quite apart from any question of right, the thing is sordid, barbarous, and demoralizing.

The first meeting of the City Managers' Association, held last week in Ohio, might be supposed to emphasize the parent-and-child relation between the commission and the city-manager forms. If it has done so, it is in no filial way. There was more than a hint in its three days' session that the city manager was often a product of inherent defects in the older plan. It was shown that in six months, April to November, the number of city managers in the United States has increased from 13 to 22; and that in many cases the office was created by cities previously under a commission. The trouble was the failure of the commissioners to coöperate, and the inability of the city to get centralized administration and responsibility out of a five-member or seven-member board. Thus Houston, Texas, has recently made the Mayor a virtual city manager, vastly increasing his powers at the expense of the city commissioners. The dissatisfaction of Cadillac, Mich., with a jangling board recently led, as the city manager explained, to the board's recall. In the November *Political Science Review* we find this objection put in extreme terms by the director of the Texas Bureau of Municipal Reference and Research, who concludes that "the superiority of the city-manager plan" over the commission form must be as quickly recognized as was the latter's superiority "over the old mayor and council form." Evidently, cities contemplating the first innovation should look before they leap to see whether the second is not involved in it.

Summing up the most salient results of an extensive tabulation of suicide statistics for 100 American cities, in the New York insurance journal, the *Spectator*, Frederick L. Hoffman says that the maximum rate per 100,000 inhabitants was reached in 1908, since which time there has been a steady decline each year. The rate for 1913, which was 18.7, is the lowest since 1903, with the exception of the year 1906. As one is accustomed to think of the suicide rate as increasing, the world over, this is a welcome showing. When Mr. Hoffman proceeds to draw a conclusion from it in regard to general conditions, we feel that he is going beyond what his basis warrants:

> A diminishing suicide rate may be safely assumed to reflect in a general way an improvement in the social and economic condition of the country, and in this respect the evidence available is quite conclusive that the year 1913 was one of widely diffused prosperity.

Not *quite* conclusive certainly; for we note that in the three years of extreme business depression, 1894-96, the rate was 15.2, 15.2, 15.7, while in the six years of business prosperity, 1899-1904, it ranged from 16.0 to 20.1. However, Mr. Hoffman's conclusion is incomparably better warranted than the sweeping one drawn by the late Alfred Russel Wallace from the statistics of the suicide rate. Its increase in recent times was one of the three things upon which alone, so far as specific data are concerned, he relied for confirmation of his sweeping conclusion that mankind has made no moral progress since the days of the pyramid-builders.

President Hadley's "less obvious, but more fundamental" objection to the suggestion of an additional college at Yale is, we fear, reactionary. "We want," he asserts, "a more intellectual atmosphere among the students as an immediate essential for making Yale what it should be." And again: "We are not offered anything" in the new plan "that will give intellectual stimulus." It will strike persons of progressive leanings that President Hadley is a bit fond of the word "intellectual." Even a university, of course, will not be injured beyond repair by a modicum of intellectuality. Some of our colleges, perhaps, might be able to stand more of this element. But upon the attitude of others, we fear, President Hadley's "intellectual stimulus" would have very much the effect of the introduction of a foreign substance in the eye. There is one standpoint from which his policy is defensible. We have too little respect for relics in this country. Progress means with us, not only proceeding, but also obliterating the past as we proceed. For the sake of the museums of the future, any university with an "intellectual atmosphere" ought to be preserved. Of course, if it can be preserved alive, as President Hadley is so hopeful as to think, by all means let this be done.

South America was no doubt badly hit by the war. Scattered items have been published, such as the fact that 14,000,000 of Brazil's 17,000,000 bags of coffee must be stored at home. A comprehensive statement that came last week from Argentina in President de la Plaza's special message shows that in his country, at least, the financial storm can easily be weathered. The estimated deficit is nearly 27,000,000 pesos. This can be taken care of by careful economy. New offices created last year will not be filled; all public works not urgent will be postponed. A special commission has for some time been studying administration in Argentina, and its work can be utilized. The fact that the republic has a large income from state industries, railways, and leased lands decreases the importance of customs duties in the budget. As the total yearly expenditure of Argentina has been about 420,000,000 pesos, a saving of 30,000,000 would be equal to one of nearly $50,000,000 in the United States.

A TRUE AMERICAN VOICE.

The one part of the President's message to Congress upon which every reader of it will eagerly fix is that dealing with the questions of national defence, and of the duties of this country growing out of the European war. Mr. Wilson discusses other matters. He makes certain recommendations which will be the subject of controversy. But they will be overlooked to-day. Everything will be for the moment forgotten except the passages of his address in which he sets forth his conception of the correct military policy of the United States. The President had already briefly informed Representative Gardner that he was opposed to the special inquiry into our preparedness for war. Before Congress on Tuesday he went into the whole subject.

Mr. Gardner had expressed the fear that the President would lay "the cold hand of death" upon his pet project. But all that Mr. Wilson lays upon it is the cold hand of reason. Of that, Gardner has much more cause to be afraid than of death. So have the people vaguely excited about the asserted helplessness of the country to defend itself. To them all the President says, "Come and let us reason together." His discussion of national defence is eminently reasonable, looking before and after. The possibility of disarmament he does not even refer to. He merely affirms that we have had a consistent American military policy, purely defensive in motive; that the navy and the army have not been, as rashly alleged, neglected; that a normal and moderate increase in the strength of both is to be expected and, indeed, is planned for; and that nothing in the situation growing out of the European war should cause us nervous apprehension or lead to a panicky change of our historic policy.

President Wilson's calm assertion is that "no one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and candid interpretation of realities can say that there is a reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened." This is his answer to the horrid imaginings which have affrighted the soul of Congressman Gardner. Significantly, this answer is accepted as accurate by a man who, on general principles, favors a comprehensive inquiry into our military expenditures. In them Professor Emery of Yale believes that there has been much lack of coördination and waste; and would like to have a "quiet consideration" of all these matters. But he is as much averse as the President is to losing our self-possession, or to countenancing a "panicky movement" of any kind. And he adds, in strong confirmation of the President:

> I am not one of those who believe that the present European war has increased our own dangers of attack from outside. On the contrary, I believe just the opposite. Whichever side wins in this great conflict, the result will mean such an exhaustion of resources, such a weariness of war, that no member of either side is likely to attack us for years to come.

We have placed these considerations first, because they come first strategically. The President is not content with merely setting his face negatively against impulsive efforts to commit this nation to a vast though indefinite war-like policy. He shows what has been done, and what we may reasonably expect will be done, in attending to due measures of national defence. It is a part of the work of Government which, he says, must not be neglected, and has not been. He is careful to guard against misconception. Because he declines to throw himself into the arms of the flustered extremists, they must not say that he is indifferent to this or any other demonstrated need of the nation. All this is unquestionably sound tactics and good politics. It will make it much easier for the Democrats in Congress to stand with the President. Already, in fact, they are beginning to carry the war into the Republican camp. "You say that we have no navy fit to put to sea, and that our army is a broken reed. Then what have you done with the billions of money of which your party has had the spending for the military forces?"

It is, however, when President Wilson speaks of the ancient hopes and the true destiny of the American people that he is most effective. It is hard to read his moving re-statement of old truths without a gladdening of the heart. Praise falls away from the fine eloquence of this part of the President's address, with the feeling that there is nothing to do but to urge everybody to read it and lay it to heart. It is the true American voice. Mr. Wilson declares that he has tried to find out what the mass of the plain people are really thinking and feeling and hoping. There can be no doubt that he has come nearer doing it than have the clamorers for war and for mighty preparations for war. Defence? Yes, if necessary. But we are not to conjure up vague fears. Thoughts of aggression we are to put far from us. Conquest of other lands is as much ruled out as conquest of our own. We are to give the old ideal America a free course to run and be glorified. All this is magnificently put by the President. And he rises to great power when he points out the criminal folly of doing anything at this time to destroy the splendid opportunity which may soon be ours to help the world to peace and healing. As for our national defences, we may all feel that we have one mighty bulwark—a President who has met the crisis with poise and energy, and who defends us against those of our own citizens who forget the true grandeur of this nation. As the President says:

> To develop our life and our resources; to supply our own people, and the people of the world as their need arises, from the abundant plenty of our fields and our marts of trade; to enrich the commerce of our own States and of the world with the products of our mines, our farms, and our factories, with the creations of our thought and the fruits of our character—this is what will hold our attention and our enthusiasm steadily, now and in the years to come, as we strive to show in our life as a nation what liberty and the inspirations of an emancipated spirit may do for men and for societies, for individuals, for States, and for mankind.

THE CROWN PRINCE ON THE WAR.

The defence made by Germans against the charge that on their country lies the responsibility for having brought on this war has taken two forms. Some insist that the Kaiser and his Government made every effort to prevent the collision, and that they were thwarted by the bellicose acts of Russia, or by the deceitful diplomacy of England. By others, all the emphasis has been laid upon the situation in which Germany found herself: shut in by an iron ring of foes, through which she had to break by force of arms, war was her only recourse if she was to remain a great nation.

Both pleas have been used by one and the same person in one and the same utterance, though it is hard to make them go together. No such attempt is visible in the words of the Crown Prince. When at the outset he declares that "this whole business" is "senseless, unnecessary, and uncalled for, but Germany had no choice in the matter," it might be possible to understand these words, taken by themselves, as meaning that, in the critical days of the last week of July, Germany had done all in her power to prevent the war —a contention which, as we have more than once set forth, is completely disposed of by patent facts. But this is not in the least what the Crown Prince means. Germany's justification in the war, Germany's right to say that the war was forced upon her, does not rest, in the Crown Prince's mind, upon any details of the events of four months ago. What he talks of is the iron ring; "we foresaw, and as far as possible forestalled, the attempt to crush us within this ring."

And he goes farther. Speaking not only for himself, but for the whole German people, he lays down a view of the "iron ring" which goes beyond the wildest assertions as to its nature that we have seen emanating from any responsible source. "No power on earth," he declares, "will ever be able to convince our people that this war was not engineered solely and wholly with a view to crushing the German people, their Government, their institutions, and all that they hold dear."

Concerning the attitude of the Triple Entente towards Germany, there is ample room for diversity of judgment. That it was natural for her to feel aggrieved at being balked in the oversea ambitions which she cherished, nearly every one will admit; though to what extent even this degree of hostility to her on the part of her neighbors was due to resentment and suspicion caused by her own militarism is a question that cannot be ignored. Between this grievance, however, and that terrible "iron ring" of which we hear so much there is a great gap. That the two things look like one to the German imperialist mind is itself an illustration of the way in which a nation, no less than an individual, may gradually become the victim of an overmastering obsession; and when it comes to a belief that what the Triple Entente all along was after was to "crush the German people, their Government, their institutions, and all that they hold dear," we pass beyond the region of obsession and arrive at that of pure hallucination.

How a mind filled with the imperialist ideal and imbued with the militarist spirit passes from the realm of sober reality to that of vague and grandiose visions can hardly be better illustrated than by comparing this statement of the Crown Prince with what he was in the habit of saying before the war. It happens that, in the July number of the leading Austrian magazine, the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, the principal article was upon the Crown Prince as the exponent of German imperialism. Here we find his well-known glorification of war, his proud consciousness of the martial tradition of his race, his conviction that only by the maintenance of that tradition can Germany remain a great and noble nation. But not a word about any danger that the German people may be crushed, or their institutions destroyed. Not defence against a foe threatening her life, but quite a different *motif* runs through all his exaltation of preparedness for war and of joy in battle. "The German Empire," he said in a famous outgiving a few years ago, "has, more than any other of the peoples of our old earth, the sacred duty to maintain her army and her navy always at the highest point of readiness to strike. Only so, relying on our good sword, can we obtain the place in the sun which is our due, but is not voluntarily conceded to us." Expansion, not self-preservation, was then the sufficient ground for Germany's readiness to fight; and nothing could be plainer from the whole tenor of the Crown Prince's thought, as shown in the *Rundschau's* approving article, than that he and his fellow-imperialists looked upon war as not only the natural, but the desirable, means of giving expression to the nation's aspirations.

It is not necessary to suppose that the Crown Prince is a man who delights in slaughter or is unmoved by the sight of suffering. The world's quarrel with him and his kind is not a personal one; to the millions laid low by this war it matters little whether he is a Prince Charming or a Bluebeard. What affects the world is not his personal merits or defects, but that attitude towards the world's deepest and most vital concerns which he and those who stand with him represent. "There is no war party in Germany now, and there never has been," he says; and the more sincere he is in saying it, the more hopeless is the gulf that separates him from what, here in America at least, we still fondly think of as the spirit of our age. There *is* a war party here—a small one, to be sure; there *is* a war party in France, in England; if the Crown Prince can think that there is no war party in Germany, it can only be because he imagines that his own love of war is shared by the whole German people. If a whole nation regards war as its chief interest there can, of course, be no war party. But the Crown Prince is mistaken. The splendid devotion the German people have shown at the call to arms is no proof that the gospel of militarism had been accepted by the whole nation; it is proof only that there is no sacrifice which they are not glad to make in the service of their country. When the war is over, and not until then, will the German people have an opportunity to think, and to speak their thoughts, on the militarist obsession which is costing them, and all the world, so dear.

ADMIRAL MAHAN.

Admiral Mahan was not at all a prophet without honor in his own country, yet it is undoubted that his first great fame was won abroad, and that it always remained higher in Europe than at home. The feeling tributes to him by the English press are an indication of the esteem in which he was held in England. The reason lies on the surface. Admiral Mahan had the singular good fortune of being able to interpret English history to Englishmen. They had done great deeds; he first made them understand the full significance of what they had done. As a piece of philosophical historical writing, his book on Sea Power will long hold its high repute. It meant far more to England than, for example, Motley's histories did to the Dutch. For Mahan was not merely a delver in the archives and a collector of facts—his style was much less brilliant than Motley's—but had the insight and the grasp to wrest the core of truth out of the period of which he wrote. This came almost with the force of a revelation to the nation with whose history he was dealing. As Englishmen read his lucid and masterly account of the way in which Nelson was the chief throttler of Napoleon, and saw that their safety had really been secured by the lonely vigils as well as the fighting of British sailors, storm-tossed for years from the Nile to the Baltic, their hearts burned within them. And they continued to sit at the feet of Admiral Mahan as their wisest teacher about these critical events in their past.

No such vivid national interest for his own countrymen attached to Admiral Mahan's writings. This would account for their comparative lack of appreciation, or at least of popularity, here. Nor can it be said that his gifts for narrative or for literary expression were such as to draw the general reader to his works. His style was, indeed, well fitted to the task he set himself. It was clear, though not picturesque, and was of cumulative weight. To get the real impact of his argument you had to have a patience and a comprehensiveness something like his own in marshalling facts and compelling them to yield their true meaning. His conception was original and powerful, but it took time and iteration to work it out. So there is little movement or glow in his pages, though one comes occasionally upon a passage of appealing eloquence. And it is to be observed also that Admiral Mahan became increasingly abstract, almost metaphysical, in his later writings. This is no reproach to a writer who was dealing with such theses as his. An argument may be a very good one even if subtle and deeply pondered. But it is not the kind of argument that takes hold of the popular imagination. Voltaire has something about the "big" books never being the ones to set a nation on fire; it being always the little books, packed with emotion, aflame with passion, that do the business. Admiral Mahan's writings, distin-

guished as they are, influential as they have been, could never be ranked, in this kind of effect, with those of Rousseau or even of Tom Paine.

In Admiral Mahan's later years, after his retirement from active service, he held a unique position and exhibited a strange blending of qualities. He got to be a sort of transcendental apostle of war. In this, we do not doubt, he was perfectly sincere. He was a man of deep religious faith, often prominent in church gatherings. But somehow his piety got mixed up with his naval formulas in a way often to jar upon a sensitive mind. In point of fact, Admiral Mahan was about the nearest type we had to the German glorifiers of war on high and mystic grounds. We do not mean that he was a belligerent or aggressive man; at heart he loved peace, unquestionably. But somehow his long brooding over the clash of national wills and the enginery of war inclined his mind to see in ships and guns the peculiarly chosen instruments of the Divine purposes. This lent a fervor and an appearance of moral elevation to his arguments for mighty armaments, but could not cover up the "double nature" which he came to exhibit—the devout Christian and the eager naval strategist.

Some have spoken of Admiral Mahan's death as untimely. If we could but have had his critique of the present war, of all the operations of which at sea he was a close student, till his health broke! He lived long enough, however, to see his theories of sea power impressively vindicated. He might not have been content with the work of the British navy up to the present, but he could have pointed to the fact that it was successfully discharging its old and chief function—holding the command of the sea, keeping commerce flowing freely to English ports while shutting it off from the enemy's country, and standing ready to repel any attack on the sea-walls of England.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF DIPLOMACY.

It cannot be said that this has been a banner year for diplomacy. As an insurance against war, it has been as ghastly a failure as has invincible armament. If a diplomatic negotiation was ever more shockingly mishandled than that leading up to the European combat, we do not know where to look for its record. With the general outside opinion that the most glaring faults were committed by the German diplomats, many Germans agree—at least in private. If the report, a few days ago, from Berlin had been true—as, of course, it was not—that the Kaiser had notified some of his diplomatic agents that they were at liberty to seek another career, it would have only expressed, in a heightened way, the feeling which has frequently been intimated in German publications, that Bismarck would never have permitted Germany to go to war against such a combination of great Powers. Nor are those who were in charge of the foreign policy of the other nations to be held blameless. All told, the high function of diplomacy in keeping the peace was miserably discharged. If Coleridge had lived to see the exhibition, he would have put added emphasis into his exclamation, "Your art diplomatic is stuff!"

But there is a brighter side to the story. It is one of which Americans are agreeably reminded by the return home of Ambassador Herrick. What we mean is, of course, the great opportunity which has come to our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad to do humane work, and at once to heighten the prestige of the American diplomatic service and create a feeling of marked respect and friendliness for our country. Mr. Herrick brings back with him a reputation for quiet efficiency in Paris, at a time of great emergency and confusion, full worthy to be compared with that of Minister Washburn in 1870. And the private and public testimony which has come across the water in praise of the work of Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, of Penfield in Vienna, of the two Pages, one in London and one in Rome, of Brand Whitlock in Belgium, of Dr. van Dyke in Holland, and in these last few days of Ambassador Morgenthau in Constantinople, is something in which Americans may legitimately take pride. Diplomacy, after all, must have some life and some grace in it if it is able thus to relieve some of the suffering caused by war and to strengthen international friendships even while the belligerents are tearing at each other's throats.

It is a particular piece of good fortune that American good offices have been put at the disposal of Japan in the course of this war, and that the Japanese Government is duly grateful for what an American Ambassador has been able to do for its subjects in an enemy's country. The *Japan Times* of November 4 devotes an entire article to this subject. It recounts the fact that the Japanese Ambassador in Italy, Baron Hayashi, had telegraphed home an appreciative account of the labors of Mr. Gerard in behalf of Japanese caught by the war in Germany. Those who were detained received friendly oversight, and some were aided to reach Switzerland. At last accounts, it was believed that all the civilian Japanese in German territory had been, through Ambassador Gerard's friendly and persistent representations to the German Government, permitted to leave the country. Speaking for the Japanese people, the *Japan Times* declares: "This is a great debt we owe to the United States."

To have been able to render this service to Japan ought to be a peculiar gratification to Americans. Our public relations with Japan have not been marked by the finest delicacy on our part. A polite and sensitive people themselves, the Japanese have often thought they were treated with scant consideration by Americans. This is notoriously true of a portion of our press and people; it is also true in a degree of our official attitude. The Japanese have given many proofs of their desire to be on friendly terms with us—always, to be sure, consistent with their ideas of national dignity. They have often gone out of their way to show special favors to Americans, as when the Mikado recently gave a sum of money—$25,000, if we remember—to an American hospital in Japan. But such gracious advances have either been on our part rudely received or coolly ignored. We have acted as if the Japanese were only giving us our due, while we were under no obligation to them whatever. And travellers in Japan tell us that this conduct, of which as a nation we have too frequently been guilty, has left its hurt in the Japanese consciousness. All the more significant and welcome, then, is this public service which American diplomacy has been able to do the Japanese. Their grateful thanks should prompt us, on our side, to look to the courtesies of international dealing more carefully than we have been wont to do in the case of Japan.

The whole record of the work of American diplomats during the past four months should help us to a better notion of their duties and of their usefulness. The business is not all ceremony and convention. A human heart beats under the official coat. Nor are we to think of diplomacy as taken up with causes of friction—with protests and ultimatums. In the light of what has happened, we can see its possibilities in the service of humanity and in strengthening the ties that bind nations together. It was a great opportunity which the war placed before our Ministers and Ambassadors in Europe, and the manly and spirited way in which they have risen to its full height is something in which we can all take honest satisfaction.

Chronicle of the War

The indications to which we referred last week that the time has come for the assumption of a vigorous offensive by the French and British troops in France and Belgium appear to have been confirmed by the events of the past few days. At both ends of the long line, in Flanders and in Alsace-Lorraine, an offensive movement has been undertaken. The motives that have decided Gen. Joffre to abandon his Scipionic strategy are to be looked for in the recent development of the campaign in Poland. The time has come for the French and British to return the courtesy extended to them by Russia in the early stages of the war when the hazardous invasion of East Prussia was undertaken. That adventure was disastrous to the army that engaged in it, resulting in the catastrophe in the Mazuran Lake region, but it succeeded in its immediate purpose, which was to ease the strain upon the Allies in the west. Full credit has perhaps not been given to the loyalty of Russia to her allies in thus embarking on an isolated adventure, based on no general strategic plan, and foredoomed almost from the first to disaster, in order to assist the common cause.

It now becomes the task of the Allies to repay the service, of incalculable value at a most critical moment, which Russia rendered them at the beginning of the war. Whatever the issue of the fighting in Poland, an offensive movement in the west would seem to be recommended by the general situation. If Russia wins the battles now in progress, and succeeds in rolling back the tide of Germany's invasion to the frontier, her task of pursuit and her invasion of Posen and Silesia will be rendered the easier if a vigorous offensive on the western line of battle prohibits the sending of first-line German reinforcements to the east, and at the same time the offensive of the Allies will be facilitated by Russian success. If, on the other hand, the result of the fighting in Poland is unfavorable to Russia, if her armies must again be withdrawn from East Prussia and from before Cracow, in order to straighten out a defensive front from the East Prussian border to Warsaw and along the Vistula, then the necessity for the Allies to press a vigorous offensive becomes even more imperative. As the Russian offensive at the beginning of the war relieved the pressure on the Allies, so should the Allied offensive now, if the Russians should be beaten, weaken the full force of the German attack in the east, and allow the defeated troops time to recuperate.

We explained last week the indications that have appeared to mark the beginning of the Allied offensive, but we omitted to mention one consideration which has been much emphasized during the past few days in the French official dispatches: that is the superiority that is asserted for the artillery of the Allies over that of the Germans. Hitherto the advantage in this branch of equipment has been all on the German side. It was notorious, as we have pointed out previously, that France entered the war unprepared. The deficiency in her equipment, particularly in guns of heavy calibre, if we may judge from recent dispatches, appears now to have been made good, and we may accept the statement that in artillery an equality with, if not a superiority over, that of the enemy has been established. In this connection we may draw attention to the interesting *Bulletin des Armées*, reviewing the military operations since the outbreak of the war up to December 1, portions of which were cabled to American papers last Saturday. Of the artillery, the *Bulletin* says: "Our supplies of artillery and ammunition have been largely increased. The heavy artillery, which we lacked, has been organized and is working well." The numbers of the French army are stated to be the same as they were on August 2, and the quality of the troops, it is pointed out, has improved vastly. The *Bulletin* is especially frank in speaking of the early mistakes of the war. "The higher command," it says, "renewed on account of necessary dismissals, has not committed during the past three months any of those faults noted and punished in August."

That the Allied offensive should be initiated not along the whole line, but on the two wings, is a strategy dictated by sound and obvious reasons. On the centre, not only are German intrenchments strongest, but there is the nearest point to Paris. An unsuccessful offensive followed by a retreat would bring the Germans back to the Marne and again in uncomfortable proximity to the capital. The natural lines of attack are plainly on the two wings. On the left are the British, with an especial interest in the coast line and the port of Ostend, and there, too, they will have the advantage of the cooperation of the navy, which has already proved so effective in defence. On the right wing along the line of forts, Verdun, Toul, Nancy, the French have kept constantly concentrated a strong force, which has not only been able successfully to repel repeated German attacks, but has crept slowly forward in the direction of Metz. Here, too, the French are on the borders of the enemy's country, and will have the advantage of invading a district where the population is friendly to them.

In Alsace some progress was reported during the past week, for names come into the dispatches that were familiar in the first two weeks of the war in connection with the disastrous adventure into the lost provinces. We hear of the capture of positions southwest of Thann and of the presence of French troops in the neighborhood of Altkirch. At the other end of the line slight progress is reported on the line of the Yser, on the left bank of which, however, the Germans still hold a few intrenchments, and in the triangle formed by Dixmude, Ypres, and Roulers. The Germans are apparently making preparations to meet an expected bombardment by warships at Zeebrugge, nine miles along the coast above Ostend, and three miles north of Bruges. It would be interesting to speculate on the possibility of a flank attack being launched from the sea at this point. Elsewhere on the line the most definite progress has been made west of Bethune, where the village of Vermelles, the centre of a network of roads and commanding a railway, has been taken. This represents an advance of some five miles.

Following the premature and unofficial news of sweeping Russian victories in northern Poland comes the bare statement from Berlin that German forces occupied Lodz on Sunday. This news is undoubtedly accurate, and is confirmed by a statement from Petrograd on Tuesday declaring that the question of the defence of Lodz has "lost its urgency." This lengthy statement covers the operations of the campaign from the beginning of November to December 5. Neither from Berlin nor from Petrograd have we, as we write, any light on the immediate sequence of events that led up to the capture of Lodz or upon the results of the occupation. We may assume, however, that the renewed German offensive is directed first of all against Pietrkow, the occupation of which would secure the domination of the railway from Warsaw to Czenstochowa, and would imperil the integrity of the Russian line. The plan of the Germans is doubtless to cut the line at Pietrkow, in which case either the Russian forces in Galicia would be compelled to fall back from before Cracow or they would be exposed to a flank attack and possible envelopment. To what extent the Russian position at Pietrkow is threatened by the defeat at Lodz it is impossible without further information to say, but Berlin comments temper their rejoicing with the warning that only by an extremely vigorous pursuit can the victory be consummated. It is probably safe to assume, therefore, that the Russians have retired on a strong defensive line, especially in view of the fact that we have no hint of any withdrawal of their forces from the region of Cracow. So long as they can hold the centre and keep the wings thrown forward in Galicia and in East Prussia the Russian position may be considered as favorable, and the main purpose of the German aggression in Poland to have failed.

The Russian official statement to which we have alluded, though somewhat confusing in parts, enables us to gain a fairly clear idea of recent operations in Poland, from the German retreat from in front of Warsaw to the days immediately preceding the battle at Lodz. The Germans apparently retreated in a southwesterly direction on a line stretching from the River Warthe to the Nidzitsa. Arrived at their own frontier, they made use of the strategic railways to rush the retreating troops northward, and concentrate them on a line between Thorn and Slupca. The Russian line we may imagine as pursuing in a southwesterly direction, with its right thrown out to and resting on the Vistula. Against this right the Germans launched their counter-offensive, driving it back and winning victories at Wloclawek and Kutno. This involved the retreat of the whole Russian line, and the German centre, ignoring the Russian right wing, which had by this time made a stand, pressed on, cut the Russian centre by desperate efforts, and advanced in the direction of Strykow and Tuszyn. Here for a time was the most dangerous situation for the Russians, which by tremendous exertions they converted to one equally dangerous for the German centre. Strykow and Brzeziny were retaken, reinforcements apparently came from the neighborhood of Pietrkow, and the German centre was all but encircled on the Lodz-Zdunskawola front, but succeeded in cutting its way out and re-forming the line for a renewed offensive.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW PONTIFICATE—INDICATIONS OF A CHANGE IN POLICY.

ROME, November 14.

(Delayed in transmission.)

Italian newspapers have so far contented themselves with registering the facts in regard to the new Pontificate, with only a few ventures into the realm of prophecy. And yet, always speaking with due reserve, some of these facts are, according to persons of unquestionable authority whom I have the good fortune to be able to consult, of extraordinary significance.

One of the first symptoms to be noted, as indicating an important departure from the policy of the late Pope, was a marked change in the tone of the official Vatican newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano*. Of its tone during the reign of Pius X it is enough to say that it was precisely what was to be expected. In the issue of October 7 there was an article, which was unsigned, but which had certainly received the *imprimatur* of the Vatican authorities, in which it was strongly insisted that the Holy See, and by necessary consequence the Church, must observe the strictest *impartiality* (not *neutrality*, as it was strangely interpreted by some journalists) towards the belligerent nations in the present war. And this impartiality, which is the duty of all Catholics, was asserted to be especially incumbent upon the priesthood, whose sacred office can admit no distinctions of race or nationality. It was not pretended that Catholics, lay or clerical, should not feel and act according to their natural and proper patriotic duties and sentiments; only that Christian charity should rise superior to the rancors and hatreds engendered by the strife. "The attitude which the Holy See assumed," it was further observed, "in the recent conflict for the possession of Lybia, in which also important interests of our country were at stake, shows clearly and incontrovertibly the sincerity and firmness of its intention, which places above every other interest its mission of peace and charity among all the peoples of the earth without distinction of race or creed."

The incidental phrase, *la patria italiana*, which I have translated "our country," caused more remark than all the rest of the article. Never before, since its foundation, had the *Osservatore Romano* used such an expression as *la patria italiana*, or any language implying that an Italian Catholic need have any political aspiration except that of restoring the temporal power to the Pope.

The exhortation to impartiality, however obvious though such a duty may seem on the part of both laity and priesthood, had a special significance at the time. The Catholic newspapers in Italy, which are not, like the *Osservatore Romano*, directly dependent upon the Vatican, were anything but impartial in their attitude towards the warring nations, their editorial articles, and even their accounts of military operations, exhibiting a decided prejudice in favor of Austria and Germany. Five of these papers, the *Corriere d'Italia* of Rome, the *Momento* of Turin, the *Italia* of Milan, the *Avvenire d'Italia* of Bologna, and the *Messagero Toscano* of Pisa, are controlled by a stock company, known as the Società Editrice Italiana, and being the best known and most widely diffused, had attracted a corresponding share of public attention. The Società Editrice Italiana was accused of being subsidized by Austrian capital, with how much warrant I am unable to say, although the priest-ridden character of the Dual Monarchy and the treatment the Church has received in France at the hands of the Radicals are quite enough to account for the prejudice of Italian clericals. At any rate I know that a number of English and French cardinals made a formal protest at the Vatican shortly before the appearance of the article in the *Osservatore*, and the effect was immediately to be observed in all the "independent" Catholic journals, some of which are by this time even making a brave show of patriotism.

It has been reported, and, as I have been able to assure myself, with some probability, that a reform, or rather a reordering, of some of the Roman congregations is imminent. One of the most important, and in general one of the most useful, acts of Pius X was a complete reform, by a decree dated June 29, 1908, of the administrative and judicial procedure of the Church. All judicial competence was taken from the congregations and bestowed upon the Courts of the Rota and the Segnatura, which were by the same act restored; and the functions and attributions of the congregations themselves, which in the course of time had in many cases become vague and even contradictory, were clearly defined. One of the most notable of these changes, and the one perhaps that has commended itself the least, was the enormously increased importance of the Congregation of the Consistory, which became invested with the nomination of bishops. Before that time the suggestion of candidates for vacant sees, and the collection of information concerning them, was the duty of an officer called Uditore di Sua Santita, who was a titular archbishop residing at the papal court. This office, naturally left vacant under Pius X, will probably be restored by Pope Benedict. The Secretary of the Congregation of the Consistory, of which the Pope himself is Prefect, is Cardinal De Lai, next to Merry del Val the most energetic and influential member of the intransigent faction, and to this office was due his great power during the late Pontificate and his personal ascendency over the Pope. In the appointment to vacant dioceses, which must soon take place, of which the most important are Genoa and Cremona, the new order will doubtless be made manifest. I am, however, able to assert in this connection that there is no foundation for the report that Cardinal De Lai will resign his post as Secretary of this Congregation because he now finds himself in opposition.

The letter of encouragement lately written to the Pope by Cardinal Cassetta, Protector of the Society of St. Jerome for the Spread of the Gospel, acquires a special meaning in view of the recent history of this organization. The reproach directed against the Roman Church by Protestants ever since the Reformation for its failure to supply the laity with the Scriptures translated into the vernacular tongues, has had a tardy effect, especially in countries that are prevailingly Protestant. But in Italy and other countries, where the spur of Protestant opposition is wanting, vernacular editions, even of the four Gospels alone, were almost unheard of, and the Society above named was formed, with the approval of Leo XIII, to supply the lack. The preparation of the first volume, consisting of the Gospels and the Acts, was entrusted to three priests celebrated for their piety and learning, the Rev. Giovanni Semeria, who wrote the introduction; the Rev. Luigi Clementi, who did the translation, and the Rev. Giovanni Genocchi, who supplied the explanatory notes. Of the quality of the work it is enough to say that a learned Protestant clergyman assured me that there was nothing in introduction, translation, or notes to which he could take exception. It was sold for a few cents a copy, and in a short time many thousands had been distributed.

Unhappily, however, Pius X's famous condemnation of Modernism involved in a wide-ranging suspicion even this modest but useful little book. It goes without saying that everything savoring of modern and scientific Biblical criticism was anathema to the predominant faction in Rome, and the three priests responsible for this translation were too learned in the scientific sense not to fall into disfavor. Fr. Semeria, indeed, who, in his preface, instead of damning Protestants as miscreant heretics, had referred to them as "our Protestant brethren," was finally sent away from Italy, where his preaching had become entirely too popular, and his two colleagues were discredited and suspected. No excuse could be found for condemning the book, but in a short time it was nowhere to be found on sale, and all papal protection and favor was withdrawn from the Society. But now, in addition to the Pope's letter to Cardinal Cassetta already mentioned, the members of the Society have been received in special audience, and personally assured of his patronage and interest in their work.

The appointment of Cardinal Gasparri to succeed Cardinal Ferrata as Secretary of State, and the close relations the Pope is maintaining with such liberal-minded cardinals as Maffi and Agliardi, are so much more evidence to the same purpose. In fact, I am charged by a highly placed ecclesiastic to say that the cardinals are satisfied now that they are being consulted, after a long exclusion from their duty as counsellors, and that the bishops are satisfied because they are being respected, both in their persons and in their just prerogatives.

The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has published an interview granted to its Rome correspondent by a person said to be deeply versed in Vatican politics, anonymous, of course, who pretended to know that the Pope is already laying his plans to obtain a representation in the European Congress that will determine the conditions of peace at the end of the present war. His chief object would be to obtain a guarantee of his own independence in the sense of changing the Italian Law of Guarantees, with some modifications, into an international compact signed by the Powers of Europe. This would not mean the revival of the question of the temporal power; on the contrary, the Pope might even, under certain conditions, renounce this claim. But the success of the project depends, always according to this anonymous authority, on Italy's not taking part in the war. For, while Italy would in any case be opposed to the participation of the Pope in a European Congress, she could not make her protest felt unless she were a belligerent Power.

H. E.

In Notting Dale

A SIDE ISSUE OF THE WAR.

In London, the city of contrasts, one of the poorest neighborhoods is called Notting Dale. It is very close to Bayswater, which is one of the richest, though not at all one of the most aristocratic, because as soon as, being rich, you also become aristocratic, you move from Bayswater to the other side of the Park—very much as in New York, if you live in the West Seventies, you know that you ought to live in the East Seventies if you were really "geboren." Notting Dale, although it is so close to Bayswater, is a much-exploited centre of philanthropy. It used to be famous for its criminals, but they have been crowded out by the ever-increasing tide of social workers, and such of the aborigines as still exist are chiefly notable for the blankness of their poverty.

Notting Dale has a special interest in view of the present war because it was made the scene of one of those well-meaning, if untruthful, rumors which are among the social usufruct of every war. It has been widely stated that one result of present conditions has been a great increase in drunkenness among the wives of reservists and volunteer soldiers. So widely was the rumor spread that the usual rather foolish and hasty legislation has been resorted to, and it is now illegal for any woman to obtain alcoholic refreshment in London before a fixed hour in the morning. That might be well enough, were the restriction also applied to men, who, one may admit, without being an extreme Feminist, need it more; but it is based upon an altogether erroneous premise—upon Notting Dale in fact.

At the beginning of the war there was in England the usual undisciplined outburst of philanthropic endeavor that we have grown to expect in democratic countries. Coupled with grants from the War Office, advanced pay, and the like, this orgy of well-doing resulted in a dangerous situation, in that very shortly after the departure of her husband for the front, the wife of each reservist received, in one lump, sums varying from £5 to £15. As was pointed out, and as was undoubtedly true, many of the recipients had never seen so much money in one sum in their lives. Well-meaning philanthropists, who had not contributed to the original funds, argued with perfect sincerity that orgies of drunkenness ought to ensue. Women of the class from whom reservists are drawn, argued these middle-class philosophers, very often enter public-houses, even when they have very little money. Ergo, when they have more money than they have ever seen before, they will certainly spend their whole luxurious days in public-houses, the brewers will benefit enormously, and the liveliest horrors must result. It is notoriously true—especially of those of us who have the social-work bee in our bonnets—that what well-meaning people believe must be true. And accordingly it became very widely accepted in London, which is to say England, which is to say Europe, which is to say the world, that the women of Notting Dale, which is to say London, which is to say England, immediately after the departure of their husbands for the front, indulged in orgies of drunkenness. As we have seen, the well-meaning brought pressure to bear upon the civic legislature—which, as England is a democratic country, is of course a purely amateur body—and the police regulation has now been enforced which—though the well-meaning, who are mostly women, do not for a moment realize it—is an insult to every woman who ever lived.

As a matter of actual fact, the women of Notting Dale did not indulge in any orgies of drunkenness after the departure of their husbands for the front. I can state this on evidence which no reasonable person can doubt. I could give, that is to say, the evidence of my own eyes (which may not count), of the managers of the local public-houses (which may be suspect), of the women themselves (which may be prejudiced), of policemen (who know more about the real incidents of real life than all the well-meaning educated people who ever lived, taken together), and of officials of the London County Council (whose word, since their official duty is to prove exactly the contrary, may at least be accepted, even by the well-meaning). I have no space in an article of this kind to give chapter and verse, but, should any one feel sufficiently interested, I should be very happy to give facts and figures, which would, I think, leave no reasonable doubt even in the minds of the best meaning of philanthropists. As a matter of actual fact, the takings of the most prosperous public-houses in Notting Dale, which is to say London, which is to say England, decreased very considerably after the departure of the reservists for the front, and the books of the biggest of the West London breweries are there to reprove me if I lie.

But—as is usual with those of us who are well-meaning—while observing the mote, we have overlooked the camel, which happens to be one of the most interesting of the side-issues of the present war. While the women of Notting Dale have been accused of drunkenness, which is not just, they have been acquitted of ignorance, from which charge they could never hope to escape. For the real, the horribly pathetic truth, is that, while the receipts of the public-houses of Notting Dale actually decreased after the declaration of war, those of the candy shops and little general stores where they sell canned goods went up—enormously. Here again I can give chapter and verse for those who care to pursue the inquiry. With them went up the figures of infant mortality. Children died—very young children—not because their mother drank, but because, having, for the first time in her life, the opportunity to "spoil" her baby, she did so with whole-hearted enthusiasm. To be killed with kindness does not often happen to the children of Notting Dale, and when the opportunity came the mothers took advantage of it—horribly.

Those of us who have never been really poor cannot realize what is the supreme ideal of the children of Notting Dale—which is to say of First Avenue. It may be tinned salmon; it may be the most horrible kind of arsenical sweetmeat; it may even be dill pickles of a noxious blackness. At least, whatever it is, our mothers of Notting Dale (or of First Avenue) will give it to us because they are our mothers—and very probably we shall die of it. Do not let us thereafter accuse them of having been drunk on their battling husband's money. For, after all, like most human beings, they meant well.

O. M. H.

The Belgian Hare

THE TRUE HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOX.

Listen to the true history of Reynard the Fox. It befell long ago, when beasts and birds could still speak, that Noble the lion was lord among the animals. The sun never set on his dominions. But to Reynard the fox it was a sore vexation to see the lion seated securely upon his throne, with a soft radiance of self-approval illuminating his royal countenance. "Especially," muttered Reynard, "when one considers how much cleverer I am than he, or than any one else, for the matter of that." The more he thought about it the more clearly it seemed to be his duty, just because he was so clever, to appropriate the lion's share ("Only to think how he came by it!" snapped Reynard) to his own better uses. So Reynard bided his time.

Now it happened that Reynard's cousin, Grimbert the badger, continually found grievous the many trespasses of the bear cubs; till at last he waxed so wroth at one of them that he followed him even to the door of his cave, making complaint against him with stout words and ill. But his threats and complainings served only to bring a loud growl from Bruin, the big bear.

"Aeh," said Reynard, who was careful to hear everything, "this bear's growling makes me very uneasy." But he told Grimbert and Bruin, who sought his counsel in the matter, that he thought it a great shame if Grimbert could not do as he pleased; for in truth he was not so much afraid of the bear as he pretended to be. Bruin, however, was not content with this, and together they repaired to lay the case before Noble the lion.

He received them with his most ingratiating manner. "Come," said he, "by all means settle this at once; things are very well as they are, and nothing should be allowed to disturb them. Above all, let us have no fighting."

"Nothing could be further from my wish than fighting," explained Reynard, "but this bear's growling makes me so uneasy that I cannot rest. It is not my fault, is it, if Grimbert is a little hasty? Allowances should, I think, be made for him." Hearing some murmurs of disapproval from the other animals, Reynard turned upon them with vehemence. "Little thanks I get from you all, and from you, O lion, who ought to be especially grateful to me. Know you not

that Bruin has long time planned to seize the lordship of the beasts for himself, and that it is only I, with my cleverness, that stand in his way? What would become of you if I were not here to shield you from this rude tyrant? Instead of blaming me you should give me your help, for I am the protector of you all." So saying he threw his glove at the feet of the bear, who nothing loath took up the gage.

While he was speaking, in came Chantecleer, the cock, and amid great lamentation recited how Reynard had by force made off with two of his fairest daughters. "I cannot deny this," said Reynard, "but it is necessary for me to live, and I only took what I felt belonged to me. They walked right into my mouth, and indeed I could not help it. Besides, all this happened a very long time ago." But Chantecleer, whose grief was unassuageable, said that he would throw in his fortunes with the bear against the fox.

Now it was plain that Noble the lion was in no mind for battle, having many troublesome concerns at the moment. And, though he bore Reynard no love, and had many times at the feast grudgingly given him only the bones and the hide for his share, still, when pressed for his judgment, he gave it as his hope that the thing might be patched up somehow. With that they all dispersed to prepare for the battle, Reynard muttering as he went, "It is strange these beasts are not fond of me, in spite of my cleverness. I will fight them all if needs must. I think I am a match for them and more, and it is better to perish than not to lay claim to my rightful lordship." So it was not long before they were all back once more, clamoring more loudly than ever. A new charge was laid against Reynard. On his way he had met Kyward the hare, and promised to teach him his letters, but no sooner had he got the hare between his knees than he flew at his throat and all but devoured him. At this, Noble the lion roared with indignation, for he, with the other great beasts, had promised not to hurt the hare, and he considered him under his special protection. But Reynard, as usual, was provided with excellent reasons.

"I remember my promise," he said, "but when I made it I did not think I should ever want to break it. I could not resist devouring Kyward, he was so tempting. Besides, he was stupid, and would not learn his lesson, and who shall blame the teacher if he chastises his pupil? I dare say, too, that sooner or later, O lion, you would have eaten him yourself if I had not been beforehand. Just recall for a moment the fate of the lamb that drank out of the same stream with you, and you will see that you are no better than I. For all that," continued Reynard, "I would that you held your hand till I had settled my score with Bruin and Chantecleer."

"In faith," roared the lion, hurling his gage at Reynard, "let it be trial by combat to the uttermost. I will avenge the helpless hare, and make an end of all your tricks."

"Since you are all against me," snarled Reynard, "I will fight you all, and my vengeance will be severe. Everything that has been said about me is a lie. I do not want to fight—but I do want an empire as broad as ever the lion's was. Why not? I will have my answer at the hands of you all."

So the battle was forthwith set in order at —— (*the rest deleted by the censor*).

A.

Correspondence

DR. CONYBEARE'S ANALYSIS OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your readiness to publish my criticisms of "Vernon Lee" encourages me once more to address you, but this time in order to deprecate the tone of mocking exultation in which, in your issue of October 15, Sir H. Lucy refers to the impending removal from St. George's Chapel at Windsor of the banners and insignia of the Emperor William and of other German princes in their quality of Knights of the Garter. To my mind their removal, even if it be inevitable, is a matter to weep over and not to jest at. The Germans are fighting for their very existence as bravely as ourselves, and, though it is our duty to denounce the ruthless ferocity with which they have treated a small free nation that had given them no offence and only desired to be let alone, it is equally our duty to abstain from embittering the quarrel by vilipending their rulers and statesmen. I fear it is our national assumption of superiority, and our innate propensity to depreciate other races, that more than anything has focussed on us the dislike of our German cousins. I remember the Homeric laughter of the English press over the little fleet which they sent to China in 1896. I regarded it as of evil omen, for I knew well the *Fleissigkeit* of the Germans in trade, in natural science, and in all branches of learning. I felt that, if they chose, they could build and train as good a navy as our own. Perhaps it was our ill-timed ridicule of them on that occasion that stimulated them to become our rivals on the sea even more than a legitimate anxiety to protect their growing commerce.

If the English and German races were going to disappear in the course of this generation from off the earth, such hatred and contempt as, alas, just now colors much that is written and published in both countries, would do less harm; but both races will, I imagine, continue to exist for thousands of years, and we must in time learn to respect and, I hope, like each other; the sooner, therefore, the embers of mutual hatred and distrust are quenched the better for mankind in general. I still cherish the hope that the United States may do something ere long to reconcile us with each other; for, after all is said and done, the Germans are our natural allies in Europe; they are after the Dutch the only European race at all akin to us. Had I had a boy to educate, and could not have educated him in England, I would have sent him to a German gymnasium and nowhere else; for my experience of German boys is that they are sane, healthy minded, frank, and truthful. Nor have I ever met in other countries with such hospitality as the Dutch and Germans treat you to. What other people welcome you in their homes and half kill you with good cheer? What other people have got the word *home* and all the tender associations of the same? It grieves me to think that such loyal, kind people as were many of them whom I have known privately should have made the name of Belgium an eternal blot upon their escutcheon; that having reduced the little country to widespread misery and famine, they should still be wringing gigantic fines out of its cities. In 1870 they set an example of humanity in war; now they violate every convention by which international jurists have sought to mitigate its horror. Their ideal is summed up in their word *Schrecklichkeit*. It is appalling.

However, one cannot indict a whole people, and I believe that an hour of resipiscence will come, when the German savants and professors who have persuaded themselves—in the teeth of the avowals of their Emperor's own Chancellor—that it was England and France that began the violation of Belgian territory, will regain their right mind, and recognize that the English had no choice but to honor their solemn guarantee, and went to war from a generous, honorable, and indeed quixotic motive, to wit, in order to defend a weak state, that appealed to them, against the aggression of the strong. They credit us with a deep-laid plot to "down" them; but, cherishing such an aim, should we have been content with a paltry army of 150,000 men? Should we not have prepared an army of a million or two of trained men? Our very unpreparedness should surely acquit us of having nurtured any intention of destroying Germany. Let any one read the solemn debate in the House of Commons which preceded our declaration of war, and one must feel that our democracy entered on it from a stern sense of duty and out of pity for the weak. Germany has been arraigned as the aggressor by her own ally, Italy, and, had our motives been as base as these German savants pretend, we could never have earned the sympathy and approval of the Irish Nationalists—who frankly and justly condemned our Boer war—much less of the American nation.

Yet the fact remains that most Germans at this moment regard their Emperor as a martyr, as a victim of Russian aggression. Is it possible that there is something to be said in favor of their view? Such is the atmosphere of suspicion and hatred engendered in England by this unhappy war that I would hardly dare suggest in our press that the devil need not be so black as he is painted. In philosophical and theological debate I have always tried to see an opponent's point of view. Is it wrong, because I am an Englishman and at war with Germans, for me to try to see their point of view? I can not believe it is, and therefore I do not scruple to acknowledge that the Kaiser did at the eleventh hour attempt on the three days July 29-31 to avert war.

My understanding of the correspondence which in that interval passed between Kaiser and Czar may be wrong, but it is this: The senile, testy, and somewhat vain ruler of Austria had on July 23—I believe behind the back of the Kaiser—issued his provocative note to Servia, with the fixed intention of forcing war upon her. The Kaiser, when he came to know of it, took no overt exception to its terms, and was by no means opposed to what he deemed the condign punishment of a regicidal little state. Russian sentiment was favorable to the Servians, as it had been even on a former occasion when they murdered with every circumstance of barbarity their own King and Queen. Austria now mobilized against Servia, whereupon the Russians mobilized against Austria, whose ruler refused to discuss the issue with them. Thereupon the Czar appealed, on July 28, to the Kaiser to mediate with his ally and induce him to resume *pourparlers* with Petrograd,

to agree to restrict his operations against Servia to the limits of a merely punitive expedition, and to pledge himself to retain no Servian territory at the end of it. The Kaiser had virtually obtained these terms from Franz Joseph on July 31, when he learned that Russia had mobilized her entire army, not only against Austria, but against himself as well. Forthwith he wired and reproached the Czar with this, that having sought and obtained his mediation, he yet was at the same time frustrating his efforts for peace. The Czar answers that he "appraises very highly" his "dear cousin's position as mediator," but that he had decided five days before on the military measures objected to by way of defence against the preparations of Austria. The excuse seems to me a little lame, and I think the Czar should have pledged himself at once to stay his mobilization against Germany and give the Kaiser's attempt at mediation time to bear fruit; for it was a method of securing peace less likely to offend Franz Joseph than Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a round-table conference at which Germany, Italy, France, and England should discuss his action and sit in judgment on him. The Czar anyhow went on with his mobilization, whereupon the Kaiser resorted to threats, followed up the next day by a declaration of war.

By his precipitancy in thus declaring war the Kaiser spoiled his case and forfeited the sympathy of all the world. Had he only waited, and allowed Russia to attack him and his ally—and I believe that, once war had begun against Servia, she was fully prepared to assail Austria—he would not only have retained the sympathy of his Italian ally, but have rendered it difficult for England to declare war on him.

I need not add that our English Parliament was, at the moment it declared war, unaware of this exchange of telegrams between the Kaiser and the Czar, and there was nothing before them to modify the opinion that Germany had been throughout as nakedly aggressive as her ally. They only knew that Sir Edward Grey had used his best efforts for peace; they believed that the Kaiser had made none at all; they had no reason to suppose that at the eleventh hour he shrank from a war for which his General Staff had made all necessary preparations for five and twenty years. It is possible, too, that the Crown Prince and the militarist faction, that believes in war and conquest as the essential engine of German civilization, then gained the upper hand and asserted a malign influence over the Kaiser.

For, alas, injustice breeds injustice. The forcible annexation of Alsace-Lorraine could never be forgotten and forgiven, as Prince Bismarck foresaw it would not be. The French cemented a most unnatural alliance with despotic Russia only because it secured them from further German aggression and gave them a hope of *revanche;* and thus for a whole generation Germany has seen two bitter enemies and rivals reaching out their hands across her to clutch her by the throat if an occasion arose. Her very existence thus menaced, she has been forced to live armed to the teeth. Her corps of officers symbolize and stand for national security, and that is why civilians have brooked their occasional excesses of insolence, even their last year's outrage at Zabern. For the same reason the entire corps of French officers and all "good" society in France went solid in the Dreyfus case with a corrupt, cruel, and fraudulent *état majeur.*

French ambition has of late restricted its aims to a reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine; and for several years after 1870 the Germans on their side merely kept an army to defend themselves; but as their industry and commerce grew, their strategists and statesmen widened their outlook and began to regard their army and navy as means to "a place in the sun." Thirty years ago I can remember Professor Max Müller saying that "he would like to see the German who would wish to go to one of Bismarck's colonies." What German to-day would speak of colonies with such contempt? Our best of foreign statesmen, the late Lord Salisbury, discerned that it was as much in England's interest as in Germany's that the latter should have important dependencies, and for that reason he favored her expansion in Anatolia and Africa; but since his death our statesmen, Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey, have been too inclined to block her path; and in Morocco the French, relying on our aid, treated her claims—originally created by Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Madrid, in 1893—to a sphere of interest there with scant respect. That was neither diplomatic nor right, and we never ought to have let Germany feel that she was a mere strap-hanger in Europe; for by way of reaction not a few Germans have been overtaken by a positive lust for universal dominion, for conquest *vi et armis* of the domains of others, undeterred by any scruples of right and wrong and justifying force and fraud, after the manner of Bernhardi, with silly sophistries about German culture, as if no race was civilized except their own.

And herein lies the true scandal of modern Germany. By general agreement among the Indo-European races that people Europe and America, one of themselves has no right, after the manner of Sennacherib, to enslave another. There are cases, of course, where old-time conquest has imposed on certain races a political union they detest. Such is the case of Poland. But whereas other states are striving to mitigate such tyranny and recoil in horror from undertaking such conquest, whereas Sweden has allowed Norway to depart in peace, whereas England has conferred on Ireland and on the Boers the measures of autonomy they demanded, whereas even Russia has pledged herself to create a new Poland, Germany alone, through her diplomats, her soldiers and journalists, cynically asserts her right and intention to enslave seven millions of free Belgians, just as in 1864 she enslaved a Danish population and in 1871 the people of Alsace-Lorraine. She alone of modern states affects to treat races that are her equals in culture and her superiors in political development as if they were cattle, merely because Herr Krupp has manufactured big guns with which she can slay them. How in England can we not feel that Germany would, if she could, treat our colonists in New Zealand and Australia as she has treated Danes, Alsatians, Lorrainers, and Belgians, all within a space of fifty years?

Americans are so sensitive on this point that President Wilson only the other day refused to acknowledge as President of the Mexican state a soldier who had climbed into the saddle by use of the sword rather than of the ballot-box. In case—which God forbid—Germany should win in this war, will America tamely acquiesce in her annexation, by means of fire, sword, and rapine, of seven million free, intelligent, and industrious Belgians? If so, then indeed the eyes of civilization are once for all put out, good faith between states is extinguished, and German culture, embodied in the formula *homo homini lupus,* will have triumphed.

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, November 5.

UNTO CÆSAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 29 an English correspondent, Mr. William Heywood, quoted the following "memorable words" which the German Emperor is supposed to have used in addressing his troops:

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers."

Mr. Heywood does not indicate the source from which he took these words; he merely refers in a general way to a number of recent books and pamphlets. I more than suspect that the phrases are apocryphal. A German friend has called my attention to a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in which reference is made to these same expressions as having appeared in the Geneva *Tribune,* which in turn attributes them to a Warsaw paper. They are alleged to be part of a proclamation of the Emperor's to the German people. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* after quoting the passage, remarks that for German readers it has the full charm of novelty. It seems to be simply one of the fables of the time. There is no ground for saying that anything of the kind ever came from the Emperor.

Even the devil has his due; why not the Kaiser? F. W. TAUSSIG.

Cambridge, Mass., November 25.

"PUBLIC AGITATION" BY GERMAN PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for November 12, Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., protests against the charge that has been laid against certain eminent professors of contemporary Germany who have been "accused of devoting their splendid talents towards the spread of teachings which brought on the war."

Professor Jastrow assumes that these men are so absorbed in their own lines of work that they have neither time nor inclination to take part in the discussion of current political questions. Of Prof. Eduard Meyer he says: "Those who know the wide scope of Professor Meyer's work in ancient history will agree that a man who has accomplished what he has can have very little time or energy to devote to public agitation." In February, 1913, the International Students' Union of Berlin held a public meeting at which Mr. Norman Angell was the chief guest and speaker. Professor Meyer was not too busy to appear at this meeting to denounce "Angellism" and, according to his own statement, to prevent the students from being led astray by false arguments. After informing the audience, presumably for the purpose of showing his fairness of mind, that he held honorary de-

grees from various British and American universities, he made a bitter attack on England, and then launched into an exposition and defence of Germany's position which from the standpoint of a sympathizer with German "Machtpolitik" left nothing to be desired. The efforts of Britain to bring about a reduction of armaments he attributed to the fact that she was finding the burden too heavy for her, and he closed his address with the proud boast that, for Germany, verily that time had not yet arrived.

That the meeting developed into what an American clergyman who was present declared to be the most disgraceful scene he had witnessed in the course of many years' residence in Berlin was largely due to Professor Meyer, who, according to Professor Jastrow, has "very little time or energy left to devote to public agitation." A. E. LANG.

Victoria College, University of Toronto, November 17.

GERMAN SCIENCE AND GERMAN CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent discussion of German culture, in which the case against Germany appears to be embarrassed by "our debt to German science," I have been waiting for some one who could speak with more authority than myself to raise the question whether, in the first place, our debt to German science is not overestimated. My own prejudices—not racial, for I am remotely of German descent—lead me to look upon German science as a gift of moderate value, certainly of small attractiveness, and of rather *bourgeoise (bürgerlich)* intellectual quality; and the *deutsche wissenschaftliche Methode* seems to me to be largely a method for dispensing with ideas.

To my lay view it seems that, though German science may boast of many great names, it can show surprisingly few of the greatest. The two great epochs of modern science, marked by the conceptions of gravitation and of evolution, were inaugurated respectively by Newton and by Darwin, with Wallace and Spencer—all Englishmen. The law of conservation of energy recalls the names of Helmholtz and Mayer, but equally the name of Joule; and it was Clerk Maxwell who laid the theoretical foundation for the important science of thermo-dynamics. Looking over Whetham's article on "Science" in the new Britannica, I note that the milestones of scientific progress are marked by such names as (to repeat them somewhat at random) Galileo, Newton, Laplace, Lyell, Stokes, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Darwin, Lamarck, Mendel, De Vries, Huygens, Joule, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin, Willard Gibbs, and Madame Curie. Allowing for a certain latitude in judgment, it is still hard to believe that the Germans could write the history of science much differently. Altogether, it seems not unfair to say that, while the Germans have contributed heavily to the development of science and to the application of science to practical life, rather few of them are to be found among the initiators of investigation and the creators of scientific ideas; and on the other hand much that passes for science in Germany consists in the application of "method" to regions in which its validity is doubtful.

The present war is supposed to be a test of the *wissensehaftliche Methode*. I have no doubt that it is. Nor do I deny that so far the method has made a good showing. Yet the ideas underlying the more important appliances are few of them German. The Germans have learned to build battleships in England. The automobile has been developed mostly in France. The aeroplane they owe to Langley and the Wright brothers. The first steps in the development of the dirigible are all French, while Santos Dumont may be said to have scored the first distinct success. Their celebrated system of sanitation is built upon ideas supplied by Lister and Pasteur.

It is a delicate task to speak of German culture. I have known and loved too many Germans who were men and women of high character and fine feeling to doubt the fact of German culture in the personal sense; and it is always better not to raise the question as to which of us is better bred. Yet when the question is raised, and the world is bidden to bow before German culture, as before a new Islam, at the point of the sword, it seems proper to place it upon the scale. Leaving aside the relatively small circle of "finely cultivated" *(fein gebildete)*, which is not peculiar to Germany, and taking the nation as a whole as it is to-day, the chiefly striking feature of German civilization (as of German science) is its newness. Among the nations of Europe the Germans are the newly lettered, the newly sophisticated, and, alas! the newly rich; and like others before them they are celebrating their recent acquisition of knowledge and wealth by a display of insolence. Berlin, their capital, though an ancient city, is for the most part as new as Chicago; its growth, which began in 1871, has been precisely parallel and contemporaneous with that of Chicago; and twenty years ago, at least, when I spent a year there, it was for the most part as crude as Chicago, the chief exception being that Chicago was not quite so proud of its "night life" *(das Berliner Nachtleben)*.

Using the word "civilization" in the narrowly material sense, as referring to modes of dress and conveniences of living, the Germans of twenty years ago were at least a generation behind England and America. And the manners of the people, though in some respects better than our own, were naïve. Among German students whom I met, the first question of a new acquaintance was apt to be, "How much did you pay for that coat?" the second, "What is your monthly allowance?" As one German said to me, "Wir Deutsche sind spiessbürgerlich." Yet, unhappily, they were beginning to be ashamed of being *spiessbürgerlich*, and, curiously enough, to seek emancipation through the adoption of things English; the German swell of those days was a caricature of an Englishman. I say "unhappily" because, for my own part, I prefer to let the German stay *spiessbürgerlich*, and personally I found in the older and more Teutonic German a type of character at once attractive and dignified. Yet matters of this kind are not irrelevant in judging the claims of a people to be the leader of society among nations.

Politically speaking, the Germans occupy today the position of England in the time of Charles I; it has still to be decided whether the Kaiser rules by the consent of Parliament. That is to say, in the development of political liberties (surely an important part of civilization) they are at least two and a half centuries behind any of the English-speaking peoples, not to speak of some others. Germany has produced a noble literature, but a literature of rather small compass and hardly to be compared as a whole with the literature of England and France. In the fine art of presenting life in the form of prose fiction, the Germans are distinctly inferior to their three antagonists—the English, the French, and the Russians. One may search German literature in vain for anything to match Tolstoy or Turgenieff, Balzac or Daudet, Thackeray or Dickens.

The Germans are supposed to be preëminently gifted as philosophers—just why, I have never been able to understand; for if the German mind is anywhere lacking it is in that fineness and exactness of perception which is the first essential of good philosophical thinking. I greatly fear that in the minds of those who accept this tradition "philosophy" is typified by the sort of aroma exhaled by Rudolf Eucken, the militarist discoverer of the "spiritual life." It is true that the greatest name in modern philosophy, Immanuel Kant, is German, though some say that it is Scotch—and possibly Hegel may be put beside him. But German philosophy has been feeding upon the past for a generation; it was very lifeless when I studied philosophy in Germany twenty years ago. And Kant tells us that it was David Hume, the Scotchman, who roused him from his dogmatic slumber. The truth is that in philosphy, as in science, those who have disturbed the dogmatic slumbers have been for the most part not German; and Descartes's "Meditations," Spinoza's "Ethics," Locke's "Essay," Berkeley's "Principles," and Hume's "Treatise" hold to-day a more conspicuous place in the history of philosophy than any German document except the "Critique of Pure Reason."

There is but one department of culture in which the Germans reign supreme—in music. Here again the Russian barbarians could be cited to prove that they are not quite alone. Yet we need not deny the creative supremacy of the Germans in the art of music; and—even while the harmonies of Beethoven are being spoiled by the noise of German cannon—I should be the last to underestimate the greatness of the gift which they have bestowed upon mankind or its significance as a mark of culture.

Returning, however, to German science and German scholarship, I think that our debt to German science may be for the most part covered by the idea of organization and method; what the Germans have done for investigation is to organize it. For one, I think that the value of organization may be easily overestimated. In the academic world, where the German idea is represented by the graduate school, the Ph.D., and the laboratory of research, the influence of German "culture" has been somewhat devastating. Where the emphasis is laid upon organization and method, personality and genius are apt to count for little. To the German scientific ideal we owe the fact that so many members of our college faculties are journeyman specialists, not a few of them illiterate, and so few marked by that breadth of accomplishment and of insight which constitutes culture; to the Germans we owe the exploitation of a multitude of new "sciences," all nicely laid out with street names and cement walks, but as barren of content as a real estate speculation in town-lots; and to the German idea we owe the rise of a class of professional organizers, executives, and efficiency men whose only business in life is to mind the business of other people. Wherever two or three are gathered together

to-day, in politics, commerce, industry, education, religion—and even where they are not gathered together—some one is on the way to organize them. In the madness for organization we have long since lost sight of the end in the means; we have forgotten that neither the fruition nor the advancement of human life can take place in the absence of individual freedom and creativeness; and we have come to believe that the sole meaning of life and of culture is—to be organized.

This, I should say, is our chief debt to German science. This machine view of culture is now being tested for us by what is conceived to be the finest organization in existence, based upon the most completely ruthless disregard of the human individualities embraced by it. It seems to me that more than the fate of Germany is involved in the issues of the war; and among the remoter questions, whether the naïve worship of organization is not now to give way to a more intelligent and humane view of life. WARNER FITE.

Pasadena, Cal., November 11.

MARCEL REYMOND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Marcel Reymond, the eminent art critic, died suddenly on October 13 at Lyon. Born at La Mure in 1849, he lived most of his life in Grenoble, spending the summers in his villa at St. Ismier. He studied law, but devoted himself particularly to the history of art, in which his special interests were the art of Florence during the Renaissance, and that of his native Dauphine. He became active in the local movement to attract travellers to this beautiful part of France, and he was the leader in organizing at the University of Grenoble, both in winter and summer, courses for foreign students. In this valuable and successful work, which has now been taken up in all parts of France, the faculty of Grenoble was the pioneer. In recognition of M. Reymond's services, a new auditorium of the University bears his name. He was untiring in his devotion to this cause, and acquired many warm friends among the American and other foreign students. He had formed the interesting idea of establishing a residence-hall for American teachers who might come to Grenoble to perfect themselves in French. One purpose that he had in mind was to promote friendship between France and Germany through the increase of mutual understanding and of fellowship afforded by the University; at the opening of the present war, he must have been saddened to see the nullification of his efforts of many years.

M. Reymond's published works include monographs on the Della Robbias, Donatello, Verrocchio, Brunelleschi, and Bernini; a volume on Grenoble and Vienne in the series Villes d'art, and one on the Palais de Justice at Grenoble; a volume of art-essays, "De Michel-Ange à Tiepolo." His most important publication is a monumental work in four volumes, "La Sculpture florentine" (1897-1900). The issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 1 contains from his pen an eloquent article, written just before his death, on the Cathedral of Rheims, the bombardment of which seemed to him a crime of unspeakable barbarity. His only son is a captain in the French army.

KENNETH MCKENZIE.

New Haven, Conn., December 5.

Literature

THE ARCH-PRIESTESS OF MILITANCY.

My Own Story. By Emmeline Pankhurst. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $2 net.

Mrs. Pankhurst begins her story with the apparently unconscious admission that "those men and women are fortunate who are born at a time when a great struggle for human freedom is in progress"; no one will doubt that when a "struggle" is on she will be eager to be there. The reader who sets out to take her good-naturedly will find the story amusing and entertaining. Mrs. Pankhurst is clever and writes with a facile pen, and she flings forth charges of "duplicity," "mendacity," and "perjury," calls the judges "biassed," Asquith "treacherous," Lloyd George "slippery," and both of them "scoundrels" with a grace and ease that betray practice. The numerous illustrations, mostly of Mrs. Pankhurst at the critical points of her career, serve to demonstrate the thoughtfulness of the militant organization in matters of detail. One must suppose that she never risked an appearance in public without a photographer at her side.

The reader who proposes to take her argument seriously is likely to be exasperated by the constant evidence of a feline sophistry: to begin with, of course, the common feministic sophism, implied in the "emancipation" of women, in which she likens the present situation of women to that of the negroes before the war, and herself to Wendell Phillips. But her whole argument is characterized by a quiet ignoring of obvious considerations and by a cat-like agility in shifting ground. The main object of the book is to show that militant methods have simply followed the accepted traditions of British politics, with the implication that they are now resented because they are employed by women. Thus it is a time-honored custom to break up political meetings and embarrass the speakers by putting questions. Here she fails to note that it is also a time-honored custom, when the questioners cease to be amusing, to throw them out; and that it is no part of the accepted tradition to claim the privilege of "chivalry." In defence of the policy of "obstruction" she points to Mr. Parnell and his followers, who doubtless never expected to escape punishment for breaking the rules of the game. Of course, the "woman's revolution" and the assertion of the right to be treated as "political prisoners" are simply begging the question.

At times she becomes sweetly reasonable. If, now, Mr. Asquith had only named some other time when it would be convenient for him to receive the petition—and so forth. But Mr. Asquith had received peremptory notice that the petition would be served upon him at eight o'clock on a certain evening. Virtually, he had been ordered to be ready and had been threatened if he should be absent. As a matter of course, full use is made of the dramatic possibilities of "forcible feeding." Thus Mrs. Leigh at the door of the doctor's room: "What she saw was enough to terrify the bravest. In the centre of the room was a stout chair resting upon a cotton sheet. Against the wall, as if ready for action, stood four wardresses." Apparently, this is all that she saw. But think of it, four wardresses and a chair, where the only hope of escape lies in ordering dinner!

Says Ellen Key: "The English women have set out from the wrong notion that, because men, driven to political despair, have committed deeds of violence, women also should in cold blood conceive and organize similar outrages." Here we have a clear distinction which Mrs. Pankhurst has apparently never cared to consider. All that she thinks necessary for the justification of violence is (when she conveniently can) to find a precedent. Her justification of arson is very simple: had not arson proved a potent argument in 1832? She passes easily over the statement of Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse that "in the case of the suffrage demand there has not been the kind of popular sentimental uprising which accounted for Nottingham Castle in 1832 or the Hyde Park railing in 1867. There has not been a great ebullition of popular feeling."

This is the point, the decisive point, which Mrs. Pankhurst keeps dexterously dark throughout her "story," and especially in her attempts to convict Mr. Herbert Gladstone of shuffling inconsistency and Mr. Asquith of treachery. No extraordinary powers of intuition are needed to see that when Mr. Gladstone advised the suffragists to create a *force majeure*, what he meant was a force, not of disorder, but of imperative popular sentiment; and it was as impudent to hold him responsible for the summons to suffragists to "rush the House of Commons" as to pretend (as seemed at first convenient) that the summons contemplated no disorder. As for Mr. Asquith, it is clear from Mrs. Pankhurst's "own story" that he never committed himself to advocacy of the cause of suffrage; but he was prepared to yield if the cause could show sufficient popular backing. There is nothing in Mrs. Pankhurst's book to show that he broke any promises in connection with the Conciliation bill. It seems clear that his promise was, not to support the bill, but only to allow it time for consideration. Nor is it evident to the reader why he was forbidden by his promise to introduce at the same session of Parliament the Government's franchise bill, which was to be open to a woman-suffrage amendment. All that looks suspicious is his failure to foresee that this amendment would be ruled out by the Speaker as irrelevant. Throughout her negotiations—or, rather, her attempts to negotiate—with the Government, Mrs. Pankhurst quietly assumed that she and her crowd were the official spokeswomen of the women of England. The fact is clear, however, from her story that, although she could furnish "demonstrations" at will, she had no warrant either from the majority of

English women or from the majority of suffragists.

The truth is, however, that for moral justification of militant methods, by appeal to tradition or otherwise, Mrs. Pankhurst cares little or nothing. For her the only argument of importance is expediency. Here is her explanation of the policy of burning houses and destroying letters:

> Now our task was to show the Government that it was expedient to yield to the women's just demands. In order to do that we had to make England and every department of English life insecure and unsafe. We had to make English law a failure, and the courts farce-comedy theatres; we had to discredit the Government and Parliament in the eyes of the world; we had to spoil English sports, hurt business, destroy valuable property, demoralize the world of society, shame the churches, upset the whole orderly conduct of life——

In other words, the justification is "militant necessity." In this bland statement Mrs. Pankhurst completes a contemporary trio of distinguished moral obtusities, taking her place beside the German Foreign Secretary who politely pointed to "military necessity" as a sufficient explanation of the violation of Belgian neutrality, and the ex-President of the United States who said, "I took it."

In her foreword Mrs. Pankhurst tells us of the "noble," "generous," and "patriotic" conduct of the militants in laying down arms when war broke out with Germany, and she wonders that the Government, "mindful of their unselfish devotion," has failed to come forward with the proper reward. To take Mrs. Pankhurst seriously at this point would be an insult to her understanding. A tithe of her shrewdness was sufficient to foresee that, when Englishmen were being killed and maimed by the thousand on the field of battle, the fate of a few women who chose wilfully to starve themselves to death would pass unnoticed, and they could quietly be allowed to starve. When war broke out the militant game was over.

Nor was this all. The traditional Philistine argument against suffrage has always been that the responsibility of voting belongs to those who can back it by bearing arms. During the long period of peace the argument had grown rather thin. But the present cataclysm is sufficient to revive it in full vigor. Let the argument be good or bad, it serves to remind us that woman suffrage belongs to an advanced civilization, and presupposes a state of things in which the argument of force is ready to yield to the argument of right and reason. This is something for suffragists to remember. Mrs. Pankhurst to the contrary, women can accomplish nothing by force; all that the militant "warriors" have done has been to take advantage of masculine notions of chivalry. If suffrage is finally to win, it can only be through the appeal to reason, justice, and fair play. And this means that suffragists must not merely play the political game that men are playing, they must play a better game. If the tactics of Mrs. Pankhurst and her militants have been copied from any part of the man-made world, it has been the lowest part. That they might have succeeded, we are not now in position to deny; there can be little doubt that they have served to discredit the cause of suffrage in the eyes of many thoughtful men and women.

CURRENT FICTION.

Time and Thomas Waring. By Morley Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of this narrative, as a narrative, may be given in a few words. A middle-aged man undergoes a major surgical operation. It is successful, but the "shock" has an extreme mental or psychic effect of revelation: the convalescent sees life as it is, and himself as a part of life. He has been absorbed in his work as a writer and a recognized authority upon European politics. He now perceives that even work is not the thing for which a man should chiefly live. He has been of testy spirit and manner, and now becomes gentle and understanding. But instead of being converted in the ordinary sense, he has turned from conventional religion to a hopeful agnosticism. "If religions failed when their dogmas perished, the essence of religion remained"—the religion of kindness and of service. Set morality also goes by the board. That Thomas Waring has a mistress as well as a wife no longer irritates his conscience. He takes back the son whom he has cast off for an affair with a maid-servant. He encourages his daughter to become the mistress of a married man. He even begins to understand and to bear with his stupidly virtuous wife. Therefore when he goes back to the operating-table, a few months later, and receives his final quietus, he has at least tasted of life on the right plane.

Now this all looks pretty shaky in the outline, but as the author fills it in, the effect is not intolerable. For one thing, he does not try to make his man out an absolute hero. Waring is not a figure of great strength in either phase of his experience; but he is human, and likable in proportion as he declines from mere respectability and becomes an honest and kindly fellow-being. And these circumstances have their palliations. In his own domestic relations he is a polygamist, not a libertine. His daughter's lover is held to marriage by the technicality of the English law, not by any decree of reason or decency. This whole study of a series of difficult relations is conducted with skill and discretion. Nevertheless, the result is a book of that general type which has been absorbing too much of the energies of recent story-telling Englishmen. Why not take it for granted that convention and respectability are ridiculous things, that questions of sex are many and intricate—and then try talking about something else for a change? Perhaps the present war will do something towards restoring the field of current fiction to the young person. We can afford to sacrifice a good deal of "psychology" and ingenuity for the sake of recovering a little robust commonsense.

Achievement. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The inception of a trilogy would seem to presuppose the inherent largeness of a theme including national as well as personal drama, but there are some English trilogists nowadays who dispense with any such requisite. Give them a story that falls into three convenient sections, they will not grudge the pains necessary to elaborate each into a volume. "Achievement" is the final instalment of such an effort—a small biography on a large scale. The last leg of Richard Furlong's earthly journey is covered with a profound absence of levity, the chronicle being largely taken up with propounding the obvious and faithfully explaining it. The only unexpectedness, pleasurable or otherwise, is introduced by the murder which the hero is finally forced to commit in order to bring his history to a close.

Of the quality of Richard's artistic output there can be no doubt. The felicitous naming of Richard's pictures is strongly relied upon in establishing his preëminence. Take the case of Fanny Cornish's portrait. Where a Whistler would probably have had to content himself with a mere "Arrangement in Black and Green," Richard could manage offhand a double-barrelled tip like "Jade," which directed the attention of art critics exclusively to the laying on of green paint, at the same time that it held in reserve for the more subtly discerning, alert for spiritual significances, all the profound implications of an epithet. In his relationships with women Richard is equally brilliant. He never at any time goes more than three-fourths of the way towards being a knave, and so always deserves the credit of being a decent fellow. Between a wish to be realistically truthful and an ingrained deference for the moral conventions, the author has steered an anxious course. He must not make Richard a saint—he cannot have him a sinner. The result is a puppet rather cautiously operated. The several women who illustrate Richard's experiences with the sex are, all but one, familiar literary types. The exception is the young countrywoman who keeps house for Richard's father. There are passages between her and the soft-hearted old man that convey a clear impression of feminine personality.

Sylvia's Marriage. By Upton Sinclair. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

In "Sylvia" Mr. Sinclair represented a plebeian woman from the West as telling the youthful story of a beautiful Southern aristocrat who in the last chapter was married to a New York multi-millionaire, Van Tuiver. In that chapter a former mistress of Van Tuiver made her appearance as spectator, and let fall an unsavory hint not without its suggestion of tragic effect as it stands, but made merely nauseous as developed in the present sequel. This is a tract about venereal disease and its consequence,

illustrated by the case of the Van Tuivers and their child. It is a subject which needs to be talked about, and is, Heaven knows, being talked about. It might even conceivably be a theme for tragic art, though a theme more difficult than the Borgias or the Cencis have set. Unfortunately, Mr. Sinclair, though a writer of active imagination and of serious purpose, is not a tragic poet. His human figures are no more works of art than those grisly masks and torsos of sexual disease sometimes exhibited in popular "museums" for the education of careless youth—objects of horror, and in some dreadful sense of entertainment. This moral showman has not even such rudimentary taste as might have made his exhibition tolerable. A series of discourses on gonorrhœa and its effects, varied with passages of sentimentalism and even of social comedy!—what more horrid monster remains to be bred of the luckless pair, Fiction and Purpose? There is a penalty: the book is inherently too insignificant to produce more than a momentary qualm. Still, we have an uneasy feeling that we may not have heard the last of Sylvia, her grotesque husband, and their blind child, that some kind of public may wish to hear more of them.

The Captain of His Soul. By Henry James Forman. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

It is clever and well thought out, an excellent example of the New York story as now written. There are a suitable number of metropolitan types involved, from the stenographer to the captain of finance, and from the ward boss to the millionaire whose name begins with Van. Here, also, are the society adultress and the Bohemian virgin, the journalist, the young reformer; scenes of humor and pathos, laid amid a variety of flats and boarding-houses—above all, in a variety of eating-places, ranging from the obscure French café to Sherry's and the Waldorf; scenes of high-financial stress, with the ticker and the telephone in the foreground; scenes of what the stage calls P-*hashion*, and of what brutal youth calls slush. The chief protagonist is a young man who has a triple advantage as a hero in being a Southerner, a Harvard man, and a budding author. He comes to New York full of ideals, and singularly ignorant of the mass of literature extant which deals with youth so situated. He has to learn painfully for himself, as one blazing a trail, that the college writer of "promise" does not easily fulfil himself in the New York market-place; that one cannot serve God and Mammon; that wine is a mocker; that smart life is a hollow sham, and finance another; that service is best, and a good woman worth many rubies. All these truths are here laboriously rediscovered. So, indeed, they must needs be rediscovered by each fresh generation of young comers. But, if we are to maintain our interest in that perennial experience, it must be presented to us with fresh force and reality. What we have against the young gentleman of this narrative is that he has so little basis of character for circumstance to work upon. The author fails to make us believe in him—or, at least, to make us care about him. Nor is that wonderful maiden named Mary—however "Maryish"—so important to the reader as she apparently is to Mr. Forman. She, like the story, is a thing made, not a thing created. Despite the deepest conscientious inhalations and exhalations of the author, the breath of life, the inspiration, is not here.

The Pastor's Wife. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this photographic description of life in a small village of East Prussia it is almost startling to recognize names of places which now appear daily on the first pages of newspapers. Countess von Arnim's gift is for characterization and minute and sympathetic observation of the life around her, rather than for plot and incident—although it is true that in "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" she crammed more of incident into fourteen days than usually occurs in the lifetime of a well-brought-up young lady of royal birth. There are both plot and incident in "The Pastor's Wife," but both are too extravagant to create, we will not say credulity (which is not necessary), but even temporary illusion. The value of the book is in the scenes that portray the life of an English girl married to a German pastor in a small East Prussian village.

The attitude of the author in her latest work is different from that which gave so much charm to "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Benefactress." The description here, we feel, is faithful, almost pitilessly realistic, but in place of the sympathy with her surroundings which marked the author's earlier work, we seem to notice a tinge of bitterness in the ruthlessly exact picture she draws of the daily routine of the Prussian *Hausfrau*, the incessant breeder of children, who represents the Prussian ideal of married womanhood, of woman's place in the economy of the state. The keynote of what Countess von Arnim has to say is found in the final protest of the pastor's wife, which precipitates the crisis of the book: "Oh, don't you see all that will be in ruins about us—but in *ruins*, Robert—all our happy life—if I go on in this—in this wild career of—of unbridled motherhood?"

They Who Question. Anonymous. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This comprehensive representation of the life of a better-class English family interested in social endeavor is quietly religious and impressively sincere. The author attempts a philosophical problem, some phases of which he evades, and some of which are treated superficially—the problem of the place of suffering in every-day existence; but lack of depth is atoned for by many positive merits of style and characterization. Galsworthian sentimentality plays no part in the story, even in depiction of the most sordid elements of London life. "To many minds," states the author in one passage, "the prevailing element in East London is its sadness, and people hardly seem to realize how many happy lives are spent there. Whitechapel Road on a warm summer evening, with its gas lamps, its venders of fruit and fried fish, its groups of people chatting on the pavement, may not seem a particularly favorable or delightful place to a man who has spent the afternoon sitting in a green chair in the park, but then a chair in the park may not strike the East Ender as altogether an amusing or delightful spot. A crowd, looked on as a whole, will probably always convey a suggestion of sadness with it. . . ." This same sanity is brought to the relation of a long chapter of family ills—sickness, crime, and even madness; and it is responsible for some admirably humorous scenes—one of rustics reminiscent of George Eliot's Loamshire folk, several of Dickensian crowds in the streets. In the treatment of two or three individuals, whose reactions and adjustments to the ills spoken of are the theme of the book, the author has succeeded in sympathetic characterization. The confession of the philosophic doubter at the end that his road is a blind and dark one beside that of faith is a natural and not a strained climax.

LETTERS OF A DOCTRINAIRE.

The Letters of Richard Henry Lee. Collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh. Volume II: 1779-1794. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The present volume contains Lee's correspondence for a period of fifteen years; but the bulk of the letters were written in the years 1779-1781, 1784, 1785, and 1787-1790. The Lee-Deane controversy swells the correspondence of the first three years to 266 pages. Many of the letters of 1784 and 1785 were official letters which Lee wrote as President of Congress; while during the period from 1787 to 1790 the work of the Federal Convention was the occasion of many long communications. The second volume reveals the same excellence, in respect to the work of the editor, that was noted in the review of the first volume (*Nation*, September 11, 1911).

Von Sybel says of the Girondins that they attracted those for whom the Feuillants were too lukewarm and the Cordeliers too dirty. Certainly the Girondins were nothing if not fastidious and cleanly. They lived, not so much in the real world of Paris, as in an ideal state reconstructed from classical tradition and suffused with humanitarian sentiment. Their devotion to liberty was a literary enthusiasm; and if they invited martyrdom it was partly to prove that the spirit of Regulus still lived. But in the presence of Marat or Santerre, or even of Danton, they were extremely uncomfortable.

The American Revolution was not without its Girondins; and Richard Henry Lee, although he had a much firmer grasp of realities than Madame Roland, or men like Vergniaud or Gensonné, possessed many of their

characteristics. He spoke their language, and he spoke it well. His oratory was finished and studied—a contemporary called it "elegant." He has the Girondin air of loving liberty because he had studied the classics. Faithful to Roman tradition, he christens his son "Cassius," and takes it as a good omen that at five months the youngster "seems to look as if he would be no lover of tyrants." What a powerful influence, indeed, had that word tyrant upon the minds of those literary radicals who loved their Plutarch! Forgetting its original meaning, they transformed all kings into tyrants and all tyrants into oppressors of the people. Over against all monarchical and aristocratic systems, conceived as the essence of political evil, they set an idealized Republic, whose vital principle, as Montesquieu had assured them, was *virtue;* a system which, by necessarily uniting all good men in opposition to all bad men, would therefore secure the happiness of mankind.

A clear-cut political philosophy like this was not ill suited to Lee. He had not a subtle mind, and was little given to introspection or the analysis of another men's motives. But he was proud and ambitious, yet withal of generous impulses—such a man as must needs serve a cause, not himself, that makes for righteousness. The conventional phrases of that age, which sound so hollow to our jaded ears, Lee employs with all the irritating complacence of the true *Philosophe*. And with entire sincerity. When he says, "The principle of republics being virtuous, and their conduct therefore squaring with justice," he is laying down a proposition which represents an ascertained and proved reality. He is not insincere, but only doctrinaire—one of those for whom politics is no mere practical art of composing conflicting interests, but a struggle for the unconditioned good against the powers of darkness.

It was this sense of being enlisted in a holy war that gave to the Revolution in its early stages a semi-religious character, and inspired the patriot party with that amazing assurance with which it entered into a conflict which must otherwise have seemed hopeless. Whatever the difficulties might be, so righteous a cause, it was thought, could not fail. "It is impossible," Lee writes to Washington in 1775, "that vice can so triumph over virtue, as that the slaves of Tyranny should succeed against the Assertors of Liberty and the just rights of humanity." The sentence reveals a splendid optimism, which is the prevailing tone of the letters during the early years, and which is one of the secrets of Lee's great influence. But Lee was one of those leaders whose influence declined during the war. The real struggle was so different from his conception of what it should be, from what it was to have been, that he could not readily adjust himself to it. Better acquainted with mankind than with men, he was not prepared for the waning enthusiasm, the sordid motives, the low intrigue, which were so apparent on every hand. He was amazed to find that true *Virtue*, the very foundation of his ideal republic, was rare indeed even among those who professed to serve the cause of liberty. The optimism of the first years, therefore, gives way to a certain disillusionment, a sense of betrayal, so that in 1779 he is in "despair of seeing virtue encouraged and protected, or vice frowned upon and punished." Lee never quite gave up the battle, but if he still stands at Armageddon it is with a less resolute courage, a less confident faith.

BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

Scientific Management: A Collection of the More Significant Articles Describing the Taylor System of Management. Edited by Clarence Bertrand Thompson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4 net.

One of the difficulties confronting the man who would acquaint himself with the subject of scientific management has been the lack of a concise survey wherein he could find some definition of the term, some record of the successful application of this form of management to different industries, and a review of its origin and development both as theory and practice. A considerable literature has grown up about the subject; but most attempts at popularizing it have been condemned as shallow and misleading by prominent followers of F. W. Taylor. On the other hand, those books and articles which are authoritative deal for the most part with some particular phase of scientific management, or with some specific application. In a word, a suitable introduction to the bibliography of the subject has been lacking. This lack Mr. Thompson supplies to a considerable extent in his book.

In justice to him, it should be said that he does not state this as his purpose, saying, rather, that the volume is to serve as a supplement to the classical authorities: Taylor's "Shop Management," "Principles of Scientific Management," and "The Art of Cutting Metals," and Gantt's "Work, Wages, and Profits"—bringing them up to date, defining some of their terms more closely, and giving further insight into the development of scientific management as a theory, following its prior development as a practice under varying conditions. Furthermore this book is not a popular treatise, but consists of articles gathered from many sources and excerpts from the best books. Consequently it preserves the style, point of view, and interpretation of the original authors, whose purpose was not to write a popular treatise, but to converse with the reader as one scientist with another, largely in technical terms; either to instruct or to convince. Mr. Thompson calls them into court, as it were, to answer in their own words "a widespread demand for more detailed information regarding certain phases of scientific management than is given in these books" (Taylor's and Gantt's). He says, in another place, "The text and notes together cover nearly 90 per cent. of all that has been published on the subject in English." This statement, together with the twelve-page bibliography at the end of the book, indicates both the magnitude of Mr. Thompson's task and the debt owed to his patient and thorough sifting of the material. He has presented a library of the subject in 878 pages.

If read at all, the book should be read carefully page by page, from cover to cover. It is not for hasty skimming and sudden conclusions. The editor remains strictly an editor, he does not raise an issue or point a conclusion. But by selection and arrangement he achieves his purpose. That is, he brings out the lack of general knowledge of the subject, the confusion of terms responsible for some perhaps unjust criticism, the mistaking of the tools or of the formulæ for the thing itself, which has led to many failures, and the non-existence of agreement as to the relative value of different methods, practices, and principles involved in or related to the complex known as scientific management. Thus, as we read attempts at general definition by the author himself, by Forrest E. Cardullo, Henry P. Kendall, F. W. Taylor, Lieut. Frank Sterling, and others, we are struck by their dissimilarity, because, for the time being, one is thinking of the historical aspect, another of the logical; one of the practice, another of the theory; one of the general, another of the specific. But by including them all within our vision and getting them in perspective, we note a most impressive agreement on such essential questions as the following:

(1.) That the mental attitude of the managing executive is the most important single consideration—unless the responsibility is wholly delegated to an individual who has the correct attitude. The latter alternative, however, is not in accordance with Mr. Taylor's conception, which was a literal understanding of the words "scientific management" by those who ought so to manage, namely, the executive heads of the business. The significant point is that while these men regard scientific management in the business sense as a method of stimulating output, lowering cost of production, increasing wages, and improving the product simultaneously, they insist that it can only be done successfully by those who add the right motive to the method—*e. g.*, they must really *desire* to improve the product and accord fair treatment to the worker. This mental attitude further involves a willingness to learn, and to put operation on the basis of scientific determination of facts, accumulation and analysis of data, and the subsequent creation of standards, systems, methods, and so on—in a word, the substitution of exact knowledge for fallible judgment, as Forrest E. Cardullo says. Later in the book James M. Dodge gives very interesting testimony to the value of this change of attitude through the introduction of the Taylor system into the shops of the Link-Belt Company.

(2.) That there are two important aspects of scientific management, one involving the human equation and applying to the mental attitude of employers and workmen, se-

lection of the right men for various duties, teaching, incentives, and so on; and the other involving a system of functional organization, time study, reports, printed forms, teaching methods, arrangement of plant, machines, and work, and many other elements. This latter aspect is the one most familiarly known as scientific management, but it is the skeleton of which the former is the spirit. Furthermore, this second phase is not a ready-made framework for any business, but must be adjusted to fit the body by time and hard work. Its elements are characteristic, but are secondary to certain principles which it would be out of place for us to define, and which the writers quoted assert must be learned by study and practice.

These various elements are, however, made the subject of separate chapters and treated in detail. Kendall is quoted on the functions of management in relation to unsystematized, systematized, and scientifically managed shops; the planning department is discussed by Hathaway; foremanship by an article from *Industrial Engineering;* slide rules by Barth; the graphical daily balance by Gantt; the tool-room by Kent; time study by Hathaway, and so on. A valuable chapter on Classification and Symbolization is contributed by the editor. Other articles deal with actual installations, wage systems, and relations to various labor problems, applications of scientific management to machine shops, railways, general business, retailing, women's work, etc. We could wish that more space had been given to standardization, relation of shop management to sales work, selection of employees, effects of scientific management upon plant equipment, arrangement of work, and other factors of efficiency. However, the book as a whole gives one an exposition of scientific management by those who are entitled to speak for it.

THE MAN WHO SAVED CALIFORNIA TO SPAIN.

Junípero Serra: The Man and His Work. By A. H. Fitch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

If the Russians had owned the Pacific Coast down to Mexico it is not likely that they would have parted with the rest of it for a song as they did with Alaska, and one can easily imagine the complications that might have resulted to the United States. Fortunately, Spain owned our California for half a century; yet the conditions were such that she would have surely abandoned it, leaving the coast open to the Russians, had it not been for one man, a Franciscan friar, Junípero Serra, through whose herculean and indefatigable efforts the scale was turned repeatedly when the Spanish authorities in Mexico were about to give up this inaccessible region, at a time when it took almost as long to sail from Mexico to Upper California as it did from Spain to Mexico. This national importance of Junípero Serra as the preserver to Spain, and thereby indirectly to the United States, of the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, surely entitles him to the honor of a special biography, such as Mr. Fitch has now made of him. It is true that a "Vida" of the great missionary by his companion, Francisco Palou, was printed as long ago as 1787 and is now accessible in an English version; but the main object of this biography was to procure for its object recognition in the church as one of her saints. On the facts and interesting details presented in it, and on the same author's "Noticias de la Antigua y Nueva California," Mr. Fitch had to build his book, but from many other sources he has gathered an abundance of illustrative material which enabled him to make a true story read like a romance, and bears out the contention that biography leaves on the mind a more definite impression than any other form of historical writing.

Religion was the one absorbing passion of Serra's life. He had all the traits of a mediæval saint, including the passion for self-torturing, with which he awed his congregations. His bed consisted of a few planks, his food of the simplest viands that would sustain life. Though always frail in body, he made journeys of hundreds of miles on foot through deserted or perilous countries. He envied those of the missionaries who died the death of martyrs at the hands of savage Indians, but was fated to die on his planks at the ripe age of seventy-one. His aim in life was to save the souls of Indians, and when his license to confirm expired he had administered the sacrament to 5,036 persons and had baptized 5,800 Indians. Better than any one else, he knew how to allure the savages to his church, attracting them with food and clothes, and thus gradually gaining their confidence and faith. He personally taught the men to till the soil, the women to sew and cook. Of the daily life in the missions Mr. Fitch gives a graphic account, as well as of several encounters with hostile savages. Incidentally he presents some enticing pictures of fertile, lovely California, with its marvellously varied scenery and climate—a climate in which, at least in some regions, even fogs are healthful and exhilarating. Perhaps the author exaggerates the artistic value of the mission buildings, the ruins of which naturally interest all tourists for religious, sentimental, and historic reasons. He dwells not only on the hardships naturally endured by the missionaries as pioneers, but on their struggles with the military authorities who tried to wrest from them their prerogatives. And their leader in these contests was always Junípero Serra.

In short, one cannot but agree with the author that the early history of Upper California is the story of Serra's life. "He was the heart and soul of the conquest; whatever was done to further the cause of civilization in California during his life, was done by him. He had brought into existence nine missions, four presidios, and two pueblos."

Notes

J. M. Barrie's thumbnail sketches of Kirriemuir folk have been so well utilized by the artist, A. C. Michael, that it is pleasant to welcome a reissue (Scribner; $1.50) of his edition of "A Window in Thrums," with colored illustrations. The pictures of the native humorists and of simple domestic scenes are in harmony with the narrative, and have almost as much the air of having been studied from the life as has Barrie's inimitable talk. Of simple sincerity are also most of the illustrations which another English artist, George Wharton Edwards, has contributed to a rather commonplace book of travel from his own hand, "The Forest of Arden" (F. A. Stokes Company). The text was written to fill up the pages between the plates, obviously; and the author did not count on the new interest which now attaches to the picturesque country between Luxemburg and Liège. Some legends of Arden, gathered at first hand, fill out the book. Of more substantial literary quality is Edwin M. Bacon's "Rambles Around Boston" (Little, Brown: $3.50), with drawings by Lester G. Hornby. The book, if it occasionally lapses into guide-book preoccupation with thirty-three facts, displays an amazing amount of interesting antiquarian information, and the unassuming sketches are frequent enough to make visualization easily possible.

The title of Sinclair Kennedy's book, published now by Longmans, Green & Company ($1.75 net) when the question of race and nationality is so much in men's minds, but written before the present crisis, is "The Pan-Angles," its sub-title is "A Consideration of the Federation of the Seven English-Speaking Nations"; its ten chapters develop the argument implied in these phrases, with much force of historical illustration, but also with a deal of unnecessary repetition. Like most books with a thesis, it is three times too long, unless writers are bound to assume that endless reiteration is the only sure means of impressing the public. The seven nations considered are New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Newfoundland, Canada, the British Isles, and the United States. They "hold in actual or allied control lands amounting to sixteen million square miles, with a population of five hundred and thirty-five million people, or thirty and thirty-three per cent., respectively, of the entire surface, and the entire population of the world. . . . In these seven nations more than one hundred and forty-one millions are white people, nearly all speaking the same language, and all enjoying individual liberty of substantial equality." Now those who understand the influence of words on practical affairs will immediately recognize the force of the fact that we have no single accepted and convenient name for this great body of men who, whatever may be their national differences, certainly have large sympathies and some interests in common. Whether Mr. Kennedy's suggestion of the name Pan-Angles will win a place for itself or not in general usage depends on many chance circumstances. It is not pretty, but it is convenient; and it at least calls attention to a need that has long been felt and often expressed.

Mr. Kennedy's plan for a federation of

these seven nations carries us into more dubious matters. Yet, historically considered, it is in no sense new or startling. For many years there has been a good deal of talk about some sort of parliamentary alliance among the six Britannic peoples, though the word empire has been in men's mouths oftener than the word federation. Nothing very tangible in the way of governmental forms has come of this talk, but it has probably had direct results in the increased solidarity of the Empire as shown in the present crisis. A federal alliance between these six nations and the United States is, no doubt, for the moment at least, hard to conceive. Yet it is a fancy, after all, not without support in history. A federation of England and America was the dream of Franklin, a man practical enough in all conscience, though fate was against him then; and Governor Pownall, one of the wisest of the British colonial administrators, cherished the same hope. The Revolution put an end to such plans for many years, perhaps for ever; but natural sympathy and understanding mean much in international relations, and these have recently shown a remarkable power of increase, a strength, indeed, of which we were scarcely aware until our eyes were opened by the shock of the European war.

To discuss in sober seriousness such questions as Mr. Kennedy has proposed for solution is to lay oneself open to the charge of folly and impertinence; it is like trying to converse on equal terms with Destiny. But his method of approach is conciliatory. He speaks little of race, and much of language; and certainly the great binding force among men is in their speech, rather than in their blood. The Pan-Angles are composed of many races and are likely in time to grow even more heterogeneous in this respect, but if they continue to speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, of Burke and Lincoln, they are bound to be held together, and to become more and more one people, by the all-conquering attraction of ideas. So also Mr. Kennedy is wise in offering no definite scheme of federation. His nearest approach to such a scheme is the proposal, tentatively thrown out, of a common flag and a federal capital. The latter he places preferably in a neutral spot between Canada and the United States, and it must be admitted that this touch of precision seems immediately to throw the whole question into the realm of Utopian speculation. It is not likely, of course, that such a book as this will have any immediate and practical effect, beyond enraging a few Irish and German Americans, but its appearance is nevertheless a sign of the times, and deeply significant.

The principal objection to Will S. Monroe's "Bulgaria and Her People" (Boston: The Page Co.; $3 net)—and at the same time something of a recommendation, perhaps—is the fact that, instead of writing his own opinions, he has chosen to clip his data baldly from official reports and the standard works of reference. As a result of such methods, he has prepared a work which is rather more authoritative than the usual travel-book, but he has paid a heavy price in loss of personal interest and first-hand observation. He deserves special commendation, however, for interesting chapters on Bulgarian Folksongs and Music, Modern Bulgarian Literature, and Painting and Sculpture. The first two of these fields especially are deserving of wider study than has yet been accorded them. As a rule, the author seems to be accurate in his statements, but he errs in asserting that Aleko Constantinoff's notable satire, "Baï Ganio," has never been translated into English. Chapters on the recent Balkan wars will be found satisfactory, if somewhat pro-Bulgarian. It is to Professor Monroe's credit that he has gone for his data on this phase of history to the Carnegie Commission's report. The illustrations are copious, and there are several satisfactory maps.

In "Charles Stewart Parnell" (Holt; $3 net), by his brother, John Howard Parnell, we have a family memoir of a most engaging kind. One must not look in it for the philosophy of the Irish Home Rule movement, or even for accurate political history. The author, who is now upwards of seventy, writes from memory, and falls easily into errors in the matter of dates and the connection of events; but he does give us an uncolored though loving picture of the Irish leader in habit as he was at home. The simple affection of the narrative may be inferred from the fact that throughout the book he speaks of Parnell as "Charley." And upon the latter's inner nature and the springs of his public action he throws a great deal of direct light. To single out only one trait, he lets us see that Parnell's glacial calm was partly character, partly calculation. Once when he passed his brother in the midst of an excited crowd, through which Parnell was moving with an air of kingly indifference, the latter slyly gave John a fraternal wink. It was as much as to say: "See how well I am playing my rôle of utter impassivity!" The most audacious display of this was at the time when Parnell, at a great public meeting, received the £40,000 which the Irish people had raised to free him from pecuniary embarrassment. He took the check, quietly folded it, and put it in his pocket, and made not the slightest reference to it! Significant details like this dot the unpretentious volume, which, for its unaffectedness and very innocence, is of an interest and value beyond what can be found in many a more ambitious book.

With a typically incongruous turn, Mr. Simeon Strunsky entitles his latest volume "Belshazzar Court, or Village Life in New York City" (Holt; $1.25 net). Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recognize most of these "field notes" on the New Yorker in his apartment house or on the street, in the theatre or at the baseball park. To the cosmopolitan these covertly serious essays will present a humorous picture of life as it is endured in Manhattan. To the Gothamite they will seem a brilliant review of familiar but unregarded phases of his own existence. For they are indeed packed with shrewd, often penetrating, observation of public manners and homely customs. Most readers may be more taken with the writer's fresh, quaint, witty, or hyperbolical way of putting things, since he has made his chief bid for popularity as a humorist. He has, to be sure, a sharp eye for the inconsistencies and insincerities of both our conduct and our ideals, and it must be conceded that there is seldom a dull page in all his wandering remarks. But his pleasantry is not the jolly English humor of eccentricity, with laughter holding both his sides, nor is it the hearty American humor of exaggeration, artfully leading up to some surprising or grotesque conclusion. It is an intellectual humor that plays around ideas, finding an unexpected truth in apparent absurdity. In all likelihood, therefore, the discriminating conner of Mr. Strunsky's paragraphs will set greatest store by the restless light of reason that flashes upon or lingers about every topic considered. By Matthew Arnold his lucubrations would surely be pronounced literature, for the criticism of life is always just beneath the rippling, eddying surface of the style. His is far from being the easy paradoxical scintillation of the social revolutionist. On the contrary, the author plays the doubting Thomas with regard to most of the educational, theatrical, and other fads with which our progressive age is rife. He even complacently pokes fun at Bernard Shaw—with roguish inconsistency, seeing that in his own volume the pages have to be cut at the bottom. In fine, the rare quality of the book is not so much the humor as the suggestive quality of the thought.

Undertaken, at the request of the present Duke of Marlborough, as a biography of "the imperious Sarah," Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough" (Scribner) was "expanded, on second thoughts," as the author tells us, "to cover the career of John Duke in the years of his unequalled military ascendency." In the introduction contributed by the present Duke, we learn the true object of the work, to wit, "a complete vindication of Marlborough . . . a reopening of the question which Macaulay regarded as settled forever," and a "more sympathetic consideration of the political ideas of the man who was the villain of Macaulay's piece." The book, then, is in the nature of an *apologia,* and it is much more candid and vastly better written than most of its kind. As regards the necessity for the work, it will at once occur to the reader that the verdict of the great Victorian writer has been long since discounted. As John Stuart Mill put it, Macaulay's volumes might be pleasant reading, but they were not exactly history. Nevertheless, although the book may contain little that is absolutely new, yet it presents, in compact form, certain facts, well attested by contemporary evidence, that go far to set a great national hero right in the eyes of his countrymen, at a time when new national heroes are in the making. The two principal aspersions on the Duke's character are imputations of interested disloyalty and of inordinate ambition—nothing less than an attempt to prolong the war for his own selfish ends, and a design to make himself dictator and even to succeed Anne on the throne. According to our author, Marlborough's apparent habit of having a foot in either camp is explained by his loyalty—not to any one person, but to the Protestant religion as essential to the welfare of England. There is, indeed, much in the documents quoted to bear out this contention, though efforts to transfer the halo of "Protestant hero" from William to the Duke may well provoke a smile. His private letters to his wife, replete with his weariness of the war, amply dispose of the second accusation. As for Sarah Duchess, in spite of some new and not uninteresting matter from the Blenheim papers, she remains, at the end of the story, much as we have always known her. The old imputations on her honesty and virtue have been long since disproved, and she

still looms from out the past, a woman of great parts marred by excess of "temperament." Had the book been, as at first intended, merely a biography of the Duchess, it would probably not have been worth writing. As it is, it is distinctly worth reading by any one interested in the political history of the times, and in the life and character of the dominant figure in a critical period of the annals of England.

Mr. A. S. Crapsey's book, "The Rise of the Working Class" (Century; $1.30 net), is little more than a translation of Marxian Socialism into that fervid language which enshrines so much of the modern product of uplift and "new thought," although it is but fair to say that this particular specimen is above the average so far as style is concerned. As a statement of this particular *Weltanschauung* "The Rise of the Working Class" will undoubtedly please a good many people who do not already know their Marx and who like to read their economics, their science, their philosophy, and their religion as they run. The author's dogmatic method of treatment, the sweeping grandeur of his generalizations, the entire "modernity" of his point of view (evidenced particularly in the chapters on Working Class Religion and Working Class Morality), and the hortatory tone in which all is expressed should appeal to that part of the public which is intolerant of the sustained mental effort that is necessary in the case of ordinary economic reading.

The attempt of Herbert A. Smith to formulate "The Law of Associations, Corporate and Unincorporate" (Oxford University Press; 6 shillings net) was worth making, albeit the author, at the outset of his task, expresses doubt of its success, and at its close admits his achievement of "only negative results." His attempt is not quite as novel as he fancies it to be. In at least one American law school, a similar venture has been in progress for a number of years. The law of corporations is not dealt with as a body of rules entirely distinct from those making up the law of partnership. On the contrary, the view is maintained, that sound juristic theory requires the development of a law of associations, which shall include every form of group action—every case where two or more persons are associated together for any kind of lawful activity. How successful this venture has proved, the writer cannot say; but he has not discovered any publications by the apostles of this doctrine which have sensibly affected, much less revolutionized, juristic thought. One of the best chapters in this essay is that on Criminal Liability. Only a small section of it is devoted to the criminal liability of partnerships, clubs, or other unincorporated associations, and the results of this part of the discussion are not only negative, but negligible. These group-forms do not commit crimes as groups, and are not indictable as groups. The criminal liability in such cases is that of the individual members of the groups. On the other hand, the corporation may be indicted for criminal misconduct and punished therefor, although its officers and agents may also be answerable individually in criminal proceedings for the corporate misconduct in which they have taken part. Certainly, this chapter contains nothing to sustain the thesis that there is a body of common legal principles governing the various forms of associations. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that any one can rise from the perusal of this essay with the conviction that the law of corporations, the law of partnership, the law of clubs, and the law of domestic relations can be synthesized into a law of associations.

Prof. William M. Sloane's "Party Government in the United States of America" (Harper; $2 net) is, in the main, a translation and revision of the lectures given in German at Berlin and Munich, in 1912-13, while the author held the Roosevelt professorship. The lectures, based frankly upon the works of Johnston, Bryce, and Ford, cover rapidly the constitutional period, and do not show particular excellence in purely historical matters. From the point of view of parties and party development, however, the book is distinctly stimulating, not infrequently exhibiting keen insight and exceptional powers of generalization and interpretation. These latter qualities are most noticeable when the author comes to deal with the period since the Civil War; for while the mere historical narrative, it must be confessed, becomes increasingly a catalogue of events, the broader lines of party activity, the formulation and execution of party policies, the influence of personal leadership, and the frequent contrast between public opinion and party action are as a whole strikingly elucidated. Professor Sloane is refreshingly free from illusions and prepossessions. He touches with equal firmness and courage the weaknesses of Jefferson, the substantial merits of Van Buren, the solid qualities of Cleveland, and the political inconsistencies of Wilson. Yet we cannot help wondering what impression the German audiences which first heard these lectures formed of American politics and American government. Professor Sloane's skilful omission of what is merely local or provincial in our national annals helps the picture as a whole, at the same time that it hardly disguises the fact that, from the European point of view, American parties and party leaders have often been curiously timid and parochial, that legislation has often responded but slowly to public opinion, and that leaders in the Federal sphere have often shown slight conviction of what they wanted to accomplish. Lord Bryce's famous remark that Americans excel other peoples in their skill in making the best of bad conditions tells a good deal of the story, after all. We do not say this in order to disparage Professor Sloane's interesting book, but only to suggest that it is time some equally competent and thoughtful writer, surveying the whole field of our political development, pointed out how American government can perform its great tasks with appreciably more certainty and consistency.

One would have said that it would be impossible at this date to write a book about golf that could make even a pretence to novelty, but Henry Leach has come pretty near doing it in "The Happy Golfer" (Macmillan; $1.75 net). It is an agreeable mélange of story and advice, travel and description. Few can have made pilgrimages to so many distant links as this Englishman. He includes the courses of Italy and Spain, and has played on the most notable ones of the United States. To the latter, indeed, he devotes the major part of his volume. On the whole, he says a good word for American golf. Especially of our clubhouses does he speak with something like envy. He refers to the long railway rides between links in this country, but at one point he must have been misled, or else have got his notes mixed. On the way to Chicago he went into his sleeper after passing Albany, about ten o'clock, and "was just falling into some sort of doze in the small hours of the morning when the train pulled up sharply at a station which I discovered to be Schenectady, where the famous putter that disturbed the peace of two nations was born." That must have been the longest seventeen miles ever travelled.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

When the war is over, constitutional lawyers will have an interesting task in sorting out and annotating the innovations that have been made in British constitutional practice during the emergency. Prof. A. F. Pollard has called attention to one that might otherwise have escaped notice. The Prime Minister has been questioned as to the status of two British peers, the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland, who are also German dukes, and are now in arms against England. He has explained that, since the war began, no "writs of summons" have been issued to these two peers. This has an important bearing on the much-debated question whether a seat in the House of Lords depends technically upon heredity or upon the receipt of a writ of summons. The effect, however, of a series of decisions by the House of Lords itself has been to deprive the Crown of all discretion in the issue of writs to persons entitled to peerages by heredity. Professor Pollard points out that the recovery and exercise of this discretion by the Crown is a matter of some constitutional importance.

For the most grewsome illustrations of what war really means one must turn not to the rhetorical descriptions of special correspondents, but to the matter-of-fact technical reports appearing week by week in such professional organs as the *British Medical Journal*. That paper mentions, for instance, that a London hospital has under treatment cases of mental derangement in officers who have suffered no bodily injury. One acquires a new sense, too, of the effect of modern artillery from accounts of serious results—deafness, dumbness, and nervous troubles—due to the mere concussion of the air when shells explode. From the same source we learn that the infections of wounds in Belgium and northern France are of a character hitherto unknown to British bacteriologists. The soil in these intensively cultivated districts has been thoroughly manured for an untold number of years, and teems with tetanus and other anaërobic organisms. Men stand for hours in trenches dug out of this soil, and get their hands and clothing caked with mud. Consequently the wound and the infection are caused simultaneously, for every missile that hits a man carries it with it millions of anaërobes.

Alessandro D'Ancona, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, and for fifty years professor of Italian literature in the University of Pisa, died on November 8. He was born in Pisa in 1835, and received his early education in Florence; as he himself has said, students of Italian literature at that time had to be their own teachers. He engaged in literary and journalistic work, and took part in the

political movements leading to the war of 1859. In 1860 he became professor at Pisa, and he retained this position until forced by advancing age to resign. His publications, noteworthy no less for their quality than for their number, cover all phases of literary history. Several of them are standard authorities in their field, such as "Le Origini del teatro in Italia" (2d edition, 1891) and "La Poesia popolare italiana" (2d edition, 1905). The memorial volume dedicated to him in 1901 enumerates 724 of his publications; the list would be much longer today. His style is charming, his scholarship both broad and accurate, his criticisms, like those of Gaston Paris, are remarkable both for their learning and for their urbanity. In 1893 he founded the *Rassegna bibliografica della letteratura italiana*, which he edited until 1910, being succeeded by his pupil and colleague, Francesco Flamini. He recently revised and collected many of his important earlier writings, such as "Scritti danteschi," "Studi di letteratura popolare," etc. He was an honorary member of the Modern Language Association of America, and his name is familiar to all students of Italian literature.

JUVENILE BOOKS.—II.

We never quite lose recollection of early enthusiasms, and so it was that we found ourselves rooting among the pile of books on our desk for Douglas B. Armstrong's "The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting" (Stokes). And there was certain juvenile zest left in us for the subject. Here is a manual written from the English standpoint, but none the less significant to the American enthusiast. How stamps are made, how their value is determined, and many other fascinating topics are treated by the author of this fully illustrated book. We remember, too, a once strong desire to be an engineer, and instinctively our hands reach out for "The Wonder Book of Railways" (Stokes). Here again we find an English importation, with graphic pictures of the best-known trains running from London every day, and the system of safety protection in vogue. Here and there are interspersed some appropriate jingles and stories, but generally the text deals specifically with the technical side of the operation of railways.

From good picture books to good pictures is only a step, and at an early age children should be taken to the museums for stories concerning some of the best-known canvases. Mrs. Head's "How to Enjoy Pictures" (Stokes) will interest the older girl and boy who may desire to know something of the life and style of the world's greatest painters. Schools would find a book of this character well suited to advanced classes. Ellison Hawks's "The Boys' Book of Astronomy" (Stokes), historically and technically, appears to be a complete treatise for the young investigator. Each chapter is well illustrated. Another Stokes publication is Royal Dixon's "The Human Side of Plants," which is an investigation into the individual habits of the plant world. In a very readable fashion, the author tells of those plants that sleep, walk, swim, dance; that defend themselves by changing color or attacking. Many pictures adequately illustrate the text.

"Stories from Browning," by Verney Cameron Turnbull (Crowell), is intended "as a grounding for younger readers," who, the author hopes, "will go straight from these tales to the poems on which they are based." Whether they will always recognize the latter is doubtful, in view of the expansion of "Tray's" forty-five lines into ten pages. Mary C. Sturgeon's "Women of the Classics" (Crowell) merits attention for its full-page photogravures from originals by Lord Leighton (Helen, Andromache, Alcestis), Patten Wilson, Gertrude Demain Hammond, and others.

An original conception of the informative narrative is revealed in T. Brailsford Robertson's "The Universe and the Mayonnaise" (Lane). The author begins with the assertion that the universe is indeed like mayonnaise, illustrating in its action just what takes place when oil is dropped into the yolk of egg. Then he proceeds to discuss the world we live in, beginning each chapter in a way to catch the interest of his reader, before settling down to concrete instruction. One may prefer the fount of knowledge undefiled, but Mr. Robertson's treatment is decidedly ingenious. "How Man Conquered Nature," by Minnie J. Reynolds (Macmillan), describes the slow evolution of civilization through the mastering of those agents which nature offers.

Every year books are issued especially for busy little fingers, and such manuals do service most when the day is rainy and children are forced to remain in the house. The nursery shelf will be the richer for the suggestions contained in Patton Beard's "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft" (Stokes). Many will probably remember H. G. Wells's splendid game of War, which was described when there was peace abroad, and time for such sport. The present volume contains directions akin to Wells's, though Boxville is a peaceful village, given over to the arts and crafts of peace. All the fun may be obtained from common shoe-boxes; they may be so cut and so arranged as to furnish the whole space of floor-land with hotels, railway stations, and furniture. The only tool necessary for the enjoyment of Clifford Leon Sherman's "The Dot Book" (Houghton Mifflin) is a very soft pencil, and it does not matter whether you are an artist or not. If you know how to count up to a hundred, then you will find it easy to make straight lines between the various dots scattered through twenty-five pages of a quaint and clever book. Rose O'Neill's "The Kewpie Kutouts" (Stokes) will prove a welcome gift for young children. A sharp pair of scissors must be used to snip out the insert color pages, which contain, not only a complete set of Kewpie characters, fore and aft, but likewise their costumes, for ordinary, party, and garden wear.

A series of stories was begun last year which attempted, in fictional manner, to describe the characteristic customs and ideals of the children of other nations. The volumes added this year are four in number, published by Dutton. Our attention is first drawn to "A Boy in Eirinn," by Padraic Colum, the Irish playwright. There is so much reference to Irish history and folklore that it has been found necessary to place notes at the end of the book. Many legends are interspersed through the text, and there is an Irish play simply written, so that it can be presented by schoolboys. Laura Spencer Portor has written "Genevieve," a story of French school days. We have also Margarethe Müller's "Elsbeth," which portrays home life in Germany, with notes, and poems, and music towards the end, and a sufficient sprinkling of German phrases and verses to give atmosphere. These stories are all peaceful and gentle in spirit, and Florence Converse, the editor of the series, introduces each volume with a species of intimate letter, which gives the setting, and makes the reader appreciate what America may expect of the hopeful immigrant.

"When I Was a Boy in Palestine" (Lothrop) is by Mousa J. Kaleel, and is a first-hand narrative of life and customs in the East. It is one of a series of Children of Other Lands. With the idea that a girl and boy could do no better than spend a vacation in profitable travel, Margaret Williamson started last year taking her hero and heroine through England and Scotland on a personally conducted tour. This year she publishes the account of "John and Betty's Irish History Visit" (Lothrop), with numberless photographs reproduced. The style is of the conversational Baedeker kind, and there are encyclopædic stretches of information.

Next to travels in a strange land come the fairy tales of a strange people. "Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales" (Crowell) have been set down by Dr. Ignacz Kanos, and well illustrated by Willy Pogány. The pictures are excellent, and the format of the book—except for a sharpness of typography—is attractive. We may also mention the charming Pogány Toy Books put forth by Henry Holt & Company at fifty cents. Robinson Crusoe, Red Riding Hood, Hiawatha, The Three Bears, and The Children at the Pole, unfold before the juvenile reader in accordion form with pictures by Willy Pogány on one side and text on the other.

Some very inexpensive and attractive importations bear the imprint of Frederick A. Stokes. They are to be commended, first of all, because of their artistic covers, and then because of their clear, large print. We like also the selections made for the entire set of books grouped under the general title "Stories We Love." What the editor thinks these stories are may be measured by the selections already made. Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" has never been better handled in pictures for young folk than by Charles Robinson, whose color work and line drawings are full of freedom and imagination. We also commend Grimm's "The Ogre with the Three Golden Hairs." In addition there are Mark Lemon's "The Enchanted Doll," Ouida's "Moufflou," which, though containing much of the tenderness of "A Dog of Flanders," does not compare with it in exceptional beauty of treatment, and "Sindbad the Sailor." Stokes also imports a series entitled "In Days of Old," which might appropriately carry the second part of the old song, "when knights were bold." Arthur O. Cooke's "Stories of Rome" should appeal to the boy even before he has begun to study Latin, and should whet his appetite for Roman history. Henry Gilbert, with the old ballads ringing in his ears, and fitly accompanied by the brilliantly colored brush of Walter Crane, has retold the story of "Robin Hood and His Merry Men." Dorothy King does good service for the "Stories of Scotland," and in similar graphic manner Mr. Cooke has fictionized significant stories in the history of France.

Two volumes representative of opposite types of nature-books are before us. The first is by C. H. Claudy, and is called "Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals" (McBride).

Evidently the author of the "Tell-Me-Why" books agrees with the method, even though he has not the art displayed by Kipling in his "Just-So Stories." More nearly in accord with the legitimate style of nature-work is Jean M. Thompson's "Wild Kindred of Fur, Feather, and Fin" (Wilde), but there is a tendency on the part of the author to slip into the reminiscent style of Charles G. D. Roberts and W. J. Long. The chief complaint lodged against this style is that it is not strictly accurate. But we contend that for children such books instil a feeling for nature which is not to be found in the regulation natural history or botany. In her usual manner, Margaret W. Morley adds to her already goodly list of nature books "Will o' the Wasp" (McClurg), which, though it does not vie with Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," will at least give the young reader some definite ideas regarding the habits and mining qualities of these strange little insects. The style is conversational, almost as tiresome to the grown-up reviewer as it must be to the child.

Two annuals are sent us for review. There is "Stokes's Wonder Book," with the usual medley of pictures, prose, and verse, and there is "Dutton's Holiday Annual," of the same pattern and nondescriptness. We have had better editions of "Old-Time Nursery Rhymes" (Dutton), and, though we recognize the excellent touch of Gordon Robinson in the line drawings, their daintiness has somehow been spoiled by the manner of their reproduction. We welcome a modern poet for children in the person of Abbie Farwell Browne. Her "Songs of Sixpence" (Houghton) is a charming volume, with many felicitous expressions of childhood.

Still for the younger children, one of the notable issues is "The Jessie Willcox Smith Mother Goose" (Dodd, Mead), boasting three hundred more rhymes than have ever been put into one of these collections before and illustrated with many pictures in color and still more in black and white. Older readers will be interested in the historical introduction and in the comparatively small section containing all the rhymes that appeared in the first known edition of "Mother Goose." Other rhyming books are "My 1, 2, 3 Book" (Dutton), which is intended to familiarize its little readers with some of the mysteries of numbers below 12; "The Which Book," by David Cory (Platt & Peck), designed to impress the advantages of cheerfulness; "Fairy Surprise Pictures" (Dutton), with verses by L. L. Weedon, and "Let's Go to the Zoo!" (Duffield), written and illustrated by Grace G. Drayton. In prose are David Cory's "Mother Nature's Cheerful Children" (Platt & Peck), in which plants and birds talk; Lady Moreton's adaptation from the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma's "Perez, the Mouse" (John Lane; 35 cents), with noteworthy illustrations in color by George Howard Vyse, a dainty little volume; Martha Strong Turner's "Strange Playmates," with illustrations by Grace Quackenbush (Duffield), and Mary A. Hay's "The Peggy and Pussy Book," with amusing pictures (Duffield). Richard Waylett's verses in "A Box of Crackers," "Mixed Pickles," and "A Basket of Plums" (Dutton) are often intended for more highly sophisticated intelligences than those of children, but the latter will enjoy some of them and the pictures by Lawson Wood, John Hassall, and others. From the Page Company, of Boston, we have "The Island of Make-Believe," by Blanche Elizabeth Wade. The book is avowedly for little tots, as both the text and the illustrations, some of them in color, make sufficiently clear. But it is full of the "let's pretend" fancy which all children like to indulge.

There are one or two little books that tell pleasant Christmas tales, like "The Blossoming Rod," by Mary Stewart Cutting (Doubleday). The Revells have issued Winifred Arnold's "Little Merry Christmas," which narrates what a small heroine did to soften the heart of a regular hard, New England uncle, who was seemingly flint in make-up, and aloof from his neighbors. For almost-grown and for full-grown readers, some Yuletide pleasure may be obtained from two stories by Leona Dalrymple, entitled "Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration" and "Uncle Noah's Christmas Party." Both of them are issued by McBride.

But literally and literarily speaking, we fear that the old-fashioned Christmas has disappeared from juvenile literature. *St. Nicholas Magazine* generally has a special cover design for the holiday season, and there is snow upon it, and a few sleighs and sleigh-bells somewhere in the picture. But in most cases we get only a sprig of holly. Where are the song books that publishers used to bring out; the carols? This is the first year in a long while that we have failed to get Dickens's classic "Tiny Tim" in some form. A faint idea of what we should like to see is gleaned from a dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (Houghton), with stage directions for the amateur. The school looking for something to present at the Christmas celebration could do no better than examine this little play.

Science

The distinguished author of "Artificial Parthenogenesis and Fertilization" (University of Chicago Press; $2.50 net) has been an important figure among the group of men and women whose work has given to America a leading place in the field of experimental biology. Prof. Jacques Loeb is a prolific and original investigator, but probably his most striking contribution is the discovery of methods of producing artificial parthenogenesis, that is to say, of causing the eggs of certain animals to develop without fertilization by the sperm. In bisexual animals, the egg-cell of the female after maturation, leaving aside some special cases, is not capable of further development unless it unites with the sperm-cell of the male, a union that is designated as fertilization—in fact, as Loeb emphasizes in this book, the unfertilized ovum is destined to undergo a somewhat speedy natural death. On the contrary, if fertilization takes place, the egg begins to multiply by segmentation, and step by step, or, rather, cell by cell, to build up an animal organism similar to that of the parents. The act of fertilization induces a profound change in the processes within the egg, and it may be easily understood that since this fact was known biologists have regarded it as one of the fundamental phenomena which their science must hope to explain. What Loeb has accomplished is to prove that the egg-cell when treated by certain simple physico-chemical procedures, acts as though it had been fertilized. Instead of dying, it goes on developing along the path that is normal to it.

The most successful of Loeb's methods of artificial fertilization consists in treating the eggs, first, with a fatty acid (*e. g.*, butyric acid), and, subsequently, with a strong (hypertonic) salt solution. The first treatment leads to the formation of a fertilization membrane round the egg, and thereby starts its development, while the second treatment supplies a corrective factor that prevents the disintegration of the egg. Although the mode of action of these solutions remains a matter for speculation and experiment, the possibility of artificial fertilization is a matter of prime importance to the biologist, because it transfers the process from its former mysterious surroundings to the clearer and simpler condition of a physico-chemical reaction that may be studied and modified by precise experimental procedures. The book under review describes the steps and reasoning by which the author was led to this discovery. His account is not written for the general reader, but for his fellow-scientists, and even they may find it difficult at times to follow the thread of the story. This latter difficulty is perhaps due more to a defect in presentation than to any intrinsic complexity in the methods used, for it must be admitted that the author has not an especially attractive style. To the specialist this lack will be a matter of small importance, for the book contains the solid substance of many years' laborious and successful work.

In contrast to the attention given to martial instruction and discipline, little heed has been taken by military administration of the preservation, rather than the restoration, of the health of troops in garrison and in the field. Now, however, it is recognized that muskets are better than muster-rolls as a measure of force, and that the sick-list, the morbidity, of a command is an important limitation to the efficiency of an army; and the prevention of disease, the hygiene of war and that of peace as preliminary thereto, is formally taught with gradually increasing particularity and stress. Lieut.-Col. Frank R. Keefer, of the Medical Corps of the army, whose detail to the professorship of military hygiene at West Point has very recently expired under the regulation governing such assignments, has put forth an admirable presentation of the subject ("A Textbook of Military Hygiene and Sanitation." Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.; $1.50 net). This is a common-sense and very practical explanation of what should and what should not be done by officers and men under them, in order to promote military efficiency. The whole text is good, very good, when its scope is borne in mind, the chapters on Disposal of Wastes, Tropical Service, and Alcohol and Other Narcotics in particular. The soldier, after all, is an able-bodied laborer marked out for a special service. The fundamental conditions that influence his health are identical with those that affect other communities of workers. Hence the necessity of teaching him physiological laws. Next to the cadets, for whom it has been prepared, this little book should be most valuable to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the National Guard, who may develop into volunteers. It is the latest, the most easily understood, and the most practical of treatises on the care of troops, the essence of military hygiene. Ignorance in officers and unconcern by men towards these inconspicuous essentials put

volunteers, equally brave, and frequently on a higher intellectual and social plane, in a different class from regulars. Drill is the beginning, not the end. The officer's watchful oversight should regulate the soldier's daily life, until he recognizes the dignity and value of intelligent self-control. The recruit, boasting that he enlisted to fight and recalcitrant towards any duty not with arms, is the unit of a mob, not of an army. The more that information like this is absorbed by the people, the sooner will the sciolistic pacifist understand that a man in uniform with a gun is not necessarily a soldier, capable to suppress disorder or repel attack.

Unquestionable as is the value of this work, it has superficial blemishes that might be eliminated. Thus, on pp. 74, 76, biological discoveries of great clinical value are truly attributed to a British and a French army medical officer. Why should not Ronald Ross and Alphonse Laveran be designated by name? On p. 68, Almroth Wright is not, as it seems he might be, noted as the pioneer in the study of the "antibodies," so important in the prevention of typhoid fever. Such names deserve to be drawn out of the ruck. In that connection, without being a purist, one still may take exception to "vaccinate" and "vaccination" as describing the means of prevention of other diseases than smallpox. It is true that abundant precedent may be found in the writings of "scientists" who have small regard for etymology; but the cow, a legitimate sponsor for true vaccination, should not be credited with the whole range of preventive inoculation. A proofreader's neglect makes "Wylie" (p. 261) do duty for Wiley, but the author himself seems to have overlooked the specific effect on the nervous system, above the overcharge of alcohol, in the malignant absinthe (p. 261). These and other minor matters, omissions as a rule, may well be forgiven as venial in this first edition.

"The Mason-Bees" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), by J. Henri Fabre, is a selection of chapters from the "Souvenirs entomologiques," especially from the early part. Together with a projected volume on "The Bramble-Bees and Others," it will form an extended study of the wild bee. One of the most effective chapters is that entitled Reflections Upon Insect Psychology, in which Fabre arrives at the usual conservative conclusion in the reason-versus-instinct controversy. Much of the book deals with tirelessly pursued field experiments. If the reader does not follow the discussion carefully, he is soon hopelessly lost; if he does, he is indeed fascinated. M. Fabre's gracious, nimble style is precisely the medium demanded by the subject. Here is the mason-bee just returned home: "Over waving corn, over fields all pink with sainfoin, she has covered the two miles and a half and here she is, back at the nest, after foraging on the way, for the doughty creature arrives with her abdomen yellow with pollen." She discovers a strange bee in her nest: "What's this? I'll teach you!" A desperate chase ensues, and the interloper is finally vanquished. "Reversing the savage Prussian maxim, 'Might is right,' among the Mason-bees right is might, for there is no other explanation of the invariable retreat of the usurper, whose strength is not a whit inferior to that of the real owner." The translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, has maintained the high standard set in the previous volumes. The proofreading, however, is defective.

Drama and Music

"AT THE BARN."

The second piece in Miss Marie Tempest's répertoire of plays, which was produced last week at the Comedy Theatre, is a pleasant and amusing little light comedy, admirably presented, but without any of the structural excellence which distinguished its predecessor, "Mary Goes First." The author, Anthony P. Wharton, somewhat disarms criticism on the ground of the absolute unreality of the initial idea of his play by describing it as "'an idyll." Certainly the situation in "At the Barn" makes somewhat violent demands on credulity. Into the masculine peace of a country house, where three men are living a decorous bachelor existence, intrudes a feminine creature of infinite charm. A theatrical lady, she has been motoring with an angelic peer—angelic in the theatrical sense; the motor has broken down and the lady, being exceedingly tired of her lord's society, wanders away to "The Barn," and, liking her surroundings, decides to stay there. In the course of the play it develops that her connection with the peer is the result of a bargain struck some time ago; the peer, through his wealth and influence, was to give her the opportunity on the stage that her talents deserved, and she, after he had fulfilled his part of the compact, was to pay the price. When the play opens she has had her opportunity and made good use of it, but as the time for payment approaches she finds herself regretting the bargain. Accordingly, to think things over, she decides to stay for three weeks with the defenceless bachelors upon whom she has unceremoniously descended. The obvious solution is reached in an honorable attachment between herself and her host, the owner of "The Barn."

After starting with an utterly unreal situation, it must be said that the author has done his best to make it appear as little preposterous as possible. The situations are cleverly conceived and the dialogue is vivacious. As interpreted by Miss Marie Tempest and an exceedingly competent company, the piece is decidedly entertaining. The rôle of Molly Blair affords Miss Tempest the opportunity of displaying a greater variety of mood than did the Mary in "Mary Goes First." In particular, the part gives occasion for one really notable piece of acting. That is at the end of the first act, where Molly sits alone at a tea-table, the bachelors having refused tea and denied themselves her company. For fully two minutes of silence before the curtain goes down Miss Tempest is divided between the attractions of the cake she holds in her hand and the impulse to dissolve into tears. The latter finally wins, as the curtain descends, but in the meanwhile the audience has seen a pantomimic study which in its own way is unsurpassed.

The general performance was smoother than in "Mary Goes First," possibly because the type of comedy required a less subtle understanding. Excellent impersonations were given by Franklin Dyall and Guy Newall as James B. Crane and William Lewis, two of the bachelors, the performance of the former in particular standing out as a sympathetic and well-studied characterization. The Kenneth Maxwell of A. E. Anson was an interesting but somewhat elusive performance. Intellectually, it appeared irreproachable, and Mr. Anson's finished technique is as rare in these days as it is delightful; but the performance lacked warmth, and failed to convey to the audience the conviction, which was essential, that Maxwell throughout was unwillingly falling in love with the pert intruder on his peace. W. Graham Browne brought out nicely the conflicting elements in the character of Lord Clonbarry, and Herbert Ross's Knowles was a good study of the butler in the bachelor ménage. The play is well produced, but the sets, particularly in the garden scene, are somewhat too large for the small stage of the theatre, and the effect is crowded.

S. W.

"SO MUCH FOR SO MUCH."

Willard Mack, in this play, which was produced at H. H. Frazee's Longacre Theatre on Friday of last week, has written an unpretentious little study of life which, judging from the reception accorded to it, should meet with no little success. It is essentially an actor's play—one might fairly call it, in no derogatory sense, theatrical—dependent upon situation rather than upon either dialogue or character. Whatever success it may enjoy will be attributable, first, to the sincerity with which the author has attempted to present on the stage, as it were, a corner of life, and, secondly, to the excellence of the cast which presents it, and particularly to the easy, unexaggerated, and absolutely faithful impersonation of a stenographer given by Miss Marjorie Rambeau.

The plot concerns the temptations which we all know are offered to girls earning their own living by a certain class of employer. That is a commonplace theme and one that has been used much too frequently. As developed by Mr. Mack, however, it is lifted out of the commonplace by the introduction of another idea of more universal implication. This, too, is an old friend, but not a commonplace one, for it is nothing less than the Greek ὕβρις and its attendant nemesis. The real point of the play is not that a working girl is subjected to temptations, but that a girl is in most danger of being overborne by them when she thinks that experience has taught her how to cope with them and that she is the equal of any situation. This idea is developed by the author, without great subtlety, but with considerable theatrical ingenuity, in tracing the relations between Mary Brennan, the hubristic young stenographer, and her employer, William Steadman. The latter is sufficiently acute to win the confidence of his worldly wise stenographer by a succession of apparently platonic courtesies and attentions, for which no return is asked. Of course, in the end, it turns out that he is like all the rest, but more patient and more subtle. The dénouement is revealed in the apartment of this subtle rogue, whither he has inveigled the girl into coming, under pretext of an attack of rheumatism and pressing business. The introduction of the girl's discarded fiancé (excellently played by Mr. Mack himself) at the opportune moment, and the complete unmasking of the rascal Steadman, is patent theatrical trickery, but it cannot be called illegitimate. A defect of the play is the abnormally lengthy exposition of the situation, which occupies a good part of the first act, and which might with advantage be cut in half. Interest begins at the moment of Miss Rambeau's entry and is sustained whenever she is on the stage.

S. W.

"POLYGAMY."

It would be hard for one not a direct observer of the life to say how accurately Mormon conditions are set forth in "Polygamy," now running at The Playhouse. For the mere critic the action and characters of the drama are manipulated plausibly enough. The authors, Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, who achieved some success last season with "The Dummy," have selected a bit of American life which not only is picturesque, but has tragic significance. This of itself would speak well for the choice of material. But in making the play revolve around the suffering of a young devoted wife and mother, whose husband has been commanded by the Prophet to take unto himself another woman, the authors have penetrated to the centre of the emotional situation. That the husband, who shares her aversion to polygamy, contrives to escape from the consummation of the second union saves the play from actual tragedy; but tragic, too tragic in potentialities, it is from beginning to end. And therein, to our mind, lies its defect. If the "big scene," in which the first wife swoons at the bedroom door of wife the second, had been relieved by scenes of much lighter content, it might have affected the audience powerfully. But, owing to the activities of an apostate brother, who refuses to be a hypocrite, the steam-roller of Mormonism is early set to work, with the result that each act is filled with sobbing, and that the sensibility of the audience has at the end become sated.

The construction of the play, except in the sense that the "big scene" is clearly led up to, is thus not at all skilful. Part of this deficiency would be concealed, however, if there were any characters that stood out as individuals. But personal touches appear to be beyond the authors' power. The character-drawing, though not inconsistent with the framework of the theme, lacks all distinction; and it is clear that the considerable interest which the play aroused in the audience came chiefly from the sheer visualization of significant conditions, shrewdly selected.

Miss Chrystal Herne gave a satisfactory performance of the first wife, and she was well supported by William B. Mack as the brother, Ramsey Wallace as the husband, and Howard Kyle as the Prophet, who to the layman certainly looked the part.

F.

"SIGNOR PERUGINI."

The death of John Chatterton, better known by his professional name, Signor Perugini, will recall to the elder generation of playgoers a performer with as strange, eventful a history as that told in the Forest of Arden. His first public appearance was as the prize-winner in Barnum's original baby-show. That success seemed to mark him for the stage, and, having a remarkably slender frame and a gift for dancing, he donned, as a young man, the short, spangled skirts of the ballet of that period, and capered and pirouetted as a première for the delectation of the gilded youth of New York for a whole season. They showered him with flowers and jewels and love letters till his friends feared his arrest for fraud, and persuaded him to send a note to one of his most intense adorers, conveying by indirection a hint of the truth. It was this adventure which, told at a New York dinner-table one evening in the seventies, so delighted John Hay and Thomas Bailey Aldrich that each undertook to write a short story with that as a theme. The two authors had a friendly race to see who could reach the public first with his version, and both stories appeared simultaneously, one in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the other in the *Galaxy*. The hero's identity was, of course, carefully disguised, and only a small circle of readers suspected it.

Some kind patron, having discovered that Perugini had in him the making of a singer, sent him abroad for a musical education, and he appeared as a tenor in several operas without much success, but, chancing to join one minor troupe in which the prima donna was suffering from a throat trouble which sometimes attacked her in the midst of a performance, he became her understudy, and repeatedly deceived her not over-critical audiences into believing that they were listening to her, when she was merely going through the business of her part and he was supplying her missing voice from the wings. His last noteworthy effort as an actor was made as Chorus in the ingenious Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket."

VICTOR HERBERT'S "THE DEBUTANTE."

It would be interesting to know how many —or how few—operettas, or musical comedies, have been produced in this country without the aid of Harry B. Smith as the librettist, or one of the librettists. His name, together with that of Robert B. Smith, appeared, as a matter of course, on the playbill at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday night, when Victor Herbert's "The Débutante" had its first metropolitan hearing. It cannot be said that they produced a masterwork, either in the matter of plot or of dialogue.

No one but Victor Herbert could have built a successful operetta on so slender a basis, but he has done it. "The Débutante" has been on a prosperous tour for several months, and has been so thoroughly rehearsed in consequence that it went, at the Knickerbocker, with a swing that resulted in a great deal of applause—too much, in fact, for nearly every one of the twenty numbers was redemanded from three to five times. Not a few of these numbers are not of the best Mr. Herbert has composed, but there are several gems, conspicuous among which are a deliciously Irish song entitled "Peggy's a Creature of Moods," and a pretty waltz, "The Love of the Lorelei," both of which are sure to become drawing-room favorites. There is another song, "The Golden Age," which has one of those ravishing orchestral accompaniments for which Victor Herbert is famous. Indeed, throughout the score one feels the genius of the composer of "Natoma," who has to restrain himself not to write above the heads of operetta audiences. At the end, the composer has some fun at the expense of the Futurist or Cubist composers, by letting the orchestra indulge in pranks. There is also an effective violoncello solo played by one of the characters on the stage —a solo which recalls the fact that for some years Mr. Herbert was leading violoncellist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in New York. The new operetta gave Hazel Dawn an opportunity of making a successful début as a star.

H. T. F.

Finance

RE-ESTABLISHING INVESTMENT MARKETS.

After eight days of open trading in bonds on the Stock Exchange, subject only to the provision that sales should not be made below a stipulated minimum price, the Exchange announced last Monday that, at the end of the present week, trading in stocks would also be resumed. This is a much more decided forward step. The committee of the Stock Exchange had hesitated to try the experiment with shares, even while reopening the bond market; their reasons being, first, that the price of bonds, with their yield to the investor fixed, could be determined by permanent intrinsic value, as the price of stocks could not, and, next, that foreign holdings of our stocks are usually quicker to be sold in a liquidating movement than are the holdings of our bonds.

The main ground for the decision to resume open trading in stocks was the visible result of the experiment with bonds. When the bond market reopened, on November 28, three possibilities existed. There might have been no purchases, which would have proved that investors were not willing to buy except at prices below the arbitrary minimum. Or prices might have advanced above that minimum and then have been beaten down to it again—showing that heavy liquidating orders overhung the market. Or prices, having opened at or above the stipulated minimum level, might have advanced continuously and maintained their gains.

This third possibility was what came to pass in the week of open trading. Practically all bonds opened above the official minimum price; most of them gradually moved up to a level a point or more above their opening figures; some of them rose four or five per cent. All this occurred on undoubted investment buying, and with transactions ranging from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 daily. In the meantime, a very restricted market for stocks, not conducted openly on the floor of the Exchange, but privately, under the direct control of the committee, had presented the rather surprising picture of a very large proportion of the active shares selling at higher prices than they brought on July 30, just before the Stock Exchange closed its doors.

Under such circumstances, it was clearly time to extend the facilities for open trading in all classes of investment issues. It was recognized by observant financiers to be from every point of view desirable that the Stock Exchange should extend its present tentative arrangements, as soon as was reasonably warranted, to the status of a free and open market. Naturally, this does not mean that unrestricted trading ought immediately to be adopted, and "minimum prices" abandoned. The Stock Exchange authorities and the financial community are still testing the actual character of a com-

plicated financial situation, whose outcome in relation to the markets, whether immediate or ultimate, is marked out by no clear precedent in financial history.

That test has not yet been long enough pursued to establish positive conclusions. But the very purpose which inspires it infers that the testing process must be progressive, and must move forward step by step in the direction of normal conditions of investment trading. The one unquestionable fact is that, sooner or later, an unrestricted open market must be restored. If extensive European liquidation of American securities is inevitable, we shall sooner or later have to meet it. Indeed, there is some force in the argument that, in so far as absorption of foreign capital in the war loans is bound to be an influence on such realizing sales, it may be better to accept the situation in the earlier rather than the later stages of the long-term borrowing by the European Powers.

All this the Stock Exchange authorities unquestionably recognize, and it is now apparent that they are taking successive forward steps with such general facts in view. The time and manner in which each successive action in this direction will be taken must in the nature of things depend on the result of the preceding extension of facilities. Thus far, it is agreed on all hands that the preliminary test which began on November 28 has thrown most encouraging light on the general position of affairs. Whatever reservation of judgment may be made, in view of the restrictions on permitted prices, the salient fact remains that the bond market has been unquestionably strong, that a very respectable volume of genuine investment buying has been witnessed daily, and that neither in bonds nor stocks has there been any evidence of a tendency to press on the minimum price level.

These reassuring facts are naturally ascribed in Wall Street to such other visible evidence of return to normal as the extinction of the loan certificates and the rapid retirement of emergency banknote issues. Yet such unofficial trading as has occurred, even at London, has lately presented similar signs of cheerfulness, and it is not unreasonable to ask whether the week's security markets have not also been reflecting a more favorable view of the situation in the war itself.

It will not have been forgotten how in August, even with the Stock Exchange shut down completely, all other markets whose action could reflect the inferences from the course of the campaign moved adversely during the German advance on Paris. The adverse movement at that time of foreign exchange, for instance, was admitted by every one to mean that the German advance foreshadowed very prolonged and stubborn war. The retreat of the German armies from the Marne was similarly accompanied by an immediate turn in foreign exchange rate in the direction of a normal basis, as well as by a fall in wheat. It is not by any means impossible that the developments on the recent market for securities may have reflected inferences, from the recent military news, that events such as would promise shortening of the war are now in progress.

A rather prevalent Wall Street theory, that the fortunes of the investment market will depend on the nature of the Interstate Commerce Commission's forthcoming rate decision, must be judged in the light of these other facts. The feeling as to that decision is entirely natural. There are certainly, in the existing situation, very strong reasons for the granting of higher rates, both to offset the difficulties of the market for new securities, and to avert, so far as possible, such unfavorable judgment of our railways' earning power as might tend, at this critical juncture, to stimulate foreign realizing or discourage fresh home investment. Reasonable concessions would do much to emphasize the present drift towards real financial hopefulness. But the larger influences, unfolding on the Continent of Europe, will remain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bazin, René. Those of His Own Household. Devin-Adair Company.
Carroll, P. J. Round About Home. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria. $1 net.
Gibbs, Philip. Beauty and Nick. Devin-Adair Co. $1.35 net.
Gray, Phœbe. Little Sir Galahad. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Hamilton, Helen. My Husband Still. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hobson, H. M. The Comrade of Navarre. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.
Houston, M. B. The Little Straw Wife. The H. K. Fly Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bentwich, Norman. Josephus. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Connolly, Louise. The Educational Value of Museums. Newark: Museum Association.
Neal, Robert W. Short Stories in the Making. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Speech-Spring. (Vol. LX.) Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Oxford University Press. $1.25.
O'Malley, A. Keystones of Thought. Devin-Adair Co.
Parsons, E. C. Fear and Conventionality. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Routledge's New English Dictionary. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Stratton, Mary. Bruges. Scribner.
Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels. Edited by E. K. Robinson. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Underwood, J. C. Literature and Insurgency. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Year Book of the Viking Society for Northern Research, University of London, 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bosanquet, Helen. Social Work in London. Dutton. $3 net.
Carre, H. B. Paul's Doctrine of Redemption. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Clark, Henry W. Liberal Orthodoxy. Scribner.
Cobb, Rev. W. F. Spiritual Healing. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Barron, C. W. The Federal Reserve Act. Mass. Boston News Bureau Co.
Tittoni, Senator Tommaso. Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Williams, J. F. Proportional Representation and British Politics. Duffield.
Willis, Bailey (Director). Northern Patagonia: Character and Resources. Ministry of Public Works, Argentine Republic. Vol I. Text and Maps. Scribner.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Benjamin, S. G. W. The Life and Adventures of a Free Lance. Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Co.
Small, W. H. Early New England Schools. Boston: Ginn. $2 net.
Smith, A. Dreamthorp. Pocket Edition. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Stoddard, T. L. The French Revolution in San Domingo. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
The Kaiser. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
The Real Kaiser. Anonymous. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
The Training of a Sovereign. Edited by Viscount Esher. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.

TRAVEL.

An Official Guide to Eastern Asia. Vols. I, II, and III. Prepared by the Imperial Japanese Government Railways. Yokohama, Japan: Messrs. Kelly & Walsh.
Barrett, M. Rambles in Catholic Lands. Benziger Brothers. $2 net.
Esquemeling, J. The Buccaneers of America. Stokes. $2 net.
Fraser, Mrs. H., and H. C. Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

POETRY.

Bowman, J. C. The Gift of White Roses. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Foley, James W. Tales of the Trail. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Kauffman, R. W. Little Old Belgium. Philadelphia: H. Altemus Co. 50 cents net.
MacKaye, Percy. The Present Hour. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Malone, Walter. Hernando De Soto. Putnam. $5 net.
Stott, R. G. The Man Sings. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1 net.
Tainter, L. M. A Caravel of Dreams. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Hornaday, W. Wild Life Conservation in Theory and Practice. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Hunter, G. W. A Civic Biology. American Book Company.
Jacoby, G. Q. Child Training as an Exact Science. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Reeves, Edith. Care and Education of Crippled Children in the United States. Survey Associates, Inc. $2.
Van Kleeck, Mary. Working Girls in Evening Schools. Russell Sage Foundation. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50 net.
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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

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Carman, B., and King, M. P. Earth Deities. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Hagedorn, Hermann. Makers of Madness. Macmillan. $1 net.
Howe, M. A. DeW. The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

ART.

Die Bronzen der Sammlung Loeb. Herausgegeben von Johannes Sieveking. Munich, Germany.
Some French Cathedrals. The Times Series. Dutton. 50 cents net.
Thiis, Jens. Leonardo Da Vinci. Boston: Small, Mayard & Co. $12 net.
Valentiner, W. R. The Art of the Low Countries. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

JUVENILE.

Banks, H. W. The Boy's Motley. Stokes.
Beard, A. B. The Beard Animals. Stokes. $1 net.
Lang, A. The All Sorts of Stories Book. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Land, A. The Crimson Fairy Book. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Mille, William C. de. The Forest King. Doran. $2 net.

Warren, C. F. Little Chick Chickadee. Philadelphia: David McKay. 75 cents net.
Wooley, L. T. Faith Palmer in New York. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bazin, R. Le Blé qui Lève. Holt.
Fowler, F. E. Smithsonian Physical Tables. Sixth revised edition. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Snyder, W. H. First Year Science. Allyn & Bacon.
Vos, B. J. Grundzüge der deutschen Grammatik. Holt.
Wayland, John W. How to Teach American History. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Wildenbruch, Ernest von. Das edle Blut. Edited by A. K. Hardy. Holt.
Wright, Joseph and E. M. Old English Grammar. Second edition. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

Summary of the News

There occurred last week one of those "unforeseen incidents" which, it has been suggested, might arise to force Italy to abandon her attitude of neutrality. The incident, in point of fact, occurred on November 11, but the details were only fully known to the Italian Foreign Office on December 3, and were not made public until Friday of last week. It appears that on the first-named date an effort was made by the Turkish authorities at Hodeida, a seaport of Arabia on the Red Sea, to arrest the British Consul-General, G. A. Richardson, at his house. Mr. Richardson, however, escaped to the Italian Consulate, which was thereupon invaded by the Turks. The British Consul was arrested and spirited away to an unknown destination, and the Italian Consulate was surrounded by an armed guard, the Consul being kept virtually a prisoner until the arrival of an Italian coast-guard vessel on December 3. Baron Sonnino, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced in the Chamber on Friday that Italy had demanded of Turkey the immediate release of the British Consul and his conveyance unharmed to the Italian Consulate at Hodeida; a formal apology for the violation of the Consulate, and indemnity for the wounding of an Italian subject in the course of the affair. In default of receiving satisfaction on these points, Italy will consider that the Turkish Government approves of the violence committed by the authorities at Hodeida. To give weight to the demand, the Italian armored cruiser Marco Polo has been dispatched to Hodeida. On account of the interruption of communications, it is believed that nothing is known of the affair at Constantinople, and it is thought probable that Turkey will yield to the Italian demands.

There have been no further developments in the situation in the Balkans. Reports of a rapprochement between Servia and Bulgaria, under the auspices of Rumania, have been renewed but not confirmed. A remarkably succinct analysis of the situation as it affects Bulgaria was given by M. Panaretoff, first Bulgarian Minister to the United States, in an interview published in the New York *Evening Post* on December 11. There is naturally a strong anti-Servian feeling in Bulgaria, but even so, according to M. Panaretoff, a rapprochement with Servia might be welcomed, even to the extent of armed co-operation against Austria, if it carried with it the cession of certain territory taken from Bulgaria after the last war. In Rumania public sentiment appears to be growing in favor of intervention on the side of the Allies. To the voice of M. Jonesco, Minister of the Interior, who has steadily urged participation in the war, has been added that of M. Filipesco, leader of the Conservative party, who, according to a dispatch from Bucharest to the Paris *Temps*, declared in an interview recently that Rumania would "soon abandon neutrality for more active sympathy with the Allies." Rumania, he added, was waiting upon Bulgarian intentions; "directly we are assured on this point—which I predict will be soon—Rumania will begin participation unreservedly."

The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriations bill was reported to the House on Monday. The bill provides for an appropriation of $38,744,753. From the estimates submitted by the various departments the Appropriations Committee cut off nearly $2,000,000.

Action taken by the Democratic caucus of the Senate on December 12 virtually insures a vote at this session on the Immigration bill. The Philippines bill and the Ship Purchase bill will also be considered.

The House Committee on Rules on December 12 reported a resolution to bring the national prohibition amendment and the woman suffrage amendment to a vote within two weeks. The proposed prohibition amendment is to be taken up on December 22, and the suffrage amendment will be considered after the settlement of the issue on prohibition.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in his annual report to Congress on December 9, outlined the steps taken by the Treasury Department to restore confidence and support American business in the crisis occasioned by the war. Comment on the report will be found in our editorial columns.

The annual report to Congress of Postmaster-General Burleson was published on December 13. The feature of the report that arouses most comment and criticism is the recommendation that the Government should take over both the telegraph and the telephone companies.

Col. Goethals last week made a request that two torpedo-boat destroyers be sent to the waters of the Canal Zone to prevent violations of neutrality by the misuse of the wireless and the taking on of supplies by belligerent vessels. Owing to the confidential nature of Col. Goethals's dispatch, the contents of it have not been made public. The matter, as we write, is under the consideration of the various departments in Washington involved.

The reopening of the Stock Exchange for trading in stocks on Saturday of last week was unattended by any sign of collapse of the market as a result of liquidation of foreign securities. On the contrary, most stocks showed an advance over the prices of July 30, when the Exchange was closed. At the reopening on Saturday fixed minimum prices were set, and trading was limited to certain issues. On Tuesday, however, in view of the success of the reopening, trading was resumed in all listed stocks.

Headed by Senator Hitchcock, a movement that has assumed some proportions has been started in Congress for the introduction of legislation to prohibit the shipment of munitions of war to any of the belligerent countries. Senator Hitchcock has also introduced a bill making it a violation of neutrality for any firm or corporation to lend money directly or indirectly to any of the belligerents. This movement, if it is allowed to proceed, appears calculated to cause some embarrassment to the Administration. For the President to exercise his personal influence on individuals to prevent the shipment of munitions of war to belligerents is one thing; to pass legislation when a state of war already exists that would totally change the internationally accepted understanding of the rights and prerogatives of neutral nations, would be another and a very different matter. It has even been suggested that such legislation, as tending to annul the advantage legitimately gained in the process of warfare by one belligerent over another, would involve in itself an actual breach of neutrality.

A meeting of the French Cabinet was held at the Elysée on December 11, for the first time since the Government withdrew to Bordeaux on September 3.

To succeed the Ministry of Senhor Machado, which, as we recorded last week, resigned on December 5, a Democratic Cabinet has been formed in Portugal by Senhor Azevedo Coutinho.

An official statement was given out by Gen. Louis Botha on December 10 to the effect that the rebellion in South Africa was virtually at an end, only one rebel leader of any consequence, Col. Maritz, who has escaped to German Southwest Africa, remaining uncaptured. Gen. Botha added that the next duty of the South African people and Government was to "make it impossible for German Southwest Africa again to be used as a base from which to threaten the peace and liberties of the Union."

Many speculations have been heard as to the possibility of the existence in Germany, unheard through the muzzle of the censorship, of a peace party. Some confirmation, which, however, should not be unduly emphasized, appears to have been lent to such a suggestion by the refusal of Dr. Liebknecht to vote in favor of the war budget and by the terms of the motion which he handed to the President of the Reichstag on that occasion and which the President refused to put to a vote. The motion denounced the war and the breach of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, and demanded the conclusion of a speedy peace without conquest. Dispatches from Copenhagen also state that a carefully conducted anti-war agitation is going on among a certain section of the Socialists, and that some members of the party, like Dr. Liebknecht and Frau Rosa Luxemburg, have been remarkably outspoken in their condemnation. The fact that these leaders have not been arrested, it is suggested, indicates that the movement is so formidable that the Government shrinks from the consequences of punishing them.

The deaths of the week include: William Woodville Rockhill, December 8; Congressman Sereno E. Payne, Joseph Smith, December 10; Rear-Admiral Eugene W. Watson, December 11; Major-Gen. Sir Edward G. Brabant, December 12; Dr. Charles Périer, December 13; Giovanni Sgambati, Katherine M. Cohen, December 14.

The Week

The call for an organization actively to combat the present craze for armaments, and to work along the lines of the President's message to preserve the moral prestige of the United States that it may lead the world in the direction of peace and disarmament, is headed by such New Yorkers as Bishop Greer, Nicholas Murray Butler, George Foster Peabody, Adolph Lewisohn, and Clarence H. Kelsey. The time has plainly come for those who are opposed to slavish American imitation of European armies—the tools, as Dr. Liebknecht, the German Social-Democratic leader, has just pointed out, of "war parties in the obscurity of absolutism and secret diplomacy"—to speak out. Women, too, are represented on the committee, which will, we trust, soon find an opportunity to protest to Congress against further militaristic expenditures. A great difficulty has been that the armor-makers, or their representatives, and the generals and admirals have been the ones to appear before the committees of Congress, and not those who believed in our peaceful mission and ideals. Hence it has come about that of every dollar appropriated by Congress, 70 cents have gone to wars, past or future, and only 30 cents to the cost of running the country and to every constructive enterprise such as irrigation—a state of affairs that future generations will regard as complete proof of our lack of intelligence and enlightenment. But the new organization would be fully justified if it existed only to combat the pernicious activities of the Navy League and those new societies which appear to be so deeply interested in obtaining facts already known to everybody.

Rumors are renewed that Prince Bülow, the new German Ambassador to Italy, will make glittering offers to the Italian Government in order to keep it friendly to Germany. What is really meant, of course, is that a great exertion will be made to prevent Italy from joining the Allies. To attain this it is plain that Germany would be prepared to go a long way. But to suppose that she would coolly propose, as the dispatches intimate she will, to give Italy the Trentino, as the price of friendship, is to stretch credulity. Such a step might placate Italy, but it would surely infuriate Austria. If any land-bribe at all is laid before Italy it will much more probably relate to French possessions in North Africa. But every suggestion of the kind is pretty certain to be frigidly received in Italy just now. As one Italian newspaper has remarked, the "nephews of Machiavelli" are not to be easily taken in by blandishments of which the occasion and the motive are so obvious. It is very likely, too, that the Italians will remind Prince Bülow of the rather depreciatory things which he wrote only last year about Italy's part in the Triple Alliance. He then frankly expected little of it, quoting a remark of Bismarck's to himself that it would be enough, in case of war, if Italy sent one corporal and one drummer to the French frontier. But even such a perfunctory adherence to the Triple Alliance has failed Germany this year. It is but one of the many broken diplomatic reeds on which she thought she could safely lean.

A German war correspondent, writing from Insterburg, Prussia, on the 17th of November, reported another great exodus from the region near the Russian boundary, more than 40,000 German refugees having passed through that town in the week previous to the date on which he wrote. He draws a terrible picture of the suffering and woe of the fugitives, of whom 25,000 were placed on trains and sent further into Prussia. Thousands upon thousands of them had abandoned everything except the clothes on their backs, and were seeking refuge elsewhere for the second time. Those that had horses saw them taken from them by the military authorities, and their abandoned wagons were left standing by the roadside. Small cities like Stallupönen, Goldap, and Gumbinnen have been emptied of their inhabitants, not five hundred remaining in the last-named, formerly a large and prosperous town. Having had one experience, they say, of the Russian invaders and their methods, the inhabitants of Gumbinnen preferred to abandon their all rather than risk another occupation. Should the Russians get further into Prussia or into Silesia, the problem of handling these refugees will be a very serious one for the Government, which already has to feed and care for fully three hundred thousand Russian prisoners. East Prussia, at least, is a marked exception to the German contention that so far the war has been carried on elsewhere than on German soil. In that province, there ought to be genuine sympathy with the Belgians.

The action of the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union, in forming a special commission to consider the new problems of international law thrust forward by the great war, has a twofold interest. As a serious and united endeavor, on the part of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, both to improve the body of rules affecting international conduct in time of war and to strengthen their authority, the move may be expected to be fruitful of important results. And the mere fact of this union of purpose, especially in view of the complete harmony of spirit manifested, is of the most hopeful augury. We are getting farther and farther away from the idea of the United States as the "big policeman" of the Continent, and nearer and nearer to that of a true comradeship and coöperation among the American republics, little and big, powerful and weak. Under the influence of such joint undertakings as this, and of such happenings as that of the A B C mediation of last spring, the jealousy which, through so many decades, has from time to time manifested itself in the Southern republics must grow steadily less, and may be expected to disappear entirely in a not distant future. That the United States is preponderant in population, wealth, and power need be no cause of suspicion or dislike; and it will not be, if our tact and good manners in dealing with our neighbors are as unexceptionable as the actual disposition of the nation towards them has been friendly and upright. The advance made towards a perfect understanding, within the past two years, is beyond anything that a short time ago seemed possible.

This is the short session of Congress, and everybody in Washington vows that there must be no extra session. Yet an amount of legislation is already being pressed forward that it would take months to consider duly. Its proponents may desire a short session, but they distinctly would not have it a merry one. If only the important bills now urged were to be enacted into law, Representatives and Senators would have to work like galley-slaves from now till the fourth of March. They would have to give up the holiday recess and have one crowded session of glorious law-making. The congestion, and the pushing and hauling and log-rolling to get the right of way for favored measures, would be terrible. Congress, for the next eleven weeks—really only nine working weeks—will be like the neck of a bottle through which there will be great difficulty in pouring the necessary appropriation bills. But if we are to credit some people, a large mass of other legislation is to be made to gurgle through. But let nobody believe it. The thing is physically impossible.

President Wilson proposed only a modest

programme—as he evidently thought it. In his message to Congress he spoke only of the desirability of passing a couple of pending conservation bills, which are really not contentious; the Philippines bill, which is only a pledge of independence, and could be passed in a day, if the Senate were so minded; and the shipping bill. There's the rub. This whole question of the Government buying and operating ships is too vexed and complicated, the facts are too uncertain, the consequences too perilous, for it to be properly disposed of in the nooks and crannies of time left from other matters in the hurried two months and a half before this Congress expires. If there were no other argument adverse to the measure, this one ought to be conclusive against proceeding with it seriously at the present time. But in addition to this dubious piece of legislation, what do we see? The Immigration bill is made the unfinished business of the Senate. All kinds of military projects are to be pressed upon Congress. It is also actually proposed to amend the neutrality laws of the United States, to make this country stand apart from the established rules of international law in the matter of the duties and the rights of neutral nations and their citizens, all before March 4! Again we say, the thing is impossible.

Complaints are heard that there is not good "team-play" by the Administration at Washington. It is said that the various reports of the members of the Cabinet do not coincide, as closely as they should, with the President's views. Special emphasis is laid upon the report of the Secretary of War, which, in tone at least, if not very seriously in effect, differs from Mr. Wilson's message to Congress. Such lack of coördination is held up by Republican newspapers as a characteristic weakness of the Democrats, who are unfit to rule, and so on. Let's see, however. Was it a Democratic Postmaster-General who, a little while ago, off his own bat, recommended the purchase of the telegraph lines, and was it a Democratic President who squelched the proposal of his subordinate? Ask Hitchcock and Taft. The fact is that there has always been a certain leeway given to the Secretaries. Their own good sense would prevent them from advocating anything radical or startling, without submitting it to the President; but he certainly can't be expected to go over all of their annual reports with a blue pencil in hand. Perhaps he doesn't even read them. There are others who do not.

The most important administrative recommendation made by Postmaster-General Burleson in his annual report is that the rural free delivery service be put upon a contract basis which should replace the system of payment by annual salaries to the carriers. Mr. Burleson directs the attention of Congress to "the fact that this service is entailing upon the public Treasury an annual expense of $40,000,000 in excess of the revenues produced by the service"; and he states that the change would "make possible a saving of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 annually." So far as appears in the report, this estimate is based on a comparison of the average cost per mile of the rural delivery service on the one hand and of the "star-route" service on the other; a comparison which does not, on its face, strike one as conclusive, owing to the differences which exist between the conditions in the one set of routes and the other. Furthermore, it is generally understood that many of the "star-route" contracts are now being run at a loss, owing to the growth of the parcel-post traffic. The Postmaster-General strongly urges that "the necessary legislation for placing the rural free delivery on a contract basis be enacted"; but, while it may be quite true that his estimate of the saving that could be effected is correct, it hardly looks as though his data were adequate to establish this fact. Might it not be a good plan to try the experiment of the contract system in a limited but representative area, before going further in the matter? This would be in line with our usual practice in regard to similar postal problems.

Are members of Congress as much in need of expert guidance in legislation as members of State Legislatures? The announcement that we are to have a Federal service analogous to that of a Legislative Reference Bureau comes from the Library of Congress, which follows in this action the policy of many State libraries in undertaking such work without special provision. It is true that in 1906 Congress authorized an appropriation to enable the librarian "to prepare such indexes, digests, and compilations of laws as may be required for Congress." But the Library hopes soon to go beyond the original intent of this authorization. It is to employ a corps of experts in law, competent to analyze, summarize, and compare; an auxiliary corps of translators and indexers; and assistants familiar with the bibliographic apparatus of the law. In advance of any requisition by Congress, these men will systematically study portions of the law, and other material, likely to bear upon proposed legislation; present digests, translations, and comprehensive statements, heretofore seldom or never attempted; while there is a hint in the Library's report that they may ultimately provide for bill-drafting. If the experience of the States is any guide, the personal service of specially trained men will be found valuable. But it is to be remembered that in Congress the committees have themselves usually been efficient in obtaining information on any subject.

The death of William W. Rockhill would be regrettable at any time, but it is peculiarly so because he died outside of our own diplomatic service. His was an exceptionally useful and varied career. Few Americans have ever obtained so wide a knowledge of the Far East as came to him during eight years of diplomatic service in China, in addition to three years in China and Tibet on scientific expeditions in the interest of the Smithsonian Institution. When it is added that he served four years in the State Department, was for two years Minister to Greece, Servia, and Rumania, and was Ambassador to Russia and Turkey from 1909 to 1913, his remarkable diplomatic experience is evident. For special missions such as the representation of the United States in the settlement of the Boxer troubles, he was frequently called upon. Yet when the Wilson Administration came in, this rarely equipped diplomat was permitted to resign. China, however, valued him more highly than his own Government, and he was en route to his post as adviser to the Chinese President when his career was so suddenly and lamentably ended.

There has been an alarming recrudescence of lynching in the South, whether as a reflex of the wholesale killing in Europe or for some other reason. In Caddo Parish, Louisiana, no less than eight mob-murders of negroes have taken place within ten days, because of the murders of two white men and an attack upon a white woman. Two hundred whites placed themselves on the level of the lowest negro criminal by publicly burning an aged colored man who protested his innocence to the end. Not the slightest proof of guilt was forthcoming. One negro woman was severely beaten by the mob. Of the others, several were taken from jails and hanged; but neither the Governor nor the local authorities, it appears, made the slightest effort to stop the lynching or to punish the guilty. In Fairfield County,

South Carolina, they have done better. There, a negro woman was found dead, a victim of the vilest of crimes, and three white men are in jail for it, one of whom has confessed. As the Columbia, S. C., *State* says, this case "promises to test sharply the sincerity of Southern pretensions about the protection of women." It points out that a negro was lynched in the near-by Florence County merely because he was found under a white man's house, and asks: "Confronted with the Fairfield story, what reply shall a Southerner make to Northern critics when they say that talk about 'the one crime' is the shallow and hypocritical pretext for lawless and savage manifestations of race prejudice?"

A word of commendation is called for by the action of the executive board of the United Mine Workers of America in terminating the Colorado strike. Their statement of the reasons for doing so is dignified and sober in tone, and contains—at least so far as the press dispatch shows—no matter calculated to renew bitterness or hostility. That in the struggle itself there was fault on both sides, is universally recognized; but the thing to do now is to make as nearly an absolutely fresh start as possible. This is facilitated by the President's appointment of a Commission to look into any disputes that may arise, and to this fact the Mine Workers' board makes special reference in announcing its decision. With the withdrawal of the Federal troops, and the apparent realization at last by the Colorado authorities of their responsibility for the preservation of order and the enforcement of the laws, there is reason to hope that this most unfortunate episode in our industrial history has really come to an end.

Boston newspapers are indignant over the pardon by Gov. Walsh of John A. Hall, ex-treasurer of the Southbridge Savings Bank. After stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars deposited in the bank of which he was one of the guardians, he has served less than five years of the term of twelve to fifteen years to which he was sentenced. The familiar plea of shattered health was made in his behalf; "if he were confined in State prison for two years more it would kill him." The time for Hall to have avoided this danger to his precious life was when he was out of prison. The Boston *Transcript* says that Gov. Walsh gave "repeated assurances at the beginning of his Administration that he would not tolerate a return by the Council to the flagrant abuses of the pardoning power which had disgraced previous administrations." What makes the action of the Governor and Council the more reprehensible is that the Parole Board had unanimously recommended that the pardon be not granted. There is a good deal of point in the Boston *Herald's* comparison with the notorious Blease: "When Cole Blease, Governor of South Carolina, 'turns 'em loose,' he does so without distinction of condition or social backing." "What excuse," asks the *Transcript*, "has the Governor for his action in the Hall case, and what defence dare the Council offer for thus mocking justice in Massachusetts and making of it a commonwealth where the rich thief may rob the poor without fear of paying the penalty?"

Social-justice shouters should obtain an injunction against the Illinois Supreme Court for committing acts in restraint of their trade. Twenty years ago, the Legislature of that State passed a law limiting women's hours of labor in certain occupations. The Court held the act unconstitutional, backing its decision with an opinion that apparently doomed all similar measures. Since then the Legislature has placed upon the statute books a juvenile-court law, a parole law, a law creating a mines' and miners' board, a structural-ironworkers' act, an employers' liability act, an act requiring safety appliances of common carriers, an act regulating the employment of women in mechanical and mercantile establishments, laundries, and factories. During this time, the Constitution has not undergone amendment, nor has most of this legislation been passed since the raising of the cry for social justice. The Court has simply been reconstituted in the natural process of events, until its Chief Justice is a man who takes occasion to commend the State for its record in regard to legislation of this character.

That the American public is not wholly indifferent to coin designs was shown by its characteristic comment on the buffalo five-cent piece—that the "*E pluribus unum*" could now be translated, "The only one left." But how genuine is the feeling for the artistic value of coins? This is a question which the American Numismatic Society proposes to test. In 1905 it obtained action which gave us Saint-Gaudens's double-eagle and eagle, and Bela L. Pratt's half-eagle and quarter-eagle. Its dealing with our more democratic coins will be a fairer sounding of public opinion. Is it true that the figure of Liberty on our silver coins is "a mere caricature," "an insult both to the Goddess of Liberty and to the beauty of American womanhood"? Is it true that "the nondescript effigy called an eagle cannot compare with the glorious eagles on the magnificent coins of . . . France, Germany, Russia, and Austria"? Many artists will doubtless agree; but will a population whose hands have been subdued to this money since 1892? Washington is said to be congratulating itself on the new designs for paper currency, but that is in different case; the pictures of symbolical figures, of the pioneers, of Indian-fighting, of early locomotives, were out of date, and will be fitly replaced by those of the ocean liner, the battleship, the factory, and the New York sky-line. The pertinency of the Numismatic Society's movement lies in the fact that in 1917 it will again be legal to change the designs without special act of Congress. If it can suggest better types, and quell the suspicion that a numismatist has professional reasons for wishing frequent changes in coinage, it will deserve to succeed.

In Australia, as in Canada, the outbreak of war submerged party animus in Imperial sentiment, though the Commonwealth was then in the throes of a general election. It now appears that the Liberals appealed to the electors partly on the ground that the return of the Laborites would be a vote of censure on the war policy, and an approval of separation from England. This was so unjust that it is not surprising that it carried no force. The six States chose six Senators each, and of the thirty-six the Labor party obtained thirty-one; while their majority in the House of Representatives is overwhelming. The real issue was a labor-preference bill, the Liberal House having tried for fourteen months to pass a measure forbidding the preference of union men on public works, and having been blocked by the Labor Senate. Governor-General Ferguson, at the instance of the Liberal Premier, Mr. Cook, then dissolved both houses. In internal policy, Mr. Fisher, again head of the Labor Cabinet, has announced a programme of Australian nationalism, a higher tariff on foreign goods in protection of native industries, and a referendum for Constitutional amendments to facilitate the suppression of Trusts and the nationalization of public utilities. Evidently, radicalism is in the saddle. As for Imperial relations, the Australian contingent, the Australian navy, and the newly announced preferential tariff rates with England, speak for themselves.

THE BACKGROUND OF THE WAR.

It cannot be said that the French diplomatic correspondence, published in full by the New York *Times* on Sunday, compels anybody to reconstruct his theory of the causes of the war. No positively new facts are supplied. It is simply the former story again, told from another point of view. But this is a very interesting point of view. The French Foreign Office was particularly well served in Vienna, in Rome, and in Berlin; and the reports from the Ambassadors of France in those capitals are highly intelligent and instructive. They do not, perhaps, throw any startling light upon the diplomatic negotiations before the war. Those were already pretty clear in the official publications of Great Britain and Germany, Russia and Belgium. But this French version is valuable in the way of confirming and amplifying what was known. It fills certain gaps in our knowledge, and helps to place the affair in its true perspective.

In his dispatches from Vienna, the French Ambassador, M. Dumaine, aids us in seeing how confident—really over-confident—Austria was. She expected scarcely any difficulty in imposing her will upon Servia. She evidently counted upon Germany's supporting her up to the hilt. Any movement from the side of Russia she believed would come to no more than did the Russian protest in 1909, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Here is an extract from the Austrian *Militärische Rundschau* which Ambassador Dumaine telegraphed on July 15:

> The moment is still favorable for us. If we do not decide upon war, the war we shall have to make in two or three years at the latest will be begun in circumstances much less propitious; now the initiative belongs to us. Russia is not ready, the moral factors are for us, might as well as right. Since some day we shall have to accept the struggle, let us provoke it at once. Our prestige, our position as a great Power, our honor, are in question. There is more still, for, in all probability, it is our existence which is at stake. "To be or not to be"—that is really the big business of to-day.

Passing to another member of the Triple Alliance, we find in the French Yellow Book several significant dispatches bearing upon Italy's attitude during the crisis. Fresh proof is given that the Italian Government was not taken into the confidence of Germany and Austria, in the matter of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. Ambassador Cambon telegraphed from Berlin on July 25 that he had it from the Italian Ambassador there that "Italy is much surprised, to say nothing stronger, at having been kept out of the whole affair by her allies." And the French Foreign Office pointed out on July 26 that "Italy is bound by the engagements of the Triple Alliance only in matters in which she has been previously consulted." That she felt herself not so bound, when the war actually came, has been made abundantly plain. But in these dispatches we have it put down precisely at the time. On August 1 Ambassador Barrère telegraphed from Rome that the German Ambassador had asked what the intentions of Italy were as regards the war. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis di San Giuliano, replied that as "the war had an aggressive character, and was not in accordance with the purely defensive character of the Triple Alliance, Italy could not take part." Here is plainly an important and contemporary opinion as to "who began it."

It is, however, the information sent to Paris from Berlin that is the most suggestive part of the Yellow Book. It dates back a year. We see more clearly than ever before how narrowly Europe escaped being plunged into war in 1913, when the Balkan War was having its troubled *sequelæ*. It was in April of that year that the French War Office came into possession of a secret and official report of the German army. Its authenticity we cannot, of course, vouch for; but it certainly reads like a genuine study of the effect of the new army laws, and of the international situation. The whole document will repay close reading. We can note here only the announcement in advance that "we could not in any way offer Belgium any guarantees of the security of her neutrality." And no one can doubt that the following figure of speech, referring to what the German army would do, came from a German source, whether it was official or not: "The aroused eagle will take its flight and seizing the enemy in its sharpened claws render him harmless." We append a statement also made in 1913, according to Ambassador Cambon, by Gen. von Moltke. He was speaking of the purpose of the General Staff to act by surprise, and remarked:

> The commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor must be disregarded. When war has become necessary it must be waged by ranging all the chances on one's own side. Success alone justifies it. Germany cannot and must not give Russia time to mobilize, or she will be obliged to maintain on the eastern frontier a force which would leave her in a position of equality, if not of inferiority, in front of France. Therefore we must forestall our principal adversary immediately; there are nine chances in ten that we are going to have war, and we must begin war without waiting, in order brutally to crush all resistance.

There is no need to extend the citations. They would only piece out our knowledge of the foregoing period and of the days just preceding the war. It is a terrible impression which the whole must make on a sensitive mind—the military party everywhere gradually getting the upper hand, rulers recklessly playing the game of life or death for millions of the people. We are, as it were, let in at the laying of a subterranean mine, of which the explosion shook the world. And nothing is more disheartening than the way in which monarchs and diplomats pressed on with their plans, in the most perfect assurance that they could not make a mistake, although, as everybody can now see, they were deceived and deluded right and left. This French correspondence once more brings out the fact that Germany utterly miscalculated the action of England. On July 29 Jules Cambon telegraphed from Berlin: "Up to these very last few days people have flattered themselves here that England would remain aloof, and the impression produced by her attitude upon the German Government, financiers, and business men is profound."

LEST WE FORGET FRANCE.

For various reasons, France has seemed during the past two months to have partially dropped out of American thought and sympathies. Throughout August and the first part of September her apparently impending tragic fate was ever present to our minds. Next after Belgium, she most appealed. But since the staying of the tide of invasion north of Paris, we have somehow given less attention to the place of the French in the terrible coil of war. Both the pathos and the crisis of the struggle have appeared to be situated elsewhere. And the great qualities displayed by the French people, during all this time of the trying of their souls, have not impressed themselves upon our consciousness and our imagination so powerfully as they might have been expected to do. At least, so it might be judged from current talk and the drift of discussion and the perspective of the war news.

But few words need be spent upon the military aspects of the matter. That the French army surprised the world, is generally admitted. And it is worth while noting upon what point admiration of it has focussed. This was its splendid recovery of spirit after initial defeats. That was scarcely looked for. When German army after German army drove back the French in August, when there were evidences of uncer-

tainty and confusion in the French military plans, when more than one French general in command was guilty of incompetence or worse, it looked as if the boasts of the German bulletins might be better justified than we liked to admit, and that "Gen. Joffre's army was incapable of further resistance." But all this was soon proved false. The *morale* of the French army reasserted itself promptly; and the valiant and determined and inexpugnable front which it has since opposed to the Germans has wrung tributes from even the enemy. The transformation of the dashing French trooper into the soldier with a bull-dog grip has been described by the President of the French Republic. "As the course of the hostilities has gone its way," wrote M. Poincaré to the Minister of War, "the French soldier, while losing nothing of his impetuosity and courage, has learned by experience to adapt his natural qualities to the demands of the military operations. He maintains an unequalled power on the offensive, and at the same time schools himself in patience and in tenacity." The known facts bear out the assertion.

It is, however, mainly the manifestation of French national character away from the actual fighting that kindles admiration. Even the ardent lovers of France could hardly have counted upon so fine an exhibition. Most of the traits which we proverbially and all too lightly associate with the French people have gleamed by their absence. There was little that looked like unbalancing excitement or panic of soul. Nor was there much posturing or rhetoric. In the face of what was certainly a fearful danger, and what might easily result in a national catastrophe, France was calm. The people summoned all their reserves of strength and capacity to endure, and gave the world an inspiring example of a nation prepared to drain the bitterest cup without whimpering. The indomitable spirit with which men and women in France made ready to go through inevitable sufferings and misery, together with their energy in resisting the thrust of disaster at every point possible, their fertility of resource and of hope in the dark days, and the fine resilience with which they bent back like tempered steel to their assigned tasks, will compel many a hasty critic to revise his opinion of French lightness and instability. Never did France rise to a higher stature.

To the attitude of her men of science, her writers, her professors, separate reference may be made. Amid the devastation of war, France has clung with pathetic eagerness to her art, her literature, her universities. The University of France opened its doors as usual. What though hundreds of its students were with the army and many of its professors were doing military service? It was for the University to go on with its work in dignity and serenity. The great tradition must be maintained. As it is expressed by René Doumic, who himself passed his first year at college in a besieged Paris, in 1870, "the University does not admit that a single one of those who have the honor to belong to it is not at his post"—whether that post be in a trench or in a classroom. Either way, the magnificent union of French hearts is shown, as is also the "nobly humane" nature of the culture for which France stands steadfast.

All that we have said can be admitted by even those most scrupulous in guarding against unneutral conduct during this war. If the German Crown Prince, if the Kaiser himself, can pause in the midst of conflict to bestow praise upon the high qualities exhibited by the French, Americans need not feel it necessary to stint their applause. For it is a kind of addition to the moral assets of the world which France has been making in the course of these terrible months. In being forced to think better things of the French nature, we shall be prevented from ever thinking meanly of human nature in general. France has unlocked her soul for the nations to see; and so doing helps us to understand of what depths and what heights, what tragedies and what splendors, mankind is capable.

THE REPORT OF THE TREASURY.

The occasions are not numerous when the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury—usually a matter of routine estimates and forecasts—embodies a chapter of great historic interest. It is apt to do so only at times, such as 1894 or 1907, when the Government has had to intervene with protective measures in a great economic crisis. This, in a notable degree, has been the character of the period since the European war began; the Treasury report which was submitted to Congress last week is the record of the Government's part in meeting the financial storm which came with the outbreak of hostilities.

The high service rendered by the Administration in that crisis, through the promptness, soundness, and vigor of the measures taken, has been fully and frankly recognized, even by political opponents. We have in mind the instance of a financier long hostile to the Wilson Administration, who, when asked in the early days of August if our lack of a great financial leader in that crisis was not unfortunate, replied that we had discovered such a leader in President Wilson. Certainly, the inspiration and the impetus for each of the expedients adopted to protect the country's credit situation came primarily from the White House. The cordial personal coöperation of the Administration with men in the high places of finance not only simplified the programme of relief, but was full of favorable omen for the future. It may easily have foreshadowed, as so many other signs of the times have done, a new era in the relations of Government and "Big Business."

Secretary McAdoo's report reviews the measures taken to meet the midsummer crisis. On July 31, the day when the sudden closing of the Stock Exchange pointed out the character of the situation, the Treasury Department publicly announced its purpose to "help, as far as it legitimately may, in New York or in any other part of the country where it becomes apparent that assistance is needed"; and it proposed the immediate recourse by the banks to the emergency currency of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act. A day later, the Treasury called a conference of Clearing-House authorities, and on August 2 the Secretary came in person to New York to arrange with the leading banks for protective measures.

There was issued to national banks at New York, as the Treasury report now shows, $141,228,000 of this emergency currency, and $228,330,040 throughout the whole country. To this expedient, applied with the greatest promptness, is unquestionably to be ascribed the absence of money-hoarding and of a premium on currency, such as marked our previous financial panics. Indeed, the word "panic" can hardly be applied with propriety to our financial history in the past four months. It was stopped at its beginning, as was the simultaneous London panic, by the public evidence that the banks, with the Government behind them, were united in maintaining the credit situation. The redemption and retirement of these emergency issues, Mr. McAdoo believes, "will not present a difficult problem." In point of fact, more than $100,000,000 has already been retired by the New York banks alone, and upwards of $130,000,000 in the whole United States.

It was directly under the auspices of the Treasury, early in August, that committees of well-known business men were named, after a general conference at Washington, to confer and coöperate with the Government

as to the means of solving the unprecedented problems surrounding foreign exchange, ocean transportation, and war-risk insurance. In an attempt to surmount the very great difficulties in these matters the greater part of the work was properly committed to the banks, as in the case of the $100,000,000 fund to take up New York city's foreign obligations, and the further $100,000,000 gold fund, designed for the regulation of the foreign exchange market. But in each of these expedients the Administration gave essential help through the new Federal Reserve Board, promptly and wisely selected by the President; and in such other questions as the war-risk insurance, which for the time was all but prohibitive to our foreign trade, it obtained from Congress the prompt action which was necessary. Not least important was the admitted fact that every unsound and extravagant plan urged on the Government in the excitement of the crisis was summarily rejected.

We have mentioned only a few of the protective or remedial measures furthered by the Government, in conjunction with the financial community organized under the auspices of the Government. The Treasury report is abundantly warranted in declaring that the averting of an actual panic, with the gravest after-consequences, was distinctly due to "the prompt and effective action of the Treasury Department, with the cordial and intelligent coöperation of the banking and business interests of the country." Mr. McAdoo takes a hopeful view of the financial and industrial outlook, and in particular "looks forward with the greatest confidence" to the effects of the new reserve banking organization "upon American enterprise and American business." There are, indeed, few people who to-day will dispute the statement that the effective working establishment of that system—due to the resolute pressure of President Wilson—has occurred at the ideal psychological moment.

The provisions of the Federal Reserve law, as enacted, never threatened inflation of the currency. But there were many intelligent observers who had expressed misgiving as to possible over-expansion of credit if the system should happen to go into operation during a business "boom." There can be no such danger under the present circumstances —in which, indeed, the business public's knowledge of the facilities which now exist for granting larger credit, if required, is the surest guarantee that uneasiness over the general situation will be relieved, and borrowings kept down to actual needs.

A WESTERN NATURE POET.

The distinction of Madison Cawein, whose death is announced from Louisville, was as the best poet of nature the West has produced, and one of the best in the last generation in America; it was his limitation that he was little but a nature-poet. Of the fact that his work lay virtually in one field the critics have indeed made too much. It is true that his volumes, "Myth and Romance," "Weeds by the Wall," "A Voice on the Wind," "Kentucky Poems," "Days and Dreams," are all chiefly of nature, often its mythological or romantic associations, but more often purely descriptive—written to render an æsthetic picture. But his descriptions are not purely external or wanting in poetic insight, and their recurrence is far from tiresome. Invited to estimate Cawein's poetry, Mr. Howells tells us that he asked, "Why always nature poems? Why not human-nature poems?"

But in seizing upon an objection so obvious that I ought to have known it was superficial, I had wronged a poet who had never done me harm in the very terms and conditions of his being a poet. I had made his reproach what ought to have been his finest praise, what is always the praise of poetry when it is not artificial and formal. I ought to have said, as I had seen, that not one of his lovely landscapes in which I could see no human figure but thrilled with a human presence penetrating to it from his most sensitive and subtle spirit until it was all but painfully alive with memories, with regrets, with longings, with hopes, with all that from time to time mutably constitutes us men and women, and yet keeps us children.

And it could be pointed out that the poet at times stepped successfully outside the narrower circle. "The Feud" is a dramatic episode of Kentucky; "Ku Klux" is as graphic; there are one or two real dramas, and lyrics in numbers—for Cawein was over-prolific—full of a rather pensive interpretation of youthful romance, with its incidents chosen impartially from Greece, England, the Germany of his ancestors, or Kentucky.

To analyze the qualities which made Cawein unique in his descriptions of Western nature, and discover why, among the Hays, Hoveys, Rileys, Piatts, Fieldses, Maurice Thompsons, he should hold his own place, is an interesting inquiry. No other had either his taste for nature or his exact eye. In this scientific age, when Maeterlinck makes an exhaustive study of the bee an illustration of his poetic philosophy, and Tennyson's successors know not only that ash-buds are black early in March, but many other botanical facts, he was our one distinctive poet-naturalist. Of dittany and the yellow puccoon he has written exactly, of mallow, ironweed, bluet, and jewel-weed, the cohosh, the bell-flower, the oxalis, the Indian-pipe; from his books a manual of Kentucky flora and fauna might be made. He is helped by a sense of the atmosphere of place that pervades his larger landscapes; and by a knack for the felicitous epithet—an inspiration, Howells remarked, "for the right word, and the courage of it, so that though in the first instant you may be challenged, you may be revolted, by something you thought uncouth, you are presently overcome by the happy bravery of it." Both appear in "The Rain-crow":

Can freckled August—drowsing warm and blonde
Beside a wheat-shock in the white-topped mead,
In her hot hair the oxeyed daises wound—
O bird of rain, lend aught but sleepy heed
To thee? When no plumed weed, no feather'd seed
Blows by her; and no ripple breaks the pond,
That gleams like flint between its rim of grasses,
Through which the dragonfly forever passes
Like splintered diamond?

Drought weighs the trees, and from the farm-house eaves
The locust, pulse-beat of the summer day,
Throbs; and the lane that shambles under leaves
Limp with the heat—a league of rutty way—
Is lost in dust; and sultry scents of hay
Breathe from the panting meadows heaped with sheaves—
Now, now, O bird, what hint is there of rain
In thirsty heaven or on burning plain
That thy keen eye perceives?

And this brief quotation gives little hint of Cawein's fidelity as a naturalist.

Something like this zest for nature we have had from the Merrimac and Hudson—why not more from the Wabash and Mississippi? In explanation of Cawein's narrow vein, the natural theory has been the thinness of the social world about him; he was driven to nature-verse by the same want of background and history of which Hawthorne complained at an earlier period in the East. But so great is the modern Western solicitude for a poet to express its native social ideals and spirit that the theory hardly holds. What is the glory that is attributed to Riley? That his very sentimentality is the expression of a sectional attribute, that his verse is rooted in the soil by its dialect and content. Piatt's "Western Windows" were acclaimed because they looked out on real Western life. Hay's "Pike County Ballads" had historical truth. In reality, Western poetry has been less inclined to neglect history and life for nature than to do the opposite; and this tendency is to-day as strong as ever.

Chronicle of the War

The official dispatches from Paris and Berlin give a clear idea of the nature of the fighting in France and Flanders and of the difficulties which the offensive of the Allies must encounter. The Germans, we may assume, have not been idle during their long occupation of their present lines, and they will have made all preparations in case of a retreat. Belgium, in fact, may be regarded as a huge field fortress, seamed and intersected with trenches, in many places reinforced with steel and concrete, and having guns already mounted or ready to be mounted at various defensive points. It is not surprising, therefore, to read in the French official statements of progress achieved in various places of from one hundred to six hundred yards. A thousand yards in this kind of warfare represents a notable advance. Progress of a mile might almost be described as a sweeping victory.

Under these circumstances, although we may rightly speak of the Allies as having assumed the offensive, we can probably look for no considerable advance in the near future. Progress has been made in many parts of the line since we wrote last week, notably in completing the clearance of the Germans from the west bank of the Yser, but it has been so small as to be barely perceptible on any but a large-scale map. Gen. Joffre's method is patient and thorough: trenches are taken one at a time, and the new positions are consolidated before any further advance is undertaken. A good deal of the fighting recently has consisted of artillery duels, and the French field guns apparently have continued to demonstrate their superiority over the German. The offensive of the French and British is serving its main purpose in preventing the withdrawal of more German corps for service on the eastern front, and this is probably all that it expects to achieve until the arrival of strong British reinforcements shall give to the Allies a considerable superiority of numbers.

One of the greatest surprises of this surprising war was the announcement at the beginning of the week of what looks like a decisive Servian victory, so far as any isolated success can be called decisive. After the capture of Belgrade on December 2, although the actual loss of the city need not necessarily have had a serious effect on the military situation, it was generally assumed, in view of the reports of successive Austrian victories and of the occupation of the northwestern corner of the kingdom, that Servian resistance was virtually broken down. The entire army of Servia consisted at the beginning of the war of possibly rather more than a quarter of a million men. Depleted by the losses incurred in resisting two successive invasions by Austria and in conducting its own aggressive campaign into Bosnia in August, it could hardly be expected, with only the assistance of the small Montenegrin army, to rally sufficiently to stem the tide of the third Austrian invasion. Yet this is what has happened. The beginning of a series of Servian victories which resulted in the Austrian evacuation of Belgrade on Sunday or Monday, was announced in a dispatch dated December 8, which stated that the Austrian centre had been broken and the towns of Valjevo and Ushitza retaken. The capture of Kosmai, thirty miles south of Belgrade, was announced on December 12. The right wing of the Austrians, which had been smashed by the breaking of the centre, retreated across the Drina into Bosnia and was there attacked by the Montenegrin army near Vishegrad and again defeated. The completeness of the Servian victory is amply confirmed by official announcements from Vienna, which admit the defeat and indicate that the Austrian forces will be content to remain on the defensive.

It is interesting to note the manner in which the various campaigns act and react the one upon the other. The Servian victory helps to explain much that was puzzling in the development of the Russian strategy. Reports were published ten days ago, when the fortunes of Servia seemed to be at their lowest ebb, that Russian reinforcements had been dispatched from Archangel and landed at Antivari. Archangel is apparently the source of many rumors, and this one was, if anything, a trifle more absurd than that which transported Russian troops to the north of Scotland and thence to the battlefields of Belgium. At the same time, Russian strategy appears to have had a good deal to do with the Servian victory. In the light of what has happened on the Drina, we can explain the Russian incursion into Hungary, which has appeared hitherto to have been undertaken without definite object in view, and we can also explain the turning of the tide in this region in favor of Austria and the casual mention in the official statement from Petrograd of Austrian columns "coming down the northern slopes of the Carpathians." The aggression into Hungary appears to have been undertaken mainly with the idea of relieving pressure on the small Servian army. If so, the plan was entirely successful, for we learn that in order to meet the invasion three of the seven Austrian army corps engaged against Servia were detached and sent to Hungary. Hence the victory of the Servian army, whose powers of recuperation were doubtless underrated by Austria; hence, too, the reverse suffered by the Russians in Hungary, a reverse which we may assume was expected and deliberately faced. Once again Russia has deserved well of her allies for her readiness to sacrifice herself for the good of the common cause.

There need be no difficulty in reconciling Austrian reports of the occupation of Neu Sandec, forty miles southeast of Cracow, and of other towns still further away, with the Russian contention that Cracow is still being hard pressed. The Austrian troops that have occupied Neu Sandec are presumably those which have pursued the Russians across the Carpathians from Hungary, and the Russian forces may be supposed to be presenting two fronts to the enemy, one facing south towards the Carpathians, the other west, menacing Cracow. Elsewhere the progress of the campaign appears, as we write, to have again taken a turn favorable to Russia. In the centre in Poland, on the line between Lowiez and Lodz, stonewall positions appear to have been established similar to those which exist in Flanders, the German advance upon Pietrkow seems to have been checked, and the evacuation of Lodz to have had no appreciable effect on the military situation. To the north the German offensive operating from Mlawa has failed, if we may credit unofficial reports, somewhat disastrously, and official statements from Petrograd speak of the German forces in this quarter being pushed steadily back. The movement, which was proclaimed as an attack on Warsaw, can in any case only have been intended as a diversion, since the number of troops engaged in it, two army corps, was too small to contemplate a serious offensive against the powerful fortress of Novogeorgievsk, which guards the path to the capital.

On the sea Great Britain has gone far towards redeeming the succession of disasters that she has suffered, and it seems not unfair to assume that the reinstatement of Sir John Fisher as First Lord of the Admiralty and the appointment to an advisory position at the Admiralty of Sir Percy Scott are in part responsible for the assumption of a more astute and a more enterprising strategy. On December 8, off the Falkland Islands, in the South Atlantic, a British squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee encountered the German squadron, under Admiral Count von Spee, which on November 1 sunk the Good Hope and other British vessels. An engagement ensued, in which the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Leipzig were sunk in a running fight which lasted for some five hours. Some survivors were rescued from the Gneisenau and the Leipzig, but the majority of the crews of the German vessels, including Admiral von Spee, presumably went down with their ships. The British casualties were light, consisting of seven men killed and four wounded. The composition of the British squadron is not known, but it may be assumed that it included powerful battle cruisers of the Invincible type, which outclassed any of the German ships. The lighter cruisers, Nürnberg and Dresden, of the German squadron, apparently tried to avoid battle, but the Nürnberg was pursued and sunk late the same day. The Dresden succeeded in escaping and took refuge at Punta Arenas, a port of Chili in the Strait of Magellan. There or elsewhere she will probably be interned. The destruction of this squadron virtually frees the seas of German warships, only the small cruisers Karlsruhe and Bremen and the converted cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm remaining at large.

Another naval exploit of considerably less intrinsic importance but infinitely more spectacular, and valuable in the reassuring effect that it will have in England as to the efficiency and enterprise of the navy, was the sinking by a British submarine in the Dardanelles, on December 13, of the Turkish battleship Messudich. The feat evidently involved a fine display of seamanship and daring. Submarine navigation in the Dardanelles is rendered exceptionally difficult on account of the narrowness of the channel and the force of the currents. In this instance, the difficulties were increased by the fact that the Dardanelles have been freely mined. It is stated, in fact, that the submarine B-11, under the command of Lieut.-Commander Norman B. Holbrook, dived successively under five rows of mines in reaching its goal. In escaping after successfully torpedoing the battleship it was subjected to gun fire from the forts and at one time remained submerged for nine hours. The actual loss of the battleship is not a particularly serious one, as she was a very old vessel and was useful only for purposes of defence, having been built in 1874 and reconstructed in 1903.

Foreign Correspondence

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S QUARTERS—LONDON DARKER THAN EVER—THE PARLIAMENTARY TRUCE.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 28.

It is well to know, as I learned yesterday from an officer temporarily returned from the front, that, during his brief illness, Lord Roberts was lodged in comfortable quarters, and had the advantage of the immediate attendance of skilful doctors. Two were on the spot, and a third was hurried down from a hospital in Boulogne. Sir John French has had the good fortune to obtain the tenancy of a comfortable château, the home of a well-to-do Belgian. His old chief and much-loved friend was his guest during his brief stay "among the soldiers he loved and within sound of the guns." "Where is the château?" I asked, an idle question certainly put without guile. My friend, hitherto pleasantly communicable, immediately dried up. "Not far from the fighting line," he said, with a quiet smile. That was near enough for any one, including German aviators, to know.

The depth of absurdity to which official man can sink is indicated by the action of the Press Censor. A parallel is found in the proceedings of whosoever is responsible for the darkening of London. Apprehension of a visit from a Zeppelin to the metropolis is a legitimate source of pleasure to the Germans. It may be well founded. But some of the precautions taken suggest an old lady in a fright. Special precautions have been taken to screen Buckingham Palace from the observation of hostile aviators. In common with other thoroughfares only a few of the electric lamps in the Mall are burning, and the light is turned half on. Within the last week another happy thought has struck the watchful custodian. He has had the top of the lamp blackened so that no light is thrown upward.

That is a precaution common to all thoroughfares. But behind and in front of Buckingham Palace lurk two particular dangers. One is the pretty stretch of water in St. James's Park. The other is the lake in the private ground in Buckingham Palace garden, whereon upon rare fête days watermen arrayed in royal scarlet row delighted guests. It is recognized that, on moonlight nights, these might serve as range-finders for the aviator looking for the palace. The water has accordingly been drawn off, unsightly excavations showing where once flowed ornamental stretches of water. Nor is this all. An added attraction to the statue of Queen Victoria, a year or two ago set up in front of the Palace, was a fountain whose clear waters splashed into a marble trough. This dangerous feature of the roadway has also been removed.

This is all very well for Buckingham Palace, but what about the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the miles of houses, public buildings, and warehouses through which the Thames glides, say from Richmond to Greenwich? If a German airman wants to find his way about London at night he will not care for the lakes in St. James's Park and the gardens of Buckingham Palace, or even for the fountain that plays round the base of the statue of Queen Victoria, so long as he has the silver Thames.

Among minor public inconveniences arising out of the fussiness that grievously depresses life in London just now, is the silencing of clock chimes and the non-lighting of familiar clock faces. "The curfew will not sound to-night" from Big Ben, nor, indeed, will any other bell through the round of the twenty-four hours. Silent also are the chimes of Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral, which formerly, to the great convenience of a circle of householders clustered round it, thrice told to a second the time of day. If the incessant roar of the streets ascending to high heaven were compulsorily hushed, these innocent chimes might well be left to perform their useful public service. The conduct of the authorities in these respects recalls a familiar pantomime scene wherein, riot breaking forth in a crowded group, the policeman, selecting the smallest, most innocent boy, hales him off to prison.

Among the latest edicts issued in the name of public safety is one directing railway passengers to draw down the blinds of the carriages in which they travel at night. Another reduces the illuminating power of electric lamps on the upper staircases of flats to the proportion of a farthing dip. Meanwhile, over studiously darkened London there from time to time flashes the uncanny gleam of a searchlight. To the simple-minded it would appear that this phenomenon would be more useful to the man in charge of the Zeppelin than top lights in London flats, or even the beaming countenance of "Big Ben."

Up to the hour of adjournment for the Christmas recess the truce established between political parties in the House of Commons was loyally maintained. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, presenting a budget for whose stupendous proportions there is no parallel, was unhampered by opposition. With characteristic adroitness he "nobbled" the official financial spokesman of the Opposition, inviting Mr. Austen Chamberlain to a private conference upon details of the budget. It is not certain that these halcyon times will be renewed when Parliament reassembles in the New Year for what may be regarded as the dispatch of ordinary business. As the price of their coöperation in meeting the financial exigencies of the war the Opposition demand that while it lasts no controversial measures shall be put forward by the Government. Mr. Asquith has agreed to this as a general principle. But the Abolition of Plural Voters bill, a relic of two preceding sessions, will certainly be carried through the automatic stage provided by the Parliament act that will add it to the statute-book in good time for the general election.

Ministers are pledged to make a further legislative effort to carry a bill amending the Home Rule act in the direction of satisfying the Ulster members. But they are not bound to persevere to the end if such persistence should threaten continuance of the peace and order which just now reign at Westminster. The scheme of Home Rule enacted before the prorogation was of their devising, and they have paternal satisfaction with its completeness and efficacy. If they can by amicable settlement meet objections raised in quarters where the bill was from the first vigorously fought, they will be glad. But they are not likely to show themselves enthusiastic in the matter, nor disposed in present circumstances to set a light to the funeral pyre of controversy.

The Prize Court

AN OLD INSTITUTION REVIVED BY THE WAR—CHANGES IN PROCEDURE.

There are two broad points of view from which the British Prize Court may be regarded—the historical and the practical. When Sir Samuel Evans, the President of the Admiralty Division, took his seat in the Prize Court on September 4, 1914, he was, after a lapse of sixty-four years, renewing the work of Lord Stowell and of Dr. Lushington. A distinct historical continuity marks the British Prize Court, for though in 1914 the place where it was held was changed, the court itself was in effect the same as that in Doctors' Commons, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, over which the monumental figure of Lord Stowell presided for so many years during the Napoleonic wars. It was Stowell who, fortunate in his time, and specially fitted for his task, formulated English prize law in a series of judicial decisions remarkable alike for their clear reasoning and their admirable phraseology.

If we look back from the eighteenth century the Prize Court is to be seen a distinct legal institution, for the High Court of Admiralty has, in time of war, always been the court which administered British prize law. The High Court of Admiralty had, in fact, from the time it became a legal tribunal, two distinct kinds of jurisdiction—prize and instance—the latter word covering what is popularly called Admiralty business, that is, disputes arising out of collisions, salvage services, and the like. The origins of the prize jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court were obscure until Mr. R. G. Marsden made some careful researches into the records of the court, the results of which are contained in two volumes of the publications of the Selden Society, and in two papers in the *English Historical Review*, in 1909 and 1910, which should be republished in separate form.

We must picture the Lord High Admiral in mediæval times, one who from his position became an arbiter in maritime disputes which included questions of prize. From the personal jurisdiction of this great official to the delegation of his judicial authority to a legal deputy is a step which, gradually becoming a common practice, links the present court with the prize jurisdiction of the Lord High Admiral in the fourteenth century. So that in the Prize Court now sitting in the Law Courts in the Strand we see one of those interesting British institutions which, even amid the changes of time, unite us to the mediæval age.

Several circumstances have caused the British Prize Court to lose the personal atmosphere which surrounded it in former days. For one thing, the private captor has disappeared. In the Napoleonic wars privateers covered the high seas, and the condemnation of their prizes—the proceeds of which went into the pockets of the owners

and crews—occupied much of the time of the Prize Court. But the officers and crews of commissioned ships of war also obtained the cash result of their captures. The Declaration of Paris put an end to the privateer, and an order in Council of last August abolished prize money for the royal navy. The Crown, in other words, the Treasury, is therefore now alone interested in prize proceedings, though it may be mentioned that a regulated bounty is to be given at the end of the war to officers and men of the royal navy.

The ascendency of Great Britain at sea during the present war has had the effect of preventing German and Austrian vessels from sailing the seas, and the two ports of Germany, Hamburg and Bremen have been inaccessible to neutral shipping. The result has been that, except for a few days at the beginning of the war, there have been no maritime captures. The ships which have been brought before the Prize Court have almost all been seized in port, and these have not been condemned and sold, but an order has been made for their detention until the end of the war. This procedure is novel in the Prize Court, and is one which would somewhat have astonished Lord Stowell. Whether the order is made in pursuance of the Hague Convention No. 6 (1907) is doubtful, for it has not yet been judicially decided whether this convention is binding; but as the Prize Court has a general power to make any order it deems proper, it has not been necessary to settle the former interesting point. There are those who consider that the detention of enemy vessels might well be effected by administrative act, and certainly, as the primary object of the Prize Court is to condemn enemy property and to dispossess an enemy owner of it, there appears to be no practical object in bringing a suit in the Prize Court merely for an order for detention.

The cargoes which have been the subject of prize proceedings have also for the most part been seized in port, and in most cases in British ships. There has resulted this curious state of things, that, while enemy goods in neutral vessels are immune from capture, those in British vessels are liable to seizure. In regard to these goods some intricate and difficult points of commercial law have arisen. Modern forms of dealing, especially as concerns the advance of money on bills of lading and the practice of through bills of lading, have made the actual legal ownership of goods at the time of seizure a question of difficulty. These questions were unknown in former times, and the recent decisions on them relate rather to commercial than to prize law. In the latter field the preëminence of Lord Stowell's decisions as fundamental declarations of English prize law has been, perhaps, an outstanding feature of the work of the court.

If a practitioner from Doctors' Commons, one of the civil lawyers of the past, could revisit the Prize Court, he would be struck not by a change of law, but by a change of procedure. A new code of rules, which had been long in preparation, came into force at the beginning of the war; they have abolished many antiquated forms of procedure, especially that of taking evidence from a captured ship on "standing interrogatories." The procedure is simple and untechnical, for, after all, the object of a prize suit is in itself simple, and there is no reason why the methods by which a decision is obtained should be either involved or lengthy.

E. S. Roscoe.

Book Notes and Byways

MARTIN LUTHER AND ENGLAND.

An extremely rare book, found in the Bodleian, but not in the British Museum, is "M. Luthers Sermon on the Keys and of Absolution, on John xx. 21, 22, translated by R. Argentine. Ipswich. 1548." The name of the translator as here given is a pseudonym, the last word, "Argentine," meaning simply "of Strassburg," which in Latin is known as Argentina or Argentoratum. The problem is, then, to find an Englishman one of whose names begins with R, and who lived for some time at Strassburg. The first name that occurred to me was that of Friar Roy, Tyndale's helper and a translator of other Lutheran works into English. He lived long in Germany, and spent some time at Strassburg, but, as he disappears from sight in 1532, and as Thomas More relates that he fell a victim to the Portuguese inquisition in that year, the present translation could not have been by him unless it was a reprint of an earlier work now unknown. This is so improbable as to make further search desirable. I now think that the translator was Richard Hilles, an English Protestant clergyman who spent several years at Strassburg with Bucer. By contemporary letters he can be traced there in 1546 and from December 8, 1547, to August 22, 1548. As he set out for England on this date, nothing is more likely than that he carried with him a version of Luther's sermon, to be printed immediately on his arrival. By his friends he is often referred to by his first name only, and there is nothing strange in his taking the initial R rather than H in finding a nom de plume.

In the very same year Walter Lynne, a London printer, himself translated, published, and dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth another of Luther's works, namely:

A frutefull and godly Exposition and declaration of the kyngdom of Christ and of chrysten lybertye made upon the words of the Prophete Jeremye In the xviii chapter, with an exposycyon of the viii Psalme, intreating of the same mater by the famous clerke Doctor Martyn Luther, whereunto is annexed a Godly sermon of Doctor Urbanus Rhegius upon the ix Chappter of Mathews. . . . Translated out of the hyghe Almayne. Gwalter Lynne. London. 1548.

In the following year Lynne published another of Luther's writings under the title:

A briefe collection of all such textes of the scripture as do declare the most blessed and happie estate of them that be with sycknes. . . . Whereunto are added two fruitfull and comfortable sermons made by the famous clarke doctor Martin Luther. . . . G. Lynne. 1549.

No more English versions of the Reformer's works were printed during the reign of Edward VI, and only one during the reign of Mary. This was from Luther's *Vom Greuel der Stillmesse:*

A sermon of the great blasphemy agynst God whych the Papystes do use reading this Antechrystian Canon in theyr Mass.

No date, place, or name of printer is given. The British Museum catalogue places it in the year 1554, and the appropriateness of its subject to the reign of the Catholic queen is obvious. It may have been printed on the Continent, as was Tyndale's New Testament and many of his works. Even under the Protestant Edward, in 1550, an Oxford scholar, Francis Dryander, though of the reformed faith, went to Basel to get books printed.

An estimate of the influence of Luther's writings in England in the sixteenth century must note that they furnished the originals for the translation of the English Bible, for many hymns, and for the Thirty-nine Articles. It is a well-known fact that the first complete English Bible (1535) frankly stated on its title-page that it was "faithfully translated out of Douche and Latyn," the Dutch being, of course, Luther's German. Comparison of the texts amply bears out the fact that both Tyndale and Coverdale leaned very heavily on the Reformer. On the other hand, the assertion that Tyndale was at Wittenberg and knew Luther personally, though made by his contemporaries Edward Lee, Thomas More, and Cochlæus, and repeated by Froude, Demaus, Momfret, Gairdner, and many others, is, in my judgment, certainly false. Not only is there no mention of this visit in the records of the University of Wittenberg, or in the voluminous correspondence of Luther, or Melanchthon, or Jonas, or Bugenhagen, or any other resident of the city, not only is there no mention of ever seeing Luther in all Tyndale's writings, but we have his own denial: "when he [More] saith Tyndale was confederate with Luther, that is not the truth."

Some time before 1539 (the date is given by a list of prohibited books drawn up in that year) Miles Coverdale published "Ghostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs, drawn out of the holy Scripture." Mr. Herford has already noticed that some of these hymns were also drawn from Luther. Having made a more thorough study of the subject, I have noted the following parallels:

GERMAN: ERLANGEN EDITION OF LUTHER'S WORKS, VOL. 56.	ENGLISH: REMAINS OF MYLES COVERDALE, 1846.
Nun freut euch, p. 309.	Be glad now, p. 550.
Psalm xii, p. 311.	Do., p. 567.
Psalm xiv, p. 312.	Do., p. 581.
Psalm cxxx (shorter form), p. 313.	Do., p. 577.
Psalm lxvii, p. 318.	Do., p. 580.
Lobgesang auf dem Osterfest, p. 319.	Easter Song, p. 563.
Ostergesang, p. 321.	Another Easter Song, p 563.
Ten Commandments, p. 322.	Do., p. 544.
Another Ten Commandments, p. 324.	Do., p. 545.
Komm Heiliger Geist, p. 330.	Come Holy Spirite, p. 542.
Lobgesang Simeons, p. 331.	Nunc Dimittis, p. 566.
Glaube, p. 333.	Creed, p. 546.
Psalm cxxviii, p. 335.	Do., p. 573.
Psalm cxxiv, p. 336.	Do., p. 571.
Lobgesang, p. 337.	Of the Holy Ghost, p. 566.
Media vita, p. 338.	Media vita, p. 554.
Ein Feste Burg, p. 343.	Deus refugium, p. 569.

For the sake of comparison the first verse of the last-mentioned poem may be given:

> Our God is a defence and toure,
> A good armoure and good weapen,
> He hath been ever our helpe and succoure

In all the troubles that we have been in.
Therefore wyl we never drede
For any wondrous dede
By water or by londe
In hilles or the see sonde
Our God hath them all in his houde.

Ain feste burg ist unser Gott,
ain gutte wör un waffen,
Er hilfft uns frey aus aller not,
Die uns yetzt hat betroffen.
Der alt böse feynd,
Mitt ernst ers yetzt meint,
gross macht un vil list
sein grausam rüstung ist,
auff erd ist nicht seins gleichen.

Though the wording of the two is not very close, the identity of the metre, save in the rhyme of the last line, makes it certain that Coverdale used the famous German hymn.

It is not generally known, and would hardly be agreeable for the "Catholic" party in the Episcopal Church to learn, that Luther had a finger in the Thirty-nine Articles. Such, however, is the case. When Henry VIII's ambassadors, Foxe, Bishop of Hereford, and Nicholas Heath, visited Wittenberg in 1536, they brought back with them a set of seventeen articles, drafted by Melanchthon and approved by Luther, largely founded on the Augsburg Confession. Two years later, at a conference of the German ambassadors, Boineburg and Myconius, with English divines in London, these were digested into thirteen articles, which became the basis of the Forty-two Articles of Edward VI, and thus of the Thirty-nine Articles of Elizabeth. (*Cf.* G. Mentz: *Die Wittenberger Artikel von 1536.* Leipzig. 1905.) PRESERVED SMITH.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Correspondence

"POUR LE FRONT."

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR: Vous avez bien voulu attirer l'attention de vos lecteurs vers l'œuvre que la comtesse Joachim Murat a appelée "Pour le Front." Je vous en remercie bien sincèrement, car je connais cette œuvre qui est des mieux conçues et des mieux dirigées, et je puis vous assurer qu'elle rend de grands services. Grâce à elle, les maux de la guerre sont adoucis à l'entrée d'un hiver rigoureux, et beaucoup de vies humaines lui doivent leur conservation. C'est une heureuse pensée qu'a eue la comtesse Murat d'envoyer directement au front, par les moyens les plus rapides, les nombreux et précieux objets qu'elle doit à la libéralité des souscripteurs et qu'elle a hâte de faire parvenir à leur véritable addresse, qui est celle des malades et des blessés. Et que de maladies elle prévient!

Je vous remercie donc de la publicité que vous avez donnée à cette œuvre éminemment bienfaisante: et ce qui augmente ma reconnaissance est que je crois voir dans votre initiative une marque de bienveillance dont je suis très touché. Notre cause se dégage maintenant en toute clarté des calomnies dont elle a été l'objet. La France n'a pas voulu la guerre; elle n'a rien négligé de ce qui pouvait l'empêcher et lorsque enfin elle a dû la subir puisqu'on la lui avait declarée, elle l'a faite conformément aux règles du droit des gens, humainement et loyalement. On a osé l'accuser d'avoir voulu et préparé la violation de la neutralité belge, alors qu'elle n'avait même pas fortifié sa frontière commune avec la Belgique, la voyant assez défendue par la sainteté des traités. Si je proteste contre cette allégation au milieu de tant d'autres également fausses, c'est que nous y avons été, en France, particulièrement sensibles, parcequ'en nous attribuant une pensée criminelle, elle porte atteinte à notre honneur. Mais je n'insiste pas et je m'excuserais même de vous avoir exprimé autre chose que ma gratitude, si je ne tenais à dire qu'en faisant appel à votre sympathie, nous avons la conscience d'en être restés dignes.

Les souscriptions pour l'œuvre du front peuvent être envoyées directement à la comtesse Joachim Murat, 41 rue St. Dominique, Paris, ou à l'ambassade de France à Washington. FRANCIS CHARMES,

Directeur, *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Paris, Décembre 4.

[The article on the admirable work of Countess Murat which is referred to by M. Charmes has not actually appeared in the *Nation*, M. Charmes having formed his impression from a conversation with one of our Paris correspondents who had in mind the possibility of such an article at some future date. We are glad, however, to commend this especial sort of relief work, which consists of sending blankets and warm clothing directly to the front for the benefit of wounded soldiers who, otherwise, would be exposed while being conveyed to field hospitals and trains.—ED. THE NATION.]

A SERIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American Association for International Conciliation has issued as No. 83 of its bulletins the "Official Documents Bearing Upon the European War." In it the German White Book still appears, I am sorry to say, in the defective translation originally published by the New York *Times*, which in many places is entirely inadequate.

In one instance, however, an evident attempt of the new publication at correcting an omission of the old one has made bad matters worse and led to a situation that might easily cause serious misunderstanding. The communication of the Imperial Chancellor to the Confederated Governments of Germany which appears on p. 113 of the bulletin is there dated July 23, 1914, whereas in the original publication of the *Times* it was left undated. There are accessible to me at the time of this writing three issues of the German White Book that have been published in Germany—the original document, as presented to the German Diet on August 4; a subsequent publication through the regular book trade, brought out by the Nordische Verlagsanstalt; and an English translation, vastly superior to the one of the New York *Times*, which was issued in Berlin by the publishing house of Liebheit & Thiesen. In every one of them the document in question is plainly dated "Berlin, July 28, 1914."

Annoying as this error is, it would hardly justify a notice in the columns of the *Nation* under ordinary circumstances. There is evident danger, however, that it lends color to a recent analysis of the English and German White Papers that has been widely read and is accepted by many as trustworthy in its findings. I refer to an article by the former Assistant Attorney-General, James M. Beck, which appeared in the New York *Times* of October 25, prominently featured as "The Case of the Double Alliance versus the Triple Entente in the Supreme Court of Civilization." It is a strictly partisan review of the official documents thus far published, in which the advocate of the one side attempts to play the part of judge and jury, with the result inevitable in such a case. But even as an advocate Mr. Beck has laid himself open to serious criticism, and one of his untenable contentions concerns the date of the document here referred to. Mr. Beck makes much of the fact that of all the documents printed in the German White Book just this one appears undated. From certain indications he infers that one should assume it to have been prepared on either the 23d or 24th of July. To be sure, it makes mention of events that did not happen until the 25th, but that renders it only the more suspicious to Mr. Beck. At any rate, to his mind, this double-tongued document is plain proof that Germany was plotting war when Servia had not yet even made answer to the Austrian demands. This is the ominous significance of the suppressed date. On it hinges in large part an invidious charge against the German Government. As a matter of fact, Mr. Beck did not even take the trouble of consulting the official publication of the accused Government in its original form. A mere glance would have convinced him that the date in question has not been withheld, and that it is as late as July 28, that is, three days after the arrival of the Servian reply in Vienna, and hence at a time when the European horizon had indeed assumed for Germany a most threatening aspect. Had Mr. Beck taken this trouble, he could easily have avoided the uncomfortable position in which he now finds himself of basing a most serious accusation on a typographical error in the translation of the New York *Times*.

This is the reason why I feel justified in calling attention to the erroneous date in the International Conciliation bulletin. It is a deplorable coincidence. If left unexplained, it might induce even thoughtful students of the questions involved to give credence to the charges of Mr. Beck against the trustworthiness of the data presented in the German White Book. A. R. HOHLFELD.

Madison, Wis., November 8.

NEUTRALITY AS AN OPPORTUNITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is it too late to rescue public opinion in the United States from the wave of partisanship which is threatening to submerge it? Is it not evident that the acrimonious speech and militant suggestions which are now so conspicuous may, if unchecked, forfeit for this country its opportunity to be the instrument of a magnanimous peace?

All reasonable observers must indignantly protest against the horrors of war—the devastation of towns, the brutality of troops, the invasion of neutral territory; but to discriminate absolutely between the contending forces as between those of civilization and barbarism, or to fix complete culpability on one nation or on one man, is to simplify the case beyond recognition. The origins of the tragedy lie much deeper than any immediate provocation. It is not so much an insanity which has seized on one nation as a Nemesis which has overtaken

all. All alike have been for a half century involved in negotiations so tortuous, and preparations so incriminating, that they could have no other issue than this apparently uninterpretable war. The determination of Germany to dominate the land was matched by the determination of Great Britain to dominate the sea. The increasing German budget was an answer to the increasing term of service in France. Peace between Russia and Austria has long hung on the slender thread of a Balkan adjustment. In short, the universally accepted policy of a Balance of Power has involved an equilibrium so unstable that the most dexterous manipulations of diplomacy could not long postpone a crash. Not one of the nations concerned believes itself an aggressor. The overwhelming pathos of the letters which one receives from Europe is in the insistence by Germans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen alike that war was forced upon them and that they are fighting for national existence. The calamity, in other words, was inevitable. The secret barterings of diplomatists and the maintenance of peace by gigantic preparations for war have reached their only possible end.

In this state of European chaos the opportunity of this country is plain. Relief of distress we may freely and lavishly provide. Military coöperation is neither practicable nor desired. The English press has repeatedly pointed out that Great Britain does not need our ships and that we have no army. Reckless invective at such a time is mere vocal exercise. One way of service, and one only, is for the present open to us if we really want to help. We can keep our heads above the wave of passion; we can refrain from a credulity which believes the impossible; we can refuse all entanglements and alliances and maintain our fortunate tradition of diplomatic publicity and candor; and by these measures of self-restraint we can be ready, when the time arrives—God grant it may be soon!—to offer a judicial and unprejudiced tribunal for the great adjudication which must come. The appeal of President Wilson for a strict observance of neutrality is not merely for the sake of national self-interest, but quite as much for the sake of international usefulness. To hold our tongues just now, when the facts reach us with such distortion and exaggeration, may be to hold in our hands before long the fate of the world.

In a letter of Jefferson, written to Monroe in 1823, he says: "I have ever deemed it fundamental for the United States never to take active part in the quarrels of Europe. Their political interests are entirely distinct from ours. Their mutual jealousies, their balance of power, their complicated alliances, their forms and principles of government, are all foreign to us. They are nations of eternal war. All their energies are expended in the destruction of the labor, property, and lives of their people. On our part, never had a people so favorable a chance of trying the opposite system, of peace and fraternity with mankind, and the direction of all our means and faculties to the purposes of improvement instead of destruction." That which was in Jefferson political sagacity has now become moral obligation. Never had a people, in his words, "so favorable a chance of trying a system of peace and fraternity with mankind"; but never was a people more tempted to throw that chance away.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

Cambridge, Mass., November 30.

FRENCH BOMBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* (November 12, p. 573) I read a statement to the effect that French aviators bombarded some Rhine cities and dropped missiles upon Nürnberg. Allow me to state emphatically that there is not a word of truth in that report, which was "made in Germany" and used by Herr von Schoen as a pretext for the futile and wicked declaration of war on France on August 3. The French Government immediately denied the German Ambassador's assertion and, in an official document, bestowed upon it the qualification it deserves: "une misérable invention."

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, November 26.

GEN. SCOTT AS CHIEF OF STAFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is an interesting coincidence that Gen. Hugh Lenox Scott, who has just succeeded Gen. Wotherspoon as Chief of Staff of the United States army, was his successor also, a generation ago, in a detail which brought both of them into country-wide notice. They were subalterns then, and ambitious for billets of the kind that push young men ahead in the military world; but their superiors preferred to set them at the seemingly thankless task of taking care of a band of Indian captives. Geronimo and his Apache following had surrendered after leading the troops a tedious chase through a pathless mountain wildness in the Southwest, and the Government sent them first to Florida and later to Alabama, where they were confined for a considerable period at Mount Vernon barracks, in the custody of Lieutenant Wotherspoon. The latter was glad enough when Lieutenant Scott arrived with orders to relieve him of his burden. Scott found the prisoners pretty thoroughly discouraged as a result of their sojourn in a climate to which they were entirely unaccustomed, and which was threatening to weaken their bodies as it had already wilted their spirits. Old Chihuahua voiced their common discontent in characteristic aboriginal fashion. "We do not wish to live here," said he. "We are shut up in a little place like this"—making signs with his hands to indicate a small rectangle, the shape of the tract on which the barracks were planted. "All around us is nothing but sand," turning his palms down and swinging them slowly around to direct attention to the soil. "The trees"—waving one hand about him to indicate the pine forest—"are so close together that you cannot look away at anything, and so thick"—pointing upward—"that you cannot see the sun. And when you sit down to rest," sighing wearily, "something bites you!"

Under Scott's superintendence they were soon moved to Fort Sill, in the old Indian Territory, where he devoted himself for several years to not only their care, but their instruction in the arts of peace. He taught them how to build the simple cottages in which they were to live, how to farm and garden, how to bale and sell their hay and peddle their vegetables among the housekeepers at the fort, and how to sink and curb good wells. As a precaution, he early took pains to prove to them the instantaneous operation of the telegraph in conveying messages hundreds of miles, incidentally suggesting the folly of any one's attempting to run away when it would be so easy to intercept a fugitive by a warning flashed to the authorities all over the surrounding country; and the effectiveness of this hint was shown by the fact that, although they were allowed now and then to go in parties to some distant point to gather a kind of wild beans of which they were fond, they never abused the privilege.

Far from shelving him professionally, this Fort Sill episode made Scott most favorably known throughout the country, and doubtless played no insignificant part in advancing his subsequent career. He will have scant time, of course, for outside activities while holding his present important post; but, after he has finished his term and retired, it is hoped that he will make some very valuable contributions to the store of American anthropological literature. While he was superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, he used to advise every cadet to select some subject of research in which to interest himself by way of mental recreation, so that, when the time came to lay off the harness of war, life would not lose its charm or come to a full stop. The practical character of this counsel we shall presently see illustrated, without doubt, in the case of its author.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Washington, D. C., December 8.

A REQUEST FOR LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing what I hope to make an exhaustive treatment of Joseph Ritson's life and work. If any of your readers have knowledge of unpublished letters to or from Ritson, or of any Ritson manuscript whatever, I should esteem it a great favor if they would communicate with me.

HENRY A. BURD.

University of Illinois, Urbana, December 1.

SUGGESTIBLE DISEASES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our neighborhood is divided in opinion. Some of us, who have never looked up and just glimpsed Oregon or California vanishing into glimmering blue distance on the railway track of Progress, consider ourselves Progressive, and feel a great pride in belonging to a community that adopts and puts into practice every new suggestion. Others, of a lesser faith, phrase it differently, and say that we catch every new disease that comes along, and are ruining our health by taking too many remedies. One of these skeptics complains to me, regretfully and indignantly, that life is only a series of little eruptions, and that we spend so much of our energy in starting little things that we have none left for the doing of anything big.

I have come to be of the latter opinion. Our little community, to all outward appearance enjoying fairly good health, is really susceptible in the extreme to communicable diseases. Perhaps it would be more accurate to call them suggestible diseases. When anything becomes epidemic, we are sure to take it, whether we need it or not; but, even if the thing is not epidemic, we are likely to take it if we think of it or hear it mentioned.

Our thoroughfares are wide and free, every one has a lawn, there are abundant vacant lots and parks, we have a couple of miles of lake shore, and the country is only a few paces distant; but we have had the playground disease, and are still employing salaried experts to drive our children to diversion. We caught this from the nearest big city, where the children were really in need. Our richest men enjoy incomes of only a few thousand a year, and earn them, but we have not escaped the abuse-the-rich disease. That, too, we caught from a big city, where there were a few rich scoundrels and a few rich idiots, and a greater number of men of real conscience who could not keep the means of their enrichment from working occasional harm. Our poorest people have always felt able to fail their engagements and to refuse jobs that interefere with movie hours, and most of them have expensive habits and victrolas, but we nevertheless had a run of the pity-God's-patient-poor disease, which spread to us, presumably, from some big centre of either exceeding humility or exceeding tyranny.

We are a fairly religious community, but we had to succumb to a sharp, though harmless, attack of the recent go-to-church-next-Sunday indigestion that swept the country. We are still undergoing tango and snappy-music-in-church infections, with hopes that they will not become chronic. We are a college town, with professors from near and far lecturing gratis to empty seats, and with a half-dozen or more "brainy" pastors preaching and teaching Sundays and week days, but we are suffering acutely from the bring-knowledge-to-the-people inflammation, and are bordering on melancholia from the failure to get the man-in-the-street's consent to be enlightened. No one is more social than we are; we can scarcely get an evening at home; yet we have had the social-centre carbuncle. Of course, we have the intermittent educational-fad fever, accompanied by vocational pustules, and, of course, we have had the white-slave rash. Just now we are suffering from a very irritating attack of investigational itch. We have had Tag-days and Rag-days, and Mothers' Days and Fathers' Days, and Clean-up Days. We have had the Boy Scout movement and the Big Sister movement. We have had all the movements, and have all had the movements. The standard road to distinction and a quiet conscience in our little town has been the inauguration or the patronage of a movement of some kind. We should be universally distinguished and universally beatified, and our town a Saints' Rest in Glory, if it only were not that our movements are not lasting. They are rapid movements, and as they reach nowhere, they are naturally soon over. This is no way either to distinction or to eternal repose.

What ails us? We need not to be that way. It must be the nerves, as people say when there is nothing else to say. No one has ever really been able to produce evidence of any serious organic trouble in our community. Our affairs are not large, our citizens are fairly decent and industrious, and our officials fairly expert and conscientious. Up to a few years ago, we supposed we were enjoying pretty good health.

The probabilities are that we should have gone on indefinitely in our good health and happiness if we had not lost our ignorant and comfortable state of mind. We were simply in the case of the really healthy person who hears and reads a great deal about symptoms and remedies, and soon begins to magnify the slight ills to which his own and all flesh is heir, and fancies he needs medicine. We were really not ailing to speak of. We were not even nervous and run down, but we were told again and again of bad cases and wonderful cures, and began to feel the symptoms we had heard so much about. The first thing we knew, we were trying patent medicines—some at the recommendation of well-meaning local quacks who had acquired a taste for sociologizing, and some at the recommendation of itinerant sociologizing quacks who were not so unprofessional and not so innocent. We tried one patent medicine, and the momentary exhilaration of its more or less generous percentage of stimulant in the form of prospective results, aided no little by the judiciously mixed-in bitterness of unpleasant personal effort, made us feel better. Then both stimulant and bitterness began to lose force, through custom, and, of course, we tried another kind. We tried several. We tried all we could find. The promise of salvation shone forth from every patent-medicine bottle in the sociologizer's carpet-bag. We got the habit, and now we are depleted. We have lost the power of resistance. We listen now to every quack. The only bad citizen now is the one who will not consent to the opening of new bottles. We are medicine-mad, and becoming diseased in earnest.

We needed no medicine in the first place. Even when we began to think we were ill there was really nothing the matter more than is natural to any healthy person. Christian Science would have found us a perfectly easy case. Even now, many of us think that the most that we and other innocent towns of our size need is an old-line practitioner with a case of the standard drugs that have served for centuries. The name of the old-line practitioner is Common Sense.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

Madison, Wis., November 28.

MISS AGNES IRWIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Miss Agnes Irwin on December 5 in Philadelphia, in her seventy-third year, has removed from her large circle of friends a noted and beloved personality. A great-great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, she inherited her full share of his wit and wisdom, joining to these her womanly traits, the sincerity and integrity of her strong character, and, above all, the attributes of a most loyal and loving heart.

The granddaughter of George Dallas, Vice-President under President Polk and Minister to England, a great-niece of Col. Dallas Bache, the distinguished Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, with the men of her large family connection holding important positions in the United States Government and in the army and navy, she had, from her youth up, an unusually wide social experience, a certain breadth of view as well, confirmed by her residence in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia.

In her early life it became necessary for her to join the Honorable Order of Self-Supporting Women. She opened a school for girls in Philadelphia, and, ably assisted by her sister, Miss Sophia Dallas Irwin, she conducted it so successfully that to-day the school stands in the foremost ranks, and is filled to overflowing with pupils, many of them the grandchildren of the original pupils. For thirty years she performed the arduous exacting duties of principal of a large school, giving the young lives committed to her care an uplifting and ennobling influence, her friendship following them into their maturer years.

Miss Irwin was a cultivated woman in the highest sense. She had a remarkable memory; her reading was extensive and varied; her mind was stored with the best in classic and modern literature. Her frequent visits to England and Europe gave her an appreciative knowledge of art and architecture. She was a delightful companion, and was sought and prized in every society. She was endowed with health, vigor, and a noble presence. Her wit was proverbial; but her enjoyment of another's wit was equally apparent. It was well said of her that she had an extraordinary power of self-effacement; that she listened quite as well as she talked; that her opinions had to be sought. By nature she was conservative, but she was most open-minded, and ready to listen to views that were opposed to her own. She was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and will be missed in its communion.

In 1904, when Radcliffe, the woman's college of Harvard University, was incorporated, Miss Irwin was invited, from among the many distinguished women then engaged in educational work in the United States, to accept the position of the executive officer of the college. At that date the faculty of Harvard looked askance at the inauguration of a woman's college at Cambridge, and it required Miss Irwin's able management, her good sense and tact, to steer the course of the College through those opening years, and to win for Radcliffe the confidence and support of the University.

She served as dean of Radcliffe for fifteen years, receiving during that period the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, and a degree from the University of St. Andrew's in Scotland. Before resigning, in 1909, she raised, with Mr. Carnegie's help, a fund for the endowment of the Radcliffe College Library.

For the past three years she has been president of the Head Mistresses' Association of Private Schools, representing some fifty schools for girls in this country. "No one knows the help and inspiration she has been to us teachers," said one of the members recently.

Deeply affected by the present European war, her mind dwelt upon the suffering Belgians, and how best to help them. "Imagine," she said, "what it would be, suddenly and for no fault of one's own, to find one's self homeless and destitute." Within the past month she joined a committee in Philadelphia, assisting Madame Vandervelde in raising a large sum of money for the Belgians.

How far and how intimately Miss Irwin's personal influence has been felt cannot be estimated. Of those with whom she came in contact, whom has she not helped, succored, divined? Who can measure the depth of her sympathy, the loyalty of her friendship, the wisdom of her counsels? Hers was a great personality, and her modesty an essential part of it.

G. S.

New York, December 3.

Literature

BOOKS ON CALIFORNIA.

The Tourist's California. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

California, Romantic and Beautiful. By George Wharton James. Boston: The Page Co. $3.50 net.

California, the Land of the Sun. By Sutton Palmer and Mary Austin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

California, Romantic and Resourceful. By John F. Davis. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25.

Spanish and Indian Place Names of California. By Nellie van de Grift Sanchez. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2 net.

With the Flowers and Trees in California. By Charles Francis Saunders. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2.50 net.

California: An Intimate History. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

California is certainly the luckiest and most resourceful country in the world. Gold, grain, fruit, wine, petroleum, and tourists have successively and continuously enriched it, and the future is even brighter than the past. The tourist industry, in particular, is sure to grow apace enormously. The Panama Exposition in San Francisco will stimulate it greatly, and it is likely that, while the nations at war will not be able to participate very actively, this loss will be compensated for by the consideration that the great stream of tourists, finding Europe closed, will turn to the West to see their own country. This situation explains the flood of books just now being added to the big library on California previously published. The subject is inexhaustible; each one of the seven volumes under consideration to-day presents new points of view and is worth reading.

Apart from Baedeker, there is no book which gives so much useful information on California for travellers as the first one on our list. It describes the various routes to that region, as well as the routes from place to place within the State, with the cost by rail, boat, or stage, and estimates of hotel expenses, etc. "Considering its longitudinal extent, California is kinder to the automobilist than any State in the Union." It will soon be possible to motor from the Mexican to the Canadian border and thence from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The time of the year, so far as California is concerned, makes no great difference. There are nearly as many climates as there are counties, and of counties there are fifty-eight, so the tourist can have what he likes. The principal towns and regions most favored by tourists are adequately described in this guide, and there is much incidental information about marvellous fruits, seven-pound radishes, and that sort of thing. San Francisco, made over new, has eight hundred restaurants, the local flavors of some of which are discussed. Bret Harte's country is not overlooked, nor does the author forget to describe the grounds of the Panama Exposition.

It is not merely as a lure that so many books about California have the word Romantic in their title. There is romance a-plenty in the past of the State, and romance in many of its aspects to-day, allied with rare beauty and variety. This romance and beauty form the special subject of Mr. James's volume, the abundant and excellent illustrations in which (some in color), combined with the persuasive text, make it a potent tract for the region and an entertaining one. The book is the fifth in the See America First series published by the Page Company (the others being "Old Panama and Castillo Del Oro," "Three Wonderlands of the American West," "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway," "Panama and the Canal To-day"), and its author is already favorably known for half-a-dozen other books on the Southwest. Where his own extensive experience does not seem to him sufficient, he quotes from famous writers, including some interesting accounts of mountain ascents by Muir and others. He also cites a good deal of poetry, all of it by Californians inspired by their surroundings. The reader is taken along the coast, to the cities, up and down mountain trails, through the deserts, the valleys, the orchards—wherever there is romance or beauty—generally both. Among the pictures there are photographs of fruits and fish which prove that not all "California stories" of bigness are exaggerations. Mr. James does his best to persuade his readers that there should be many more to enjoy the romance and beauty of California, not only as tourists, but permanently, as settlers. He calls attention to the fact that the British Isles, with an area smaller than California, support over eighteen times its population.

Another most abundantly and superbly illustrated book on the same State is the joint production of Sutton Palmer and Mary Austin. How any one can look at these pictures—thirty-two of them, all colored—pictures of the Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, Tamalpais, eucalyptus groves, Santa Barbara Mission, Santa Cruz Mountains, Shasta, Castle Crag, and so on, some of them, like that of Redlands, showing the contrast of flowers and ripe oranges below with snow on near-by ranges, which is so delightfully characteristic of Southern California—without wanting to rush to the nearest railway ticket office, is beyond comprehension. Sutton Palmer is responsible for these pictures, which are more beautiful and illuminating than photographs, while the text, by Mary Austin, is divided into nine chapters, the titles of which convey a suggestion of their content and spirit: The Sparrow Hawk's Own, Mothering Mountain, The Coasts of Adventure, The Port of Monterey, Old Spanish Gardens, The Land of the Little Duck, The Twin Valleys, The High Sierras, and The Sage Brush Country.

No book on California does the subject justice unless it has a chapter on its trees and flowers, and most of them have one. Charles Francis Saunders devotes a whole book to them. It is not a scientific treatise, nor does it attempt to cover the subject systematically. What the author does is to chat about the plants—learnedly sometimes, for he has delved in old Spanish records—but always entertainingly. Here the tourist who is looking forward to a trip will find more miscellaneous facts than elsewhere about the trees, shrubs, and flowering plants that daze and delight every one. Many of them are immigrants, for the Californians delight in importing exotic wayside trees and plants from all parts of the world, as if their own State were not one of the richest of them all. Mr. Saunders has reason to chide the Californians themselves for not knowing—though they are so much given to boasting—what an important part their country has played in beautifying the gardens of Europe. Not only are they full of California wild flowers, but "before California was discovered gardens were almost deficient in one of their present-day strong points—that is, annuals." Abundant pictures further enhance the charm and value of this book, on which it would be a pleasure to dwell longer if space permitted.

Most tourists are glad to know something about the romance and the historic incidents suggested by the place-names of California, so many of which are Spanish or Indian. Why are the big trees called sequoias? Why was the second city of the State—some now claim for it first place—called Los Angeles? Whence came the name California? These and hundreds of similar questions are answered by Nellie van de Grift Sanchez, alphabetically and correctly, wherever accurate information was obtainable through patient research, supplemented by information from John Muir and several experts in the universities of the State. Very often the missionaries chose the names still in use; yet "in many cases the choice of the soldiers has outlived that of the fathers." Unlike other books of reference, this one can be read through with pleasure from beginning to end. Under La Brea interesting information is given concerning the asphaltum beds near Los Angeles, which constituted a "death-trap" in the Tertiary Age, and from which nearly a million specimens of animals, including camels and elephants, have been taken.

"California, Romantic and Beautiful," by John E. Davis, is a misnomer. It is not a treatise on the romance or the resources of the State at all, but simply a plea of sixty pages for the collection, preservation, and diffusion of information relating to Pacific Coast history, followed by the Love Story of Concha Argüello, and a poem by Bret Harte. Mr. Davis calls attention to the extraordinary luck of the great Bancroft library of invaluable manuscripts and books in thrice escaping by the narrowest margin destruction by fire. Yet, notwithstanding this collection, and a travelling fellow-

ship for further research recently established, the author thinks that still more should be done before it is too late, and he calls for subscriptions to further this end.

The history of California is, like the State itself, so romantic that it requires no novelist to make it readable. It is needless to say that, nevertheless, Gertrude Atherton's "intimate history" is more entertaining than most other volumes on its subject, although she does not romance in the least, but sticks to the facts established by other historians. No original research will be found here, but there is the sure touch resulting from being a native of the State and knowing it thoroughly in all its aspects. There is much that appeals to the imagination. San Francisco, the most interesting city in the Union, is most vividly portrayed; there is a graphic chapter on gold and the incredible barbarisms of mining life; and the very names of some of the other chapters suggest the brilliant use the author has made of them: The War, The Terrible Seventies, The Chinese Must Go, Last Phases. One of these last phases is woman suffrage, which, as she notes, was won with the country vote by "the women who had taken motors and visited practically every farmer and hamlet in the State."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Demi-Gods. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Patsy MacCann was a travelling tinker, a tramp, and a thief; and after this concession to the dictates of truth and candor, it may be added, without offence, that he was a critic—as it might be, a book reviewer. In this capacity he observes: "A good story has to be about ordinary things, but there isn't anybody who could tell what your story was about." If the present tale is not a good one, judged by Patsy's canon, it possesses, none the less, many of the characteristics that made the charm of "The Crock of Gold." It relates the wanderings of MacCann and his daughter Mary, with three angels for steady company, and the occasional companionship of Eileen Ni Cooley, an undesirable, Billy the Music, and a sort of visiting angel, Cuchulain, in somewhat patronizing attendance upon Brien O'Brien. Brien dies twice in these pages, spending the interval in mischief of various kinds and the pursuit of his lost three-penny piece. It might be supposed that Patsy and the angels would make an oddly assorted party. But no. "The angels were strangely like Patsy MacCann. Their ideas of right and wrong almost entirely coincided with his. They had no property, and so they had no prejudices." Indeed, the proposition that immediately follows seems fairly to afford common standing ground for angels and larcenous tinkers:

Civilization, having built itself at hazard upon the Rights of Property, has sought on many occasions to unbuild itself again in sheer desperation of any advance, but from the great Ethic of Possession there never has been any escape, and there never will be, until the solidarity of man has been really created, and until each man ceases to see the wolf in his neighbor.

So Archangel, Seraph, and Cherub walk the pleasant Irish countryside for a space, ever and anon elucidating the mysteries of Cosmos by means of stories—a method as old as the world. And the patient ass, friend and servant of the company, listens appreciatively, and even, in the end, delivers itself of five little stories—though how and to whom does not appear. At last the time comes for the angels to "go away"; and Finaun, the archangel, and Caeltia, the seraph, resume their shining garments and depart. But not so Art, the cherub, who, remembering Mary MacCann, rends his beautiful raiment and remains. And so we emerge from the atmosphere of mysticism and rub our eyes as we watch Art and his love pacing down the narrow track, his great arm laid about her shoulder.

Picrre Vinton. By Edward C. Venable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Happy are the story-tellers who can adjust themselves to changed conditions. Is romance dead, just because stalwart youth and tender maiden no longer mate in the old blushing Victorian fashion and live happy ever after—even supposing that they don't? Not a bit of it. Shall the field of romance be narrowed because divorces multiply and Reno flourishes? Never. Rather out of the legal separation of two loving hearts will we build up romance anew, and where before was but one wedding, through the beneficent institution of divorce we will make two to grow. This is what Mr. Venable does in "Pierre Vinton: The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband," and it must be said that he does it uncommonly well. How Pierre allowed himself to be divorced, not wanting to in the least, but feeling that it was only the gentlemanly thing to do, as his charming young wife, to whom he had never refused anything, appeared to desire it, is exceedingly well told. The subsequent wooing of the pair, who would never have been sundered if they had duly observed the exhortations of the gentleman who married them, may almost be described as an idyll of divorce. The compromising situation in which they find themselves at the end, and which calls from a mutual friend the warning telegram, "Pour l'amour de Mike, soyez raisonnable," is quite delightful. Mr. Venable has a light touch, and his pages are illuminated with flashes of quiet humor.

Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Co.

In the present volume, not the least of Mr. Leacock's happy fancies is his selection of a title which exactly expresses his theme. Each of the eight sketches included in the volume is complete in itself, but they are loosely connected by the locality of "Plutoria Avenue," and the recurrence in them of various personages who inhabit that thoroughfare. Some of these characters are deliciously conceived, with just the touch of exaggeration that is required for satire, but without the distortion that turns the picture into caricature. Dr. Boomer, for instance, the president of the university, is a familiar type, remote as the poles from the cloistered calm that one associates historically with the academic life, a hustling, business-like personage, ever ready with an oration, and keeping a weather-eye always open for benefactions from the wealthy. There is not a little verity in this description of the president's tactics: "Indeed, it was part of Dr. Boomer's method to get himself endowed first with premises too big for the apparatus, and then by appealing to public spirit to call for enough apparatus to more than fill the premises, by means of which system industrial science at Plutoria University advanced with increasing and gigantic strides." Not less to the point is the exposition of certain modern ideals of the function of a university: "It [the university] offered such a vast variety of themes, topics, and subjects to the students, that there was nothing that a student was compelled to learn, while from its own presses in its own press-building it sent out a shower of bulletins and monographs like driven snow from a rotary plough." And this, as a sly dig at "vocational training," is quite delicious: "A foreign visitor once said that the students looked like plumbers, and President Boomer was so proud of it that he put the phrase in his next commencement address; and from there the newspapers got it, and the Associated Press took it up and sent it all over the United States with the heading, 'Have Appearance of Plumbers; Plutoria University Congratulated on Character of Students,' and it was a proud day indeed for the heads of the industrial science faculty."

Yourself and the Neighbors. By Seumas MacManus. New York: The Devin-Adair Co.

Only an Irishman could have written this book, and perhaps only an Irishman can fully appreciate it. But there is pleasure in it for any lover of simple and unspoiled human nature. It is a series of sketches, lovingly and minutely detailed, of peasant life in Donegal. The style is that of intimate reminiscence, sometimes a trifle too garrulous, at least for the reader who has not the right store of memories to draw upon. Nearly all the narrative is in the second person; and this too becomes tiresome if "yourself" is in the least bit of a hurry. But if you are content to read leisurely, you can follow with much quiet enjoyment "Yourself and Herself" through school-days, courting days, and married life to contented old age. You will meet great people like Barney, the "Priest's Boy," who, at the age of sixty-six, rules both parish and priest with a rod of iron, and finds his match only in the postmistress; and the tyrannical Bacach (beggar), who is the newspaper of the countryside and commands the best of food and lodging that every house can afford; and the Come-Home Yankee with his marvellous tales of Coney Island or Jee-cago. You will get acquainted

with the tinkers, and the Bachelors of Bragy, and the Masther, and Father Dan. You will spend the day cutting turf in the bog, and will listen in the evening to stories of the Gentle People, and Phelimy Og, and Denis a-Cuinn, and the Grey Man. Altogether it will be your own fault entirely if you do not enjoy yourself. An idea of the style may be obtained from this anecdote of the first day at school:

Your hardihood had to stand its final test in the Square Park after school was loosed. There, while the other pairs of knights waited their turn, you planted your black bare foot opposite Micky Tummoney's very black bare foot, and the two of you glared at each other—all the more fearfully because neither of you knew what he was glaring about. As both of you were dilatory about leading unprovoked hostilities, any one of a dozen obliging friends *(agents provocatcurs)*, always prompt to further a good cause, extended a horizontal arm between you, saying, "Who dar' spit over that?" when both of you, instantaneously and simultaneously daring, gave and got glorious cause for battle.

ISLAM IN EARLY DOCUMENTS.

The Early Development of Mohammedanism. By D. S. Margoliouth. The Hibbert Lectures, May and June, 1913. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

After having made a careful study of the life of Mohammed and prepared a sketch of his religious system, Dr. Margoliouth has begun to investigate "the supplementing of the Koran." The material used is in the main recently printed works of Moslem authors of the third century of the Hegira. An advance guard of present-day Mohammedans has evidently arrived at the point of desiring easy access to their ancient documents, though scarcely any of them are as yet capable of scientific criticism. Accordingly they publish texts which a few Westerners, like Drs. Goldziher, Snouck Hurgronje, Macdonald, and Margoliouth, are examining with similar intent to that of the many great scholars who have sought to comprehend the origin and growth of Christianity by the interpretation of its early literature.

The title of the present book is considerably more ambitious than its contents justify. The author believes, perhaps erroneously, that "Islam was far more a political than a religious system," but he makes no attempt to follow out the direct line of its political development. Nor does he trace other elements which were equally a part of the singularly unified Mohammedan scheme of life, such as the constitutional, the military, the commercial, the educational, and the literary aspects. Moreover, within his chosen topics, which are the Koran, the Sacred Law, the tolerated communities, and the ethical, ascetic, philosophical, and historical supplements to the Koran, he does not attempt a complete survey, but presents the point of view of a limited number of original authorities. But the material he provides is valuable, and much of it is fresh either in content or in point of view.

The Koran and not the Caliphs took the place of the deceased Prophet. For a century and a half it was deemed the only necessary Moslem writing. But a great mass of oral material, interpretative or supplementary, was accumulated rapidly. In time much of this was written down.

The author's general tendency is to minimize the introduction of ideas from outside during the period of oral tradition. Admitting that Mohammed was under some influence from Jews, Greeks, and Christians, he denies that these, or Romans, Hindus, and Persians, had much to do with the unfolding of Moslem thought and life. He is able even to find a sufficient basis for the Sufic development through asceticism to pantheism in Mohammed's insistence that "there is no God but Allah, with whom nothing can be associated." It is hard to agree with the view that the early Moslem progress was so unrelated. When an undeveloped people, supplied with a fresh combination of powerfully stimulating ideas, spreads itself thinly over an area occupied by great numbers of more advanced peoples, and later is found in possession of views that had existed long among the conquered peoples, it is easier to believe that these views were adopted than that they were rapidly and independently expanded out of the original ideas, however possible an expansion of this kind may be from a logical point of view. Had the writer brought within his ken a larger amount of Moslem material of the fourth and fifth centuries, he could hardly have rejected many evident derivations from Roman law and government, from Persian ceremony and mysticism, and from Greek philosophy and science. Nor is it likely that these influences became operative only as late as the tenth century of the Christian era. Close contact, of certain sorts, especially with Romans and Persians, was established within five years after the death of Mohammed, and relations were thenceforth steadily broadened and deepened with the growth of empire and the bringing in of countless converts.

Exception may also be taken to the assertion with which the author begins, to the effect that "Islam has to be preached with the sword, for without going into the water one cannot learn to swim, and there is no probationary dip." For though no unbeliever might in the early days lawfully purchase or touch a copy of the Koran, or enter a mosque, or witness a pilgrimage, there were always alternative ways of becoming acquainted with Moslem belief and practice. In fact, the writer himself admits the existence of several methods of non-forcible conversion (pp. 132, 133); among these, however, that of the persuasion of unbelievers by believers finds no place. Is Dr. Margoliouth unacquainted with J. W. Arnold's convincing book, "The Preaching of Islam"? In fact, the general criticism may be made that the writer has placed too exclusive reliance upon a few original authorities, and has not sufficiently enlarged his point of view by consulting carefully the works of modern predecessors and contemporaries.

Mohammedans and some Christian scholars will hardly be pleased with the assertion that the earliest life of the Prophet "places all the generosity, the heroism, and the public and private virtues on the side of Mohammed's enemies"; nor can they accept the sharp concluding contrast drawn between the historical and the fictitious Mohammed, of whom the one is made out to be a resourceful but unscrupulous politician, and the other "the legislator, the saint, and the thaumaturge."

Other interesting questions are raised by the writer, which reveal extensive possibilities of critical research into many phases of the vast Moslem civilization. The foundations of many familiar statements in regard to it are evidently far from secure.

AN OPPONENT OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

Antigonos Gonatas. By William Woodthorpe Tarn. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 14s. net.

This book deserves our attention on several grounds. It is the work, not of a professional scholar, but of a lawyer who has made Greek history his avocation; yet it is distinguished by the rigor of its method and the mastery it evinces of the sources and the scientific literature of the subject. Its central figure is less known even in professional circles than he ought to be. Antigonos Gonatas merits the penetrating and sympathetic interpretation he has now for the first time received for two reasons that the general reader can appreciate: he was the patron of Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, and he was the persistent adversary of the first experiment in federal government known to history. Naturally, Mr. Tarn has been alive to the outstanding aspects of his theme.

His first chapter, entitled The Teachers of Antigonos, puts Zeno into his historical *milieu;* his eighth, Antigonos and His Circle, introduces us happily to the group of poets, philosophers, and historians which the King's personal interest in their work attracted to his court: Persaios, Zeno's unworthy deputy; Aratos of Soli, whose famous poem, the much-translated, horribly dull "Phainomena," did not merely provide "dry bread for readers surfeited with literary sugarplums," but represents "the first halting attempt that the world has seen 'with patient plan To justify the ways of God to man'—to bring out the Stoic doctrine of Providence"; Hieronymos of Cardia, whose repute as an historian has risen steadily with the decline of the notion that history is merely a literary exercise; Bion, the wandering cynic from Borysthenes, half-mountebank, half-preacher, the coiner of phrases whose "downright vulgarity struck Plutarch no less forcibly than it does ourselves," the author of the winged words in regard to the dying frog, "The boys stone it in sport, but the frog dies in simple earnest"—a man of dual nature, an Odysseus in beggar's rags, thought the great con-

temporary scientist Eratosthenes. All of these men are considered in this chapter in the light of their personal friendship with Antigonos.

In regard to the Ætolian League, Mr. Tarn nowhere takes a very definite position; he simply describes its growth, and inadequately explains its nature. Of its Achæan rival he has more to say. His attitude to it and to Greek federalism in general is frankly hostile. "The [Achæan] League in fact," he says, "was a bit of the Macedonian empire broken off and fitted with a new constitution. The reason of its existence as a part of that empire had been to act as a counterpoise to Sparta; and this remained its function." This is, we think, to minimize greatly the importance of the federal movement; it is to view it too exclusively from the Macedonian point of view of Antigonos Gonatas; and, taken as a whole, Mr. Tarn's book is nothing less than a consideration of half a century of eventful Greek history from the standpoint of Macedon's King. That federalism, despite its ultimate failure, was something more than a visionary project or a form of government devised for a bit of the Macedonian empire broken off, is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding Gonatas's refusal to make any compromises with it, his statesmanlike kinsman, Antigonos Doson, adopted it as the basis of his unification of Hellas, and even went so far as to make Macedon itself a federal league.

PUNISHMENT AND REFORM.

Those Who Have Come Back. By Peter Clark MacFarlane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.

The Man Behind the Bars. By Winifred Louise Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The science of criminology and the art of philanthropy have done much, in the course of a generation, towards checking the production of criminals, humanizing the state's treatment of them after conviction, and increasing their chances of reform. Of the theories and methods involved in this progress journalism has made much copy. Is heredity or environment the chief factor in the breeding of crime? Was Lombroso right about his "criminal type"? Are a considerable proportion of prisoners innocent, or at least more sinned against than sinning? Is the whole idea of punishment to be supplanted by an idea of reform and rescue?

The two books before us deal somewhat emotionally with the criminal and his relation to society. The fundamental conviction upon which they both are based is that the "man behind the bars" is a fellow-being and not a monster; that accident or circumstance, not innate depravity, is ordinarily responsible for his plight; and that even in his deepest guilt he is capable, under favorable conditions, of becoming a useful member of society instead of a burden upon it—of "coming back." Yet these books are radically different in source and in spirit. The author of "Those Who Have Come Back" has seen an opening in the case of the criminal for a series of good magazine "stories." He has caught the peculiar jaunty, snappy style which "gets across" with that immense grammar-schooled public to which the ten-cent magazine stands for literature. He has chosen a number of instances of persons far gone in vice and crime who have "come back" and "made good." No glamour is to be cast about these crooks *qua* crooks; but they are represented as victims rather than degenerates or defectives:

> As long as we have poverty in our midst desperate want will revolt in desperate deeds, and poverty we shall have until the race has reached a higher average of thrift and efficiency, and industrial conditions are developed on a basis of fairness to all; and where there is a weak link in the moral nature of a man undue pressure of temptation, brought to bear on that link, will cause it to break, even while in his heart the man may be hungering and thirsting for righteousness.

Miss Taylor's book is written from a different experience and a different motive. She addresses an audience, not a market. She also believes that "the criminal problem is one of conditions quite as much as 'cases.' In our large cities, the reservoirs of crime, we are but reaping the harvest of centuries of evil in older civilizations, and in our own civilization as well." She also has instances to cite of criminals who have come back. "In my preconceived opinion, the most hopeless case I ever assisted surprised me by settling down, under favorable environment, into an honest, self-supporting citizen." But she has not "got up" her subject as an outsider may. For many years she has studied prisoners and made friends of them. She writes of them, she confesses, with a confidence which belongs to her nature, but it belongs also to her method of approaching them: "Doubtless the key to my own position is the fact that I have always studied these prisoners as men; and I tried not to obscure my vision by looking at them through their crimes." Her experience makes her indignant at our ruthless legal methods, especially in the cities: "Railroading men to prison is purely a matter of business; no consideration is given to the individual accused, he is no longer a human being, he is simply a 'case.'" She also dwells on the cruelties and crudities of prison discipline, the enforced speech of the "third degree," the more deadly enforced silence of the cells and the prison-yard. Of the more humane methods now coming into use, of the probation system, and so on, she speaks with hopefulness. But the movement has only begun, the great tradition is yet to be broken, and Miss Taylor puts her trust in no half-measures: "I have no wish to see our prisons abolished," she sums up, "but thousands of individuals and millions of dollars have been sacrificed to wrong methods of punishment; and if we aim to reform our criminals we must first reform our methods of dealing with them, from the police courts to the penitentiary."

ORIENTAL MYTHS.

Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists. By Sister Nivedita and Ananda Coomaraswamy. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.50 net.

The scope of this volume is ambitious—the material is collated with a view to satisfying a popular interest in two of the great religions of India; but was it wise to assume that a similarity of thought and fancy justifies their being presented as part of some one fabric? It is not to be expected that two exponents of Hinduism could do justice to Buddhism in so intimate a juxtaposition. The Hindu student is characteristically inclined to exploit Buddhism for the Western reader as one of the manifestations of his own intellectual life. Here, the Buddhist myths are arbitrarily injected into the middle of the Hindu story, with a sudden reversion to the latter, and without clear explanation to the reader—an illogical arrangement.

In issuing from Brahmanism, Buddhism carried with it a great stock of notions, mythological and cosmographical, as well as philosophical; but it had elements of original vitality—chiefly its founder's personality—which so sharply distinguished it that an assimilation of the new with the old is unthinkable from the Buddhist point of view. After all, an association may be justified when we come to folk-lore and legend, in which sphere the two religions hold more or less in common, for example, the Ramayana story. As the authors assert, a version of this epic is to be found in one of the Jātakas. It should be remembered that the Jātakas were put into their present shape as late as about the fifth century A. D. in Ceylon; but the collection existed in a more or less copious form as early as the time of Asoka (250 B. C.), while the materials embodied date from times immemorial. The Jātaka tale of the Six-tusked Elephant (p. 252) is a favorite in early plastic art. It can hardly be said (p. 245) that Buddha's father was *raja* of the Sakiyas: authentic Pali sources speak of a republic. What is meant by the statement (p. 248) that Buddha lived and died a Hindu? His sneering remarks about the "Brahmins versed in the Three Vedas" are inconsistent with any continued recognition of Vedic authority, which, presumably then as later, was the criterion of orthodoxy. The Hindu stories from the epics are well told and are a tribute to the enthusiasm with which Sister Nivedita entered into Hindu life and thought, in her endeavor to bring Western sympathy and understanding nearer the subject race.

Of the beautiful illustrations in the volume more than passing mention might be made. Briefly, the care and scholarship shown by the Indian illustrators are a favorable omen for the establishment of a school in the worthy traditions that obtained during the seventh and eighth centuries, the classic period of Indian art. Many of the scenes clustering about Plate xx are beautifully shown in the famous Gandhara sculptures.

Notes

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the publication of "With the Allies," by Richard Harding Davis.

Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish next month: "Before the Gringo Came," by Gertrude Atherton; "The Good Shepherd," by John Roland; "School Hygiene," by Leo Burgerstein.

The Century Company announces for publication this month "The Revolutionary Period in Europe: 1763-1815," by Henry E. Bourne.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of: "Deutschland über Alles," by John Jay Chapman; "Fear and Conventionality," by Elsie Clews Parsons; "A History of Old Kinderhook," by Edward A. Collier.

Henry Holt & Company announce the forthcoming publication of: "Possession," by George Middleton; "How to Produce Plays for Children," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay; "Short Plays About Famous Authors," by Maude M. Frank.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe, in the collection edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, are now brought out in a pleasing volume by Scribners ($2 net, illustrated).

Reissues this season of J. W. McSpadden's Synopses of Shakespeare's plays, Dickens's novels, and Scott's Waverley novels bespeak the demand in which this convenient little series is held (Crowell; 75 cents net, each).

Bulfinch's Mythology has, it seems, maintained its appeal into the present generation of readers. It is now issued (Crowell; $1.50 net) in a single serviceable volume, with good print, containing the Age of Fable, The Age of Chivalry, and Legends of Charlemagne. The book is furnished with thirty-two illustrations.

We have received from the West Publishing Co. of St. Paul, Minn., "Compiled Statutes of the United States, Embracing the Statutes of the United States, of a General and Permanent Nature, in Force December 31, 1913," compiled by John A. Mallory, assisted by members of the publishers' editorial staff. We need scarcely add that this work, which is in five stout volumes, is invaluable for reference.

The revolution brought about in the banking system of the United States by the passage of the Federal Reserve act in December, 1913, has, no doubt, been the occasion of a new fifth edition of Mr. Horace White's "Money and Banking" and of Prof. Joseph French Johnson's "Money and Currency." Both these well-known textbooks have been reissued by Ginn & Co. ($1.50; $1.75), with added chapters discussing the new legislation. Mr. White does not offer any detailed opinion as to the probable working of the act beyond saying that "the fact that the national banks have joined together with practical unanimity to put it in operation makes it highly probable that it will be a success" (p. 449). Professor Johnson is not quite so hopeful, and considers that "it is impossible to foretell the effects of the establishment of this new banking system" (p. 378). He points out that it contains features which were "the subject of severe criticism from many quarters" (p. 380), as, for example, its practical coercion of the national banks, compulsory rediscounts by one regional bank for another, the number of regional banks, the nature and conditions of issue of the new notes, and the adequacy of control provided. It is this last feature to which failure of the law, if it should occur will probably have to be charged. Professor Johnson definitely favors the "one central bank" idea as the scientific way of meeting the currency requirements of a country like the United States.

One turns to Mary Edith Durham's "The Fight for Scutari" (Longmans, Green; $4 net), prepared for disappointment. Nothing in international politics that is older than August, 1914, can have interest or value. And if it comes to fighting, what possible comparison is there between the desultory raids and snipings and petty starvations of the Albanian highlanders and the mighty European melodrama? One finds Miss Durham's book fascinating. Possibly because the gigantic battlefields and holocausts of the world war after all leave the imagination dulled, this picture of primitive border warfare grasps the reader by its very concreteness. And after all the petty turmoils of Albania in 1910-12 were the prelude to the great drama of 1914. Albania it was that gave the signal for the Balkan upheaval against the New Turk and hastened on the two wars which, by humbling the Turk and exalting the Serb, brought on the great conflict. Thus one gets the rare sensation of watching, in the interplay of petty chieftains and the wars of small tribes, a Punch and Judy show which, by a swift darkening and illumination of the theatre, revels as "Macbeth." Nor is it the least charm of the book that it is written by an observer who was a participant in a very rare sense. Miss Durham, by long acquaintance and sympathy, had made herself a power among the mountaineers of the Adriatic coastlands, taming the savage tribes whom Rome and the Ottomans had failed to subdue. To her come shaggy highland chiefs for advice and intercession, governors, prime ministers, princes of the blood, if only of Montenegrin blood. She reminds one of nothing so much as of the wise women whom the early Teutonic tribesmen honored and obeyed; except in the spirited partisanship with which she defends the cause of her favorite Albanians against their betrayers—Turk, Montenegrin, or Serb.

The merit of "Thistledown: A Book of Scotch Humor, Character, Folk-Lore, Story, and Anecdote" (Stokes; $1.75 net), by Robert Ford, resides in the countless and often delightful anecdotes that the author has gathered, rather than in his study of the nature of Scotch humor. The book is, indeed, little more than a collection of illustrations of Scotch humor roughly classified under such heads as Old Scotch Divines, Scotch Precentors, Dram-Drinking, Scottish Rural Life, Scotch Naturals. The author has shown more than ordinary skill in excluding pointless stories, and in including stories that, in addition to being amusing, afford an insight into Scotch character. The foreign air of the book is enhanced by colored drawings well executed by John Duncan, and by the author's curious style, which has a touch of old-fashioned pompousness, and contains more than one "manifest Scotticism." One anecdote will suffice to reward the reader of the present paragraph:

"Jock," cried a farmer's wife to her cowherd, "come awa' in to your parritch, or the flees 'ill be droonin' themsel's in your milk bowl."

"Nae fear o' that," was Jock's roguish reply. "They'll wade through."

"Ye scoondrel," cried the mistress indignantly, "d'ye mean to say that ye dinna get eneuch milk?"

"Ou, ay," said Jock, "I get plenty o' milk for a' the parritch."

The melancholy interest which attaches to the unfortunate illegitimates of the great is sufficiently related in Hector Fleishmann's "Unknown Son of Napoleon" (John Lane; $3 net). It might more properly have been entitled an unfortunate or unwelcome son, for Count Léon was only too well known under the Second Empire, pestering his cousin for interviews and money. After sinking lower and lower in life, this eldest son of Napoleon died in Paris in 1881, and was laid in a pauper's grave by the side of the nameless poor and needy. He left four children, one of whom, following the spirit of adventure innate in the Bonaparte family, became a leading light in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. In the first half of his volume the author reveals the seamy side of the domestic life of a certain Revel, paymaster of dragoons, and his pretty eighteen-year-old wife, Eléonore Denuelle de la Plaigne, who in 1806 became by Napoleon the mother of Count Léon. The Emperor manifested a certain affection for this boy, who was proof that Josephine's childlessness was not due to her imperial husband's incapacity. He secretly acknowledged his own paternity by placing Léon under the guardianship of the Meneval family and by making financial provision for him. The second half of the volume is devoted more particularly to describing Count Léon's unfortunate and unedifying downward career. Under Louis Philippe's Government, when the Napoleonic legend was swelling under the influence of Thiers and Béranger and the St. Helena literature, Léon became a member of the National Guard and enjoyed a certain specious popularity on account of his striking physical resemblance to his father. But already he had got into difficulties by his spendthrift habits and worthless associates His cousins and uncles would not receive him. This led to the farcical attempt at a duel with Louis Napoleon on Wimbledon Common in 1840, when the Bow Street police interfered and Boston's benefactor, Joshua Bates, went bail for the future good behavior of his Napoleonic friend. In an appendix the author examines the stories as to Napoleon's other alleged children; he concludes that only three are proved—Count Léon, Count Walewski, and the King of Rome.

Wilson King's "Chronicles of Three Free Cities: Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck" (Dutton; $4 net) does not profess to add anything to German historical research into the past of the three remaining Hanseatic cities; it is rather a modest but assiduous attempt on the part of one well qualified by residence and reading to arouse in English and American readers an interest like his own in records of civic and commercial achievement. An introduction by J. P. Mahaffy gives a

brief survey of the development of trading cities from Tyre to Liverpool, and calls attention to the European aspect of Mr. King's subject. Mr. King's own narrative is quite detailed and circumstantial, everywhere sympathetic, and nowhere dull. Numerous illustrations in black and white, and a few in colors, have been contributed by Mrs. King and others. They not only serve the purpose of vivifying the narrative, but are excellent in themselves.

A. W. Holland's "Germany" in the series called The Making of the Nations (Macmillan; $2 net) gives in a sober style an authentic outline of German history from the time of the migrations to the end of the year 1913. From the nature of the case, the greater part of the book is a record of wars, but there are brief considerations of the causes and the results of conflicts, as well as of public policies and public and private achievements. The book is illustrated with maps and many good photogravures.

In "John Hay: Author and Statesman" (Dodd, Mead; $1 net), Prof. Lorenzo Sears gives a pleasant eulogy of the American public man who, more than any other of his time, seems to have taken hold on the hearts of his countrymen. Hay's work as Secretary of State has passed into a legend, and Professor Sears carries forward the idealizing process. We do not imply that much of this idealization was not justified; we merely wish that the eulogist had had more acquaintance with the inside facts of Hay's life and work so that he could have made a more solid memorial of him. We get a little impression of one

> too good
> For human nature's daily food,

which Hay himself would have been the first to smile at and disavow.

We have before us three additions to the already mighty company of Napoleonic books of recent arrival. Of these, Major Arthur Griffiths's "Life of Napoleon" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $1.75 net) is hardly a biography in the modern sense; rather a story pleasantly retold. The work appears without prefatory excuse, nor are we enlightened as to the class of reader for whom it is intended. Scarcely for young searchers after truth. Perhaps the old may read it and feel young again—safe in that they are beyond being misled by the art of the story-teller. It is enlivened by an attractive Napoleonic portrait gallery. The title of William Henry Hudson's volume, "The Man Napoleon" (Crowell; $1.50 net), is its justification. It is, in fact, a careful and eminently readable study of the life of the great Corsican, disengaged, so far as possible, from history, "which is treated only as the background and setting of his career." For this relief, much thanks. Drum and trumpet history, under guise of biography, is fast becoming an intolerable nuisance. The author's own feelings in regard to Napoleon's character—"not admiration, but aversion, not unmingled with pity and contempt"—are not allowed to tinge his narrative, which is candid and judicial throughout. The illustrations are unusually good. In "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $1.25 net) is republished, in book form, a series of articles by the late Viscount Wolseley which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Intended as a study of the strength and weakness—as exhibited in his last disastrous campaigns—of the leader whom the author regarded as "a superhuman genius" and "by far the greatest of all men," these collected papers have a special appeal just now, bringing out, as they do, many points of comparison and contrast in Napoleon's final struggle with that at present raging. Then, as until quite recently, Russia was, from a military point of view, the unknown quantity. Then, as now, unhappy Belgium was the cockpit of Europe.

From the days of Tristram Shandy onwards we have had many studies under many names of the engaging personality that has gained world-wide recognition as "Mr. Thomas Atkins"; there has been none more convincing, more revealing, or more lovable than that sketched in the little collection of extracts from his own letters from the front, entitled "Tommy Atkins at War, as Told in His Own Letters" (McBride, 50 cents), and ably edited by Mr. James A. Kilpatrick. His pluck, his kindliness, his patience, and his good-nature stand out the more compellingly because their expression is so unstudied; and we realize, if we contrast them with the most capable literary "studies" from the outside, how ineffective is the *mot juste* when compared with the plain truth. Naturally the editor of these letters has sought here and there to point the moral, but his intrusions are delicately conceived, and do not spoil the picture. To gain some real idea of the actual conditions under which the greatest of wars is being fought and of the personalities which make up one of the contending forces the possession of this little book is imperative. Incidentally, although it is from the nature of the case one-sided, the editor has striven to be fair to the brave men who are dying for the other side of the argument, and it is perhaps a pity in this connection that certain references to "barbarities" in the chapter Tommy Atkins and the Enemy, obviously written in the very heat of battle, were not omitted.

There was need of a short history of India, "up to date" in respect of geographical and racial information, and in "Ancient India from the Earliest Times to the First Century A. D." (Cambridge University Press; Putnam; 75 cents), E. J. Rapson, has filled the need. Not so archæological as the volume on "Antiquities of India," recently reviewed in these columns, this little book is yet based on both literary and monumental evidence. Its author is well known as an authority on numismatics, and he has brought to the making of this work a great store of knowledge from his own field. Coins and inscriptions are of prime importance in constructing the history of a land practically without a history of its own. Especially is this true of the debatable reigns of kings after the third century B. C. For the still earlier period, Professor Rapson offers no new material save that which shows the Dravidians to have been not original inhabitants, but invaders from the northwest, like the Aryans. It might have been said also that the Aryans themselves probably entered India in different hosts of different dialectic characteristics. Of the civilization of the earliest literary period, not 3000 but circa 1200 B. C. the author gives an excellent summary in which modern German scholarship has not been neglected. By the third century B. C. the admirable survey begins to show the result of the author's independent researches. Here, too, is room to question whether some of Professor Rapson's statements may not be adversely criticised, notably in regard to the extent of Asoka's kingdom, which was perhaps less firmly established in the south than the author asserts. But in general the student may thankfully accept so readable and trustworthy a manual of Indian history and geography as is here presented, particularly as it contains a mass of matter hitherto inaccessible save to specialists.

Dr. Alexander Campbell Fraser, professor emeritus of logic and metaphysics in Edinburgh University and a writer on philosophical subjects, died in Edinburgh on December 3. He was born at Ardchattan Manse, County Argyll, Scotland, in 1819, the son of the Rev. Hugh and Maria Helen Campbell Fraser, and was educated at home and at Edinburgh University. He was professor of logic at New College, Edinburgh, 1846-56, and from 1856 to 1891 was professor of logic and metaphysics in Edinburgh University, in succession to Sir William Hamilton. From 1850 to 1857 he was editor of the *North British Review*. Dr. Fraser received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1883, that of LL.D. from Princeton in 1856, from Glasgow in 1871, from Edinburgh in 1891, and from Aberdeen in 1906. He also received the honorary degree of Litt.D. from Dublin in 1902. He was Gifford lecturer in natural theology in Edinburgh, 1894-96, and became a Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, in 1858, and a Fellow of the British Academy in 1903. Among his publications were: "Essays in Philosophy," 1846-56; "Essays, Philosophical and Miscellaneous," 1858-68; "Collected Works of Bishop Berkeley," annotated; "Life and Letters of Berkeley," 1871; "Berkeley in Philosophical Classics," 1881; "Locke in Philosophical Classics," 1890; "Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, with Prolegomena, Notes and Dissertations," 1894; "Thomas Reid," a biography, 1898; "Philosophy of Theism," 1898; "Locke as a Factor in Modern Thought," read in the British Academy on the bicentenary of Locke's death, 1904, and "Berkeley and Spiritual Realism," 1909.

A protective-tariff expert, a leader in Congress and a member for so many years without break as to have become the Father of the House, yet one whose sole contribution to permanent literature consists of a pamphlet reprint of one speech, and whose name does not appear in any of the standard encyclopædias, is a curiosity in these days of self-exploitation. Such a man was the late Sereno Elisha Payne, Representative from the Auburn district of New York State. Like his old-time colleague, John H. Ketcham, of Poughkeepsie, he had mastered the art of speaking by his very silence; and he had acquired such a standing in the neighborhood of his home that he was returned, term after term, without any effort on his part. There was nothing picturesque about his personality, as about that of every other member of the little group with whom he acted. He had not Reed's wit or Dolliver's eloquence, Cannon's quaintness or McKinley's charm, Kelley's weight or Dingley's plodding patience. His chief stock in trade, where his official manner was concerned, was a smiling, but not the less deadly, indifference to what any opponent said or thought. When Reed,

as Speaker, wished to put temporarily in the chair a fellow partisan whom he could trust absolutely to hold down the minority while the Republicans turned out a couple of Democratic Representatives whose seats had been contested, he called upon Payne, whom he knew no arguments could convince, no sophistries disturb, no threats alarm. Payne proved worthy of his confidence. Bailey of Texas might roar "No quorum!" at him, and McMillin of Tennessee fling contemptuous epithets in the face of the majority, but the temporary tenant of the chair paid no more heed to them than to the winds which blew outside of the chamber: he would neither reverse his rulings nor entertain an appeal, but, looking not to right or left, kept his gavel beating its relentless tattoo on the desk till the two Democrats were out and the contesting Republicans were in.

It was the same way with his share in general debate. No man on the floor of the House prepared his basic data in advance with more care, and then he never allowed any one to bait him by drawing him into a controversy over details. He disposed, with his characteristic smile and his equally characteristic silence, of even so tempting a critic as the late Francis W. Cushman of Washington, who, taking for his text Payne's explanation that hides ought to come in free because they were only a by-product of the live stock which were protected by strong duties, insisted that, by parity of reasoning, milk and eggs should have their tariff rates removed.

Mr. Payne was not without a sense of humor, though the joke must be pretty plain to find him instantly appreciative, and he rarely, if ever, told one himself. Moreover, he was cautious almost to suspiciousness in dealing with men whom he had not known long enough to understand thoroughly. It is not surprising, therefore, that he passed among his associates as a dependable rather than an attractive man. Nearly every one had a pleasant word for him, and his quarrels were too few to be remembered; but, though an old friend here and there addressed him as Sereno, he never achieved a nickname, even of the affectionate sort.

The life of the late William Woodville Rockhill had in it a lesson for ambitious youth, for it showed the value, both to himself and to the world, of having a hobby which carried him somewhere. Rockhill's hobby, which he rode from youth, was Tibet, the country of which, from Marco Polo's time to his, so little was known and so much imagined. He began preparing, in his college days, for his work as an explorer by taking a special course in Chinese along with his studies of other living languages, and after graduation sought an appointment as a secretary of legation at Peking for the purpose of perfecting himself in both Chinese and Tibetan. This was no easy task, since every one thereabouts who knew the language of Tibet became suspicious of his designs as soon as he expressed a desire for instruction, and most of what he learned he had to acquire by stealth. After four years of such self-training he took his first plunge by disguising himself as a Chinese priest and crossing the border of the Forbidden Land. This trip consumed about a year, during which he discovered how to make his way about and divested himself of the notion, then so commonly held in Western Europe and the United States, that the Tibetans were merely intractable savages. Thus he paved the way for a more extended and fruitful tour which he made a year or two later, accompanied by a small retinue of Chinese servants and a bodyguard of ten native soldiers hired from a chief whom he found not wholly impervious to the influence of foreign coin, and equipped with a photographic camera and a few surveying instruments.

How little of a pleasure-jaunt this journey was may be inferred from the fact that in one period of eleven months he covered about eight thousand miles, making his way in the most primitive fashion; crossed sixty-nine passes ranging from 14,000 to 18,000 feet above sea-level; lived sixty days at an altitude of 15,000 feet, with clothing continuously soaked by storms of rain, hail, or snow, and was unable during this interval to procure any food worth mentioning, and no drink but tea. Yet with all their soaking and freezing and starving, his party knew not a single hour's illness from the day of leaving China proper till the day of returning thither. The geographical and ethnological data he brought home with him, and the extraordinary collection he made of articles of personal adornment, domestic implements, and paraphernalia used in religious rites, gave his two excursions high rank among modern scientific enterprises of travel. One of his discoveries, of some significance to Americans, was the likeness between many of the Tibetan towns and the Indian pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, the resemblance pervading not only situation and architecture, but also the life and worship of these widely separated communities.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Through the wall of official unanimity that has been thrown round Germany, an occasional dissentient voice makes itself heard. Dr. Martin Rade, Protestant pastor in the University town of Marburg, is editor of the *Christliche Welt*, and was to have spoken at the proposed international congress of Christian Socialism, at Basel, in Switzerland. Instead he writes:

I can not but deplore the Imperial Chancellor's fashion of treating the question of neutral countries (in his speech of August 4 before the Reichstag), for it was not necessary to have recourse to so dubious a proverb as "Necessity knows no law." With such a proverb he will never be able to persuade those who see in the possibility and existence of neutral countries a triumph of the law of nations. This is why it will be hard to mend the harm done by the German Empire's not keeping clear from the start of the fault committed by violating the rights of the Belgians. I defy any one to say that this thought of mine is unpatriotic.

The needs disclosed by the present war have already stimulated the French Government and people to significant precautions for the future. The Minister of Public Instruction has worked out a plan for the general physical training of French young men from the age of fifteen to eighteen years. A beginning was made at a meeting of the authorities and professors of Paris colleges with representatives of the federations of sports, physical culture, and military preparation. The rector of the University of Paris, M. Liard, whose position places him at the head of the academic institutions of the capital and surrounding region, presided. He explained that one duty was urgent on all, to train up and prepare for the country and its army the young men who will be summoned to-morrow to take the place of their elders in the life of the community. The Minister has named as delegate Pierre de Coubertin, who some twenty years ago gave prizes in several American universities for French work, and, in his own country, has headed the movement towards athletic sports as well as taking a leading part in the international Olympic games. He spoke at some length of the necessity of bringing into the habits of Frenchmen the cultivation of their physical person:

The Englishman cultivates freely his muscular machine. He considers it a patriotic duty to be in perfect physical condition, in the fulness of muscular efficiency, and to possess the best of health by severe hygiene. The effects of such education have admirable consequences when applied to war. In excellent physical condition and accustomed to this severe hygiene, the English soldier supports remarkably the inclemencies of weather; and, whenever he has the least leisure and finds the slightest means, he applies himself to the cares of cleanliness.

M. de Coubertin went on to explain the work in which Government thus takes the initiative—to form in all young Frenchmen, by appropriate exercise in gymnasiums and the open air, a state of mind which will lead them to prepare themselves for physical culture and resistance of body, so that they may be ready to become robust soldiers. Training centres, under professionals and monitors, are to be established throughout Paris and the suburbs within the means of all. The Hébert method will be used for marching, foot-racing, jumping, throwing, swimming, boxing, and single-stick. For students these centres will work in connection with their schools; for young men living in their families there will be convenient centres. For greater exercises the municipal and military authorities of Paris have been asked to give the land in the Champ de Mars which American visitors to universal expositions will remember as the site of that immense piece of steel engineering, the Galerie des Machines. All professionals of athletics have been invited to help in this revival of national physical culture—and preparation.

Ferdinand Hodler, a Swiss painter who has won wide recognition in Germany, signed the collective protest of writers and artists of Geneva against the bombardment of Rheims cathedral. In consequence, the Cologne Gallery has taken down a painting by him and replaced it by an accusing inscription. The Secession Salons of Berlin and Munich, and now that of Vienna, have dropped his name from their list of members. The University of Jena had one of his best-known pictures, Departure of Students in the Napoleonic Wars. This it now offers for sale, the money to be given to the German Red Cross. The venerable Professor Haeckel has charged himself with this exemplary punishment, and, at last reports, had received a bid of 20,000 marks. Gunsburger, of Geneva, who already has forty paintings by Hodler, is organizing an exhibition of his works, with the proceeds of which he hopes to buy back the University-spurned picture for the artist's native and neutral Switzerland.

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

The autumn meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held on December 7, 8, and 9, at the University of Chicago, for the second time in its existence. Although a rather small number of members were present, on account of the late date and the distance from the homes of the majority, an unusual number of papers were read, thirty-six in all, largely by guests of the Academy. The variety and interest of these papers, distributed among astronomy (8), mathematics (6), physics, chemistry, and zoölogy (5 each), botany (4), physiology (2), and geophysics (1), served to emphasize the strength of this region as a centre of scientific research.

W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, in a paper on "The Radial Velocities of Nebulæ," gave an account of results obtained during tbe last three years at the Lick Observatory and its branch at Santiago, Chili, on the determination by the spectroscope of the velocities of fifty-four nebulæ towards or away from our system. These nebulæ are found to have very high velocities, which are not, as in the case of the stars, distributed according to the law of probability. The average velocity of these nebulæ is seven times the average velocity of the helium stars, which have generally been supposed to be the stars most recently evolved from nebulæ. There is thus some basis for the suggestion that planetary nebulæ have been formed from the rushing of high-velocity stars through space. George E. Hale, of the Carnegie Institution Solar Observatory at Mt. Wilson, presented a paper on "The Direction of Rotation of Solar Storms," in which he followed up the consequences of his remarkable discovery that vortical whirls in the atmosphere of the sun produce magnetic fields large enough to displace the spectrum lines, by the detailed study of the direction of rotation in such vortices. It was soon noticed that sun-spots rotating in opposite directions are found in the same solar hemisphere, but these are easily explained as opposite ends of a single vortex like that made by a paddle in water. It is found that the sun may be divided into zones, symmetrical with respect to the equator, in each of which the rotation is in a particular direction, which is different before and after the sun-spot minimum. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, presenting an "Explanation of Certain Phenomena of the Tail of Comet Morehouse," made use of a beautiful method of examination of the shape of the tail by combining in a stereoscope two photographs taken simultaneously in Europe and America. The distance apart of the stations was amply sufficient to bring out the stereoscopic effect and to show that the tail was not merely bent, but actually twisted, presenting somewhat the appearance of a ring of cigar smoke. This was accounted for by the comet's ceasing for a short time to emit the matter composing the tail, which drifted off under the influence of some disturbing body.

A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, in a study of "The Behavior of Metals and other Substances near the Rupture Point," showed that the elastic yielding takes place as if the metal were formed of three substances which act differently, the first being perfectly elastic and resuming its form when the stress is removed, the second dragging behind, and the third acting like a viscous body, not, however, according to the ordinary simple law making the viscous resistance proportional to the velocity, but more nearly to the square root of the velocity. The more often the metal is subjected to the repeated stress, the harder it becomes, so that steel may attain twice its normal hardness before breaking. An ingenious model was shown which closely imitated the phenomena described. C. T. Knipp, of the University of Illinois, in a paper on "Experimental Data on the Stability of Positive and Negative Ions," studied the motion of the positive rays sent off from a lime cathode in a vacuum tube. These rays receive an acceleration by being passed through a strong electric field, and their deflection by a magnetic field is studied by photography in J. J. Thomson's manner. Certain anomalous lines on the photograph are accounted for by supposing that the positive ion is more stable than the negative, that is, that a negative ion loses an electron more easily than does a positive ion.

T. C. Chamberlain, of the University of Chicago, in a paper on "The Fundamental Segmentation of the Earth," undertook to explain the chief surface forms of the earth as a result of stresses due to changes in the earth's period of rotation, due to its growth as postulated by the author's celebrated planetesimal hypothesis. The solid earth would first yield by bulging equatorially, and the attempt was made to explain the yielding by a sort of triangular division in which the segments were separated by lines of easement of the stresses, and these subdivisions were shown to agree in a certain manner with the great continental divisions of the globe.

A. J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago, in "Some New Observations on the Physiology of the Stomach in Man," created much interest by a graphical depiction of the pangs of hunger. He had had the advantage of a human subject with a fistula, or hole an inch in diameter in his stomach, through which all food had to be introduced, and which also permitted the introduction of apparatus, such as a balloon, for measuring pressure and showing contractions of the stomach. By other subjects the balloon could be swallowed, and the record obtained. The curves showed the rhythmical contractions of the stomach, each of which corresponds to a pang of hunger, and the reaction to various stimulations were plainly visible. The effects of fasting for a number of days, even after the sensation of hunger had ceased, could be traced by the curves.

Shiro Tashiro, of the University of Chicago, in a paper on "The Nature of Nerve Impulse," attacked the difficult question suggested by the fact that lack of fatigue and absence of heat production during stimulation of the nerve have led physiologists to suppose that the nerve impulse is transmitted without consuming any material. By means of a very delicate new apparatus, which can measure as little as one-ten-millionth of a gram of carbonic acid, it was shown that a living nerve gives off a definite amount of carbonic acid, and that stimulation increases this amount. From the evidence it was concluded that nerve impulse is a propagated chemical change, the propagation being due to restoring the equilibrium which was disturbed first at the point of stimulus.

In a study of "The Fertilizing Power of Sperm Dilutions," F. R. Lillie, of the University of Chicago, gave evidence of the truth of the theory that the fertilizing power of spermatozoa is due to a definite substance, which is lost as time goes on, so that a spermatozoön may be perfectly motile after the loss of its fertilizing power. It being assumed that an egg may be fertilized by a single spermatozoön, eggs placed in series of suspensions of sperm in sea-water of increasing dilutions should act as follows: Up to the point where each egg receives a single spermatozoön, every egg should be fertilized; beyond this the fraction of the eggs fertilized should fall off at first slowly, then rapidly, and then should decrease asymtotically to zero. This is not found to be the case unless the time is very short. A glance at the curves shows that, as the time increases, say, from five to twenty minutes, the curve falls to almost zero at a very much less dilution than before; hence the conclusion stated above. W. L. Tower, of the University of Chicago, in a study in experimental evolution entitled "Experimental Production of a New Character," succeeded by changes in the environment of the potato beetle, by exposure to heat at certain periods of growth, in producing definite changes in the form and size of the antennæ, usually considered as highly invariable organs. The changes thus produced are not known to exist in any living or fossil insects of the sort, but are formed in three states of instability, all capable of being transferred to other species through crossing, thus giving a picture of what may be one method of the production of nearly related genera.

A prominent place in the meeting was taken by the second series in the William Ellery Hale memorial lectures on evolution. At the spring meeting the introductory lectures were delivered by Sir Ernest Rutherford on "The Evolution of Matter," and at this meeting the course was continued by two lectures on "Stellar Evolution and the Formation of the Earth" by Dr. William Wallace Campbell, director of the Lick Ob-

servatory. The lecturer gave a masterly presentation of this wide subject, taking his auditors from the farthest limits of the universe to the consideration of the smallest meteorite. Since the only way we have of studying the stars is by means of their light, it should be understood that in the very largest telescope a star, even though millions of miles in diameter, appears only as a point of light without size. In the many splendid photographs shown this is not the case, for reasons belonging to photography. In all the enormous number of visible stars no changes take place in man's lifetime, with the exception of the new stars, the clouds of Jupiter, and the sun's surface. The evolution spoken of takes times that may be measured in thousands or millions of years. It is estimated that there are about sixty to seventy million stars visible to the telescope, but this is but a small fraction of the whole number. They are supposed to form a universe of lenticular shape, of which the Milky Way shows the greatest dimension. Astronomical distances are so huge that they are estimated in light-years, that is, the distance that light, which travels 186,000 miles per second, travels in one year. Thus the nearest star to us is distant by four and one-half light-years. A star may be at a distance from its next neighbor of 80,000 light-years, while the distance from the centre to the boundary of the universe is estimated at 450 millions of light-years. Thus the stars may be in very rapid motion without seeming to change their places. The proper motion, that is, motion as it would be seen on a star map, is measured by the telescope directly, while the motions towards or away from us are measured by the displacement of the lines in the spectra. In this way it is found that the average velocity is at the rate of about nineteen kilometres per second of approach.

The earliest bodies in point of evolution are the nebulæ, or great clouds of hot gas, which all emit a characteristic spectrum, containing a line not elsewhere found, characteristic of a substance that has been called nebulium. Of these the most interesting are the great spiral nebulæ, which are enormously far off, and which avoid the Milky Way. Keeler estimates that there are one hundred thousand nebulæ visible in his telescope. By a careful comparison of the motions of all the stars that have been studied, Kapteyn has concluded that the stars may be divided into two groups, in each of which the direction and magnitude of the velocities are distributed at random, but the two groups are drifting through each other, a result intrinsically improbable, but difficult to escape.

The spectra of the stars have been arranged according to a certain classification, originated at Harvard from the results of the large number of spectra obtained by the Henry Draper telescope. It has been found that the velocity of motion of the different stars is closely connected with their spectral types, and in this way the relative age of the stars has been arrived at. Although a large and a small star may develop differently, the radiation of heat is the main factor in their development. A hot sphere of gas would tend to expand, but the mutual gravitation of its different parts causes it to contract. The work done by the forces in the contraction generates heat, so that the contraction is resisted, and then a portion of this heat is lost by radiation, so that the problem of equilibrium is a complicated one. As the temperature changes, the color and hence the spectrum change. Helmholtz calculated that a shrinkage of the sun's diameter of only forty-five feet per year would suffice to provide all the heat that it gives out, but we now know that the phenomena of radio-activity will provide immense stores of energy from atomic changes.

Our sun is a star that has cooled down so long that its spectrum is traversed by thousands of black lines due to absorption in the cooler layers of the atmosphere by which the sun is surrounded. These belong to a large number of metals which appear late in the life of a star. The solar system, best known to us because nearest, is composed of the sun, eight major planets with their twenty-six moons, about eight hundred minor planets, and meteorite swarms, but of all this the sun contains about 744 parts of mass to one part for all the rest. The orbits of all these bodies lie so nearly in one plane that the whole system could be contained in a flat box, the thickness of which was not over one-sixtieth of its diameter. Nearly all these bodies revolve around the sun in the same direction, only a few satellites going the other way. Of the various theories of the genesis of the solar system, Laplace's famous nebular hypothesis was not considered the most probable. Considerable and favorable mention was made of the planetesimal hypothesis of Chamberlain and Moulton, and the possible method of generation of the solar system from a spiral nebula was clearly described, as well as the generation of such a nebula itself. Finally, the origin of the moon was taken up, and the question whether it broke off from the earth, as assumed by Darwin and Poincaré, was examined. It was noticeable how many American names were mentioned as of importance. This extremely fragmentary account is perhaps sufficient to indicate the tremendous scope of the subjects dealt with by the lecturer, and the value to the public of the William Ellery Hale Foundation.

The Academy was most hospitably entertained by the University of Chicago, an evening reception being given by the president, and a very pleasant dinner by the Chaos Club, an "organization" of unorganized scientific workers in this region.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Clark University, December 12.

"Billy and Hans," by W. J. Stillman and "Billy" by Maud Thornhill Porter, two charming stories, the one of a pair of squirrels and the other of a canary, have been reprinted by Mosher in most pleasing type and equally unpleasing covers. Both are too well known from their earlier publication to need extended comment.

Drama and Music

Mr. Witter Bynner, whose work as a realistic poet has already attracted some favorable critical attention, has published a one-act play, "The Little King" (Mitchell Kennerley), which undoubtedly would be effective in stage representation, if a child could be found capable of giving a life-like interpretation of the principal character. His hero is the unfortunate little Louis, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and his scene the cell in the Paris Temple, where the boy is imprisoned under the savage guardianship of Antoine Simon. The time chosen is the hour of the Queen's execution, and the use made of that tragic incident shows rare dramatic discernment. Barelle, the mason who has been employed to build up the windows of the cell and convert it into a dungeon, is a royalist agent who has bribed Jeanne Marie, Simon's wife, to permit the substitution of another little boy, Robert, for the captive prince. The latter, who consents to the plot, without realizing its significance, and who still believes his mother to be alive, is detected in the act of changing clothes with his substitute by Simon, who threatens to denounce his wife and everybody concerned in the conspiracy in order to obtain his own reward as a patriot, and, at the same time, brutally tells Louis that the bells which he has heard, and to which he has been made to dance, were the signal of his mother's death on the scaffold. But he changes his tune when he hears of the money to be earned, and straightway becomes eager to perfect the escape. The prince, however, inspired by parental memories, and foreseeing Robert's fate in his own, rises to royal heights, resolutely refuses to flee, and bids the faithful Barelle, on his allegiance, to depart. The curtain falls upon him standing alone, in his darkened cell.

In the matter of construction, the piece is uncommonly skilful. The action is compact, swift, and full of illuminative incident, the characterization apt and vivid. The ferocious, drunken, ruthless Simon; the blasphemous and greedy Amazon, Jeanne, and the religious and monarchical zealot, Barelle, are all drawn with a sure and realistic touch. And the boy Louis is an admirably fresh and truthful study of simple, intelligent, spirited, sensitive, and affectionate childhood, all the more convincing and affecting because it is so entirely devoid of mere sentimentality or gush. Most children invented for the theatre are impossible prigs, but this one is a living and noble little creature. In nothing is the literary art of the author more clearly manifested than in the forcible and appropriate quality of his dialogue—although exception might fairly be taken to occasional expressions which are of such modern origin as to be clearly anachronistic. He set himself a very difficult task when he undertook to be conversationally realistic in blank verse. That he has been exceedingly adroit in making some of the crudest phrases of his illiterates conform to the exigencies of metre may be readily admitted, but the effect of them, nevertheless, is somewhat anomalous. On the other hand, it should be noted that his scrupulous avoidance of any indulgence in rhetorical or poetic flights, which would have impeded the action, and been unnatural in the circumstances, is a proof of his conscientious artistry. It re-

mains true, however, that the dominant excellence of the play is dramatic rather than literary, although a talk between the two boys, in their privacy, is altogether charming in its simplicity, grace, and naturalness. Mr. Bynner has written a first-rate one-act play, but whether he could, to-day, find actors capable of doing justice to it is exceedingly doubtful. Good luck attend him!

A play in four acts, "A Friend of the People," by Theodore Bonnet (San Francisco: Pacific Publication Co.), is a work of decided ability, with qualities which seem to fit it eminently for the theatre. It is well made, tells an interesting story dealing with contemporaneous politics, and contains a number of effective situations arising legitimately out of character and circumstance and culminating in a logical catastrophe. It is introduced by a prefatory epistle in which the author relates his experiences with various theatrical magnates, who, after lavishing encomiums upon the dramatic and other qualities of the piece, have declined to produce it, because it does not have a happy ending, which, in the prescribed conditions, would be ridiculous. The case which he makes out for himself, as against the managers, is unanswerable, and what he has to say about the general incapacity of most of our theatrical directors to judge the merits of a play in manuscript, or to estimate public discernment at its true value, is sound and forcible. But the facts which he cites are sufficiently notorious, and nothing would be gained by repeating them. The mere fact that he treats his subject from a different point of view from that which has been adopted in the political plays which have recently proved profitable is a sufficient explanation of the managerial mistrust he has encountered. In construction and general workmanship, his play is unquestionably superior to most of the political dramas which have lately been successful, and, should it be well acted, the production of it might prove a very remunerative experiment. The one valid objection to it, that its spirit is reactionary in its attitude towards certain types of modern reformers, would not be likely to antagonize greatly the average theatrical audience. His hero is a hypocritical man and corrupt politician, of engaging parts and abilities, who has won his way to the Governorship of a great State, and a prospective United States Senatorship, by demagogic acts, life service to idealists of all kinds, and secret traffickings with the powers of darkness. His infidelity to his mistress, the wife of one of his best friends, a woman who has believed in him implicitly and who has been of great service to him, is the cause of his final overthrow. Discovering his baseness, she allies herself with his enemies, contrives his exposure, and puts him in a position so utterly hopeless that he seeks refuge in suicide. Thus baldly stated, the plot seems extravagant and sensational, but it is elaborated with uncommon skill and in full accordance with the acknowledged laws of dramatics. Technically the play is extremely well written, and the different personages in it, although unmarked by any great creative originality, are sketched with notable observation and consistency. If they belonged to a higher order of humanity, if they suggested broad conceptions rather than faithful copies, they might pass for genuine psychological studies; certainly they are much more realistic than the ordinary puppets of melodrama.

Recent books on musical subjects which will be reviewed later are "Musicians of To-day," by Romain Rolland (Henry Holt); "Nature in Music," by Lawrence Gilman (John Lane Co.); "My Path through Life," by Lilli Lehmann (Putnam); "Stories from Wagner," by J. Walker McSpadden (Crowell); "Bluebeard," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Harper); "Orchestration," by Cecil Forsyth (Macmillan); "Music on the Shakespearean Stage," by G. H. Cowling (Cambridge University Press); "Graded Lessons in Harmony," by F. H. Shepard (Schirmer); "The Choirtrainer's Art," by A. Madeley Richardson (Schirmer).

An excellent new score for voice and piano of Bizet's "Carmen" has been published by the Oliver Ditson Co. to meet the renewed interest in this opera sure to be aroused by its revival at the Metropolitan. It is clearly printed on good paper, and below the French text is the English version by Charles Fontayne Manney. But what makes this edition particularly desirable is an introduction of fourteen pages by Philip Hale, who is an authority on French music of the past and the present, and who has read nearly everything written by French journalists and authors on Bizet's masterwork, judging by his numerous brief citations. That "Carmen" was a failure when first produced in Paris, and that this failure broke the composer's heart and hastened his death, is now established beyond all doubt. The saddest part of the story is that, stunned by the chorus of disapproval, Bizet said: "Perhaps they are right." Mr. Hale tells the story of the opera, as well as its history, and briefly analyzes its characteristics. He has also furnished a similar introduction to a new edition of Gounod's "Faust," issued by the same publishers. Though not a failure, "Faust" also was not appreciated at anything like its value when first performed. Gounod had difficulty in finding a publisher for the score, and finally had to content himself with $2,000 for all the rights for France and Belgium, one-third of which sum went to his collaborators. Mr. Hale gives a list of all the Marguerites heard in Paris up to 1912. It includes three famous Americans—Nordica, Eames, and Farrar. The English version in this edition is that of Chorley, while the vocal score is the arrangement by Léo Delibes. Among other recent publications by the Ditson Company are "Thirty Offertories for the Organ," edited by James H. Rogers, and the second volume of the "Anthology of German Piano Music," which is devoted to modern composers from Schubert to Max Reger. There is again a helpful introduction by Moritz Moszkowski. The offertory is, in the opinion of Mr. Rogers, "the organist's best opportunity for making the organ a vital and integral part of the service as a solo instrument." His thirty selections are made from the works of French, German, Russian, and other masters, and there are brief biographic sketches of these.

Lilli Lehmann, according to her interesting autobiography, an English version of which, under the title of "My Path Through Life," has just been published by G. P. Putnam, says she was born in 1848. At sixty-six it is wonderful that she can sing Weber's "Ocean" aria and Beethoven's "Abscheulicher" in such a way as to have it said that "that was vocal art of the highest order. What breath control, what superb phrasing, what beautiful portamenti, and what a fine attack. That was real bel canto. Mme. Lehmann received a well-deserved ovation."

Dr. Muck believes that the war cannot fail to have, in the end, a strongly beneficial influence on the artistic productions of Europe. In a conversation with Olin Downes, printed in *Musical America*, he expressed the opinion that the primal verities would be felt once more. Simplicity, sincerity, music which appears because it must appear, music which is farthest from fad or the desire for pecuniary gain, may reasonably be anticipated. And he broke off: "But what is the use? Who will want music for the next hundred years in Europe? They will want houses and food. Where will it end?"

Holland's principal orchestral association, Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, will give its usual number of concerts this season, and all the soloists engaged will appear.

About 30,000 addresses of musicians are included in the thirtieth annual issue of Max Hesse's "Deutscher Musikerkalender," just published in Leipzig. There are no French or English addresses, but this, evidently, is not an omission due to hostile feeling, for the Russian and Belgian musicians are included.

Art

BOOKMAKING.

The Art of the Book: A Review of Some Recent European and American Work in Typography, Page Decoration, and Binding. Charles Holme, Editor. New York: "The Studio," Ltd.

For some years the "art of the book" has been unobtrusively brought before our public. Picking out individual effort almost at random, one may cite the typographic work of the late T. L. De Vinne, the book decoration of Will Bradley, the agitation of technical periodicals, such as *Printing Art* or the *Graphic Arts*. Some of us may find these efforts rather sporadic, the results an occasional good book rather than an output habitually good. But the spirit and the will to do are strong enough to make the present review of more recent—as well as earlier—work a welcome supplement to the books on illustrating by Pennell and by Walter Crane, or the later one, on German work, by Grautoff.

The countries embraced in the review under discussion are England (taking up nearly one-half of the book), Germany, France, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, and America, and the field included is large: typography, illustration, decoration, covers, end-papers, and binding. The presentation—particularly for the Continental European countries—is therefore summary, yet one gets a fair impression of the result of the application of quite different national and individual points of view to the problems of bookmaking. That not a little of the most modern work shows a spirit of oddity, of unrest, of nervousness, in decoration, and of want of simplicity in bindings, is natural. But the best in all

this, that based on the honest desire to find the right way, will live; mere striving after novelty has never the germ of lasting success. As L. Deubner points out, in the chapter on Germany, there have been many "artist" designs for type which have not lived. That will inevitably happen whenever there is a striving for "artistic" effect which loses sight of a practical object. In Germany, by the way, as far back as 1900, there has been a growing tendency to drop Gothic flourishes and approach to simplicity and similarity to Roman forms. Incidentally, the present book affords us a glimpse of the decoration and illustration of men like P. E. Colin (a remarkable collection of whose work is housed in the Doucet Library, in the Rue Spontini, Paris), Lucien Pissarro, Franz von Bayros, and Carlègle.

It is a fact worthy of note that, with two exceptions, every illustration or decoration reproduced in the present book is in line. When the now ubiquitous "half-tone" swept over the land we got far away from the old truth that typography is an art of the line and fairly cries for line work in illustrations and decorations as well. Everything in its place; the half-tone is not only a matter of tones, not lines, but it is a reproduction of a wash-drawing or painting. There cannot be established between it and the printed page that harmony that makes a book a finished whole. Such we find it, for example, in the books for which the Englishman Morris or the German Sattler designed type, illustrations, and decorations, and in those for which the services of our own Goodhue and Bradley were enlisted. The early printers, who hit upon a balance of type-space and page-size that has not been improved upon essentially, naturally and inevitably came also to this matter of harmony between type and illustration—because in those days there was only reproduction in line. To bring the necessity of this harmony—and its beauty—vividly before our eyes is not the least merit of the volume under review.

The thin volume "The Late Years of Michelangelo," by William R. Valentiner, is a delight to the hand and the eye. The essay itself is worthy of the fastidiously sober garb with which Mr. F. F. Sherman has invested it. Dr. Valentiner considers especially those carefully finished drawings, particularly the Phæthon and the Resurrection, which are an instructive link between the painting and the sculpture of the master. He comments as well upon the friendship with Vittoria Colonna and the dome of St. Peter's. The essay is notable for its fineness of spirit, sympathy, and insight. Though it is a translation, it reads like an original, and at the same time recalls the best traditions of German literary scholarship as exemplified, for example, by Hermann Grimm. The edition is limited to three hundred copies, and the appeal is equally strong to careful bibliophiles and discerning readers.

Despite the war, *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte* begins auspiciously its second year with the usual twenty plates, drawn mostly from incdited originals in German private collections. Italian examples of note are a late Bacchiacca Madonna, an early Palma Vecchio Holy Family, an important Tintoretto, Christ Bearing the Cross, an odd pastoral scene by Dosso, and a fastidiously delicate Saint Cecilia by Tiepolo. Nothing is more welcome in this quarterly number than a portrait of a severe mathematician and his urchin pupil by Lucidel. Other works of consequence in the northern field are two drastic Passion scenes by Wolf Huber, from the Munich Gallery; three charming panels of the early Cologne school, an Eyckian Resurrection with the Three Maries, closely allied to the famous panel in the Cook collection, and a noble drawing of a Virgin's head by Dürer, lately discovered in a scrapbook of the Museo Civico, Venice. An excellent Poussin and a Rigaud represent the French school. Sculpture claims two plates, a Giovanni della Robbia Madonna, dated 1497, and a contemporary bronze bust of Pope Paul III. Thus this excellent series strengthens its hold upon students everywhere.

Charles R. Morey, of Princeton, publishes with an elaborate commentary twelve color facsimiles of manuscript miniatures in the possession of Charles L. Freer. These are cut from a codex of the "Klimax" and from a Gospels. As a result of Professor Morey's conographical investigations these miniatures are dated in the twelfth century. The Gospel codex is even plausibly traced to a particular convent at Constantinople. Since miniatured manuscripts of this century are pretty rare, these careful color facsimiles with the accompanying discussion constitute a valuable contribution to Byzantine studies. The book is No. 12 of "Humanistic Studies" of the University of Michigan and is to be had of the Macmillans.

If, as Mr. George Wharton James says in his "Indian Blankets and Their Makers" (Chicago: McClurg; $5 net), "there are even thousands of Navajo blankets among the nearly one million dollars' worth made last year by those Indians, which would be the pride of any trained and expert collector, and are as fine as any that were ever produced in the palmy days of the art," why is there not a market for them, and why, as he also notes, are the blankets of the early part of the last century the envy and desire of the collector? The answer is that those blankets which were made from the Spanish flannel, unravelled, with the other colors, black and white, produced from minerals, are preferred by connoisseurs to the modern product of Germantown wool, colored with aniline dyes. Mr. James also goes a little too far in suggesting a comparison between the Navajo blankets and Oriental rugs, wholly unfavorable to the latter. No one, however, can question the author's knowledge of the art he so well promotes. He has evidently studied it long and carefully, and has gathered from tale and tradition the history of the blanket from the earliest days. Nevertheless, when he declares that the art of weaving was introduced to the world by the Navajo woman, he will have to submit better proofs than the legends he gives as evidence. The volume, if its exaggerations be passed over, is interesting and instructive, as an exposition not only of the different weaves, the symbols, patterns, and coloring of the blankets, but also of the life of their makers. The illustrations are many and good, and the greatest value of the volume will be as a book of reference for the collector or the student of ethnology.

Finance

THE STOCK MARKET'S VERDICT.

Resumption by the Stock Exchange, last Saturday, of the open trading in stocks which had been suspended since the Exchange shut down on July 31, has had some remarkable results. Far more than resumption of dealings in investment bonds, a reopened stock market was bound to throw light on certain highly important questions. One, very naturally, was the long-discussed question whether reëstablishment of a broad and active market would start an avalanche of selling, back to New York, of the European holdings of American stocks. This apprehension had considerably waned of late, because of the fact that prices, in the narrow trading elsewhere than on the floor of the Stock Exchange, had held firm at a level above the closing figures of July 30.

But the further interesting question remained for settlement, exactly how the reopened market would "reflect," after the old-time fashion of the Stock Exchange, not only the events which immediately followed the outbreak of the European war, but things which have happened later on. In this intervening four months' period, we have had the reëstablishment of relations on international exchange, the huge accumulations of gold at London and Berlin, and the return of money markets to a perfectly normal basis, in England and in this country. But an open Stock Exchange would also have been called upon to pass judgment on such successive events as the German advance to the Marne, the subsequent retreat, the vicissitudes in Poland, the naval engagements, the Zeppelin scare, the changing position of our cotton trade, the cancellation of the Clearing House loan certificates and the rapid retirement of our emergency bank-note currency, the effective establishment of the new banking system, the Administration's attitude towards "Big Business," and the hopes and doubts regarding the forthcoming railway-rate decision. Regardless of such disputed problems as the presumable volume of European liquidation in our markets, here was a list of "influences," of exceptional weight and interest, whose net result on financial sentiment had to be suddenly measured in the market.

When open trading in stocks began again, last Saturday, "minimum prices" were still enforced by the Stock Exchange; they were in the neighborhood of the closings of July 30. On Saturday, prices of the important stocks rose, on active trading, 1 to 5 points above their latest outside prices. On Monday, further advances of from 2 to 5 points were scored throughout the list, carrying a great part of the market 7 to 13 per cent. above the final July prices. The rise was checked next day, when much of the earlier advance was lost; indeed, Wall Street itself admitted that the pace of recovery was too rapid to continue. Nevertheless, the influence on financial sentiment, of this unexpected action of the reopened stock mar-

ket, was profound. In the light of all experience, it was considered reasonable to look for the early spreading of this new-born hopefulness, from financial markets into the channels of production and general trade.

But what, then, are we to say of the larger economic causes—such as the huge destruction of capital in the war, and the enormous increase in the supply of Government securities on the market—which are still continuing? The Chancellor of the British Exchequer has given one suggestion. The present, Mr. Lloyd George affirmed, "is a period of inflation," when no one need worry over money facilities. He naturally referred to the "emergency currencies" and the "emergency credit" expedients, adopted on a scale without historical precedent in every European market. But he added that, "four or five years hence, we shall probably be face to face with one of the most serious financial situations with which we have ever been confronted."

Not all of Lombard Street's opinion has endorsed this prophecy; but the underlying idea is interesting. It seems to be based on the presumption that two factors, not now present, will be required to bring the true economic test—removal of all these artificial props to currency and credit, and reappearance of demands from industry at large, on the old-time scale, for the world's accumulated capital.

In problems of this sort, it is always the first instinct of careful business men to look for some precedent in the past. It has often enough been pointed out that the Napoleonic war, which began between England and France in 1803 and had spread to the six greater European states by 1805, provides the nearest analogy in circumstances.

But the records of the period give scarcely any clue even to an economic shock in the United States. Not even the American Stock Exchange shut down in 1803; the newspapers of that period give no hint of financial trouble. How little upset was foreign exchange may be judged from the fact that the President's annual message, in the autumn, while referring to Europe's "sanguinary contest," remarked:

> Remittances for the instalments of our foreign debt having been found practicable without loss, it has not been thought expedient to use the power of continuing them by reloans, although no difficulty was found in obtaining that accommodation.

The Treasury at the end of 1803 reported expansion of our commerce, increased receipts from customs, and virtual discontinuance of internal revenue taxation. At the end of 1805 it reported public finances in so flourishing a condition that a handsome part of the public debt was redeemed. "Neutral nations, of whom the United States was chief," an eminent historian of that period relates, "were now absorbing the carrying trade of Europe; American receipts from customs exceeded all former estimates, and were constantly rising."

So that this country, during at least the first three or four years of that prolonged, widespread, and immensely expensive European conflict, seemed to be actually a beneficiary. Yet history further tells us that we had to share in the period of protracted economic inertia, eight or nine years later, after peace had been restored.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bilse, Lieutenant. Life in a Garrison Town. Lane. $1 net.
Harcourt, Cyril. First Cousin to a Dream. Lane. $1.25 net.
Leonard, Mary Hall. The Days of the Swamp-Angel. Neale Pub. Co. $1.20 net.
MacKenzie, Compton. Sinister Street. Appleton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bagley, W. C. School Discipline. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Davis, J. B. Vocational and Moral Guidance. Boston: Ginn. $1.25 net.
Ellis, George W. Negro Culture in West Africa. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Kerin, D. The Living Touch. Macmillan. $1 net.
Newton, J. F. The Builders. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1.25 net.
Paget, S. The New Parent's Assistant. Macmillan.
Rohmer, Sax. The Romance of Sorcery. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Serl, Elmer W. The Fraternity of the Fields. Neale Publishing Co.
Serl, E. W. Whillikins. Neale Publishing Co.
Smyth, Julian K. The Heart of the War. New Church Press.
Swollen-Headed William. Verses by E. V. Lucas. Drawings by G. Morrow. Dutton. 50 cents net.
Theobald M. B. The Triple Play of Life. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
The Well-Knowns as Seen by James Montgomery Flagg. Doran. $2.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Canton, Wm. The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon People. Dutton. $2 net.
Central Conference of American Rabbis. Vol. XXIV. Edited by J. Morgenstern. Privately printed.
Granger, M. A. Hattie E. Lewis Memorial. Essays in Applied Christianity. University of Kansas. Vol. XV, No. 9.
Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. New Series. Vol. XIV. London: Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.
Sheldon, Charles M. A Little Book for Every Day. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Turton, Lieut.-Col. W. H. The Truth of Christianity. Putnam. Eighth edition.
Venerable Phillipine Duchesne. Anonymous. The America Press.
Wicks, H. J. The Doctrine of God. London: Hunter & Longhurst. 10s. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, 1914. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Oster, J. E. The Political and Economic Doctrines of John Marshall. Neale Pub. Co. $3 net.
Report of the Librarian of Congress, 1914. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Rogers, E. S. Good Will, Trade-Marks, and Unfair Trading. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Co. $2.50 net.
Treitschke, H. von. Selections from Treitschke's Lectures on Politics. Stokes. 75 cents net.
United States Compiled Statutes, 1913. Five volumes. St. Paul, Minn.: West Publishing Co. $25 net.
Year Book of the Pennsylvania Society, 1914. Edited by B. Ferree. New York: Pennsylvania Society.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Ashby, Thomas A. Life of Turner Ashby. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Baden-Powell, Sir Robert. Quick Training for War. Duffield.
Bernhardi, F. von. Britain as Germany's Vassal. Translated by L. E. Barker. Doran.
Blythe, Vernon. History of the Civil War in the United States. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Brown, P. H. The Legislative Union of England and Scotland. Oxford University Press.
Colin, Commandant J. France and the Next War. Translated by Major L. H. R. Pope-Hennesey. Doran.
Gibbons, H. A. The New Map of Europe. Century. $2 net.
Handbook of the European War. Edited by Stanley S. Sheip. H. W. Wilson Co. $1 net.
Henry, H. M. The Police Control of the Slave in South Carolina. Privately printed.
Hutchinson, H. G. Life of Sir John Lubbock. Volumes I and II. Macmillan.
Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham. 1739-1776. Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. 71.
Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky. Translated by E. C. Mayne. Macmillan. $2 net.
McCall, S. W. The Life of Thomas B. Reed. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Martin, E. S. The War Week by Week. Dutton. $1 net.
Oman, Charles. A History of the Peninsula War. Vol V. Oxford University Press. £3 12s. net.
Personal Memoirs of John H. Brinton. Introduction by S. W. Mitchell. Neal Pub. Co. $2 net.

TRAVEL.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

Summary of the News

An interesting political development of the week, and one that has been somewhat neglected, was the meeting at Malmoe, Sweden, on Friday and Saturday of last week, of the Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. This was the first occasion on which the monarchs of the two former countries had met since the separation—a model of bloodless revolution—of Norway and Sweden in 1905, and the incident undoubtedly marks the establishment of closer relations between those two nations. That aspect of the conference, however, is only of secondary interest. Its real significance is in relation to the present struggle and in connection with the persistent and well authenticated reports of German wooing of the Scandinavian countries, especially of Sweden. The result of the meeting seems to have given no encouragement to any hopes that Germany may have entertained of involving her northern neighbors in the war on her side. A full agreement, it is stated, was reached concerning the neutrality of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and the principal object of the conference was to agree on uniformity of action to safeguard their common interests in the more difficult questions arising out of the war, principally in connection with Scandinavian shipping. According to dispatches from Petrograd to the New York *Times*, the meeting is viewed there with approval as foreshadowing an alliance of the three countries which shall lead to a declaration of permanent neutrality both for the states themselves and for the straits uniting the Baltic with the North Sea and the Atlantic.

A development of the utmost importance in the situation in the Balkan states was the announcement of the Bulgarian Minister at Petrograd on Tuesday that an agreement had been reached between Rumania and Bulgaria under which Rumania would restore to Bulgaria the province of Dobrudja and most of the other territory which she acquired from Bulgaria as a result of the second Balkan war. At the same time the Bulgarian Minister announced that his country would continue to be neutral, and expressed the belief that Rumania, "although she has no cause to fear us," would do the same The importance of this announcement is that it sets at rest all doubts as to the intentions of Bulgaria, and disposes of a possible source of danger to the Allies. The way to Western Europe is now definitely closed to the troops of the Sultan. Irrespective of any action with regard to the war that may be taken by Rumania or Greece, Bulgaria will remain neutral. Whether the announcement portends a change of attitude on the part of Rumania and her approaching participation in the war is not so clear. If she is determined to satisfy her Transylvanian aspirations by force of arms, she is at liberty to do so so far as Bulgaria is concerned. At any rate it may be taken for granted that her surrender of the newly acquired province is not dictated by motives of pure philanthropy, and it is possible that she has received from the Allies the promise of a *quid pro quo* when the time comes for the division of the Austrian spoils. The suggestion is obvious, however, that that time, if it is to come at all, might be appreciably hastened were Rumania to join the Allies.

The vote in the House on Tuesday on the Prohibition Amendment was 197 for the resolution to 189 against, 61 votes short of the two-thirds majority required.

In the Federal District Court on Monday Judge Hough dismissed the equity suit brought by the Government under the Sherman law against the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company on account of its relations with the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, the Lehigh Valley Coal Sales Company, and a number of similar concerns.

Increases in freight rates approximating 5 per cent. on all the railways between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers were granted on December 18 by the Interstate Commerce Commission, two Commissioners dissenting from the opinion of the majority.

In response to Col. Goethals's request that ships of the navy be sent to the Panama Canal to prevent violations of neutrality, Secretary of the Navy Daniels last week ordered the cruiser Tacoma to proceed to Colon. Col. Goethals's request seems to have been made almost entirely as a precautionary measure, as he stated in a message to Secretary Garrison on December 17 that "excepting for reports of the misuse of wireless, no neutrality is known to have been violated."

In Mexico, the position of Carranza appears to grow more precarious. The State Department on Monday received news from Vera Cruz that his force of some 20,000 men was severely defeated at Apizaco and Puebla by a Conventionist army under the command of Zapata and Angeles. According to information received by the State Department from its agents in Mexico, Puebla, Apizaco, Pachuca, and Guadalajara have all fallen into the hands of the Conventionists. A situation of some difficulty arose last week as a result of the fighting between the Mexican factions at Naco, in which shots were freely fired over the border into United States territory. The garrison of Gen. Bliss, in command at Naco, has been reinforced by some 4 000 men, and, according to the latest intelligence as we write, Gen. Maytorena has withdrawn his troops further from the border.

A British Protectorate was formally proclaimed throughout Egypt on December 18, thus reconciling the form of British rule in Egypt with what has been the fact for the past thirty-two years, and marking the end of Turkish power in Africa. Prince Hussein Kemal Pasha, an uncle of the ex-Khedive, who has thrown in his lot with the Sultan, was installed as Khedive on the following day. Incidentally it is interesting to note that this action by Great Britain brings to an end a curious anomaly in her imperial administration. Hitherto her representative in Egypt, the most powerful of her pro-consuls, has borne the modest title of "British Agent." In the proclamation of the Protectorate Lieut.-Col. Sir Arthur Henry McMahon is appointed to be "his Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt."

Relations between Greece and Turkey were subjected to a further strain last week by the arrest and condemnation to death in Constantinople of a warrant officer attached to the Greek Naval Attaché. A strong protest was made by the Greek Minister, and it is understood that Germany has brought pressure to bear on her ally to have the sentence revoked.

The Italian Senate adjourned on December 18, after giving evidence of complete accord with the neutral policy of the Government. In a speech before the adjournment Signor Salandra, according to cabled dispatches, coupled an expression of hope that peace might be reëstablished in 1915 with the significant statement that he expected that next year would add to Italy's glory and greatness, an end which would be accomplished owing to "the unity of the people and the strength of the army." On the same day King Victor Emmanuel signed a royal decree authorizing the issuance of a loan of $200,000,000, bearing interest at 4½ per cent., and repayable within twenty-five years. The difficulty that arose between Italy and Turkey over the Hodeida incident, which we noted last week, has not, as we write, been settled. The Ottoman Government has agreed to concede all of Italy's demands, but the authorities at Hodeida have not so far complied with the stipulations, and it was reported on Monday that Italy had sent a more peremptory note, demanding immediate satisfaction.

The Appropriations Committee of the French Chamber has had under consideration the budget for 1915, which provides for a monthly expenditure on the war of about $200,000,000 during the first six months of next year, a sum roughly equal to that which is expended by England. Speaking before the Appropriations Committee on Friday of last week, M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, emphasized the strong financial position of France, and declared that the nation would not be embarrassed by a prolongation of hostilities. The most important item in the budget is the Government's request for authorization to issue Treasury bonds up to $400,000,000, with authority, if necessity should arise, to go beyond this maximum by decree after consulting the Council of State. The French Parliament reopened its sessions on Tuesday.

The deaths of the week include: Johannes Bernardus Blommers, Col. Edward D. Meier, December 15; Dr. Winfield S. Smith, December 16; Charles R. Rutan, Brig.-Gen. John Vincent Furey, Daniel Parish, December 17; Archibald Ross Colquhoun, December 18; Eugene Zimmerman, Brig.-Gen. Charles Norton, December 20; Brig.-Gen. John Beatty, Richard J. Evans, December 21.

The Week

"We now let these Belgian documents speak for themselves" is the concluding sentence of Dr. Dernburg's plea in justification of Germany's violation of her treaty obligations. And they *do* speak for themselves; but they do not speak for Dernburg. That gentleman, in the course of his 1,500 words, more or less, of introduction, has not a word to spare for the simple fact that the military arrangements discussed between a representative of the British army and a representative of the Belgian army related solely to what would be done "in case Belgium should be attacked." Special pleading, on the part of the official advocates of any belligerent, is to be expected; but there are limits beyond which special pleading becomes an insult to intelligence. Those limits are passed when the consideration of measures to be taken by one country in case a treaty is violated by another is deliberately declared to be proof that the first country herself was determined to commit the violation. And on no better basis than this does Dr. Dernburg rest the defence of Germany's crime against Belgium.

Two extremely interesting facts stand out from the record of Admiral von Spee's ships and from that of the Emden. It was believed before this war that a commerce-destroyer would have the greatest difficulty in getting coal if it did not belong to a nation with coaling-stations throughout the world. But these German vessels had no difficulty whatever in coaling. What troubled them was their inability to obtain ammunition. It is reported that the Gneisenau had shot away all her ammunition some time before the end came; and the Scharnhorst could not have been much better off, for the two bore the brunt of the action off Coronel. From the official report of the gallant captain of the Emden to the Kaiser, it appears that he, too, ran out of ammunition. He then actually turned his vessel towards her pursuer, in the hope of sinking the latter with a torpedo or by ramming her, but in a few minutes his funnels were shot away, his steam fell off, and there was nothing left but to run the ship on a near-by reef. The deadliness of these modern battles for the loser appears not only from the fact that, like the Monmouth and the Good Hope, the Gneisenau went down with all on board, but from the official statement that, while about 110 men were killed on the Emden, only eight were wounded. The knowledge that scarcely a single German vessel has thus far surrendered under fire, and that the crews have chosen to perish rather than haul down their flag, as did the men of the Gneisenau, is producing a tremendous feeling of pride and elation in Germany, where they consider that their navy of only thirty years' standing has proved itself the equal of the British in ability, daring, and a courage which welcomes death for the Fatherland.

Sufficient information has now come to hand about the naval battle off the Falkland Islands to make it clear that it was as accidental as was the action off Coronel. On the latter occasion the two fleets knew that they were in the same waters, but were not aware how close they were to each other, for the British admiral had not waited for his one battleship to join him. Moreover, they met only an hour before sunset. Had either fleet been slightly delayed, the battle would not have occurred. Off the Falklands, Admiral von Spee apparently had no idea that the British reinforcements had arrived. He was looking for the Canopus, the one British battleship he knew to be about, and when his scouts reported her and some cruisers, he went after her, only to find himself in a hornet's nest. Then he boldly decided to attempt to save his light cruisers for further raiding by sacrificing his own ship, the Scharnhorst, and his other armored cruiser, the Gneisenau. In this he was only partially successful, the Dresden alone escaping. Thus there is no tactical or strategical lesson to be drawn from either battle. Von Spee is still entitled to the highest praise for getting his ships together by wireless, and for his skilful handling of them when they met the British cruisers. It is presumed that he was heading for the South Atlantic, which would seem to have been quite the proper course, when he fell into the British trap. A dash for the English coast, destroying merchantmen as he went, and an effort to reach home waters by way of the North of England would seem to have been as useful a plan as any he could have adopted.

That the "Finis Finlandiæ" so often spoken of by Russian reactionaries should be planned anew at this time of Allied battle for small nations has naturally alarmed English sentiment. The publication by the Russo-Finnish Committee—a body composed of high officials, working with the sanction of the Czar—of a programme of legislative measures for Finland, has been taken by some as purely academic; but others will not dismiss it so lightly. The programme is the result of many years' work; it gives practical form, moreover, to some of the more general measures passed by the third Duma in 1910 to restrict Finnish liberties. According to a Danish correspondent of the London *Nation*, its "adoption *en bloc* when laid by the Czar's Ministers before the present Duma is a foregone conclusion, a mere matter of form." By it the laws regarding the Russian press, societies, and meetings are to be extended to Finland; all officials are to be removable by Russian authorities; all schools and the Helsingfors University are to be placed under the Petrograd Ministry of Education; and preference for Russian goods is to be established. The Russian author, M. Lebedeff, takes the more hopeful view that the Duma, more liberal than in 1910, will reject the legislation. But there is no doubt of its submission, and this fact alone is disturbing at a moment when it was beginning to be hoped that the war promised to better Russian governmental policy.

Though the shrinking of Magna Charta in time of war is to be expected, King John's ghost must have found a grim satisfaction in the recent debate in the House of Lords on the Defence of the Realm Act. Incidentally, the fight waged illustrates what the upper House gained in the accession of Viscount Bryce. The new act would give to a court-martial the power to execute a British subject, whether in military or naval employ or not. With men like Bryce, Lord Loreburn, and ex-Chancellor Halsbury on the floor, the debate quickly became a grave discussion of Constitutional principles. No reason was shown by the Government why the ordinary courts were not sufficient for all present purposes; and the upshot was an agreement postponing the operation of this part of the act until Parliament reassembles. To another section giving the authorities the right to take over property no objection was interposed. It may obviously be necessary for the military at any time to take possession of the land, destroy buildings, and remove the population. The matter is one quite different from resorting to military courts for civilian trial. No outwardly plausible reason will induce Englishmen to surrender on such a principle; and it is strange that the Commons waived a point contested by the Lords.

A dispatch from Cape Town states that Gen. Botha has gone to his farm for a short vacation, the rebellion being, in his judgment, practically at an end. It did not re-

quire this announcement to satisfy the world at large that the troubles of the British Government in that direction were over. The original insurrection, that led by Col. Maritz, collapsed at once; but for a short time it seemed not impossible that the later movement, headed by Gen. Beyers and Gen. De Wet, might prove formidable. Such did not, however, prove to be the case; and when, before long, these leaders were removed, the one by death and the other by capture, it was evident that the affair was virtually disposed of. The Germans' hopes of troubles for Britain from disaffected Boers, East Indians, Egyptians, and Irishmen thus seem destined alike to complete disappointment. In the case of the Boers, this exemption is clearly to be ascribed to the broad-minded policy, probably without a parallel in like circumstances, adopted by the British Liberal Government soon after the war; and it is natural to ask the question whether the strong-arm policy in Egypt so confidently urged upon England by Col. Roosevelt on the occasion of his visit four years ago would not have had the effect of making her situation in the land of the Nile very different from what it is at the present juncture.

Chairman Hilles does but his duty when he predicts a sweeping victory for the Republicans in 1916. One of the responsibilities of his position is deciding just when to prophesy. But he is not well advised in going into details, such as naming the issue. Not all of the members of his party are certain that they want it to be the tariff. Who is the great tariff protagonist now? One Boies Penrose, of tariff-devoted Pennsylvania. Would Mr. Hilles regard without secret uneasiness the nomination of the Senator for President? Or has he forgotten the train of events that followed the last attempt of his party to revise the tariff? Would he like to live over the time when Republicans in House and Senate were craftily urged by their opponents to say in intelligible language whether revision meant revision up or revision down? More cautious Republicans will hope that the ghost of the Payne-Aldrich bill may not be conjured up quite yet, and will deem it wiser to watch and pray for a less dangerous issue, like hard times. It is still some distance to the next Presidential campaign, and who knows what may develop by then? A year from now we may be in the midst of a discussion of the powers of the Federal Trade Commission, of President Wilson's part in arranging an armistice among the European Powers.

Everybody takes a shot at the dying Bull Moose. Now it is the unfeeling Democratic majority in the House, which, unmindful of the service rendered the party in the battle of 1912 by the deserting Progressives, cuts off an allowance of $1,800 a year heretofore made for an official representative of the Progressives in the organization of the House. The excuse for this action is the President's call for economy. What more tempting economy can there be than economy at the expense of another party? But the Democrats are able to point to a solid fact in support of this step; this is that the present representation of the Progressives, who number seventeen, will be reduced to seven after the fourth of March, owing to the tragedy of the November elections. And among these seven will appear neither Congressman Murdock, their present leader, nor Congressman Hinebaugh, first lieutenant. Why continue an appropriation of $1,800 a year for a set of nobodies? So far have we come from the sanguine days of 1912! There was a song in those days that the Progressives, who, at all events, are good at singing, must feel like making their own. Its refrain was: "You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Judge Hough's decision in the Government suit against the Lehigh Valley and its affiliated companies for violation of the Anti-Trust law and the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn act, is chiefly interesting for its view of what is or is not proper reorganization of a company in order to conform with the law. The Lehigh Valley Railroad, in divesting itself of its previous control of the marketing of coal produced along its line, formed a separate Coal Sales Company, the stock in which it offered for subscription to its own shareholders. The Government asserted that this form of dissolution was evasion of the law. Judge Hough finds that the law has been properly observed, provided the separation of the two branches of the industry has been carried out in good faith, and he holds that no evidence to the contrary is presented. Precisely the same conclusion was reached by the New Jersey District Court last April, in the suit to prove illegal the Lackawanna's similar method of separating its transportation and coal-marketing business.

The American Association for Labor Legislation is to hold its annual meeting at Philadelphia, on December 28 and 29. A special notice sent out by the Secretary speaks of "the backwardness of Pennsylvania in protecting her more than a million industrial workers" as having "long been regarded as a serious obstacle to progress in other States." But on the other hand, turning to the printed programme of the meeting, we find that one of the leading papers on the subject is to be on the "Proposed Workmen's Compensation Law for Pennsylvania," while another is on "The Operation of the New York Workmen's Compensation Law." To the former title is attached a note saying that "Pennsylvania is to be the last of the principal industrial States to pass a compensation measure; all political parties are pledged to its enactment in 1915." And under the latter title the remark is made that "the New York compulsory compensation law, which went into effect on July 1, 1914, has attracted much attention as the most liberal American law." It thus appears—as indeed we all know—that, however regrettable the backwardness of Pennsylvania, it was not enough of an obstacle to prevent her biggest and nearest sister State from adopting a law of the most liberal kind; and furthermore that Pennsylvania herself is sure to fall in line very soon. Such facts as these show how impotent are the stock objections against action by separate States to stop a social or industrial reform when its justice and practicability have once become clearly recognized.

When we find an address opening with a reference to the appalling inhumanity and waste of the war in Europe, followed by the remark that "we rarely stop to think that an equally disastrous and perhaps even more shameful war is going on in our midst all the time," we are prepared for a reformatory thriller of the first order. But such is not at all the character of the address made by President Maclaurin, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to which we are referring. Speaking before the Boston Safety Society last week, he tried to impress upon his hearers the enormous extent of the suffering and loss caused by avoidable industrial accidents in this country; but, while insisting on the duty of doing everything that can be done to reduce the evil, he dwelt particularly upon one aspect of the question which is too generally lost sight of. This is the cardinal importance of what can be accomplished by voluntary effort, if sufficiently stimulated by a knowledge of its possibilities. Dr. Maclaurin speaks of instances in which corporations have reduced accidents to their workmen by one-third in a single year, by two-thirds in ten years, "and some," he says, "have very nearly eliminat-

ed them altogether." But it is not wholly, nor even chiefly, by the employers that the lesson needs to be learned; it is the workmen themselves, above all, according to Dr. Maclaurin, who must learn to mend their ways. In Germany, he says, statistics show that "there are about twice as many accidents that happen through the carelessness of the workmen as through the neglect of proper safeguards on the part of the employer"; and in this country he thinks it probable "that the proportion to be ascribed to the workmen is even larger than it is abroad."

An illustration of the kind of thing that needs to be done for the improvement of judicial procedure in this country is furnished by the work of a committee, representing both law and medicine, which has been considering the question of reform in the matter of expert medical testimony. To a very large extent, the scandalous experiences which have been so frequent in this regard have been due to want of ability or vigor on the part of judges; but much, too, is to be ascribed to the rules of procedure. The committee referred to, which includes in its membership Judge Barnes of Chicago, Professor Mikell of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, Dr. Adolph Mayer of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, has made several important recommendations, which are summarized by the *Illinois Law Review*. Without entering into details, it may suffice to say that each of them is directed towards the simple and obvious desideratum of giving to the determination of the question of sanity as much of the character of a straightforward and scientific inquiry as is compatible with the preservation of fundamental legal rights.

The Census Bureau's report on the insane under institutional care in the United States shows a continuance of that steady increase in their number (and their ratio to the total population) which has so long been familiar. To what extent, or whether at all, this increase means a real increase in the frequency of insanity appears still to be an open question among careful statisticians; for the report draws attention to an influence which was long ago recognized as going far to account for the figures—the extension of institutional provision for the care of the insane, and the growth of the practice of making use of such provision. That these factors are still operative in an important degree is evidently the opinion of the census authorities. Another question which, one would think, deserves careful inquiry, is that of age-distribution; for it is not impossible that the change that is gradually taking place in this regard may have much to do with the matter. Finally, a distinction of no small importance is that between a merely arithmetical increase of frequency and such an increase as signifies worse conditions or habits of life. To whatever extent the augmentation may be due to the saving of the lives of persons more than normally liable to mental disease, to that extent it is not to be regarded as indicating a decline in the general well-being.

The "orphan-asylum Indian," whom Secretary Lane has deprecated, can most quickly be brought to independence by industrial education; and Commissioner Sells's supplementary report shows how much is being accomplished along this line by the unusually large appropriation which he was able this year to obtain. Schools are being established with the primary end of fitting the Indian for agriculture and trades; demonstration agents have been appointed to improve methods of farming; and cattle-raising has been started in Oklahoma on a new scale by a joint use of Indian and Government funds. It is the statement of Secretary Lane that the United States has spent a total of $10,000,000 in irrigating Indian lands, and that most of it has been sheer waste because the tribesmen were ignorant of irrigation farming! If the Secretary's and Commissioner's reports together show a new energy in dealing with the nation's 300,000 protégés, their insistence on preparation for citizenship indicates that their zeal is foresighted. Mr. Sells announces a new plan of sending three representatives to spend their time on the reservations investigating and reporting on Indians ready for absorption—an improvement upon the old system of letting the Indian himself apply for citizenship; and Mr. Lane states that, with his Alaskan and Western land legislation virtually assured, the preoccupation of the Department will this year be with the development of the Indian.

John Lind's second instalment of "The Mexican People" in the *Bellman* speaks well of the Mexicans not merely in their general character, but in their attitude towards Americans. "It has been difficult for the Mexican people to believe that our President did not have some ulterior motive in his proffered assistance and good offices. I think, however, that they are now nearly convinced; and when once convinced, . . . more loyal friends are not to be found." Again: "You have heard a great deal about the hostility of the Mexicans for everything American. I found no such hostility except among the class who supported Huerta. They hated us. What there is left of them hate us now. They do not hate us as individuals. They hate and dread the influence of our institutions." The Mexicans of the North, who are, Mr. Lind thinks, to dominate the future, "like us as well as any foreign people can like another." He does not reason as if the Mexicans are a brutish and ignorant race, whom only the big stick can terrify into proper respect. His own opinion is that there is a considerable intellectual class in Mexico, and that the masses are illiterate rather than ignorant. The practical workings of the President's policy may have been disappointing; but Mr. Lind contends that the spirit of good-will in which it was conceived will slowly make an impression, and be reciprocated.

Parallels implying comparisons are doubtless odious, yet there may be profit in setting side by side "Der Tag" of the chief of the kailyarders and such a dialogue as Landor's between Alexander and the Priest of Hammon. The grounds on which Landor excoriates the earlier fighting king are much those on which Barrie tries the Kaiser. Substitute references to Belgium and culture for Alexander's boast that the ruler of Macedon had demonstrated his regard for religion by slaying nine thousand of its Grecian enemies, and the variation of the Priest's rejoinder would be easy: "William! William! the enemies of culture are the cruel, and not the sufferers by cruelty." Between Thebes and Louvain is no faint analogy. To the Priest, a hound on a heap of dust may dream of a fine city:

> But to destroy them is the very foremost of the excesses I abhor. All the cities of the earth should rise up against the man who ruins one. Until this sentiment is predominant, the peaceful can have no protection, the virtuous no encouragement, the brave no countenance, the prosperous no security. We priests communicate with one another extensively; and even in these solitudes, thy exploits against Thebes have reached and shocked us.

The dream in which the Kaiser loses his sense of time is not so fine a reminder of the perspective of the centuries as a single sentence of the Priest's when Alexander complains that dust from the temple door has blown into his eyes: "Of that dust are the sands of the desert and the kings of Macedon."

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF OPEN TOWNS.

The uncertainty which still enwraps the technical right, under international law, to bombard from the sea unfortified coast towns is seen in the war dispatches. From Berlin on Saturday it was stated that, while the German Government feels that it is "entitled" to shell undefended towns, there is a difference of opinion about it in the Navy. Some officers think it is not to the honor of the fleet; more believe that it is a mistaken policy. The net impression is that raids like last week's upon the English coast will be repeated, if occasion offers. They certainly will not be headed off by the angry words which Winston Churchill, of the British Admiralty, applies to them. His attitude will, if anything, encourage the Germans to keep on raiding. And they may point out that, while he waspishly denounces the action of the German cruisers, he does not say that English warships will not do the same thing, if they get a chance.

This, however, would be unfair. England has officially gone on record against the German practice. In the instructions of the British delegates to the Hague Congress of 1907 we read: "The Government consider that the objection, on humanitarian grounds, to the bombardment of unfortified towns is too strong to justify a resort to that measure, even though it may be permissible under the abstract doctrines of international law." This was a clear departure from the view held and proclaimed by the British Admiralty earlier. In the naval manœuvres of 1888, the "enemy squadron" was supposed to ravage the coast of Scotland. It was reported as destroying Greenock, "blowing down" Adrossan, and "shelling the fine marine residences and watering-places in the Vale of the Clyde." Instant protest against such practices was made by T. E. Holland, professor of international law at Oxford. In a letter to the London *Times* he denounced them as "Naval Atrocities," and declared it a most urgent question whether the British Navy was to be allowed to think that it could conduct uncivilized warfare. Professor Holland's protest at once provoked counter-protests from naval officers. One of them wrote to the *Times* that, in a great war, "not the slightest respect would be paid to old-fashioned treaties, protocols, or other diplomatic documents." Here was the English version of the scrap of paper! Capt. James of the fleet begged to inform Professor Holland that "the talk about international law is all nonsense." These were only individual opinions. But a committee of admirals was appointed to report, among other questions, on "the feasibility and expediency of cruisers making raids on an enemy's coasts and unprotected towns for the purpose of levying contributions." Their conclusion was that "there can be no doubt about the feasibility of such operations"; that they would surely be attempted by "any Power at war with Great Britain"; and that "we know of no means more efficacious for making an enemy feel the pinch of war."

All these facts are set forth in Professor Holland's "Letters on War and Neutrality," a new edition of which was issued only this year. His position in the matter of naval bombardment of unfortified towns was that international law did not prohibit it, but did restrict it. And he raised his voice most humanely and eloquently against the supposition that, because the rules of naval war, narrowly interpreted, might permit the doing of barbarous deeds, therefore barbarous deeds could be both done and exulted in. Professor Holland uttered one warning which comes home with special force at the present time. He affirmed that England ought to be told to what risks her seaboard towns might be exposed in time of war, and pointed out the folly of allowing, in "mimic warfare," "any course of action which could be cited against us in case we should ever have to complain of similar action on the part of a real enemy."

To what purpose recall these things today? For the purpose of pointing out that the "war party" in all countries is essentially the same. It has existed in Great Britain and in the United States, just as it has in Germany. In all it has had the same characteristics: reckoning everything in terms of powder and shot; impatience at restraint by any "sentimental" considerations; eagerness to be always ready to "strike," and to strike first; a constant desire to make a whole people think night and day of preparations for war and conquest. But in our own country and, measurably, in England it has been held in abeyance. Compulsory military service has not been tolerated. The plans of war experts, who, if they had their way, would compel us to maintain a garrison in the planet Jupiter, and to sail battleships along the Milky Way, have been kept under control. To obey the law and to live in peace has been thought better policy than to snap one's fingers at treaties and plunge into war. The British Government has not been exempt from rash counsels by heady men whose thoughts are all of war. It has been stated on good authority that Winston Churchill was anxious to "smash the German fleet," a week before war was declared, but that the Cabinet sat down hard on him. There are always preachers of might and ruthlessness. Every nation has its gospellers of blood and iron. But the nation that strives to keep its civilization unpoisoned will not ask what can be done, but what ought to be done, and even in war will have a decent respect for the opinion of mankind.

THE WAR AND "ECONOMIC EXHAUSTION."

The absence of any sensational readjustment in the world of investment capital, at a time when the temporary borrowings of the belligerent European states are being replaced by long-term war loans of wholly unprecedented magnitude, has been a subject of much comment. The entire episode is providing a new and remarkable study in economics on the grand scale—not less so, when so few of the seemingly unavoidable immediate economic consequences are happening as had been expected. Germany on September 19 offered a war loan of $1,100,000,000. It was offered at 97½, and bore interest of 5 per cent.—not, perhaps, a remarkably high bid for capital, when it is remembered how relatively high a rate the Empire has lately had to pay for loans, even in time of peace. It was oversubscribed in Germany.

Dr. Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank, in a monograph on this loan declared that "there is no parallel in history for our war loan, and it will be no easy matter for any country on the globe to equal it." The Imperial loan was, in fact, greater by $275,000,000 than the famous French indemnity loan of 1872, previously the largest single operation of the kind on record; and the German loan was subscribed in Germany alone, whereas the whole financial world had a hand in the loan of 1872. But the British Government's answer to the Berlin bank director's challenge was the successful offer, on November 17, of a loan for $1,750,000,000, or more than half as large again as the German operation. The interest rate was 3½ per cent. and the price 95, which yielded the investor not much more than do the existing 2½ per cent. consols, at present prices. And we are beginning to hear of another huge loan by Germany.

That this huge displacement of capital, present and prospective, does not more seriously upset the investment market generally has been a matter of great surprise. The immense facilities for credit established in all European markets under Government auspices, when the war broke out, explain this

to some extent. No doubt, the real effects will be felt much later on—perhaps when the present facilities of "emergency credit" begin to be withdrawn. Possibly, also, it may be said that a successful billion-dollar or two-billion-dollar war loan, at a time when suspension of trade activity has released immense supplies of capital, is no more remarkable than the "flotation" of the billion-dollar Steel Corporation in 1901, when promotion and investment were on a scale of feverish activity. But as the war goes on, the providing of the fifty-odd million dollars daily for the expenses of the combatants is sure to develop new and interesting precedents in the field of political economy.

What has already happened throws some light on the favorite theory of "economic exhaustion" as a result of war. Nothing can be more convincingly reasoned out as an inevitable consequence, yet nothing is harder to prove by historical precedent. We can, in fact, recall but one instance in the great wars of the past two centuries in which a combatant had to lay down its arms because of such exhaustion. But the Southern Confederacy of 1865 was in a position where the supplies of its armies were literally cut off by superior forces. Lee had lost access to his own country's farms and storehouses. It was no longer a question even of money or credit, but of food.

It must be frankly admitted that the present war is creating situations new to history, in this regard as in others. With Germany or France, for example, it is a case of withdrawing from production, for an indefinite period, the greater part of the able-bodied male citizenship, and turning them into consumers. And in Germany this happens when the nation is cut off from access to the outside producing world. What is to be the end of that process? The question is not, as with the Confederacy, what will happen to the army, but what will happen to the nation. It is doubtful if the question has ever been really tested in our time. Prof. Roland G. Usher, in the December *Atlantic*, has an ingenious theory. It is, that every German not in the ranks has been catalogued in advance by the Government, and is shifted by governmental mandate from one selected field of industry to another; that production and consumption, supply and demand, are regulated by edict. Even the money supply, Professor Usher tells us, is of no consequence, because "paper credits" could be offered on security of "a great variety of credit values," and "there would be plenty of real value because there would be plenty of work; the Government would see to that." These measures "seem to conform accurately to the experience of history."

Professor Usher, in short, though supporting his statements of fact or planning by no citation of authority, clearly makes out on his own account something like a case for war as a blessing to industry, trade, finance, and credit. We are ourselves inclined to cling to the old and pretty thoroughly tested conception of war as an instrument purely of economic havoc. The confusing, in his argument, of drastic expedients to stave off instant ruin with expedients to establish orderly and permanent prosperity, is too plain to be mistaken. We doubt if even the General Staff has assumed quite as much as Professor Usher. A rather generally accepted German authority on the war problem begins his discussion of its economic aspects by admitting that the argument for economic breakdown, under the strain of maintaining armies on the present scale, has strong *prima facie* grounds. The result would be averted, he imagines, by releasing part of the fighting force, from time to time, for home production. That actual economic strength could be derived as a consequence of the war, does not occur to him; and in a military deadlock where both sides were inspired with equally strong moral purpose, success would come presumably to the belligerent "who can hold out financially longest."

On questions such as this, it will require courage for outsiders to dissent from the above remarks of Gen. von Bernhardi.

UNHAPPY POLAND.

The Partition of Poland, a century and a half ago, was long the favorite example, for American orators, of a great international crime. And until within a couple of decades, the interest of our people in Poland remained largely rhetorical and literary. Not till the Polish emigration to the United States assumed large proportions did we begin to think in a more vital way of the actual Poland of the present day. This feeling for a contemporary, breathing Polish people has, of course, been greatly quickened by the European war, yet even now it may be doubted if Americans have anything like an adequate realization of the unhappy plight of the Polish provinces of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. They are, in fact, to be ranked high among the victims of the war.

Few of us stop to reflect how the tide of battle has swept back and forth over the fields and towns of Russian Poland and of Galicia, with all the widespread suffering and destruction and horror which this has caused. We think of East Prussia as German, and set down the Russian invasion of it as a blow mainly felt at Berlin; but the province contains a large Polish population, and it is of a sort in general not able to flee before the Cossacks, and so most exposed to the miseries of war. Indeed, those cannot be far wrong who assert that the Poles are as fully deserving of commiseration as the Belgians. More than five hundred towns, chiefly occupied by Poles, are reported to have been destroyed in the course of the fighting which has surged back and forth. The distress of thousands of helpless civilians has so impressed their compatriots and sympathizing friends in this city that a Polish Relief Committee has been organized, with headquarters at 105 West 40th Street, of which Madame Marcella Sembrich is the honorary president. The need which it is designed to meet is unquestionably great and piteous.

One of the ghastly tragedies of the war is the way in which compulsory military service has forced Poles to fight against Poles. There are great numbers of them in the Russian army; and perhaps as many more in the ranks of the Austrians and the Germans. They have all, so far as known, done their military duty; but it must add a bitterness to death for them to know that it is their own blood kindred whom they are, in many cases, compelled to fight. International law no longer permits a conqueror, like Napoleon, to force the troops of a beaten army to take service under his banner and possibly to lead them against their own countrymen. But virtually such a fate has befallen the Poles this year; the far-off consequences of the breaking up and partition of their ancient kingdom having been to set them in unnatural battle array against each other.

But what of Polish hopes growing out of the war? Is there any real foundation for the belief that its close may see a reunited and autonomous, if not independent, Poland? Up to the present, all that the Poles have to go upon is vague promises. Their friendship and support have been actively competed for. It was before the end of August that the Russian Grand Duke issued his manifesto and appeal. His language to the Poles was that "the hour has struck" for fulfilling the "holy dream of your fathers." "Let the boundaries cutting asunder the Polish people be effaced: let them unite under the sceptre of the Czar." Under that sceptre Poland was to be born again, "free in religion, language, and self-government."

This was well fitted to stir Polish enthusiasm, but, after all, was there anything in it more solid and sure than in the proclamation of the German commanding general, von Morgen? He caused it to be posted in the parts of Russian Poland invaded by German arms: "Arise and drive away with me those Russian barbarians who have made you slaves. Drive them out of your beautiful country, which shall now regain her political and religious liberty. This is the will of my mighty and gracious King." No wonder that the Poles have doubted both these advances, and have been quietly organizing a new party which takes as its watchword, "We do not want to hear of Russia or of Austria or Germany. We want only one thing—the Polish state without guardianship from any side."

Georg Brandes, in the *Day*, declares that this is a political impossibility. It is no time, in his opinion, to begin shouting *Polonia farà da sè*. That Poland should be able of herself to attain her freedom he holds to be out of the question. This may be so; and yet when the final settlement is made after the war, the case of the Poles will plainly demand special consideration. The wonderful way in which, for a hundred and fifty years, though no longer a nation, they have kept alive their intense national spirit, refusing to blend with their conquerors; and the burning high again of their hopes in the midst even of the devastation which the war has brought upon them—all this must be allowed weight. If the war is to end in a brighter day for small nationalities, the just demands of Poland cannot be wholly overlooked.

THE RATE DECISION.

Opinions still differ concerning the exact scope and effect of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on Friday, in the matter of the petition of the railways to be allowed to establish higher freight charges. More time will doubtless be needed to balance detail against detail, and to arrive at an accurate estimate of what the result will mean to the railways in dollars and cents. It appears to be safe to say at once, however, that the contentions of the roads have been virtually admitted by the Commission. It concedes the force of their arguments, and does not seriously question their statistics and the inferences from them. They asked, roughly, for a 5 per cent. increase in freight rates, and this is granted to them, with the exception of certain commodities and certain routes, or combinations of routes, of traffic. But the latter must have been expected. The net result is, we doubt not, as full a compliance on the part of the Commission with the reasonable requests of the railways as sensible railway managers could at any time have counted upon.

And it should not be forgotten that a sound judgment of the decision will take into consideration more than the actual amount of increased railway revenue that may follow. This is important; in some cases it may prove to be absolutely vital. Yet we believe that the few millions, more or less, which will soon be placed in the treasury of the companies, will not signify so much to their officers as will other aspects of the decision. The money to be had is one thing; the moral effect of receiving permission to obtain the money is another and a larger thing. It is confidently to be expected that the credit as well as the income of the railways will be enlarged. If they need to borrow, in order to enlarge equipment and spend more on maintenance, it is probable that they can now do so without such general recourse to short-term notes, at high rates of interest, as has lately been common. With more funds in sight, and with railway credit placed upon a broader and more secure basis—not the least part of it being the restored public confidence which we are almost sure to witness—it would seem that not alone the business which comes *to* the railways, but the business which comes *from* them, ought soon to wear brighter promise than for a long time back. In all these aspects of the matter, we may well look upon this decision as something like a landmark in railway finance.

Upon the immediate effects of the rate decision, the attention of both the railways and the public will be for the time being fixed. This is inevitable, and it is proper. The Commission itself was bound to pass upon the merits of the railway case as that stood at the time. Any attempt to take a long look ahead, in the endeavor to foresee every consequence and to guard against every possible mischief, would have been unwise. We can't be always wondering what lies on the other side of the hill. A present emergency has to be met by the best light of the present, with the ultimates left to be dealt with as they arise. It was apparently in this spirit that the majority of the Interstate Commerce Commission acted. And the general approval which their decision has received, and, in our opinion, deserved, will only be heightened by a consideration of some of its indirect and far-reaching results.

For one thing, we think it will go a long way towards raising the Interstate Commerce Commission itself in public esteem. There is no denying that it has been out of favor for a long time back. Complaints about it have been as thick as blackberries. Nor have all of these been wanton. The most friendly critics have been compelled to protest againnst the Commission's delays. If these have resulted from an unavoidable congestion of business, that fact only gives edge to another form of dissatisfaction with the Commission. It has been described as a grab-all. It wants to inquire into everything, so it has been said, and to meddle with everything. Then there has been much outcry about its mixing up of functions. These are partly judicial, partly legislative. Latterly, it has employed a kind of prosecuting counsel, making it a sort of tribunal unknown elsewhere in the world. So the bitter argument has run, but we shall hear less of it for a time. The Commission has shown that it can be both prompt and fair in a case of great importance. Its personnel and its work will be less evil entreated.

In a still broader way, one effect of the decision will be to make the people more hopeful about the whole question of government regulation of railways. It was a fateful experiment upon which this country entered with the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. With its ups and downs we are not here concerned. It has doubtless been at times misunderstood and misrepresented. Its powers and its duties have not always seemed to be clear. But all along it at least represented an effort to bring a great public activity within a reasonable public control. And from that original purpose the country has not been swayed either by abuse of the Commission or by the appeals of Mr. Bryan and others to leave it behind as an outworn instrument and proceed to the ownership and operation of railways by the Government itself. Against so rash a flying to ills that we know not of, this latest decision by the Commission should be an added preventive. Americans will not believe that regulation is "played out." In this exercise of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission they will see proof of fairness to all the parties in interest, and of flexible adaptability to the changing needs of both railways and the public.

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT INCOMES.

The main facts brought out by the returns of the income tax concerning the number of American incomes falling between specified limits were made public nearly two months ago. In the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, now before us in full, we look rather for gleanings that gratify or pique curiosity than for the broader facts that throw light on the distribution of wealth. However, there are some points that have interest, and which it may be worth while to mention.

Of the fifty-two political divisions listed —the forty-eight States, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico— there are thirty-six which show no individual incomes in the highest classification, while the remaining sixteen do show such incomes, ranging in number from 1 to 82. The highest classification in the tables is, however, not that of incomes exceeding $1,000,000, but of incomes exceeding $500,000. The Government does state the total number of persons declaring incomes above $1,000,000, the aggregate of these in the whole country being 44; a point that gave rise to much discussion and conjecture when first announced. But as to the incomes above $500,000 we now learn that one each is to be found in California, Delaware, Minnesota, Vermont, and Wisconsin; two each in Maryland, New Jersey, and Rhode Island; three each in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, and Ohio; six in Michigan; eleven in Pennsylvania; thirteen in Illinois, and eighty-two in New York. Thus it appears that none of these big incomes are to be found in "the Solid South," the only ones in what are generally thought of as Southern States being the two in Maryland and the three in Missouri, and that, exclusive of Minnesota and Missouri, there is, in the whole vast region west of the Mississippi River, only one solitary income of the kind, namely, the one in California.

That of the whole array of the biggest incomes, 135 in number, as many as eighty-two —very nearly five-eighths—should be found in the State of New York is not surprising. But it seems a little strange that Massachusetts should show only three, the same as Connecticut; and even more strange that there should be only one more in Massachusetts, with its 3,400,000 inhabitants, its numerous big manufacturing towns, and its traditional great wealth, than in Maryland, with 1,300,000 inhabitants, no considerable city except Baltimore, and a level of wealth apparently far below that of Massachusetts. The case of New Jersey might be thought even more surprising, were it not for the fact that the great army of Jersey commuters whose place of business is in this city were required to report from this city, the instructions directing that returns be made from the individual's "principal place of business." But a study of the figures, going beyond these mere surface facts of the highest classification, and considering the lower classifications and the amounts collected, might bring out some very interesting peculiarities. And to what extent these peculiarities reflect the facts of wealth or income, and to what extent they turn on questions of conscientiousness in making returns, is an inquiry that might prove to justify careful examination.

It is the desire of the Government to give no information as to the income-return of any particular person. But there are, in the tables before us, the makings of a very interesting game in this regard. One is reminded of the story of a Roman cardinal who, in a distinguished social gathering, was telling of his early experiences as a simple priest. His very first penitent, he said, confessed a murder to him. Presently there entered a great nobleman, who greeted the Cardinal with great *empressement*, saying that he had remembered through all these years that he had been the first penitent the Cardinal had received. When the Government tells us that there is just one man in Vermont, say, or Delaware, who returns an income of over $500,000; and when, upon another page, we find the total receipts in that State from the 6 per cent. supertax on incomes above $500,000, it is apt to be a pretty easy guess who the man is, and it is not at all a guess, but a certainty, what income he reported for taxation. And even the zeros, perforce, tell a tale not less interesting. Wherever there is a State with nobody in the over-$500,000 class, one is able to say with certainty that *this* man or *that* man, supposed to be enormously wealthy, did not acknowledge an income of that magnitude.

Further than this, deponents say not; but there is evidently here plenty of meat, both for the "Sunday" feature writer and for the solemn young worker for a Ph.D. The former might look up lists of multimillionaires, and point out who's who— and still more who ought to be who— in the various States. And the latter, running his eye over the tables, would soon find his pencil itching to plot curves of correspondence between income and illiteracy, or what not, which, if they did not point a moral, might at least help to adorn a thesis.

Chronicle of the War

The most dramatic event of the war last week was the raid on December 16 by German cruisers on Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, towns on the east coast of England. Taking advantage of a foggy night, three swift battle cruisers and three armored cruisers eluded the blockade maintained by the British fleet in the North Sea, and at about daybreak appeared off the east coast of England and began the bombardment of the towns. A considerable amount of damage was done to property, and over one hundred people, all but seven non-combatants, were killed and more than three hundred wounded. The bombardment lasted about half an hour, after which the cruisers departed. They were subsequently engaged by British destroyers, but their superior speed and armament enabled them to beat off the British vessels, and their escape was facilitated by the fog. It was announced from Berlin that two British cruisers were sunk in the action, but this report proved false. One or two of the destroyers suffered some damage, and there were a few casualties on board the British ships. The German official announcements of the exploit are careful to speak of the squadron having bombarded "fortified places," but it appears that of the three towns Hartlepool alone, and that only in a very technical sense, can be regarded as fortified, Scarborough and Whitby being entirely unprotected. Comment on this aspect of the affair will be found in our editorial columns.

Berlin during the past week has been much occupied with rejoicings over the success of the naval raid and a defeat of the Russians in Poland. The material results of neither achievement seem altogether commensurate with the amount of enthusiasm they have inspired. The raid on the English coast is difficult to explain on other than political grounds. The results achieved from a strategical standpoint were absolutely nil. Indeed, the principal result appears to have been, as might have been fully expected, to give an enormous impetus to recruiting in England. The risk taken (the possible destruction of first-class ships, which Germany could ill afford to lose) was out of all proportion to any possible naval advantage that might accrue. What, then, was the object of this spectacular adventure, and why, on slight evidence, so far as official announcements from the front went, was semi-official encouragement given to the people of Germany to celebrate a crushing victory over the Russians? Official warnings were issued later against a too-buoyant expectation of immediate results, but meanwhile the rejoicings had taken place, inspired by a message from the palace to the Reichstag that the greatest victory of the war had been won.

These two events seem to gain significance in the light of what immediately preceded them, the naval defeat off the Falkland Islands, the disaster to the Austrian army in Servia. The naval raid was Germany's answer to the destruction of her ships in the South Atlantic, designed to relieve public depression and to stimulate enthusiasm and confidence. The advantage gained in Poland and Galicia came opportunely, and was suffi-

ciently substantial to lend itself easily to exaggeration to the dimensions of a sweeping victory. This was useful in Germany, but it was infinitely more useful in Austria as a counter-stroke to the defeat at the hands of Servia, and it seems a not unreasonable supposition that it was designed primarily to impress public opinion in the Dual Monarchy. Through the veil of censorship which in Austria, as in Germany, hides any expression of public sentiment, there have been visible recently several indications that no such unity as binds the German people together obtains among the heterogeneous population of Austria-Hungary. By way of Italy and Switzerland there have come in the past few days several reports of anti-war demonstrations, both in Hungary and in Austria, and these reports reveal the existence of a bitter sentiment against Germany, an impression that Austrian soldiers are being sacrificed to the attainment of German ends, and a feeling of resentment against the complete domination of Germany in the councils of the Empire.

Taken in connection with the recent riots, the expression of opinion attributed by the *Gazette de Lausanne* to an Austrian diplomatist, and published in the New York *Times* on Tuesday, is significant. This diplomatist, who is unnamed, but is described as "a statesman who had his hour of notoriety," makes a strong plea for a separate peace and the abandonment of Germany. In his view, German victory would be as disastrous for Austria-Hungary as would the defeat of the Dual Alliance, and the only hope for the Empire lies in an immediate peace independent of Prussia. In default of thoroughly trustworthy information concerning internal conditions in the Dual Monarchy, it would be unsafe to base any definite conclusions on the evidence of dissensions that has reached us, but it seems not improbable that internal troubles in Austria-Hungary may ultimately, and possibly before very long, have a profound influence on the course of the war, and some support would appear to be lent to this view by the coincidence of the naval raid and the exaggerated reports of Russian defeat following hard on the news of disaster to Germany by sea and to Austria on land.

The interdependence of the eastern and western campaigns becomes increasingly apparent. The present aggressive of the French and British is dictated principally by the conditions of the eastern campaign. To Poland and Galicia strong German reinforcements have been sent from France and Flanders, and it becomes the business of the Allies to take whatever advantage they can of the consequent weakening of the German forces in the west, and to make it impossible for more troops to be spared from that region for the campaign against Russia. Concerning the fighting in the west there is little to add to what we said last week. On the whole it has been favorable for the Allies, and progress is reported virtually all along the line; but it has been so slight that the bare mention of geographical names to indicate its extent appears almost meaningless. Whereas in the earlier stages of the war progress of either side was marked definitely by the names of towns and villages, we measure now by hamlets and houses, and are intrigued by such expressions as "the house of the ferryman" or "the inn of Kortaker."

For some weeks now attention has been centred principally on the see-saw of the Russian campaign. It was riveted there by the announcement from Berlin on Thursday of last week of the sweeping victory to which we have alluded. This was the culmination of a series of battles which began about November 10, when, as we described in the *Nation* of December 10, the new German attack from Silesia commenced. The occupation of Lodz on December 6, and the retirement of the Russian army to new positions, was brought about by a fierce frontal battle that lasted some ten days. The Russian centre was then pushed back at Lodz. Strong German reinforcements were brought up, and while von Mackensen pounded at the Russian right on the Bzura River, its left in Galicia was attacked by the Austrians pouring over the Carpathians, reinforced by three army corps withdrawn from Servia, and by German troops sent round from the Czenstochowo-Cracow front to the Carpathians. On December 17 came the news of simultaneous success by the Teuton allies on the two wings, by the Germans on the Bzura River, by the Austrians at Limanovo, southeast of Cracow. The Austrian report indicated precisely the line of battle, stating that the Russians were retreating on the front Rajbrot-Niepolemice-Wolbrom-Novo-Radomsk-Piotrkow. Piotrkow was evacuated on December 16, and the railway from Warsaw to Czenstochowo was thus cut by the Germans. Skierniewice, on the railway line from Piotrkow to Warsaw, also appears to have been abandoned. This, however, seems to have been the limit of German success. The Russians, outnumbered, retreated to a narrower front already prepared, extending from the Vistula along the right bank of the Bzura River to the River Rawka, and thence to Rawa. Here it appears that a determined stand has been made, and Russian reports, while fully admitting a retreat, deny absolutely that it was hasty or disordered.

In Galicia also the force of the Austro-German drive from the region of Cracow and from the Carpathians seems to have spent itself for the time being. We hear of severe fighting still on the lower Dunajec River, and we can surmise that thereabouts the line extending from Southern Poland into Galicia forms an elbow, turning eastward towards Krosno and Sanok. Thence we may assume that it extends across the Carpathians, for we still read of fighting in the region of the Latorcza River, which is on the Hungarian side of the mountains. Summing up, then, the situation seems to stand thus: The Austro-German aggressive has not succeeded in relieving Przemysl. The pressure on Cracow is relaxed for the moment, but it is likely to be renewed at any time by another turn in the fortune of the campaign similar to those which have twice already enabled the Russians to drive the German armies back to their own border. Meanwhile the Russian operations in Northern Poland in the direction of Mlawa appear to have been successful, as we learn that the German troops there have fallen back towards the line of Lautenburg-Niedenburg, across the frontier into East Prussia. There appears, therefore, to be some prospect that the Russian troops in this region may succeed in joining hands with the forces which have been established in the Mazurian Lakes district since the beginning of November.

Foreign Correspondence

THE WAR LOAN—AN ANXIOUS DAY IN THE NORTH SEA—A VISITOR FROM THE TRENCHES—THE COMMISSARIAT.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, December 5.

The success of the war loan is in its moral effect equal to a great victory in the field. Never before was a Chancellor of the Exchequer authorized to levy a loan of three hundred and fifty millions. It was expected that in the flush of patriotism supply would not fall far short of stupendous demand. As things turned out, it was exceeded by a sum which in ordinary times would serve the current needs of the State. A peculiarly satisfactory feature of the movement is the large number of applicants for comparatively small sums. Everybody wants to have a finger in the patriotic pie. When the Boer war loan was raised, the number of such applicants was about 25,000. To-day it is 100,000. This subsidy will serve to carry on the war up to Midsummer Day. There is increasing hope that by that time peace may be in sight. If not, a rarely United Kingdom will be prepared to subscribe another loan of equal amount.

Mr. Lloyd George reckons that at the end of the financial year national expenditure will exceed the rate of 535 millions per annum. That is a frightful sum, a fine upon unoffending peace-loving people imposed by the arbitrary action of the German Kaiser and people. At the end of the first three months it was found that the war had cost half as much again as the Crimean War, which extended over three years, and almost half as much as the Boer War, which ran into four. It is possible to regard it as one of the best investments ever made by this country. When militarism in Germany is finally crushed by efforts of the Allies, there will be practicable for us a saving of from forty to fifty millions a year in naval and military expenditures.

Those who remember the storm created in Parliament and the country four to five years ago, when the question of additions to the fleet came up, will regard with astonishment the manner in which Mr. Winston Churchill, in a parenthesis as it were, mentioned that within the next twelve months the number of super-Dreadnoughts will be increased by thirteen. In Mr. McKenna's time at the Admiralty the Government, hampered by threats of revolt by a section of their supporters, proposed to provide a maximum of four. George Wyndham, like Mr. Wegg dropping into poetry, crystallized the demand of the Opposition in a couplet which attained wide vogue:

> We want eight,
> And we won't wait.

Mr. McKenna's successor, without saying "by your leave," lays down the keels of thirteen of the biggest battleships, and is rewarded by a general cheer in the House of Commons reëchoed through the country. In the same period of time Germany, straining to the utmost her resources and opportunities, can increase her naval strength by only three ships. Here is another striking fact pointing to peace early or late in the coming year. England's forces on sea and land, instead of growing weaker, are appreciably in-

creasing, while Germany's are as steadily diminishing.

When the secret history of the British fleet in the North Sea comes to be written, a profoundly striking entry will appear under date Thursday, November 12. On that day I happened to be lunching with ———. (I anticipate the action of the censor by leaving here a blank.) Suffice it is to say that if my host does not know the inner secrets of the Admiralty, others must be wholly in the dark. He told me that on that night the long-interned German fleet would break out into the open sea. The occasion was, with German precision, selected because by rare coincidence the state of the tide and the late rising of the moon presented tempting opportunity. Admiral Jellicoe, getting wind of the intention, made every preparation for meeting it. "Within twenty-four hours," said the great man jubilantly, the light of battle in his eyes, "the two fleets will be engaged in an action in its way commensurable with the fighting in Flanders or Poland." For three weeks I have respected the confidence reposed in me and abstained from allusion to this conversation. There is no possible harm in recalling it now. As we know, nothing happened. The explanation probably is that the Germans, knowing their secret was out, and that the British fleet cleared for action, awaited them, at the last moment abandoned an intended surprise.

On the eve of the prorogation the Prime Minister was questioned as to the truth of the report that the only son of Prince and Princess Christian had joined the German Army, and was actively engaged in fighting the Allies, numbering among them the country which for nearly forty years has made handsome provision for his family household. Mr. Asquith, with evident reluctance, was obliged to answer in the affirmative. He made no reply to the direct question whether in such case the pension of £6,000 a year paid out of the national exchequer to the Princess Christian and her husband would be continued. The matter will not be allowed to remain as it stands. The Committee of Supply will, early in next year, afford an opening for further discussing the matter. It will be seized by the Labor party and the Radicals below the gangway. What can be done in such matters is shown by the fact that since the outbreak of war the annuity of £3,000 a year granted by Sir Robert Peel to the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (Grand Duchess Dowager of Mecklenberg-Strelitz) has been withdrawn.

The amazing fatuity of the Press Bureau is illustrated afresh by publication of Sir John French's second dispatch. This masterly document takes the form of a diary of operations on the far-flung battle-line in Flanders. The first entry is made on October 3, the final one on November 2. Even for the civilian this terse record of skilful generalship and dauntless courage is of profound interest. Much more keenly, because more intelligently, will it be studied by military men at home and abroad. But why in the name of common-sense should the earlier entries have been held over for nearly two months, the conclusion for four weeks? The official explanation will, of course, be the stereotyped one that in the public interest it is not desirable that the enemy should have early information of events—in which, by the way, they personally shared, and whose trend they (or those who survive) have for weeks brooded over with saddened recollection. There need be no indecent hurry in the matter. Supposing the diary had been published weekly. Being exclusively concerned with past events, it could not have been of slightest service to the enemy, while its comparatively prompt publication would have been gratefully accepted by a nation hungering and thirsting for news from the front. A characteristic touch of banality is added by the fact that, though the Field-Marshal's dispatch is dated November 20, and probably reached the War Office by special messenger on the following day, it was not circulated till ten days later, having in the meanwhile been pigeonholed in the office of the Secretary of State.

WESTMINSTER, December 12.

Evidence of Sir John French's desire to ease as much as possible the strain upon men at the front is forthcoming in an arrangement recently made whereby officers in rotation enjoy a term of five days' leave. This enables them to get home for practically three full days. Yesterday I had a visit from one of these holiday makers, and learned from his smiling lips some particulars of life in the trenches. It was marvellous to see this debonair young fellow, faultlessly dressed, and to realize the description of himself, laughingly told, as to his personal appearance only four days earlier—his face unwashed and unshaven, his war-worn khaki thickly crusted with mud, his shoes and puttees soaking wet in the flooded trenches. His delight in getting home, having a bath, a shave, a total change of clothing, and sitting down at a prettily furnished table, to eat a daintily cooked meal, was almost childish in its exuberance. Only one day more of it. But there was no trace of regret or repugnance in view of the prospect of forthwith returning to life in the trenches, with death momentarily at hand.

This is the state of mind, prevalent in all ranks, that minimizes the horrors of war and strengthens the heart and hand of our soldiers. They make the best of everything, especially of bully beef, which is their daily unvarying fare. It is, I learn, nothing more nor less than the best Argentine beef, packed in tins weighing a pound, one being a man's daily rations. It is ready cooked, but some of the men, naturally skilful, make out of it varied dishes. The officers, who share with their men the bully beef at lunch and dinner, generally manage to get a rasher of bacon served with their morning tea. It is always tea, no coffee. Native bread is a scarcity in Flanders, and the British troops are served from the produce of camp kitchens rigged up in the rear. Food is in abundance, all of excellent quality. None are more appreciative of this specialty of the campaign than the sprinkling of old soldiers who took part in the Boer War. Said one, munching a chunk of bread thickly plastered with excellent butter, "When we was in South Africa they used to give us dubbin for butter." Dubbin, I perhaps need hardly explain, is the nauseous, greasy substance which in wet weather is rubbed into heavy walking-boots. The story is obviously an exaggeration born of the high humor common to the trenches. But it not unfairly illustrates the difference between the daily lot of the British soldier at meal-times to-day and his condition under the lamentable administration, in big things and little, that marked the Boer War. Jam is popular and plentiful, and every man who cares for it has his daily "tot" of rum.

I showed the captain a postcard that reached me by the morning delivery, one of the regular shower of demands for subscriptions started by private persons with avowed intention of alleviating the lot of the soldier in the field and of his family left behind him. "A fund has been started," thus it runs, "to provide a £600 motor coffee stall for supplying hot coffee and soup to men in the trenches. Please send a shilling (not stamps) to Miss ——, and post a copy of this card to three friends (not mutual), signing your own name."

The project set forth in this admirably precise and concise fashion greatly added to the chronic amusement of the cheery captain. That a single motor coffee stall, even though it cost £600, should be of practical use along a line of trenches measured by scores of miles indicated appalling ignorance. How, he asked, was the coffee stall to approach the trenches within hailing distance? If that difficulty were overcome, did the lady propose that the men in the trenches would stroll out, cluster round the coffee stall, as is the custom at some corners of London streets, and leisurely toy with their cup of coffee or basin of soup? If they did, they would within five minutes be disturbed by the arrival of a fresh customer in the form of a shell that would make short work of the £600 coffee stall, its enterprising keeper, and the ring of customers. "The fact is," said the captain, "the conveyance of food to the trenches is one of the most difficult and dangerous bits of business in the campaign. It engages the services of a specially trained body of men, who can work only under shelter of the darkness of night."

Darkened London, through which citizens are beginning to learn how to grope their way at night, will presently have its condition paralleled by widely spread districts of the country. Last night householders in Hythe, Seabrook, Sandgate, Cheriton, New Romney, and Romney Marsh, all on the Kentish coast, were served by the Constabulary with peremptory orders to obscure their business and domestic lights. Notification is given that no shops, hotels, picture palaces, or other buildings will be permitted to show any exterior lights. The interior lighting of all shops will not be permitted to give extra illumination to the roads and streets, so that such illumination can be seen from the sea or sky. Where dark blinds are not partially drawn so as to obscure the interior lighting all lights visible from the roads or streets must be shaded blue or gray.

White or cream-colored blinds are ruled insufficient without extra shade. Red blinds must be shaded. Venetian blinds must be turned to obscure any lighting from within. Buildings with glass roofs or skylights must be adequately treated to prevent light being visible from the sea or from above. Proprietors and owners of public and private buildings are warned that any person or persons failing to comply with these regulations are liable, under the Defence of the Realm acts and recent orders in Council, to severe penalties, and that if necessary—"although it is hoped that there may be no occasion for it"—such penalties will be strictly enforced. I understand that similar notices have been distributed in all towns, hamlets, and villages along the east coast of England and Scotland.

A Study of Sources

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN COUNT VON BERNSTORFF'S ORATION.

In his celebrated oration on "The Development of Germany as a World Power," delivered before the American Academy of Political and Social Science on November 6, 1909, Count J. H. von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, exhibits a surprising amount of English influence. The oration was published as a supplement to the Annals of the Academy in January, 1910 (Vol. 35, at the back), and a sumptuous reprint was struck off marked "Copyright 1910, by the American Academy of Political and Social Science."

A comparison of this grave work with William Harbutt Dawson's book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany" (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1908. "All rights reserved") makes it plain that, in the language of doctors' dissertations, "the two works exhibit remarkable coincidences of character, situation, and language." The coincidences begin comparatively early in the Oration. Thus, take this passage:

Impartial students of Germany's position will find themselves confronted by economic facts which alone sufficiently explain why Germany has to turn its attention to the expansion of its influence abroad. (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

The candid student of Germany's position finds himself confronted by economic facts which alone sufficiently explain why Germany is to-day turning its attention with increasing urgency to the expansion of its influence abroad. (Dawson, pp. 335-336.)

Or this, on the same page, after the orator has borrowed a few statistics and estimates (uncredited) of the tremendous growth o German population:

The question which these facts raise is primarily economic: how will this large population be employed; how will it live? (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

The questions which these facts raise are, of course, primarily physical and economic Where will this large population live; how will it be employed; how will it be fed? (Dawson, p. 336.)

Or this, on the same page:

I cannot but think that if this fundamental fact of Germany's enormous annual increase of population were intelligently grasped, much of the unfortunate polemic to which my country's industrial expansion still gives rise in certain quarters would be moderated. (Bernstorff, p. 11.)

One cannot but think that if this fundamental fact of Germany's enormous annual increase of population were intelligently grasped, much of the unfortunate polemic to which that country's industrial expansion still gives rise in certain quarters would be moderated. (Dawson, p. 338.)

The rest of page 11 comes almost bodily out of Dawson, with the difference that it is word for word a long quotation from Dr. Paul Rohrbach's "Deutschland unter den Weltvölkern." Dr. Rohrbach receives due credit by Mr. Dawson, of the enemy, but n credit or mention from Count von Bernstorff, his compatriot.

Page 12 is similar, except that his Excellency skips playfully back and forth ove pages 339, 340, 341, and 343 of Dawson. It i practically all clipped from Dawson, sentenc by sentence. Compare:

Between a present national ratio of 300 persons per square mile and the ratio of Saxony, Rhineland, and Westphalia, there is a difference which represents a population of some forty millions, and within that limit there is clearly a very considerable capacity for expansion. This expansion can, however, only be on industrial and not on agricultural lines. There is no reason to believe that the corn-growing capacity of Germany is as yet exhausted, yet it is a fact, which points its own moral, that, in spite of the careful protection of the agricultural industry, the production of food corn, while it increases absolutely, has ceased to keep pace with the growth of the population. The best that can be hoped is therefore that for a time corn-growing will hold its own. (Bernstorff, p. 12.)

Between a present national ratio of 300 persons per square mile and the ratio of the West of Prussia there is, however, a difference which represents a population of some forty millions, and within that limit there is clearly a very considerable capacity for expansion. This expansion, will, however, be on industrial and not on agricultural lines. . . . There is no reason to believe that the corn-growing capacity of the country is as yet exhausted, yet it is a fact which points its own moral that, in spite of the careful protection of the agricultural industry, the production of food corn, while it increases absolutely, has ceased to keep pace with the growth of population. . . . The best that can be hoped, therefore, is that for a time corn-growing will hold its own, etc. (Dawson, pp. 340, 339.)

Dr. Rohrbach suffers depredations, as before, again on page 12, to the extent of a quarter of a page of his choicest conclusions, with no quotation marks. Dr. Rohrbach, let me add, is not the only German writer who thus is pillaged, for on page 10 of the Oration Professor E. Paulsen is made to contribute half a paragraph, *mot à mot*, with no credit, or mention.

Why waste good white paper in paralleling page 13, since the observed phenomena are the same? Here Herr Rohrbach's well-known conclusions on the value of colonies are incorporated with sure selection, but with true impartiality his Excellency has again been careful to omit Mr. Dawson's conscientious acknowledgment of the source. Some of the latter's remarks on the decline of German emigration to South America are clipped *literatim* to assure his Excellency's hearers that Germany has no designs on that continent.

We must contrast Mr. Dawson's moderate and generous treatment of Germany, rising at times to the dignity of chivalry, with the fashion in which the Ambassador uses the Englishman's material to further his own spiteful innuendo against England. Not only does his Excellency annex statements of fact, but he offers as his own Mr. Dawson's carefully argued opinions upon questions of German domestic politics, or else he first uses the original author's words, and then substitutes his own deductions.

To sum up, the core of the Ambassador's Oration is merely an appropriation from the English book. Omitting many courtly phrases, and some discussion of an American book on a similar subject, there remains little but Mr. Dawson's estimates, observations, researches, and conclusions throughout, with no mention of him anywhere. We congratulate his Excellency upon his good judgment in selecting authorities, but he does not flatter the American Academy of Political and Social Science in assuming it to be ignorant of Dawson, Rohrbach, and Paulsen.

BERT EDWARD YOUNG.

[One of our correspondents has received the following letter from Mr. Dawson, and asks that it be made public.—ED. THE NATION.]

KENERTON ROAD, BECKENHAM, ENGLAND.
9 October, 1914.

DEAR SIR: Will you accept my cordial thanks for your thoughtfulness in calling my attention to the wrongful and indefensible use made of my book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany," by Count Bernstorff, in the address on "The Development of Germany as a World Power" given by him before the American Academy of Political and Social Science (Philadelphia) and published in the annals of that institution? Hitherto I had not been aware that the Count had passed off as his own long passages taken from this book, but having now had an opportunity of reading the address as published, I can only confirm with regret your statement that a wholesale and quite unacknowledged appropriation of my labors has been made.

Not only does the Count annex passages containing statements of fact, but he even puts forward as his own my argued opinions upon various questions of German domestic politics. In other cases he first uses my words and then substitutes his own conclusions for mine—not a very ingenuous proceeding, I venture to think. My only comfort is that, where Count Bernstorff quotes from two German writers used, and of course named, by me in this book, he impartially claims authorship of these borrowed passages likewise.

Acting on your suggestion that this act of plagiarism should be disclosed, I am calling the attention of the American Academy of Political Science to the facts, and I do this with the greater justification since I observe that the Academy claims "copyright" for the Count's address, although to it, all unknowingly, I prove to have made a quite considerable contribution. Need I say that I attribute to that honorable body no responsibility for what has happened?

For the rest, I prefer to leave the matter to public, and especially literary, opinion, only adding the expression of a hope that the Count's ideas of literary integrity will not be reflected in his further activities either as an exponent of Germany or a critic of British political history and diplomacy.

Again thanking you for your courtesy, I am Yours faithfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

The Race Problem

ITS DANGERS AND OPPORTUNITIES—SIGNS THAT THE COUNTRY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE NEGRO IS CHANGING FOR THE BETTER.*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

I.

The smouldering intensity of the race problem in America is well illustrated by the steady stream of books dealing with it which reaches the reviewer's desk. Every shade of opinion is usually represented, but in the list before us the hopelessly bitter anti-negro screed is fortunately lacking. It is a sign of good omen, as is the fact that the book of emotion and purely personal feeling without knowledge is less and less to the fore. Instead, we have a growingly serious effort by white and colored writers alike to deal in a scientific spirit with what is the least solved and least understood of our social problems; to apply to it the laboratory method so warmly urged as the necessary resolvent in all matters sociological.

I would not, of course, deny that the tract is still urgently needed. There is so much that cries out to high Heaven in our treatment of the negro that ardent appeals to the American conscience, to our spirit of justice and fair play, must still be in order. Dr. Du Bois's "Souls of Black Folk" remains the high-water mark of this form of writing, as is attested by its reaching its ninth edition—one of the few really great books to come out of the South since the loosening of the fetters. But notable as is this portraiture of a soul oppressed, there is the greatest need of still other forms of writing, such as the coldly scientific portrayal of historic fact and the calm analysis of the clashing elements in this social and political problem. There is, moreover, increasing need of interpreting not only the views and aspirations of one race to another in a friendly and helpful spirit, as does Booker Washington, but of approaching the Southern difficulties as a governmental question to which some answer must be found that is consonant with the grim realities—so grim as to make quite possible the appearance any day of a new "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Is it not incredible, in view of the magnitude and threatening character of the problem, that it remains practically untouched from an administrative point of view, that it is almost wholly overlooked by our governmental agencies, that our statesmen are indifferent to it? Even President Wilson, with his keen constructive mind, his readiness to tackle every other problem and to offer a solution for it, is content to pass this by when he can, or if he cannot, to lose his temper over a rudely aggressive recital of the race's wrongs, or to dismiss the question with a story as he did the other day when a group of Southern investigators called upon him. If it is the despair of our statesmanship, it is the despair of neglect and of cowardice. Republicans and Democrats alike shirk the issue, partly for lack of vision or a constructive programme, but always in dread of a prejudice which must be made to yield before the majesty of the laws of the land and of justice itself. Serious authors follow suit to the extent of treating the issue from every other point of view save that of government; they rarely deal with it as a domestic and social problem for which remedies must as certainly be found as for those concerning labor and capital or any others which menace the peace and happiness of the people of the United States. Instead we hear solemnly that the only way out is to govern the inferior race by violence, by defiance of law and order, by the negro's exclusion from a share in government as from its benefits. It is true that we have such helpful and valuable studies as Albert Bushnell Hart's "The Southern South." But the writer has yet to appear who can analyze the situation with that firmness of grasp which is characteristic of Lord Bryce's treatment of most of our difficult problems, and at the same time throw down the gauntlet to our dormant statesmanship.

Dormant it plainly is, for Washington is content either to approach the subject from the unblushing standpoint of prejudice, as illustrated by the scarcely checked effort to segregate the colored employees in the Federal departments and by the familiar Congressional diatribes of the professional negrophobes, or to ignore it; while our Federal courts have been as adept in dodging questions involving fundamental civic rights as our public is blind to the flat and defiant Southern violation of the Constitution. We have had President's commissions to deal with the rural-life problem and farmers' credits and banks. A new bureau concerns itself exclusively with children; and our forests have their especial Federal guardian. But there is no Government agency which devotes itself to studying scientifically the racial problems that have lately driven no less able a foreign observer than Sir Sydney Olivier, for five years Governor of Jamaica, and all his life close to the negro problem, to the belief that this country is again headed straight for civil war unless our responsible statesmen turn squarely about and move in the contrary direction from that which is marked for the wayfarer by disfranchisement, the Jim Crow car, and latterly the establishment of black ghettos in our Southern cities.

And so race friction grows apace, South and North; in the South economic pressure, the upward strivings of blacks and poor whites, the machinations of the pothouse politicians who misgovern them both; the shocking failure to give a real education to the children of the South, and particularly to those of the freedmen; the constant wedging apart of the races in their social life by new restrictive legislation planned, passed, and enforced by the white men to suit their will—these developments are full of menace, since they are conceived by passion and prejudice. Only in some of the Southern colleges is there beginning a movement to find a way out of the terrible morass of hatred and injustice into which both races are sinking.

In the North the influx of colored multitudes finds us less willing, if anything, to give a square deal to the individual than in the South; finds our labor unions bitterly hostile; our cities unready to take them in hand, to render them useful citizens, to mould them to their commercial needs. We shudder at their squalor and then deny them the means of livelihood to rise beyond it; we, too, would restrict their habitat if they depress our land values and so touch our pocket nerve. But to take them up as a burden and as a study, whether we dread, or despise or like them—there are few individuals of us, indeed, who are ready to take the trouble, our invaded municipalities least of all.

II.

But that there is a leaven stirring appears clearly from the volumes before us. The great book is not yet there; we must still wait for a Jacob Riis to touch the public heart on behalf of the black children, big and little, the outcasts who are truly the wards of the nation, but are treated not even like step-children. This group of books does represent a sane and earnest effort to reach the truth from the several standpoints of the writers. From the colored race comes Prof. Kelly Miller's collection of essays, "Out of the House of Bondage." Always well written and full of interesting and valuable facts, Professor Miller's works place him in the small group of foremost colored writers of which the other two are Booker Washington and Du Bois. He speaks invariably with scientific calmness, and it would be difficult to find elsewhere so compact and judicial a story of the negro's rise from slavery as is contained in the essay which gives this volume its title. Professor Miller does not minimize the race's faults in this survey of its wonderful achievements, nor does he dwell long upon its progress as valued in material units. What he does ask is how far the negroes have acquired the capacity "to become not merely recipients but partakers of the life and spirit and power of that civilization of which they would constitute a part." As to that, he admits that they have yet to begin; that most of their energy has been spent in grasping the meaning of knowledge, and that there is little dynamic power left. But Professor Miller looks forward to a wonderful change in this respect during the next fifty years. His is a

*_Out of the House of Bondage._ By Kelly Miller. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.; $1.50 net.

In Freedom's Birthplace: A Study of the Boston Negroes. By John Daniels. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.50.

Race Orthodoxy in the South. By Thomas Pearce Bailey. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.; $2 net.

In Black and White: An Interpretation of Southern Life. By L. H. Hammond. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.; $1.25 net.

Democracy and Race Friction. By John Moffat Mecklin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Ezekiel. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

cheerful, hopeful note throughout, whether dealing with the negro in politics, or his education, or the present-day weakness of his clergy. He has vision and faith and what few white writers possess—an appreciation of the fact that fifty years of liberty is too short a time in which to pass any final verdict upon a people: "in the economy of racial life a half-century is scarce more than a single year in the experience of an individual." More than that, in his own detachment and his grasp of principles, he shows a breadth that should insure his being one of the first chosen for counsel if the dominant forces in our political life should ever realize that the initial step towards solving the negro problem is to call into partnership the colored leaders themselves.

Mr. John Daniels's study of the Boston negroes, like Miss Ovington's similar inquiry among New York's black people, is precisely the kind of painstaking inquiry into a local problem which must be the basis of sound knowledge of the situation in the North. He has not limited himself wholly to local phenomena, but has given the national background as well, one chapter, for instance, comprising an admirable summary of the Abolition movement in Massachusetts and of the service of the colored soldiers from that State. If the judicial attitude is sometimes lost, as in his discussion of the split among the colored people over the teachings of Booker Washington, to whose side the author clearly leans, there is a great deal that is informatory as to the actual achievements of the colored people in the home of Abolition. He does not always know how to make good use of his material, but he does clearly explain the change in the feeling which has left the Boston public, if not actually hostile, at least indifferent to the colored man. He does not hesitate to set forth the chief weakness of the negro group as a political entity. This is "an inability to subordinate personal and minor differences to an inclusive and effective organization and a general fixed policy" and a tendency "to be jealous and envious of each other's success, to quarrel and to split into continually changing factions"—a truth which adequately accounts for the failure of one national political organization of colored men after another. Yet if Mr. Daniels discovers inherent individual weaknesses which in his opinion render the average Boston negro inferior to the average white man, he is none the less certain that the race has genuine contributions to make to the national life, and ends his book with the hopeful note that in Boston, as in the nation, "this people will eventually attain the position at once of self-respect and of worthy recognition," despite the negro's backwardness and weaknesses and the white man's prejudice.

III.

The three books from Southern sources in the list are full of encouragement because all are sympathetic and not one of them accepts unreservedly the prevailing Southern opinion. Dr. Bailey, a professor in the University of Mississippi, for instance, realizes the need of scientific inquiry upon which I have touched, and dwells upon it most earnestly in the series of papers he has made into a volume. He complains justly that we have not even analyzed what race prejudice really is, and as to the social problem itself he exclaims: "How few are the first-class men that are making this most baffling, distressing, and imminent of human problems the object of devoted and patient scientific investigation." From the Southern contention that all is well with the negro in the South when left to the Southern whites and not interfered with by Northern philanthropists, he strips the lamb's skin to call the negro's situation "a direful tragedy." More than that, he admits frankly that fine as are the Southern white folk, the "situation is too much for them. We cry out strenuously, Let us solve our own problem! But we are not solving it; indeed, the complication of it is growing. . . . So, while we need not cease talking and writing about the negro problem, let us study it in the light of twentieth-century science and Christianity." Since the negro is not getting a fair show, colonization seems to Professor Bailey a possible solution from which the cost will not deter the nation, not even, he thinks, if it should take the price of several Panama Canals. But he sees, of course, that this is not possible in short order to-day, any more than it was when first earnestly urged some seventy years ago in the heat of the Abolition struggle. He admits frankly that immediate and wholesale deportation is "a futile dream" for the present. His hope lies, therefore, in a "parallel civilization for the colored folk." Just what that is to be he knows not, for history shows nothing upon which to base it; he can only urge it as a question for that long-continued scientific study for which his book is a brief. If it contains no other practical suggestion than this, his effort is none the less worth while; for it is, first, the quiet answer which the thinking South is beginning to make to its own demagogues, and, secondly, it is illuminated by the obvious desire to do justice and by his readiness to state truths unpalatable to his section, as, for instance, that "no human question can be regarded as permanently settled when one people remains subordinate to another simply on account of racial differences."

Less satisfactory, though written with more of the scientific spirit and much learning, is the "Democracy and Race Friction" of Prof. John Moffat Mecklin, professor of philosophy in the University of Pittsburgh. It is an attempt to support scientifically the prevailing Southern opinion, to explain Southern inconsistencies and cruelties on the familiar ground of group solidarity, race consciousness, and the intermarriage question. It assumes the negroes to be almost hopelessly immoral and judges them as though their record of fifty years permitted the last word, without a realization, of course, that the negro in the South is precisely what the white man who owned him body and soul in slavery days and now controls him, socially, economically, and politically, has made him. But even he has written a tract which the Southern point of view could hardly have produced fifteen or twenty years ago. Thus, he denounces Mr. Vardaman as the type of demagogue who has made "unscrupulous use" of race antagonism to achieve office and has aggravated conditions so that the races in Mississippi are farther apart than ever. Again, while dwelling always upon the inferiority of the negro race and the theory of group differentiation, and denouncing the intellectual leaders like Du Bois who tell the negro that there is no goal too high for him to aspire to, he none the less writes the following:

It is wiser to admit the negro to all the stimulus and inspiration of the white's social heritage, in so far as this does not endanger the integrity of the social heritage itself, than to encourage an ignorant and debased citizenship by his neglect and repression. It is, of course, entirely obvious that every murder, or lynching bee, or cowardly terrorizing of a weaker race sets free subtle educative sources which react upon both groups. It furnishes "social copy" for the rising generation of blacks and whites which will be built into the fabric of their personalities, brutalizing and barbarizing their own souls and ultimately cheapening the whole tone of the civilization of the future.

But to admit the negro to all the stimulus and inspiration of the white's heritage is surely an extremely dangerous practice for those who believe in having one race up and the other down. In another place he writes that there cannot be the same interpretation of equality before the law for whites and blacks. But if you admit the latter to the stimulus and heritage of the white race, how can you prevent their aspiring to equality before the law upon which the Anglo-Saxon primarily insists? The only safe way is to deny them everything; anything else is equal in folly to keeping the Russian peasants illiterate in order that they may not become enemies of the existing monarchical order. Again, at one place Professor Mecklin asserts that there are "*fundamental* racial differences," and then declares that these are found "only at the lower level of instinct, impulse, and temperament, and do not, therefore, admit of clear definition. . . ."

There are other inconsistencies, and there is plenty to make the knowing smile, as the matter of negro immorality, where, as usual, there is no real appreciation of the guilt of the white man during three centuries. Repeatedly Professor Mecklin shrinks from the logic of his own conclusions; repeatedly his humanity interferes with his argument. He means to be just and kindly and to write without bitterness (though the tone is always one of condescension), and so he is compelled at the end to the conclusion that the thing to do is "to accept the situation as it is, with all the complications arising from segregation and race antipathy, and to

insist upon a stern, even-handed justice based upon equality of consideration"—but, marvellously enough, that is to be done by a varying interpretation of equality before the law! "This implies, of course," Professor Mecklin continues, "that each individual, as well as each racial group, is to be free to find a natural level in society. This implies also competition of the most vigorous and comprehensive nature, industrial, moral, cultural, and even ethnic. It means the elimination of the unfit and the preservation of the fit. Most important of all, it means in the end a healthy and permanent progressive civilization. This is the only effective method history has thus far revealed of testing and preserving that which is ultimately and supremely worth while."

With this Professor Mecklin completes his boxing of the compass, for this, together with absolute equality before the law, is all that the most violent Northern partisans of the negro have ever asked. They demand merely that the negro be freed from injustice and handicaps due to color, in order that he may find his natural level; the negroes, too, have insisted that this is the only way to peace and happiness in the republic. Aspiring colored people will find nothing in Professor Mecklin's book to worry them. Indeed, they may well take courage from it. If this is the best presentation of the old-fashioned anti-negro case that can be made, it is evident that it is losing steadily, being weakened both by its lack of logic and by its conflict with the humanitarian tendency of the age.

The same fine new humanitarian note that runs through these Southern writings is struck even more clearly by Mrs. L. H. Hammond in her "In Black and White." No one can peruse the earnest, moving volume from the pen of this Southern woman without understanding why it is that Northern negrophiles are now looking largely to the South for hope and encouragement. She, too, has found, after years of work, that the need is to ascertain and to face the facts. As Dr. James H. Dillard has put it in his introduction to her volume: "The problem of the South to-day is how to find voices and hearings for her best thoughts and sentiments." Behind all the cant and hypocrisy of the demagogues, behind all the cowardice of legislators, clergy, and public men, and the horrors of the mob, there is a stirring of conscience in the South and a growing realization that the white men and women of that section are not doing justice in their treatment of the colored people. How soon will it find potent voice? How soon will the terrorism of public opinion cease to dominate the liberal spirits who must in any such undertaking face abuse and ostracism, if needs be, because they can no longer hold back the truth? Upon the answer to that question depends largely the progress this country will make towards a solution of the problem. One of the leading Southerners in public life to-day, who years ago came North to breathe a freer air, tells of returning to his former home and spending a long evening with old comrades, the leading citizens of the town, in a discussion—the inevitable discussion—of the negro. He found to his satisfaction that they held his own radical, for the South rather revolutionary, views, and as he rose to go he said: "Now, boys, I have got clearly in mind all that you have said, and I shall publish it to-morrow." There was a wild rush for him. "By heavens, Smith," they cried in unison, "you shall not leave this room alive unless you swear to do nothing of the kind." He promised, of course; and his playmates of boyhood days continue to suppress their real thoughts and bow down to the God of things as they are.

How much longer is this padlocking of the lips to continue? Not long, if we may judge by Mrs. Hammond's book, in which one finds, as in the frank and noble utterances of the speakers at the recent Southern Sociological Congress, a readiness to come out and tell of things as they exist, and not as they appear to the eyes of multitudes who think to see what they would have. It is a plain, homely volume, full of happy illustrations and a clear understanding of human nature, breathing a spirit of good will towards everybody, and distinguished by true religious feeling. Her kindliness towards the negro and keen appreciation of what is good in him recalls the philosophy and the rare understanding of negro nature which marks "Ezekiel"—the sympathetic child creation of a Northern woman, Miss Lucy Pratt, which valuable book, it is pleasant to note, is now being reissued, for a large sale, we hope, to young and old, by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, of Boston. Mrs. Hammond's insight and philosophy enable her to say: "The only basis for living between man and man, whether low or high, which is safe for either is justice." And she is keen to see that where there is less than justice the danger is ever greater for the oppressor than for the oppressed. The time will soon come when utterances like these will be a commonplace from the South. They are notable now, from a white source, as is this wise and noble sentiment:

> My only fear for white supremacy is that we should prove unworthy of it. If we fail there, we shall pass. Supremacy is for service. It is suicide to thrust other races back from the good which we hold in trust for humanity. For him who would be the greatest the price is still that he shall be the servant of all.

Therein lies much of the philosophy of the problem; that it is coming to be taught in the section which fifty-six years ago was locking up in penitentiaries white women who dared to instruct negroes how to read and write, is a happening to cheer the most pessimistic. One must be blind indeed not to see, despite surface discouragements and friction in many places, which way the deep, underlying current is setting.

If the books that are being put forth leave no doubt about the new humanitarian note in the South, this only emphasizes again the necessity for the country's administrators to busy themselves more about it and to grapple with it as a national problem.

Poetry

A POET OF BELGIANS—EMILE VERHAEREN.

PARIS, November 16.

There has been talk lately of electing Maurice Maeterlinck to a seat in the French Academy. It would certainly be the highest testimonial of esteem and sympathy which intellectual France could offer to Belgians in their national affliction; but it is without precedent and perhaps impossible, since the French Academy, of its essence, is for French Immortals. Maeterlinck asks that, if any honor is to be done, it should go to an older and, he adds modestly, to a better man—Emile Verhaeren. "Any writer with patience enough can do my prose, but not Verhaeren's inspired poems."

Verhaeren, beyond doubt, fulfils the tradition that discerns a divine spark in the true poet—*sacer vates.*

> The complaining millions of men
> Darken in labor and pain;
> But he was a priest to us all
> Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
> Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.

He has lived to write in plain prose, more tragical than any verse, the present dark hours of "Bleeding Belgium." But, from the beginning, his whole poetic work has been to make known the labor and pain, the wonder and bloom of the world of Belgians. It is in the cruel revenges of time that Stefan Zweig* should have pronounced: "Verhaeren is to-day part and parcel of German culture; and much of our contemporary lyric poetry, its welcome turning to optimism, for example, would be unthinkable but for his work and influence!"

By Goldsmith's "lazy" Scheldt, not far from Antwerp, Emile Verhaeren was born nearly sixty years ago in the plain-lands which he has painted in strong verse feebly rendered by these literal lines:

> Round the least village where the bell-tower,
> Tufted with its gilt weathercock and shining
> with slates,
> Grows up over houses a few yards high—
> Close to a fishing town, close to a gardening
> town—
> Here where the dikes quick bar the sight,
> There were black oxen low in the earth-
> mould,
> And further where a sail half-seen
> And red on a background transparent, enam-
> elled,
> Hints of waves and the morning song
> Of boatmen making for the open and the river
> Slashed by the sun-rays' swords of gold—
> Everywhere—be it flax-field or oat-field,
> Corner of rye or clover square or meadow
> wedge—
> Everywhere, to beyond the purpled horizon—
> The green immensity of plains and plains!

And that, till present waste and ruin, was Flemish land—*Toute la Flandre*, with its "garland of downs" in Verhaeren's volumes. After the wont of its *bourgeois* fam-

*Verhaeren. By Stefan Zweig. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.

ilies, his speech from the beginning was French and he has uttered Flanders in verse genuinely French, though racy of the natal soil. For his training in letters he was sent to the Jesuits' College in Ghent, where another poet articulate of Belgium—kindly Georges Rodenbach, who disappeared too soon in the full success of Paris—sat with him on the benches, and where, a little later, came that early-dying genius, Charles Van Lerberghe, and Grégoire Le Roy, and Maurice Maeterlinck. Of these Verhaeren has said: "Their sadness and gentleness, their subtle feeling and talent fed on memories and tenderness and silence, wove a wreath of pale violets round the forehead of Flanders."

Verhaeren's colors were robuster, as appeared when his "Flamandes" ("Flemish Women") exploded in 1883 on the little old-fogy world of Belgium. He had finished some time before his five years of law at Louvain, the university now burned by hordes of culture. The light-hearted journal which he published with student comrades—"the four greatest poets of the epoch"—had been suppressed by the University authorities. Zola was writing of "Earth," of whose delving he had not man's experience; and an apparent likeness of method fixed on the new poet the discredited label of Naturalism. Camille Lemounier, who led the feared school, came to his defence; but the friends best able to plead in his favor could say little more to the accusation of *impudeur massive* than to hail in him a *tempérament*. Among his own tumultuous verses he inserted an aggressive Apologia in the name of "Flemish Art":

> Your brushes knew not face-paint,
> Indecencies and naughty pranks,
> Things understood of vices
> That wink the eye in Art to-day.
> . . . . . .
> In the splendor of landscapes
> And gold-panelled palaces,
> In purple and ornament
> Sumptuous from the antique age,
>
> Your women reeked with health,
> Red-blooded and white with fat,
> And they led the rout in leash
> With airs of royalty.

Ruskin had his own opinion of Flemish art, as he explained freely. Without prejudice, in this early period, Verhaeren is surely excessive. He looked too confidingly at his Flemish "Old Masters":

In smoky dives where hams are hung,
Black sausages, candles and bladders,
Clusters of partridges, clusters of turkeys,
Enormous strings of stuffed fowls
Spotting with their pink flesh the black ceiling's corner—
In a circle, round meats heaped on the table,
Blood following the fork in their flank on the platter—
All these whom gluttony seats heavily at table,
Craesbeke, Brakenburgh, Teniers, Dusart, Brauwer,
With Steen biggest and drunkenest in the middle,
Gather, chins dripping, vest open,
Mouths full of laughter, bellies full of pork.

It is unsafe to transpose Art into Life, and the three appetites to which Goethe limited man in his "Xenien" are never all man. Verhaeren, in these last days, has had cruel proof of his early misjudgment of "The Peasants":

Men of the plough, so mawkish made by Greuze
In the soft colors of his peasantries,
So clean of dress, so ruddy-white that 'tis
A pattern gay to see 'mid gingerbread
Of Louis Quinze salons, making pastels alive—
Look at them here, black, coarse, and animals—such they are.
. . . . . .
Their country? Come now? Who among them believes in it?

Bleeding, wandering Belgium answers, after thirty years, for the Flemish peasants. The inexperienced poet, like Zola for the French, has simply verified another of Goethe's penetrating criticisms of Man as he lives:

> Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so,
> Who all his life on the outside passes.

Ever since, half of Verhaeren's poetry has been a refutation of his younger excess. Within three years' time, he brought out his first Paris volume—poems on "The Monks." He had wandered often in his childhood through the cloisters of a near-by monastery of St. Bernard; and it is said he returned for a "retreat" in gestation of these verses which, indeed, might not shock their subjects, but would leave all sorts of spiritual reserves to—these white-robed guardians of Christian thoughts,
Who stay at sunset brooding o'er the world.
. . . . . .
From what horizons dark, from what far lands of gold
Do you run to the cloister's threshold, dry and dun,
Great Christian ascetics, who alone still hold,
Upright, your dead God over the modern world?

From a short notice like this, the winding course of the poet's changing art could not be understood. By 1890, he was plunging his readers in "Novembral seas," not unlike those in which Nietzsche drowned and which were perhaps only the fog of the great world-city whose pave he was beating:

O my evening soul, this black London dragging through thee!

With the years came quiet—which is a manner of speaking—with successive volumes of such verse as "Hallucinated Countrysides," "Illusory Villages," "Tentacular Cities." Belgians woke up to find they had a poet, in some ways the greatest since Victor Hugo. And, amid their celebrating him, he kept on in a renewed art that deals with little people—miller and bell-ringer and blacksmith and the cord-maker in Flemish fields. So it has gone on, through many volumes, intenser, deeper, in spite of frequent voleanic titles—"Tumultuous Forces" and "Multiple Splendor." And, with others still, there are the four crowning volumes of "All Flanders"—tender, melancholic, heroic—and a play which is rather a poem of "Philip the Second," who also knew Flemings.

Here is the poet's outlook on "The Poor" in the later book—"Faces of Life":

Thus are poor hearts—with lakes of tears within them,
Pale like the tombstones—of a cemetery.

Thus are poor shoulders—weighted more with toil and burdens
Than roofs of brown hovels—amid the downs.

Thus are poor hands—like leaves on the roads,
Like leaves dead and yellow—in front of the door.

Thus are poor eyes—lowly, kind, and heedful,
Sadder than animal's eyes—under the storm.

Thus are poor folk—weary of gesture, indulgent,
And Want gnaws fiercely at them—all along Earth's plains.

Still, Verhaeren's poetry looks onward "To the Future":

O race of man, bound to the golden stars,
Hast thou felt the fearful, beating travail
That sudden, since a hundred years,
Shakes thine unmeasured strength?

And elsewhere:

Vast hope, from the unknown, displaces
The old balance which our souls have loathed;
Nature seems to be carving
A new face for her eternity.

Now, at the last, his thought has become precise:

Since thou art raging, devastating war,
How virginal and beautiful again the words
Of peace and liberty, of right and justice!

S. D.

Book Notes and Byways

THE "TRUCE OF GOD."

(Some Christmas Parallels.)

The time draws near the birth of Christ,

and inevitably we think of the Magi and the Star. Something marks off this day from other days. However much the distance between us and the church has widened, however unorthodox we may be, the old story keeps its spell. Of whatever creed or shade of faith, we recognize in this season the distinctive anniversary of the founding of our civilization. "Cette obscure clarté qui tombe des étoiles," that pale light which fell from the star which, in the story, the shepherds followed, marks the end and the beginning of our Christian year. So it has been for centuries, and so many men had fondly hoped that it would be for generations who shall call this time ancient, "Che questo tempo chiameranno antico," as Dante says.

Is it still possible, even for those by nature inclined to do so, to read the old message in the old way? Civilization has indeed withstood the shock of many a war and many an invasion, yet it is undoubtedly true that we have now set up a sign-post on the road towards the future. The year that has passed has been a serious year for thinking men. Its events have challenged our entire civilization and somewhat more than other men are we, of the universities, indicted when our civilization is condemned. A single analogy proves nothing, to be sure, or a single contrast, but perhaps an historical incident will help to show us the way that we are going.

With deep regret the head of the Catholic Church has uttered his "non possumus." We are told that the fighting in the trenches and over the Polish marshes must go on. In what our historians have taught us to call the Dark Ages, there were times when a hush fell over battles and when in the midst of fiercest conflict man's nobler spirit called a pause. Nor was this mere complacent pacifism; it was in the day of wars and fighting bishops, between the times of Hildebrand and Turpin. Yet for a few brief days, at least, during the "Truce of God," no sword was lifted, and a little space to gather the harvest or to observe with due solemnity some sacred anniversary was covered by inviolable peace. How the apologists have attacked the pagan Romans who fell upon the Christian Alaric when he and his warring Goths paused to worship and dreamed themselves secure under the special sanctity of Easter! Let us recall that the Council of Toulouges, in 1041, ordered that all wars be suspended during holidays and Sundays, during Advent and Lent, and during the second half of each week. It has sometimes been held that this was quite ineffective. Such can hardly have been the case, for fifty-four years later the order was confirmed and extended to all Christian countries by that Council of Clermont which decreed the first crusade. An entirely ineffectual decree would hardly have been thus extended.

Have we changed since the days of Alaric the Goth? In such matters "When in doubt, read Gibbon," is an excellent rule. He cites as a particularly illuminating incident in those unhappy times, the fate of an aged Veronese in the year 400:

"The old man, who had passed his simple and innocent life in the neighborhood of Verona, was a stranger to the quarrels both of kings and bishops; his pleasures, his desires, his knowledge, were confined within the little circle of his paternal farm; and a staff supported his aged steps, on the same ground where he had sported in his infancy. Yet even this humble and rustic felicity (which Claudian describes with so much truth and feeling) was still exposed to the undistinguishing rage of war. His trees, his old *contemporary* trees, must blaze in the conflagration of the whole country; a detachment of Gothic cavalry might sweep away his cottage and his family; and the power of Alaric could destroy this happiness, which he was not able either to taste or to bestow."

If we read Lodz or Dixmude for Verona, and Poland or Belgium for Italy, in what way do they differ?

"Fame," says the poet, "encircling with terror her gloomy wings, proclaimed the march of the Barbarian army." To-day we are told that it is not fame but fate. In spelling the difference is slight, and it may be that in sense, too, the difference is merely on the surface. It may be that the fame of one is the fate of another.

But to-day no truce shall fall, and yet men who sat with us on college benches are at the front and more are helping to bring the wounded from their trenches to their beds. How shall we make answer? What shall we say? We, who are more deeply involved in, and more narrowly responsible for, the spiritual tides of our time? Is this any serious index of change? Or in our softness are we too easily shocked? In any case let us face the facts. Can there be any such thing as a permanent "peace with honor"? If so, under what moral dispensation? If not, and if we must fight, let us prepare ourselves to fight well. Can we still think with old Sir Thomas Browne that man is a "noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," or must we look upon him as the "blond beast" of a later school; can we still believe with as naïve a faith those other lines of a poet whom the schools expound:

> "God's in his Heaven
> All's right with the world"?

It may be that our own human power is very slight, that in the world's way (which is perhaps not "good") it is not at all decisive; that, after all, as the mystic said, "God swings the earth like a trinket from his wrist"; it may be that we are again under the sway of another ἀνάγκη, of a fate that rules not only the destiny of individuals, but a new ἀνάγκη which presides inexorably over the destiny of nations. The view has been offered for our consideration by colleagues from over-sea. For all the sombre grandeur in which this new conception is framed, and for all its ancient sanction, may it not be that it is merely the last infirmity of not quite noble minds who, finding themselves in a position for which, under existing moral sanctions, there is no excuse, and before the world, no justification, are merely taking refuge in an outworn academic form to ask us to stop thinking—in order that we may agree with them? This cowering attitude towards fate is either justified by the way of the world and we must stop blithering about morals, or it is false and we must pass judgment and speak our minds like men.

No Christmas bells shall this year ring good will and peace for Poland or for Belgium. Shall the rest be silence? Under the spur of our necessity in these morally dark days surely we have need of honest thinking, of some new message, or some unequivocal reaffirmation of the old. A new generation cannot grow up to manhood in this silence and in this moral neutrality which is merely another name for moral cowardice. We need not take sides for one nation as against another, but if fate is not the *ultima ratio mundi*, principles must be involved, and we must take sides for one principle as against another. When some half million of our fellow-Christians (and some Turks) have been slaughtered; when ten or fifteen millions are homeless and facing famine; when almost every day some battleship is sent to the bottom with her thousand "souls," as we might sink rubble in a caisson, the silence of a Christian nation begins to look like moral bankruptcy. We need not despair of civilization if some millions have violated a principle, if disinterested men still have the courage at least publicly to affirm it; but this silence is suffocating. "While Boethius," we are told, "oppressed with fetters, expected each moment the sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the Tower of Pavia, the 'Consolation of Philosophy'; a golden volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit from the barbarism of the times and the situation of the author." How much nobler was the attitude of this Roman of the Decadence; and how much nobler was the spirit of that free-thinking Condorcet who, knowing that he was himself to be led to the guillotine, yet spent his last days in writing his "History of Human Progress" and in extolling the true principles of that misguided Revolution, of which he was himself the victim!

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence

"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Schuetze bitterly complains, in the current *Nation*, of Mr. Galsworthy's "mistranslation" of "Deutschland über Alles" into "Germany above everything." He says: "Mr. Galsworthy distorts into a jingo slogan an innocent avowal of loyalty to country. The meaning of the line is: 'Germany, Germany, dear to me above all things.'" That may be Professor Schuetze's meaning when he sings "Deutschland über Alles," but that it is implicit in the line itself can scarcely be maintained.

Professor Schuetze should reserve some of his indignation for Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, who also translates the same line for the benefit of the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* (November 21) as "Germany above everything."

Is it possible that, to the German mind, Dernburg is right and Galsworthy wrong? It may be so. For four long months the mental processes, not only of the warriors, heroes, and War Lords of Germany, but also those of her statesmen, philosophers, and theologians, have been the object of unadmiring astonishment to the rest of the civilized world.

Professor Schuetze should turn his attention, while he is on the subject of mistranslations, to Dr. Dernburg's rendering into English—again for the benefit of Americans—of the succeeding line of the same stanza. The "Schutz und Trutz" for which "her sons ever stand united" Dr. Dernburg translates: "Defence and Protection." Is there the slightest authority for softening "Trutz" into "protection"? Would not "Defence and Defiance" be more in accord with both the root significance and the actual every-day meaning of "Trutz"? Is not, for example, a "Trutz- und Schutz-Bündniss" an "offensive and defensive alliance"? There could be no valid objection to Germany's singing about this, but why try to deceive us as to the meaning of her song?

Is it possible that the more accurate translation did not sufficiently harmonize with Dr. Dernburg's description of "Deutschland über Alles" as "a song of modesty"?

One may indeed be defiant when on the defensive, and even Modesty, when outraged, may not only "blush like scarlet," but also have "defiance in her eye." But the picture of a shy, shrinking, blushing Germany singing "Deutschland über Alles" as, armed to the teeth, she desolates Belgium; or even as, more peaceably, she practices the goose-step in the presence of her Generals and Field-Marshals, seems to have elements of psychological confusion. Possibly, Professor Münsterberg will help us.

A convention of the German and German-American apologists for the purpose of deciding upon authorized versions of German songs and speeches should be held at once. After that, perhaps, we should not find that the Imperial Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag had been "mistranslated," and that, as Dr. Dernburg has discovered, he—the Chancellor—never dreamed of admitting that by the invasion of Belgium any "wrong" had been done. He was thought to have said this, and, indeed, by his silence under

world-wide criticism, would seem to have thought so himself. Now, Dr. Dernburg tells us that all he meant to say was that "the neutrality of Belgium could not be respected." Nor would we have our Department of State officially announcing that Germany had, in a communication, denied the "intention" to "seek expansion in South America," while Dr. Dernburg transforms the same document into a "solemn declaration . . . fully to respect the Monroe Doctrine."

It would be easy but wearisome to cite many more examples of the obvious and rather clumsy attempts of the German protagonists to prepare their output for a supposed American market. On their wares the customary label, "Made in Germany," might now well be replaced by one reading: "Made for America."

J. William White.

Philadelphia, December 9.

THE GENTLENESS OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a pity that German apologists, writing to enlist the sympathy of Americans, can never be brought to appreciate the value of an understatement. If they would assert a little less, we could believe a great deal more. If they did not whitewash so vigorously, we should not suspect so much dirt. Herr Heinrich Friedrich Albert has contributed to the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* a paper on "German Methods of Conducting the War," in which he points out blandly that war, so conducted, far from resembling Hell, is a pretty close approach to Heaven. The Prussian soldier, as painted by Herr Albert, is what old-fashioned people used to call "too good for earth." Shelley's apostrophe to Emilia Viviani,

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,

is the only description which can be found to fit him.

Of course, all charges of cruelty are swept aside as of "psychopathic origin." Herr Albert wastes no time on *them*, but proceeds at once to make clear to us the benignant nature of Zeppelins and airships, which are far more "humane" than artillery, and which, by compelling the speedy surrender of a fortress, "may spare many thousands of lives, and property of incalculable value." Even when the bombs are dropped upon cities not under siege, "a calm and judicious consideration" will soften our prejudice against them. They were never intended, for example, to destroy life in Paris. "The bombs were meant for the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower." If the inconspicuous nature of the Tower concealed it from observation, the blame, we presume, rests with the French, who should have built it higher.

As for the burning of Louvain, Herr Albert clears the invading troops of all responsibility, and practically of all participation in the deed. He does not even admit, with those delightful German professors who put forth their appeal, "To the Civilized World," that German soldiers "with aching hearts were obliged to fire a part of the town"— a purely academic view of militarism. Herr Albert's soldiers behaved better than that. All they tried to do (and who can blame them?) was to defend themselves against the furious attack of Louvain civilians. When, "during this fighting *fires broke out* which spread with terrific speed over the city," they risked their lives to rescue the Town Hall, and "works of art endangered by the flames." All this time the Louvainers, indifferent to the fate of their city, fired "incessantly" at the brave men engaged in the work of preservation. "Unfortunately, it was not found possible to save the valuable library of the University."

What a picture of magnanimity! Nothing like it in history. Nothing much like it in fiction. Why not accept the simpler statement of a patriotic German editor who announced that the Belgians, instigated by the English, burned Louvain, in order to "foul the fair name of Germany"?

The levying of indemnities is another point "much misunderstood." The practice seems at first sight an unkind one, and there are some troublesome Hague regulations, which, if respected, would spoil all a conqueror's sport. But Herr Albert assures us that these huge sums are demanded "to discourage sniping, and for the administration of occupied territory." They are in the nature of ordinary taxes. True, no dollar of them has been wasted so far in feeding the starving or sheltering the homeless Belgians. This evidently does not come within the province of practical administration. But, if Belgians starve, the fault (and this we never should have suspected) lies at the door of England. "There seem to be plans under consideration by the German Government to feed the Belgian population by importing foodstuffs," says Herr Albert vaguely; and these nebulous plans are in danger of being frustrated by England's wicked efforts to seize such foodstuffs as contraband of war. How can kind-hearted Germany feed innocent Belgium when England stays her hand?

The destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims is the episode which of all others we have least understood, and this is because we were, many of us, ignorant of the amazing circumstance which made such destruction "a military necessity." We are ignorant no longer. A German official report, quoted at length by Herr Albert, states that the Commander-in-Chief gave orders to spare the Cathedral, "so long as the enemy refrained from using it to his advantage." The French, thinking to profit by such forbearance, dispatched "a military observer" to the roof. This observer, unlike the Eiffel Tower, was visible from afar. "It was necessary to dislodge him," and by the time he was dislodged—though the firing then ceased instantly—the Cathedral was in ruins. It sounds like a locomotive running over an ant. The roof—with that tendency to spontaneous combustion which marks the propinquity of German troops—"burst into flames"; "but the responsibility rests with the enemy, who attempted to misuse a monument of architectural art under the protection of the white flag."

So far the report. Then follows a priceless sentence of Herr Albert's very own: "For a German, the fact that an official communication is issued by the army headquarters is proof sufficient of its absolute truth to facts."

This is sublime. When I was a little girl at a convent school, another little girl, of Quaker parentage and an agnostic turn of mind, told the good old lay sister who was mending our clothes that she did not believe she was born in sin. "Don't believe you were born in sin!" said the scandalized nun. "But, my dear child, the catechism says so."

Apparently "official communications" are a German's catechism. He offers them to free-thinking Americans with all the assurance of Prester John expatiating on the qualities of his countrymen. "No vice is tolerated in our midst, and with us no one lies."

Agnes Repplier.

Philadelphia, November 30.

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A friend of mine recently expressed doubt whether Germany had violated any treaty in which she promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and then referred to a paper which he afterwards lent to me. It is the fourth number of the *Vital Issue*, published in New York, and contains an article: "Belgian Neutrality; Its Real Meaning. Why the German Chancellor Called the Neutrality Guarantee a 'Scrap of Paper.' Histories of Various Treaties. By Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, New York." The article is in the form of a signed communication, dated September 11, 1914.

"So much has been said about 'Belgian neutrality,' so much assumed, and it has been spoken of as such a sacred thing, that it may be well to examine the basis of it and get an exact idea of its scope. It is not a moral question. It is a question of truth." The author alludes to the treaty between Belgium and Holland in 1839, and declares that "it is in this treaty that the original pledge of Belgian neutrality is to be found"; that the agreement was approved and adopted by Prussia and the other Powers who signed the Quintuple Treaty on the same day; and that a little later the second treaty was ratified by the German Confederation, of which Prussia and Austria were members. Then, in 1866, the German Confederation was dissolved by the war between Austria and Prussia, and in the following year was formed the North German Union, of which Prussia was the largest state. "Did these changes abrogate the guarantee of the Treaty of 1839," he asks, "or make it obsolete?" The test, he says, came in 1870, when British statesmen had so much doubt that they procured from the North German Union and from France separate but identical treaties "guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium during the period of the war between France and the North German Union (the so-called Franco-Prussian War), which had just broken out, and for one year from the date of its close." "These treaties expired in the year 1872, and the present German Empire has never signed any treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. . . . Perhaps we may now somewhat more clearly understand, why the German Chancellor referred to the guarantee of Belgian neutrality as a 'scrap of paper.'" I propose to examine these statements.

The neutralization of Belgium dates from the treaty of November 15, 1831, of which article 7 asserts, "La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux articles 1, 2, et 4, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats." And article 25: "Les cours d'Autriche, de France, de la Grande Bretagne, de Prusse

et de Russie, garantissent à Sa Majesté le Roi des Belges l'exécution de tous les articles qui précèdent." (Martens, "Nouveau Recueil de Traités," xi 394, 404.) By the Treaty of London, April 19, 1839, Holland agreed to the independence of Belgium, and article 7 was repeated without change: "La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux articles 1, 2, et 4, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats." On the same day the five great Powers signed the Quintuple Treaty, by the second article of which the treaty of 1831 was annulled, but in whose first article the treaty between Belgium and Holland, including, of course, the guarantee in article 7, was declared to have the same force as if it had been inserted in the Quintuple Treaty; so that the independence and neutrality of Belgium were again guaranteed by the contracting parties. (*Ibid.*, xvi, 777, 788-790.)

In 1870, the shadow of war, and the knowledge of previous diplomatic intrigues between Benedetti and Bismarck concerning Belgium, caused Gladstone to seek for temporary but particular recognition of Belgian neutrality, and assurance that it would be respected. (Morley, "Life of Gladstone," ii, 340, 341.) On August 9, 1870, a treaty was signed at London between Great Britain and Prussia in which the guarantee of the treaty of 1839 was formally acknowledged by the two parties. "Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the King of Prussia, being desirous at the present time of recording in a solemn Act their fixed determination to maintain the independence and neutrality of Belgium, as provided in the Seventh Article of the Treaty signed at London on the 19th of April, 1839, between Belgium and the Netherlands, which Article was declared by the Quintuple Treaty of 1839 to be considered as having the same force and value as if textually inserted in the said Quintuple Treaty, their said Majesties have determined to conclude between Themselves a separate Treaty, which, without impairing or invalidating the conditions of the said Quintuple Treaty, shall be subsidiary and accessory to it." Prussia then promised to respect the neutrality of Belgium, so long as it should be respected by France, and England undertook to coöperate in the defence of this neutrality in the event of it being violated by France. "This Treaty shall be binding on the High Contracting Parties during the continuance of the present war between the North German Confederation and France, and for twelve months after the ratification of any Treaty of Peace concluded between those Parties; and on the expiration of that time the independence and neutrality of Belgium will, so far as the High Contracting Parties are respectively concerned, continue to rest as heretofore on the 1st Article of the Quintuple Treaty of the 19th of April, 1839." (Martens, xix, 591-593.)

Under wrong date Professor Burgess quotes an observation made by Gladstone in 1870, for the purpose of showing that this statesman doubted whether the Treaty of 1839 was binding upon Prussia or upon the North German Confederation, but the context makes it dubious whether anything of the kind was meant. Nor does the author allude to numerous other expressions during these days which would invalidate his contention. During the debates in the British Parliament on the proposed treaty, objection was made that the Treaty of 1839 gave ample guarantee, and was binding upon Prussia, as well as the other contracting parties, but that an additional agreement might be construed to weaken the original one. With respect to this, Earl Granville declared in the House of Lords: "As to this instrument in the slightest degree weakening the effect of the previous Treaty of 1839, I entirely deny it. There is an express reservation of that Treaty." (3 "Parliamentary Debates," cciii, 1757.) On the same day Gladstone in the Commons said: "The Treaty of 1839 loses nothing of its force even during the existence of this present treaty. There is no derogation from it whatever. The Treaty of 1839 includes terms which are expressly included in the present instrument, lest by any chance it should be said that, in consequence of the existence of this instrument, the Treaty of 1839 had been injured or impaired. That would have been a mere opinion; but it is an opinion which we thought fit to provide against." (*Ibid.*, col. 1789.) He had already asserted that, after the lapse of the proposed treaty, "the two belligerent Powers . . . being parties to the Treaty of 1839 shall fall back upon the obligations they took upon themselves under that treaty." (*Ibid.*, col. 1700.) A fortnight before, Bismarck writing to the Belgian Minister at Berlin had said: "J'ai l'honneur de vous donner par écrit la déclaration, surabondante en présence des Traités en vigueur, que la Confédération du Nord et ses alliés respecteront la neutralité de la Belgique, bien entendu qu'elle sera respectée par l'autre partie belligérante." ("Archives Diplomatiques, 1871-1872, i, 244.)

If Professor Burgess has been correctly quoted, I cannot see that he has made proper representation of the facts. In so far as he upholds his contention that Prussia as part of the North German Confederation was not bound by the Quintuple Treaty, he does so by paraphrasing the Treaty of 1870, and he is able to do so only by omitting a preceding portion of the treaty which would invalidate his argument, while that which he does use is separated merely by a semicolon from following clauses which would demolish his contention altogether. So far as Prussia was concerned there was evidently not recognized either in Germany or elsewhere any lapse of the Treaty of 1839, resulting from the fact that Prussia had entered the North German Confederation. The Treaty of 1870 was not made in order to secure the guarantee of the North German Confederation, but because England was anxious then, as she was in 1914, to obtain assurance that Belgium's neutrality would be respected by those who had promised to respect it. Such assurance the King of Prussia gave for Prussia, recognizing at the same time the validity of the Treaty of 1839. And the validity of this treaty was not supposed to be weakened by the Treaty of 1870, since at the expiration of the latter engagement the earlier one was to remain in force, as it continued to be in the meantime.

It must be said that certain difficulties arise in the theory of international law as to state succession and transitory treaties, but, since Professor Burgess neither rests his argument upon them nor attempts to deal with them, I shall not discuss them in this place. I am not certain that the preponderance of opinion on the part of writers upon international law could be in favor of that which he suggests; but in any event there would seem to be little doubt that the world, including Germany herself, believed that Germany was in honor and, by treaty, bound to respect the neutrality of Belgium, if not to uphold it. In 1909, answering a question in the Commons whether England was still under obligation to maintain the integrity of Belgium, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs replied that "the treaties signed in London on 19th April, 1839, under which Great Britain, together with Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, guarantee the independence and neutrality of Belgium are still in force." ("Parliamentary Debates," 1909, ii, 323.)

The Germans themselves made no such defence as that proposed by Professor Burgess. The Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg said in the Reichstag: "Wir sind jetzt in der Notwehr, und Not kennt kein Gebot! Unsere Truppen haben Luxemburg besetzt, vielleicht auch schon belgisches Gebiet betreten müssen. Das widerspricht den Geboten des Völkerrechts. Die französische Regierung hat zwar in Brüssel erklärt, die Neutralität Belgiens respektieren zu wollen, so lange sie die Gegner respektieren. Wir wuszten aber, dasz Frankreich zum Einfall bereit stand. Frankreich konnte warten, wir aber nicht, und ein französischer Einfall in unsere Flanke am Unterrhein hätte verhängnisvoll werden können. So waren wir gezwungen, uns über die Proteste der luxemburgischen und belgischen Regierung hinwegzusetzen." (*Berliner Tageblatt*, August 5, 1914.) The Chancellor, as had been the case with Bernhardi, resorted to that plea of ultimate necessity which international jurisprudence recognizes but hesitates to define.

A correspondent writing in the *Vital Issue* says: "Germany has been particularly unfortunate in her diplomacy, and the expressions of her Chancellor in respect to the violation of Belgian neutrality have lost Germany the very general sympathy of this country." His letter is written from Toledo, Ohio. To this communication "The Editor" appends a note: "This gentleman (a Canadian, we hear) will probably be glad to see the 'new light' of this number on the supposed 'violation of Belgian neutrality.' Is it not remarkable how the public has been imposed upon?"

And, turning again to the beginning of the article, I observe that immediately under the title, and immediately over Professor Burgess's name, the editor has placed another note, which concludes: "In spite of the immense difficulties this paper will continue to throw a true light on the present European crisis."

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

Ann Arbor, Mich., November 30.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent who savagely attacks the Navy League acknowledges that the League expressly stated, in sending out the pamphlet "God's Test by War," that it did not endorse all its sentiments. The League leaves something to the discrimination of readers, not to speak of their fairness. But, leaving aside the wisdom of distributing this

or that pamphlet, it is no more than just to point out that the Navy League is an out-and-out peace organization, but that it stands for the peace of righteousness. It heartily welcomes every sane effort towards peace, and is glad to coöperate with it. The League is by no means a club of naval officers, but of civilians, though some officers are very naturally members. It is in no manner subventioned by manufacturers of arms and armor, but is wholly supported by voluntary subscriptions. It simply believes that, until the millennium comes, and recent events seem to prove that it will not arrive for a while yet, it is the part of a wise nation to insure against war by keeping the fleet strong and efficient. And it would appear, from a study of the American press, that the country at large is rapidly coming to acquiesce in the wisdom of this policy.

EDWARD BRECK.

Washington, D. C., November 30.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add yet another instance to the growing list of allusions made by ancient writers to the present war? Diodorus XII. 13, apropos of the legislation of Charondas, ventures the following reflections, which might perhaps, in view of the clear reference involved in *φιλοσοφία καὶ πᾶσα παιδεία*, be entitled "Of the Relation of Treaties to Kultur": *τίς γὰρ ἂν ἄξιον ἐγκώμιον διάθοιτο τῆς τῶν γραμμάτων μαθήσεως; . . . ταῖς τε κατὰ πόλεμον συνθήκαις ἐν ἔθνεσιν ἢ βασιλεῦσι πρὸς διαμονὴν τῶν ὁμολογιῶν ἢ διὰ τῶν γραμμάτων ἀσφάλεια βεβαιοτάτην ἔχει πίστιν· καθόλου δὲ τὰς χαριεστάτας τῶν φρονίμων ἀνδρῶν ἀποφάσεις καὶ θεῶν χρησμούς, ἔτι δὲ φιλοσοφίαν καὶ πᾶσαν παιδείαν μόνη τηρεῖ καὶ τοῖς ἐπιγινομένοις ἀεὶ παραδίδωσιν εἰς ἅπαντα τὸν αἰῶνα.*

F. H. FOBES.

Lexington, Mass., November 21.

THE HEALTH OF STUDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of December 3 you comment editorially on the recent report of President N. M. Butler, of Columbia University, on the health of college students. That much of the intellectual work of the world has been done by invalids or half-invalids, is still imperfectly understood. Whoever doubts this should read Mrs. S. P. Shaler's "The Masters of Fate," in which she describes the physical and nervous handicaps against which hundreds of men and women fought their way to distinction.

Now, the lesson of such a record is this: a large number of the sufferers might have been spared such a handicap if they had been properly cared for in youth.

It has become obligatory, therefore, that colleges and universities, whose special business it is to train the intellectual youth of both sexes for life, shall see to it that the health of their wards is not neglected. In this work, the scope of preventive medicine is incomputable.

That President Butler, at Columbia, has drawn attention to this need, and that Harvard has this year appointed a professor of hygiene, are two hopeful signs.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, Mass., December 20.

Literature

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA IN PARVO.

The Everyman Encyclopædia. Edited by Andrew Boyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Vols. I-XII. $6 net.

The editor of this encyclopædia puts forward no extravagant claim. Knight's Encyclopædia, a useful work in its generation, nearly seventy years ago, has served, if not as a basis, at least as a guide for the present one, but even where the general treatment has been followed the editor justly says that it would be difficult to recognize, in the process of altering and amending, any obligation to the original source. A comparison of a number of articles with the corresponding ones in the parent work discloses no resemblance, even in cases where a partial transfer might have seemed permissible. Everyman's Encyclopædia is thus substantially a new work, written and compiled—as we must assume in the absence of names of contributors—by Mr. Andrew Boyle and a staff of assistants. The appearance of the new Britannica and the New International Encyclopædia must have made such a task comparatively easy to skilful hands, and these, it may be said, have evidently been employed, as far as the important articles are concerned.

The main problem was how to build up, within the compass of twelve small-sized volumes of about 640 pages each, a serviceable Anglo-American encyclopædia; that is to say, how to establish the proper relation between British and American topics. So excellent a work as Chambers's did not succeed in the effort to graft American subjects upon the British stem, and, of course, no encyclopædia in any other language will satisfy the American reader. Meyer's "Kleines Konversation-Lexikon," admirable neutral ground as it is for scientific, technological, and various other subjects, is too German to serve adequately either the British or the American reader able to consult its columns.

Externally, Everyman's is not unattractive, though there are no colored plates or other illustrations of the kind that delights the eye in Meyer or Brockhaus. Maps were excluded by the plan of the work, and we have only simple diagrams, old-fashioned woodcuts, and rather ill-reproduced photo-engravings to break the monotony of the closely printed page. No fault can be found with the abbreviations employed. The work has, on the whole, been brought well down to date, events of the year 1914 figuring not infrequently. A regrettable feature of the plan of condensation is the omission, in the biographical articles, of the month and day of birth and death. Meyer, with only half the space at its disposal, gives us precise dates. Surely, an occasional exception might have been made in such cases as that of Alexander II, where we are curtly told: "He was assassinated in March."

As if to offset the saving in space in other directions, Everyman's gives us the full string of Christian names wherever the subject had more than the one name by which he is generally known, thereby succeeding, not in establishing greater accuracy, but in obscuring the real name in not a few cases; for, unlike other encyclopædias that follow the same practice, no order is preserved in Everyman's. Thus, under Bismarck we have "Otto" first, followed by "Edward Leopold"; under Wagner, we have "Richard" last, preceded by "Wilhelm"; under Agassiz, we have "Louis" in the middle, flanked by "Jean" and "Rodolphe"; while under Reuter we have "Heinrich Ludwig Christian, known as Fritz," which last name is the only one by which Reuter is ever spoken of.

If the number of good articles on important subjects were the only criterion of encyclopædic excellence, high praise would have to be awarded to Everyman's. Such summaries as are given under "Economics" (nearly ten pages), "Great Britain" and "England" (together twenty pages), "Greece" (twelve pages), "Egypt" (sixteen pages), and under headings relating to the natural sciences and to technological subjects, may challenge comparison with similar articles in the standard encyclopædias. But the test of editorial capacity, in works of this kind, lies largely in the ability to observe a proper proportion between all the subjects; to harmonize, in accordance with one fixed standard, the important and the relatively unimportant; above all, must the editor aim at accuracy in little as well as in big things. In other words, no encyclopædia can dispense with the services of the ever-watchful, omniscient revising editor. Because Everyman's has evidently not had the benefit of such a supplementing and eliminating hand, it becomes the task of the reviewer to point out some of its defects.

First and last, Everyman's is an encyclopædia for British readers, and only secondarily is it useful to Americans. It contains a very large number of articles on exclusively British topics, the American aspect of which has either been totally ignored or only very slightly touched upon. Such articles, to mention only a few, are "Alien," "Rank" (in the army), "Salmon," "Ships and Shipbuilding" (thirteen pages), "Clergy, Discipline Act, 1892"; "Municipalities" and "Municipal Trade" (together eight pages), "Illegitimacy," "Pensions," "Merchant Shipping," "Elections," "National Insurance," "Subway," "Cycles and Cycling," "Coach and Coaching," and "Coast Protection." The opportunity to treat peculiarly important American subjects has not been seized. There is, for instance, no article on Interstate Commerce. We are sometimes referred for the treatment of the American phase of a subject to articles under another head, and, at least in one conspicuous instance, in vain. At the conclusion of the eleven-page article devoted to "Army," there is this reference concerning the American army and navy: "See United States—Army and Navy." Such a heading does not exist in the article "United States,"

and the entire subject is thus ignored. In itself, the article "United States" is fairly accurate and comprehensive, the portion devoted to American literature being better than the political part. Saner judgment prevails in the literary summary than, for instance, in the biography of Poe, with its rhapsodic overestimate of his genius.

We have discovered, in articles dealing with American history, few such grotesque blunders as those contained in the biography of Conkling, where we read: "Garfield had defeated General Arthur in the Presidential elections," . . . and "During the whole dispute C. had been favored with the whole-hearted support of the ex-President, Arthur." Better things might have been expected of an encyclopædia appealing to Americans than a one-page article on New York city (London has twelve pages), which is too condensed to contain a mention of Bronx Park, but finds room for such unilluminating commonplaces as: "New York city leads in literature in the United States, owing to the many large publishing houses which have been established. The monthly magazines are exceptionally good. New York is noted also for its daily papers," etc. A characteristic British touch occurs in the brief article on George Washington (a column in length), where it is said of him that, "though he fought against the English, [he] was a typical English gentleman."

Speaking generally, American biographies partake of the perfunctory character of nearly all the notices on modern subjects of whatever nationality. Men who have sprung into prominence in recent times, such as Bethmann-Hollweg, Arrhenius, Woodrow Wilson, are dispatched in a few words, but even celebrities of well-established reputation, such as Helmholtz and Humboldt, are treated altogether inadequately. Under Huxley, precisely as in the articles in Meyer and Brockhaus (strange to say), there is no mention of either Darwin or evolution, and the notice in Everyman's has a crowning blunder of its own, in crediting Huxley with the authorship of "The Origin of Species." There is no historical grasp in the articles on Alexander von Battenberg, Bismarck, and Francis Joseph. Some of the statements therein are meaningless.

As bearing on the question of proportion, we may mention that Gustave Hervé, the present-day leader of French Socialists, has twice as much space as Rousseau; that Hegel (in obedience to the general encyclopædic reverence for the dead past) gets three times as much space as Helmholtz, that Coleridge has exactly as much space as Goethe and Shakespeare (two and a half pages), and twice as much as Cervantes; that less than a page suffices for Isaac Newton, but that Ruskin requires more than a page, and Cecil Rhodes more than a page and a half. Rembrandt is dispatched in less than a column, but John Constable has nearly a page, almost as much as Raphael. Adam Smith has to be content with less than half a column, but more than twice as much space is given to Thomas Cook & Sons. Much space is taken up by articles on newspapers and periodicals that might well have been spared. The *Illustrated London News* has two-thirds of a column; the unrelieved eulogy of the *Saturday Review* takes up nearly as much space; under "Allgemeine Zeitung" (Augsburg, now Munich), we have a list of all the editors since 1798. The New York *Journal*, "founded in 1733 as a weekly," graces the list of dailies. To Saint Paul's Cathedral is devoted nearly a column, and St. Paul's School, London, is deemed worthy of a special article, but we have looked in vain for an article on St. Peter's, or any other of the world-famous churches.

It is easy to pick flaws due to defective proofreading in the best of encyclopædias, but Everyman's excels in a peculiar class of misspelled names. Gen. D'Aurelle de Paladines (in the article "Franco-German War") figures as "*D'Anselle* de Paladines"; Anzengruber's "Pfarrer von Kirchfeld" becomes "Pfarrer von *Hirschfeld*"; the Baldwin Locomotive Works (under the heading "Philadelphia") are transformed into "*Galvin* Locomotive Works," and the Goncourt brothers (article "France") appear as "Jules and *Emile* Goncourt." Far worse is the repeated mention of the *election* of prominent Austrians to the Upper House of the Reichsrath (as in the articles on Arneth and Count Anton Auersperg, misspelled Auersberg), and the statement that Auerbach studied in the "*University* of Hohenasberg" (*recte* Hohenasperg). One of the worst blunders in the work occurs in the article on Vienna, which describes conditions that ceased to exist fifty years ago. The Ringstrasse has not yet come to life, and walls and fosses still surround the city.

There are no articles on Böhm-Bawerk, on Diesel or the Diesel engine, or on Count Berchtold, or Benedetto Croce, to mention only a few glaring omissions. Maria Montessori has no biography, though her system is referred to under "Idiocy." Under the article "Astronomy" (twelve pages) there is no mention of Simon Newcomb (except in the bibliography), though room has been found for H. G. Wells's sentimental rhapsody of a Samurai.

There is not invariable consistency as to the language in which titles of books, other than English, are given. Some titles appear in English translation, some as originally written. Friedrich Rückert has, unaccountably, three French books to his credit. Inconsistency is also manifest in the alternation of "Baron" and "Freiherr," "Count" and "Graf"; thus we find "Mansfeld, Ernst Graf von" and "Mansfeld, Peter Ernest I, Count."

The transliteration of certain foreign names leaves much to be desired. Ignorance of the transliteration of Russian names leads to the gratuitous enumeration, after various Russian proper names, of current erroneous varieties of spelling which only mislead English readers. Thus, under "Mendeléeff" we read "Dmitri Ivanovich, or Ivanowitch," and under "Turgeniev" we have, in a parenthesis, the perplexing choice of "Turguenev, Turgenev, or Turgenieff."

With all its shortcomings, Everyman's Encyclopædia is distinctly a useful work of reference, though not useful alike to all classes of readers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Stories without Tears. By Barry Pain. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mr. Pain has sanity. He has, in fact, more than sanity; he has intelligence, he has cultivation, and he has not a little humor. He is at his best in his stories of school life—particularly "The Boy and the Pessimist," "Chrisimissima," and "The Celestial's Editorship." The simplicity of outlook, the slightness of hold, which make the other stories seem, on the whole, rather a waste of time, are a source of merit in these tales. The schoolboy of our American fiction is treated with undue seriousness; something of Mr. Pain's casual manner might do him good. For the rest (except in the fables at the end, which are witty and, in a measure, charming), Mr. Pain is rather an ingenious inventor of situations than a story-writer. His stories are refined minute farces, somewhat amusing for the moment, but altogether mechanical—and as unproductive of real laughter as they are of tears.

A Child Went Forth. By Yoi Pawlowska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

These lines of Whitman's serve as motto for a book of unusual quality. The American publishers give no information about the author or her work; but from the evidence of these pages we surmise that she is a Hungarian who as a very young girl was sent to school in England, and that this is the story of her childhood in Hungary. Its charm is not easy to define—chiefly the effect, it may be, of its apparent artlessness. Its exotic flavor seems to contribute little to that charm—far less than the sense of natural kinship with these people of the strange names and odd customs. The child-life recorded seems, in a way, quite unremarkable, and yet the chronicler, by virtue of her sincerity, contrives to make it altogether worthy of remark. Here is the old adventure of dreaming childhood in a waking world, the slow and painful adjustment of the newcomer to the rules of thumb by which the adult race lives. It is one of the most moving of themes, but its treatment in English commonly ends in rank sentimentalism. The present little narrative is realistic in the best sense—faithful to the fact, but to the carefully chosen fact; and animated by a perfectly healthy and unforced sentiment. In short, with all its appearance of slightness and artlessness, it is, in its way, a very genuine product of (alas, how else shall we

phrase it?) literary art. A reviewer in *Punch* laments that our knowledge of little Anna ends with her departure for England, that "we are not told which particular English school was favored with her patronage, nor how she got on there." It is a singularly dull remark, since one of the chief merits of the little work is that it is so obviously complete in its own character—as a study of childhood. We have an Elsie Series already!

Tales of Two Countries. By Maxim Gorky. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

A sense for structural values and for form has never been the strong feature of Gorky's novels; and the want of it has uniformly damaged his very short stories and sketches—stories shorter, that is, than "Twenty-six Men and a Girl" and the powerful "Chelkash." The characters may be vividly done, and there may be a poetic feeling for nature; but dramatic outline is wanting, and the pulse of action but fairly begins to beat before it is halted again. His longer narratives may be long-winded and monotonous, but realism can be exhibited at the length necessary to demonstrate spiritual insight, until character study and the stripping of vicious social environment sometimes reach astonishing force. Horrifying naturalism, human analysis without incident, can seldom be compressed effectively into ten pages. The present volume falls into two divisions. In the first there are a dozen thumb-nail vignettes of Italian scenes, unambitious and frankly objective; most of them giving an impression of triviality, but some possessing reserve force. In the second are as many stories of Russian life, savage, satirical, and sardonic by turns. The writer here knows not merely the outward being of his people, but their inner; it is only unfortunate that his tone of pessimism leads less frequently to direct sincerity than to a cynical toying with semi-allegorical ideas, as in "The Poet," "The Writer," "The Liberal." The tone is the intellectual smartness of a man made mordant by observation of life rather than deeply moved by it. There can be few to whom the volume will not seem a falling off from "A Confession" or "The Spy."

Little Eve Edgarton. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

The nice young chap at the summer resort announces a desperate conclusion—there isn't an interesting girl to be found nowadays outside of a magazine story. His elderly confidant retorts that if he thinks so, it is because he hasn't known where to look for her; smart dressing and a pretty face are not the signs by which you know an interesting woman. Thereupon, with all the impersonal benevolence of a pure theorist, he requisitions the services of a noticeably insignificant-looking daughter to prove his point. Follows the rehearsal of the humorous miseries of this enforced companionship, and the unfolding of the remarkable personality disguised in the little Edgarton girl's colorless manner and shabby clothes. The singular thing about the poor dear, as we understand it, is that her unusualness isn't a matter of choice, but of having lived all her life at the mercy of a globe-trotting scientist of a father. Bored to extinction by an existence in which adventure has been daily fare, she ardently pines for the settled and the commonplace. Death and disaster by land or sea fail to stir her blood (if possible, she will save your life expertly, but quite perfunctorily); what really rouses her is a rare culinary opportunity like that of making four hundred muffins for the hotel breakfast. She will obligingly discuss peat-bog fossils with you, but what she heartily prefers is to steal a while away from microscopes, specimens, and notes on all the 'ologies, and spend a quiet half-hour bringing her own paper-doll book up to date. We are glad to be able to announce that, in spite of her heavy sartorial handicap, she finally wins her way into the sphere of fashionable conventionality from which she has heretofore lived in sorrowful exile; also that the nice young chap recognizes with joy his interesting girl at last, although he has to be struck by lightning, and she to sustain an alarmingly severe crack on the cranium, before the author is able to lead them to so satisfactory a conclusion.

Gerald Northrop. By Claude C. Washburn. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is an excellent example of a type of current fiction which possesses a number of good qualities, and which we might very well do without. It is the type of clever "workmanship," well modelled and well chiselled, or at least well chased. But it is consciously clever; in its most vivid or intense moments it never forgets to be sophisticated. Provincialism is its blackest beast of fear. If New York or London or Chicago serve for its earlier scenes, we may be sure it will prove to be only a way-station to Rome or Paris. And the hero upon whose career we are called to hang in a well-bred way is pretty sure to be that spineless puppet, or puppy, with a Temperament, who, thanks largely to books of this sort, threatens to stand for the creative artist in the popular fancy. The Gerald of this story is that puppy. It is not his fault, because his father has been it before him; he is of pedigreed stock. The grandfather has barely emerged from shirtsleeves to the ownership of a big factory in a provincial Western city; an honest, hard-working American, piteously aghast at the spectacle of his strange offspring. The ineffectual father and his Parisian wife have died during Gerald's boyhood, and the grandfather dies while he is at Harvard, leaving him everything, with the simple request that he "give America a chance" before, as it were, following his Gallic nose across the water. Gerald duly goes through the motions, but is too fastidious for this crude land; and though in the end, after a series of æsthetic and amatory adventures abroad, he does return to it, he returns unchanged, still the puppy conceitedly and indecently whining for the moon. The trouble with him, from a robust reader's point of view, is the trouble with all heroes of his kind. He is responsible to nothing but to his own self-titillated sensibilities; there is no strength in him. Therefore, stories like this—it is odd how many of them there are—represent, with all their cleverness, a sad waste of energy. A hero is not a formula or a code of morals. Virtue in the little sense is neither here nor there with him; but virtue in the big sense we must have from any human being who demands so much of us in the way of time and attention. Tom Jones has it, and Silas Lapham, and even Pendennis; but not a mother's son among the fecund tribe of Geralds.

AN OVER-RATED STATESMAN.

The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Compiled from Crispi's diary and other documents by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti. Vol. III, "International Problems." New York: G. H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

The third volume of Crispi's so-called Memoirs covers chiefly the last decade of the nineteenth century. Crispi was hurled from office on March 3, 1896, as a result of the national indignation at the disaster in Abyssinia. He spent the remaining five years of his life sorting his papers, editing, expurgating, and destroying, so that they might eventually serve as his apologia to posterity. His nephew, who has edited them, goes farther and composes from them a panegyric pitched in a major key.

The present reviewer, as he has indicated in his comments on the earlier volumes, does not believe that it will ever be possible to whitewash Crispi. As time goes on, and the Crispian *claque* grows faint, the majority even of Radical Italians will perceive not only that Crispi left nothing of permanent value to Italy, but that, partly through his vanity and partly through his antipathies, he bequeathed to her a legacy of troubles. And throughout the twenty years, from 1876 to 1896, when he was the dominant figure in Italian politics, whether in office or not, corruption in its crudest and basest forms flourished unchecked.

The central fact in Crispi's foreign policy was that he substituted subservience to Germany for subservience to France. In the seventies that may have seemed prudent, but during the last quarter of a century the Triple Alliance has been of doubtful value to Italy, until latterly it has proved actually harmful. Crispi was cunning, but his was the cunning of the Albanians, who devote their energy to vendettas, and he became the easy dupe of Bismarck's more sophisticated craft. He came away from his first visit to the Chancellor convinced that Germany would lavish her favors on Italy; and yet, almost immediately after,

Bismarck and Salisbury connived at the French occupation of Tunis—that act which enraged the Italians against the French, and has rankled to this day. It was Bismarck's purpose by entangling the French as much as possible in North Africa to lessen the strength of the French army on the German frontier, and also to infuriate the Italians against the French. He did both. Hence the Triple Alliance.

The present volume deals chiefly with post-Bismarckian diplomacy, but it shows Crispi still acting on Bismarckian lines. The topics taken up are Tripoli and France, the fortifications of Biserta, the troubles raised by the Irredentists with Austria, the friction between Italy and France from 1888 on, the Balkan question, and the crisis in European alliances during the last years of the century.

Although Crispi's acts in these various affairs are so dressed up as to make him appear the master in each case, when we ask for the results, we find mostly talk on his part and a victory for his opponents. The French built Biserta; Crispi yielded to the Austrian demands and muzzled the Irredentists as far as he was able; Crispi's financial war against France caused hard times in Italy, which the German alliance did not alleviate; and his letters, speeches, and suggestions in regard to the Balkans had no appreciable effect in the subsequent development of that peninsula.

Read between the lines, the flattering messages he received from the German and Austrian Emperors and Chancellors simply mean that they knew he could not and would not break away from them, and they therefore never called his bluff. In one case—in a petty quarrel with Portugal—he seems to have succeeded.

We regret that his editor has been so intent on making Crispi out a master of international statecraft that he has omitted, or reduced to infinitesimal proportions, the cardinal facts in Crispi's Administrations at home. We looked for something authentic on the "Moral Question" episode, on the bank scandals, on Crispi's cowardice in continuing the war in Abyssinia which he professed to disapprove of, and on many other political and personal matters. The nephew even fails to do justice to Crispi's ruthless suppression of the agrarian insurrection in Sicily and on the mainland, although that suppression was the best proof that Crispi ever gave that he could act as well as threaten. It would be indiscreet to remind the modern Italian extremists that he persecuted them twenty years ago.

This volume contains many interesting letters, or reports of conversations, which the expert will know how to use profitably. But all the material lies under the suspicion of having been manipulated for a definite purpose, and no cautious historian would trust solely to it as his source of information. Whoever advertised Crispi as "the prince of all diplomats" must have either a febrile imagination or unfathomed ignorance.

ROOSEVELT'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

When Col. Roosevelt started on this expedition, which was to bisect South America from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon, it was with the intention of gathering mammals and birds for the American Museum. By the generous interest of the Brazilian Government, the reconnaissance was enlarged and became geographical and zoölogical in character. In any event we may be certain that the versatile mind of the author would not have confined his observations to the higher vertebrates. In general treatment this volume differs but slightly from Col. Roosevelt's "African Game Trails," the narrative being chronologically arranged, a consecutive account of each day's happenings presented clearly, informally, and in great detail, with diversions—literary, historical, or zoölogical—whenever prompted by the stimulus of some pertinent event. The diction is the best that the author has ever put into a book of travel, and the slight philosophical touches are more virile, more thoughtful, than those in the African narrative. With less of sensational incident to surfeit the emotions, the events of the expedition have received calmer, more dispassionate treatment and consideration, and thus add very appreciably to the pleasure of the reader. Instead of the big-game hunter, we have here the chronicles of a naturalist in the best sense of the word.

The first two months of the trip are passed over almost without comment. This period was devoted to a lecture tour through Brazil, the Argentine, and Chili, and was devoid of scientific note. Asuncion marked the beginning of the wilderness life, the ascent of the Paraguay the first stage in the continental voyage. From river to river the party travelled, always to the northward, passing at last over the highland wilderness, the low divide from which the waters flow southward into the Paraña or north towards the Amazon. This was the home of the Nhambiquaras—an isolated tribe, friendly but not servile, wearing neither clothing nor ornaments, hunting by day, lying down in the sand to sleep at night.

Then came three weeks of dangerous voyaging down the Rio Duvida, Rio Roosevelt, or, as it has finally been called, Téodoro, before the Madeira was reached, and at last the Amazon. Six weeks of perilous labor were spent in navigating an almost endless succession of rapids; five out of seven canoes were lost within the space of a month and a half, during which the party saw not a single human being; one man was drowned, another was punished for insubordination, and retaliated by murder; most of the party suffered from fever, and about half the baggage was lost. So much for the distressing side. Besides the host of interesting notes recorded by the author on the wild creatures of the jungle, there is a list of over twenty-five hundred birds and five hundred mammals, which were collected, chiefly by Cherrie and Miller. With the expert geographic assistance of Col. Rondon, the River Téodoro was mapped for the first time throughout its length of fifteen hundred kilometres. A competent professional photographer would have added much to the value of the trip, although the pictures are as good as the usual snapshots taken on such expeditions. The maps, appendices, and index are a delight in their thoroughness and lucidity. A single paragraph of life on a small boat in the River of the Tapirs must suffice as a glimpse of the interesting personnel:

The trip was pleasant and interesting, although there was not much to do on the boat. It was too crowded to move around, save with a definite purpose. We enjoyed the scenery; we talked—in English, Portuguese, bad French, and broken German. Some of us wrote. Fiala made sketches of improved tents, hammocks, and other field equipment, suggested by what he had already seen. Some of us read books. Col. Rondon, neat, trim, alert, and soldierly, studied a standard work on applied geographical astronomy. Father Zahm read a novel by Fogazzaro. Kermit read Camoens and a couple of Brazilian novels, "O Guarani" and "Innocencia." My own reading varied from "Quentin Durward" and Gibbon to the "Chanson de Roland." Miller took out his little pet owl Moses, from the basket in which Moses dwelt, and gave him food and water. Moses crooned and chuckled gratefully when he was stroked and tickled.

THE TEST OF STRATEGICAL THEORY.

France and the Next War: A French View of Modern War. By Commandant J. Colin, of the French War School. Translated by Major L. H. R. Pope-Hennessy, D.S.O. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book is simply a reprint of the greater part of "The Transformations of War," by Major Colin, of the French army, translated by Major Pope-Hennessy, of the British Service, and published by Hugh Rees, Ltd., London, 1912. Its title is not that given by the author to his book; and save the legend "reprint in 1914" on the reverse of the title-page, there is nothing to indicate that this is not a new work, and absolutely nothing to show that the "Transformations" of 1912 and this work are (omissions apart) one and the same thing. Inasmuch as both books are from the same English publishers (for the American imprint is merely formal) we must believe that there must be some motive, if not reason, in thus giving out a reprint without the slightest reference to its original appearance, and this motive, in our opinion, is suggested by the title that heads this notice. For who would not believe, on picking up the book, that it is the French pendant of von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," the French counterblast of the very peculiar views advanced so vigorously by the German protagonist? But the two are as wide apart as the poles, for whereas von Bernhardi is attempting to justify a

certain course on the part of the German Empire, Major Colin, a member of the staff of the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre at Paris, merely undertakes to set out the great principles of modern warfare. His book would be just as useful to the Germans as to the French; von Bernhardi's could find an application only at home. In view of these remarks, suggested by the *ad captandum* title of the publishers, what must we think of the assertion of the preface that "throughout [Colin's book] there is an absence of the bombastic jingoism of the Bernhardi school"? It is not a question of jingoism: the two books are simply not comparable, and no choice of title can make them so.

Ever since 1875 the French have believed, and since the Agadir incident have been convinced, that Germany would attack them, sooner rather than later. French military literature has been deeply colored by this national conviction. Moreover, it is no breach of confidence, to-day, to say that the courses of the great French Staff School have had for their chief end the development of ways and means to achieve victory in the coming war. But of this spirit not a trace is perceptible in Major Colin's book. It is a calmly scientific work, historical in its treatment, and especially interesting from its analysis of Napoleon's conception of what successful war exacted of a general.

Upon this and other matters we need not dwell, inasmuch as the book is already well known to students of the military art. But we cannot forbear to glance for a moment at the chapter, War in the Twentieth Century, in order to compare some predictions therein made with actual occurrences in Europe. Thus (p. 279), "the immense armies mobilized nowadays will hardly be contained in the theatre of operations. In a Franco-German war, for example, if the troops were deployed between Longwy and Huninguen, their depth would be six men to the yard; it would be three to the yard between Dunkirk and Montbéliard. . . ." This last (we refer to the length and position of the line) is practically what we have in the western theatre; indeed, earlier in the book (p. 139), the author says, "We may anticipate a battle which will bring to grips 3,000,000 of men on a front of 150 to 250 miles."

The following principle (p. 280) apparently has been found dangerous of application: "The general will hold large numbers of troops at his disposal in certain zones where he means to obtain success at any price by developing and repeating his attacks. He will denude other regions where no decision is being sought for, and he will see no great objection to giving way here and there to the enemy." Apparently (p. 140) this local yielding might be desirable: "A local success at a point in the front creates deadly difficulties for the victor . . . of two equal armies, that one which succeeded in piercing its adversary's centre would perhaps by its very success place itself in a most dangerous situation." Here is a prediction fully verified: "The armies of the future, it seems, will be more like massive and heavy rollers crushing all that they pass over" (p. 279). Still another: [railways] "lend themselves to rapid movements, and allow of the transport of an army from one end of the theatre of operations to the other in a few days" (p. 282). And so, "they [the Germans] might, after having to all appearances piled up their troops and their efforts at one extremity of the theatre of operations, after having repeated their attacks and thus determined the concentration of our forces on one of their wings—they might, I say, suddenly bring their principal strength to bear on the opposite side." Fortunately for France, this prediction has not come true; the aeroplane is now a factor. In fact, air-scouting has put an end to guesswork in actual operations, and will require the re-writing of most of the textbooks and treatises.

Notes

"The Evidence in the Case," by the Hon. James M. Beck, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Doubleday, Page & Company announce for publication in the spring: "The American Indian," by Charles A. Eastman; "A History of American Literature," by Leon Kellner; "The Cost of Living," by Fabian Franklin; "Socialism in America," by John Macy; "The Drama in America," by Clayton Hamilton; "The American College," by Isaac Sharpless; "The American School," by Walter S. Hinchman; "The University Movement," by Ira Remsen; "The American Navy," by Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick.

Books on modern Germany that are confirmed, rather than confuted, by present events must have certain permanent qualities. Of such are three, among many that have accumulated on our shelves. William Harbutt Dawson's "The Evolution of Modern Germany" (New York: Scribner; $3.75) is a solid contribution to our knowledge of the Empire. Temperate, clear-sighted, and well written, it discusses industrial and economic conditions in a convincing way. The book was published some years ago, and is in some respects antiquated, but it was nevertheless well worth republishing at the present day. Nothing, certainly, can be more timely than to have the value of German colonies, and the efficiency of Dr. Dernburg's administration of them, so sanely adjudged as they are at the hands of Professor Dawson. Facts and figures speak loudly in this authoritative volume, and throughout there are illuminating touches, as when we are reminded that "Mr. Richard Cobden, calico-printer," foretold on December 13, 1838, "the day when the weapons which English enterprise and example were then placing in German hands would be turned against ourselves with fatal effects." The mere enumeration of the names in "Men Around the Kaiser: The Makers of Modern Germany," by Frederic William Wile (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.25 net) is imposing, and the favorable impression is heightened by the author's bright and, on the whole, skilful characterization of such pillars of strength (sometimes imaginary rather than real) in the making of the mighty empire as Admiral von Tirpitz, Alfred Ballin, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg Count Zeppelin, Prince von Bülow, Count von Bernstorff, Prince Lichnowsky, and two dozen more—not all statesmen, warriors, and captains of industry, but also scientists, like Ehrlich, and poets, like Gerhart Hauptmann. There are among them, likewise, the "composer and revolutionary," Richard Strauss; the "stage reformer," Max Reinhardt, and the "journalist and matador," Maximilian Harden. If this seems an incongruous assortment, the author's answer would probably be that it takes all sorts of men to make a modern empire, or, at least, as he freely admits in an introduction written after the outbreak of the war, to constitute a nation of men "who are all for war." The volume, if distinctly journalistic and somewhat highly colored, is readable and interesting.

"Memoirs of the Kaiser's Court," by Anne Topham (Dodd, Mead; $3), an attractive volume outwardly, quite unconsciously possesses considerable biographical value. What the sensible, self-possessed English governess has to say of her charge during many years, the Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, is of no particular interest, and was perhaps hardly worth preserving, but the glimpses we get of her royal father are refreshingly direct and truthful. If we see, now and then, "the robust personality of the Emperor, so frank, so generous, so open-hearted," we also see him in his impetuous, overbearing moods, and we have this pen-picture of him which, we suspect, the future historian will not disdain to make a note of: "Nobody has ever accused the Emperor of being a diplomatist. He himself believes that he is very astute and can see farther than most men. He is, so to speak, a little blinded by his own brilliancy, by the versatility of his own powers, which are apt to lead him astray. He has never acquired the broad, tolerant outlook of a man who tries to view things from another's standpoint. He has, in fact, only one point of view—his own—and a certain superficiality characterizes his thought . . . he does not, in fact, give himself time and opportunity to think things out, to weigh consequences, and he has, unfortunately, few really great minds around him."

The historians-to-be of the present European war will certainly suffer from no lack of material, though if they desire their histories to be at all true they will be well advised to disregard much contemporary "evidence" concerning the main issues at any rate. Their labors, on the other hand, will be considerably lightened, in the way of atmosphere, by such valuable little works as Mr. Charles Inman Barnard's "Paris War Days" (Little, Brown; $2 net). In it the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* does a really useful and unpretentious work, by setting down, in the form of a diary, his observations of life in Paris during the opening days of the war, of the behavior of the populace, the means taken for provisioning and defending the capital, the inconveniences endured by American and other foreign residents, and the like. Very little that happened between the outbreak of the war and the second week in September, when the German menace was finally swept back to the northward, escapes Mr. Barnard, from the condition of the cattle parked in the Bois de Boulogne to the sound made by projectiles dropped from German aeroplanes upon the city. The book is per-

haps overloaded by name-lists of those Americans who shared the committee work of various hospitals and other good deeds; but that is only natural, and too much recognition cannot be paid to such admirable institutions as the American hospital at Neuilly. Mr. Gordon Bennett's marriage, however, seems scarcely worthy of careful immortalization.

"Social Life in Old New England," by Mary Caroline Crawford (Boston: Little, Brown; $2 net), is of no marked novelty in theme or treatment, but a pleasant addition to the steadily growing series of gossiping commentaries upon the manners and conditions of early New England life. The author of the present book has spent many zealous years in exploring old Yankee records, and has several times given the results of her labors in acceptable form. "Old Boston Days and Ways" and "The Romance of New England Roof-Trees" were full of interesting and quaint material, and blessed with that touch of humor which is a prime essential of this kind of work. To choose out of the immense mass of available data (available for those who have the patience to seek them out) those which are really salient and characteristic, is one difficult part of the task, and to give them something like the relative space which each of them deserves, is another. The author has done these things and done them with evident zest and ease. The fault of her present subject lies in its scope. Old New England was little enough in a sense, and it had solidarity of many kinds. But its geographical diffusion, the relative isolation of its communities, present an obstacle to the chronicler who attempts to generalize. The happiest books in this kind are likely to be more closely restricted to the local field. Such a book we recall in the "Taverns and Turnpikes of Old Blandford" which appeared some years ago—a labor of love which was also a labor of discretion and charm. The present book, in attempting to touch upon all the phases of New England life, cannot carry the treatment of any one of them as far as the author is capable of carrying it. Under the conditions she makes extraordinary headway. As a kind of primer of old Yankee methods of learning, marrying, lawing, worshipping, drinking, and so on—a primer compiled as by a schoolma'm with a twinkle—this may be commended. Now and then, as in the treatment of the "bundling" custom, it is surprisingly frank, over-frank, perhaps, from the family-table point of view.

The fourth volume of Charles Harding Firth's notable illustrated edition of Macaulay's History of England (Macmillan; $3.25 net) contains Chapters XIII to XVII, inclusive, of the original. The variety of the illustrations is shown by the beautiful colored plate of The Pass of Killiecrankie, reproduced from a water-color drawing by G. F. Robson in the Sutherland Collection, and, almost cheek by jowl with it, a reproduction of The Scotch Protestants' Courage, a ballad in the Pepysian Collection. The care and erudition displayed in the selection of illustrations for the earlier volumes are evident in this one, for which the publishers have done their part in the same satisfying fashion. One can only repeat that the work deserves all praise, and be glad that if the History has waited a strangely long time for this sort of edition, it has found the right hands to produce it.

Two books, both dealing with the legal side of municipal development, are "Carrying Out the City Plan," by Flavel Shurtleff, in collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted (Survey Associates, publishers for the Russell Sage Foundation; $2), and "Municipal Charters," by Nathan Matthews, a former Mayor of Boston (Harvard University Press; $2 net). The first of these books is called forth by "the astonishing variation in the practical efficiency of methods actually employed and prescribed by law or legal custom in different parts of the United States in acquiring land for public purposes, in distributing the cost of public improvements, and in other proceedings essential to the proper shaping of our growing cities to the needs of their inhabitants." The second book is an equally direct presentation of the essentials of an American city charter, along with drafts of the responsible-executive type and the commission type. The latter volume thus has to the former the relation of the general to the particular. Both books are intensely practical, and should be of value to all persons engaged officially or semi-officially in city charter-making or administration.

Mary Antin's "They Who Knock at Our Gates" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net) is described in a sub-title as "A Complete Gospel of Immigration." It is an attempt to prove that any restriction upon immigration into this country is a violation of the Declaration of Independence, and that the immigrants are a blessing to us rather than otherwise. The book is a plea rather than an examination of a question, although it is full of argument. Designedly or not, it leaves the impression that, in the view of its writer, our immigrants are rather the best element of our population, having the sterling qualities of the Pilgrim Fathers that the rest of us have almost lost. Every steerage passenger is a potential genius. One is offended by a, perhaps unintentional, tone of superiority in the pages, as of one sitting in judgment. Not by such treatment can a great issue be settled.

In "The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon People" (Dutton; $2 net), William Canton has again told the wondrous story of how the people of the British Isles got their Bible and what price in blood and in money they have paid for it. Written in a style simple enough for youth to follow, and crammed with memorable anecdotes, the story comes down from Cædmon through Wycliffe, Tindale, Coverdale, and the martyrs to the work of the Bible Societies of the nineteenth century. Handsomely illustrated specimens of early typographical work and parallel versions of familiar passages show how our modern readings developed from the vigorous language of the early translators. Perhaps the newest historical matter in the volume refers to the Biblical pageants with which Queen Elizabeth was acclaimed at her coronation in London by a people who looked to her to release four prisoners, "the four Evangelists and Apostle Paul." It would be well if teachers in our Sunday schools would convey to the children some of the romantic story of the volume upon whose teachings so much of the Anglo-Saxon character has been built. Speaking of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, founded in 1804, the author pertinently remarks in conclusion: "It will surely be one of the curious facts in the history of Victorian literature that of all the men whose vision was filled with the ideas and actions which fashion the destinies of States, no great writer has thought it worth while to notice a movement that can hardly be matched in duration, continuity, range and results by any other in our time."

At last Dr. Hermann Türck's "The Man of Genius" appears in an English dress (Macmillan; $4 net). It is significant that the translation was made in Germany, not demonstrably in answer to any call from Macedonia. Most of it is from the sixth German edition, but the additions in the seventh German edition have been Englished by a different hand. Thus, after eighteen years of revision and enlargement, this widely read and much-reviewed work finds its way out of the Fatherland. The production gives rise to a very interesting question: Why has it enjoyed its long-continued vogue? The reason cannot be its subtle or profound treatment of the mystery of genius. For Dr. Türck genius holds no mystery. Starting out with the æsthetic of Kant, he arrives at entire agreement with Schopenhauer that "*genius* is simply the completest *objectivity, i. e.*, the objective tendency of the mind, as opposed to the subjective, which is directed to one's own self." The conclusion of the whole matter is that "the creative work of the artist, the philosopher, the statesman, or the founder or reformer of a religion, is therefore primarily dependent on his disinterested absorption in the nature, the essential, true properties of things. . . . A selfish man is at the same time a stupid man incapable of creating anything; he can only destroy." With such convictions he finds no difficulty in proving that Alexander and Napoleon ceased to be geniuses when they embraced "egotistical self-delusion." Dr. Türck's explanation appears from this point of view to be only an extension into philosophical and practical fields of Schopenhauer's definition of artistic genius. Having gained a vision of this illuminating truth, he endeavors to make it prevail more and more unto the perfect day. He unerringly singles out as one of the children of darkness Cesare Lombroso on account of his theory of insanity. The sarcasm and ridicule with which he overwhelms and rends asunder the Italian leave no room for a pretence to judicial calm or critical detachment. Yet his treatment of the criminologist is affectionate compared with the onslaught upon that "mentally disordered antisopher" distinguished by "the will to stupidity," Friedrich Nietzsche, where his sputtering is truly amusing, even though heard through a starched and ironed-out translation. For his "anarchistic or individualistic point of view," Ibsen also is attacked front and flank.

The reviewers, however, have not emphasized so much Dr. Türck's incalculable services to the stanch, loyal party in church and state as his excursions into literary criticism. The *Berliner Tageblatt* declared: "Dr. Türck has the indisputable merit of having established his own opinion on two important literary questions, namely, his conception of the character of Hamlet and his explanation of Faust's blindness caused by 'Care.'" Of "Faust" it is sufficient to observe that before Dr. Türck all critics "had failed to do justice

to the fundamental idea of the poem, because they had overlooked the essential element of genius in Faust." The reason for this universal obtuseness is manifest: other critics have not held the key—Dr. Türck's theory of genius. But his services to Shakespeare are more priceless. According to *Bühne und Welt*, his "interpretation of 'Hamlet' may rank with the most important utterances of modern æsthetic criticism." The notable feature of this interpretation, which in general resembles Werder's, is that it was suggested by Matthew xii, 46. He maintains, in brief, that "he who wishes really to understand Hamlet must constantly bear in mind that his nature is that of a man of genius," "a man of eminently energetic character," who hesitates throughout the play "because his whole mental life is engrossed and all his desires and endeavors are arrested for the time being by the recognition of the fundamental error that has so long influenced all his views of the world and man, that every decision and purposeful activity in themselves become hateful to him." It does no good to object that this is a conception evolved from speculative considerations, not from a synthetic study of the play itself; or that it takes no account of Elizabethan theatrical conditions and Shakespeare's dramatic purposes; or that it proceeds on the fundamental confusion that Hamlet was a real person existing outside the play. For it is obvious that Shakespeare must have written the play to illustrate Dr. Türck's thesis, so nicely are the two made to dovetail into each other. Whatever else the bulky volume may not accomplish, it will at least show English readers how far the steadfast religious public of Germany will follow its champion into diverse and unfamiliar fields of thought.

"The Spell of Spain" (Boston: The Page Co.; $2.50 net) is a record of the impressions produced by that country upon two sympathetic travellers, husband and wife; it is largely cast in the form of dialogue. "Doña," the principal speaker, is a mixture of Bachfisch and blue-stocking. She has read everything worth reading that has ever been written about Spain, and is equally happy at quoting from the pedantic Dozy and the colorful Masefield. When memory fails, she reads from a volume of "Quick Notes," which, to her husband's amusement, she terms her "Don Quicknotie." The latter, the better to serve as a foil for his more gifted better half, affects an air of Sancho Panza-like prosaicness, as when, for example, the Rock of Gibraltar reminds him of the Woolworth Building. But as a punster he is no whit his wife's inferior. "How long is it since the Arabs took the Rock?" he inquires. "Seven hundred and eleven," answers Doña quickly. "Seven come eleven. You might have known they came from Africa." Such witticisms as these might well deter the most intrepid traveller on Spain's very threshold. But these and many other things in the book are explained, and even excused, when the reader is let into the secret that "Doña" and the scribe are on their honeymoon. Those who love a lover, and we are assured that the whole world does, will enjoy the further conversations and adventures of this interesting pair. For our part, we cannot overcome a feeling that it would be indiscreet to tag along, an unwelcome third, when the protagonists would so infinitely prefer to be alone, revelling in gush, and laughing at each other's jokes. If we may hazard a pun of our own, the orthography of foreign words is not all that might be expected of "The Spell Series."

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, in which he is serving as a volunteer, Lucien Foulet, sometime professor in Bryn Mawr College and in the University of California, published an octavo volume of 574 pages entitled "le Roman de Renard" (Paris: Champion; 13 fr.). We may say of this work, as was said in its day of Sudre's "les Sources du Roman de Renard" (1892), that it opens a new period in the study of the subject. Thoroughly familiar with what has already been written, Foulet produces much new material, and draws new and significant conclusions. His book is a favorable example of the best type of French scholarship—clear and accurate in statement, vivid and attractive in style. While some portions form veritable monographs, yet they contribute to the establishment of these main propositions: the separate "branches" of the "Roman de Renard" were not a rewriting of older French originals now lost, but were composed by their several authors in the last quarter of the twelfth century and the first years of the thirteenth; they were derived in the main from definite literary sources, of which the most important is the Latin poem "Ysengrimus," of 1152; and in their turn the earlicst "branches" were the direct source of the German "Reinhart Fuchs." Foulet is inclined to belittle the importance of folklore, as when he derives certain folktales now current in our Southern States, in Finland, and among the Hottentots, from the twelfth century French poem, and refuses to accept any inferences in regard to stories current in oral tradition in the Middle Ages; but this does not affect his chief argument, and a reaction was needed from the excessive assertions that have been made as to the "popular" origin of the beast-epic. Any one familiar with the work of Grimm, Sudre, Gaston Paris, and Voretzsch sees at once how revolutionary Foulet's views are. He pays little attention to the original sources of the stories, being content to show the essentially literary origin of the French poem, which in turn became the source of subsequent beast-epics. His chief conclusions are not likely to be overthrown, and his work has cleared up some of the most perplexing problems of mediæval literature.

Various controversies have of late years directed public attention to the highly efficient railway brotherhoods which represent the finest type of trade-union organization. Responsive to this interest is the volume entitled "Railway Conductors: A Study in Organized Labor," by Edwin Clyde Robbins (Columbia University Studies; Longmans; $1.50), which traces the formation of this powerful union, its methods of government, the trade regulations concerning wages, hours, and working conditions, and the steps that have been taken to enforce its demands—negotiation, mediation, arbitration, strikes. A section of the book is devoted to the beneficiary features. This powerful organization, with 49,000 members, ninety per cent. of all train conductors, deprecates the use of the sympathetic strike; advocates, at least formally, the open shop, although it is not particularly gracious to "outsiders," and insists upon regulating the wages of non-union men. Its jurisdiction extends throughout the country, and it has no successful rival organization. It has the distinction of having contributed a member to the Interstate Commerce Commission in the person of its president, Edgar E. Clark. As a trustworthy history of the order and a clear and accurate statement of its present activities and ambitions, this volume is to be commended. But there are many indications that the author has been influenced by the winning personality of President Garretson, who, according to the preface, "has shown a kindly interest in the work at every stage." He looks at the problem largely from the point of view of the conductor. Hence he fails to bring out clearly some of the less favorable aspects of these great brotherhoods: their militancy and their disregard of the interests of other classes of railway labor. The book does not, and probably was not intended to, give a balanced discussion of the issues involved between the railways and their men.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A single news item shows the unity of all classes and creeds of Frenchmen in their present struggle for national existence and the universal uprising of all in their country's defence. The Monod family is well known among American Evangelicals by its writings for several generations, and is now represented by the ultra-Modernist Wilfrid Monod. Gabriel Monod, who so long was at the head of historical study in France, died only a few months ago. Of the living Monods, eighty-one are now actually serving in the French armies. Scarcely less known is the Berger family, with its professors in the Paris theological and medical faculties, another a distinguished palæograph, and yet another the successor of Renan. There are fifty-seven of these Bergers serving under the French flag. Pastor Westphal, of Lausanne, Switzerland, has his two sons and seventy-four members of his family in the French army. The Bridels, of the Swiss Protestant publishing and theological family, are represented in like manner, as are all these families which have been French Huguenots time out of mind.

An article on the history of the Hohenzollerns by Charles Giraud, which was published in 1872 by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, relates a forgotten incident that is not without present piquancy. It is connected with the accession of that family to the royal title in Prussia. In 1618 the head of the house, who for two hundred years had enjoyed Electoral rank as Margrave of Brandenburg, was created Duke "in" Prussia. This meant East Prussia, which the Teutonic Order had lost to the King of Poland. In 1656 the title became Sovereign Duke "of" Prussia. This was the title held by the Elector Frederick when he entered into the alliance against King Louis Fourteenth of France; and, to reward him, Emperor Leopold proposed changing it to the increased dignity of King. This was in the year 1700; and the representative of the Teutonic Order and the King of Poland, each claiming suzerainty over any such royalty, protested against the use of the title King "of" Prussia. So the Hohenzollerns had to begin, in 1701, as Kings "in" Prussia. What is not so well known is that "the question

had been seriously discussed of calling the new sovereign King of the Vandals"; and that, later on, this title did not seem displeasing to Frederick the Great. But against this, too, there were protests, notably on the part of the Duke of Mecklemburg. His protest may have been based on his hereditary right, since 1436, to the title of Prince of the Wends, whereas the Hohenzollerns were sovereigns of the Wends only since 1464, when they became Dukes "in" Pomerania.

Among the numberless hospitals which the fatalities of war have obliged France to open in every part of her territory, there is none more curious materially than that installed in the Grand Palais at Paris. This is the immense Art Building constructed for the Exposition of 1900 and since used for the annual Salons. The great central space, with its iron and glass cupola larger than any dome, and considered a triumph of French engineering, could never be heated. So the surrounding galleries have been hermetically closed off by painted canvas; and 1,200 beds, with laboratories, kitchens, doctors' and nurses' rooms, and all the appurtenances of a commodious hospital, have been installed in the hundreds of halls intended for finer, if not so useful, arts.

The difficulties of instalment were greater than in the American Hospital Ambulance, which has room for 1,000 beds of surgical cases. That took over the very large new college, never yet occupied, of the Paris suburb of Neuilly. It had been intended from the beginning for human habitation. Several Americans, like other rich inhabitants of France, have fitted up their city houses or country châteaux with complete hospital instalments, attendant physicians and surgeons and nurses. The British Hospital organized its ambulance in the palatial Trianon Hotel of Versailles; and many large Paris hotels, in whole or in part, have been given over to the same purpose. But all is still insufficient in this kill of French and British and German soldiers. Germans should be added, although Senator Clemenceau maintained in his suppressed newspaper that they should not have first chance and choice. The French, at least, have for working principle that all wounded soldiers, of whatever sort, are men. If some such principle could be practiced in time of peace, the world might be saved from all this inhumanity of war.

Dr. César Roux, a distinguished Swiss surgeon, well known to many Americans who have visited Lausanne to consult him, has given his services for some time to the important French military hospital at Besançon. He says he was led to do so by something more than the feeling of humanity and devotedness to near neighbors and friends of the frontier. "I needed to get away from the atmosphere of depression and inactivity pervading us in Switzerland during the first weeks of the European conflict. I have been comforted by contact with a population that has kept, with its coolness and good humor, all its confidence in the future. Even the state of mind of the wounded seems to me worthy of being proposed as an example to the healthy people of our own country. In the great halls where their beds are lined up, there is not a complaint nor a murmur. Each one is only waiting to be well again and again serve his country."

Science

THE RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Perception, Physics, and Reality. By C. D. Broad, M.A. Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The present is a period of unusually rapid advance in the knowledge of physical phenomena and in ferment of ideas. Old and well-established postulates of physics are under examination and new hypotheses are proposed. Naturally, philosophers are watching this unrest with keen interest, and are beginning anew the task of reconciling science and philosophy. The essay of Mr. Broad, which was originally presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a dissertation at the examination for fellowships, is an attempt to discover how much natural science, here meaning physics, can tell us about the nature of reality. And since many philosophers doubt its capability to tell us anything about reality, the assumptions of physics are also investigated.

The prime difficulty in a discussion of this kind is to determine what is meant by *the real*. If that remains obscure, then no amount of rigorous deduction can remove the obscurity of the postulate. And it may be questioned whether Mr. Broad has been able to impart to his readers the exact idea of reality which he himself has. He acknowledges the assistance he has obtained from Mr. Bertrand Russell's views on Causality as given in the "Principles of Mathematics." But it is very doubtful if Mr. Russell's philosophical method aids clarity of thought. As is well known, he substitutes mathematical symbols for ideas and propositions, and derives his conclusions by mathematical analysis. We may take an example from Mr. Broad's essay. Let p be the proposition, phenomenalism is true. Let q be the proposition that the objects of our perceptions depend on the structure of our organs. Can we prove p from this, *i. e.*, can we at the same time assert $\prime\prime$ and $q \supset p$? The proof is: asserting the proposition $p \supset \backsim q$, and with $q \supset p$, we get $\prime\prime \supset \backsim q$. But $q \supset \backsim q \supset \backsim q$. Hence $q \supset p \supset \backsim \prime\prime$ Thus to assert both $\supset \prime\prime$ and q would involve the assertion of both q and $\backsim q$, which is impossible. This is evidently a proof of the theorem, that if objects are dependent on us, we cannot derive from it the proposition that phenomenalism is true. The question now is not so much whether the logic is good, or is made more tangible by using this extremely irritating style, but whether or not we have gained a clearer idea of phenomenalism, of reality, and of their connection by using p and q, and mathematical symbolism.

Suppose during the analysis our ideas of reality change somewhat, or even become confused, which is not unlikely, considering the complexity of the proposition, objects are dependent on the structure of our organs. If the idea changes, so also must the symbol; and following the custom of mathematicians, q becomes q', and our conclusions are to say the least doubtful. The reason why mathematics can be applied so successfully to physics is because, if q represents, say, a velocity, the idea is so simple and can be measured with such accuracy, that throughout a problem the writer's idea remains unchanged and can be imparted to his readers with certainty. Mr. Broad uses this method to some extent, but he departs from it in putting his conclusions in terms of probability rather than of certainty. He even says that Kant was most unfortunate in holding that philosophy deals only with certainty and not with probability. It may be added that if philosophy does deal with certainty, then certainty is a devious and intersected path.

The first and most important chapter of the essay is devoted to a discussion of the realistic point of view. From his observation that most scientists start from a position of naïf realism, Mr. Broad reasons that they can hardly avoid this attitude, however it may be obscured by a study of phenomenalism. The distinction between naïf realism and phenomenalism is defined in the following terms:

> The point of difference, of course, is that the naïf realist maintains that in perception we are directly aware of what would equally exist and be unaltered in any of its qualities at the moment at which we perceive it even if we did not perceive it, while the pure phenomenalist holds that what can be perceived must be perceived, and that nothing exists except mental states and the objects of those of them which are perceptions so long as they remain objects of them. The point of resemblance is that neither the phenomenalist nor the naïf realist can admit appearance or illusion.

This definition shows rather well that it would be somewhat difficult to compress phenomenalism into p and reality into q, and carry these symbols with any certainty through a long argument.

Not only does the scientist maintain an attitude of naïf realism, but it is difficult to see how he can adopt any other as a basis for science and keep free from subjective metaphysics. Putting this idea crudely, the physicist feels assured that he himself exists, and that certain of his sensations within him are real. With somewhat less assurance other objects, distinct from himself and independent of his existence, seem real to him; so real that the objects can be described to another person, who does not perceive them, with such accuracy that they can generally be distinguished when later they are perceived. The link between the individual and the object is a question for the philosopher, and apparently the argument over the nature of reality and the validity of the scientific point of view is endless and not likely to be settled.

Mr. Broad's discussion of the arguments against naïf realism is very thorough. His conclusions are that some of them are futile and none of them make it absolutely impossible. His analysis of the evidence given by the different organs of sense is

keen. It can hardly be denied that some of them, notably sight and touch, are so much more definite that we instinctively refer the qualities of color and extension to the objects producing the sensation; while, on the contrary, such sensations as taste and smell are indefinite and are referred to the organs excited. For example, "Common-sense finds it almost impossible to conceive of an unsmelled smell or an untasted taste, but finds little difficulty in an unseen color and none in an unseen figure."

Two chapters are then devoted to phenomenalism and its causal theories. This doctrine, which has become very popular since the time of Mach, Mr. Broad accounts inadequate for a philosophic basis of science, and he counsels us to preserve an attitude of agnosticism towards the real causes of our perceptions. Although Mr. Broad gives good reasons for the advisability of this agnosticism, he fails to emphasize what is perhaps the best reason. For, however attractive the philosophy of phenomenalism may be because of the readiness with which it lends itself to mathematical analysis, it has the fatal tendency of projecting the theory of science into metaphysical speculation. The belief in the existence of matter may make us naïve, but it does at least keep our feet on the ground. When we try to substitute energy for matter, we drift into the abstract formulæ of the school of energetics, and when we exalt the attribute electricity into a world-stuff we lapse into the transcendental symbolism of relativity. These substitutions are repugnant to our common-sense, and in the end the experience of our sensations will prevail in science. None but the specialist will be satisfied to wrench our world of matter and sensations to satisfy a mathematical formula. Bacon gave a permanent warning when he stated that the function of mathematics was to follow phenomena and not to create them.

The essay closes with a discussion of the modifications which must be made in Newtonian mechanics if the modern hypotheses of electricity and relativity are accepted. Mr. Broad maintains a conservative position. His opinion, that further experience may teach us that the Newtonian laws of mechanics are only approximations, might be assumed from the fixed belief of physicists, although we sometimes dislike to admit it, that all scientific laws are laws of probability or approximation, and not of certainty. His final conclusion is sane, and shows the value of the book, especially now when both science and philosophy are tending to turn back to mediæval metaphysics:

> But [these] more general laws will still be laws about positions and velocities of some extended quality or qualities, and, as such, will be capable of the same sort of defence that I have offered for the traditional mechanical physics; that, although its laws were deduced from experiments made with appearances, they are transcriptions of the laws that hold among the real causes of our perceptions of appearances, and among the relations of these real causes to each other in a real spatial counterpart.

Drama

"THE DYNASTS" ON THE STAGE.

A NOTABLE COLLABORATION OF THOMAS HARDY AND GRANVILLE BARKER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, November 26.

It was not without misgiving that even the warmest admirers of Thomas Hardy and of Mr. Granville Barker heard of the projected presentation at the Kingsway Theatre of an abridged version of "The Dynasts." It seemed too gigantic a task even for Mr. Barker's energy and scenic skill. As one re-read Mr. Hardy's text, with its nineteen acts, its 130 scenes, and its two or three hundred speaking characters, to say nothing of crowds, parliaments, and armies, one was much more impressed by the scenic impossibilities than by the dramatic possibilities of the great epic in dialogue. It was magnificent, but it was not drama. And then there was the supernatural machinery: that hovering chorus of "Phantom Intelligences"—the Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of the Pities, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic, the Recording Angels, and other fearful wildfowl, to whom the poet has assigned the task of shedding upon the world-historic spectacle the searchlights of his pessimistic philosophy. How were these aerial phantasms to be treated? It might have been possible, no doubt, simply to omit them; but to this Mr. Hardy would scarcely have consented; and, besides, the action without its lyric accompaniments would have been like a libretto without its music.

Last night's production had not far advanced before we realized that Mr. Barker's daring was more than justified. He had shown admirable tact and ingenuity in grappling with a problem with regard to which he had no precedents to guide him. Reducing Mr. Hardy's text to perhaps one-tenth of its whole bulk, he had given it a species of unity by selecting those scenes in which England and Englishmen are most directly concerned; and for the presentation of these episodes he had invented a new scenic framework and, as it were, a new organ of epic-dramatic expression. Never did producer more truly collaborate with his author than Mr. Barker with Mr. Hardy; yet he has done it without thrusting his own inventions into the foreground, after the fashion of those actor-managers who inflict their collaboration upon the defenceless Shakespeare.

When all is said and done, however, Mr. Barker's methods are not really new. They are as old as the Elizabethan stage on the one hand, and the Japanese stage on the other. I do not know how far Mr. Barker was conscious of following these models. Of the Japanese stage, at any rate, he had probably no thought whatever. Yet his treatment of the mythology of the "The Dynasts" was as Japanese as his treatment of the historic episodes was Elizabethan.

When we entered the theatre, we were confronted by a specially constructed proscenium of plain gray, filled in with gray curtains. Against each of the raking panels of the proscenium was placed an elevated throne; while from the narrow apron in front of the curtains converging flights of steps led down to a stone seat with a sort of stone lectern before it. The architectural proportions of the whole structure were very pleasing. Presently the curtains opened in the middle and through them came two stately muse-like ladies (Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Carrie Haase), who proceeded to occupy the two thrones, and Mr. Henry Ainley, in Georgian attire, with a gray academic gown, who stepped down and seated himself at the lectern, facing the audience. To these three personages, the dual chorus and the single reader, were assigned the lyrical, philosophical, and narrative portions of the production. The two Muses, as they naturally would, spoke in verse, while the Reader, speaking for the most part in prose, supplied what may be called the connective tissue for the episodes, or the thread on which they were strung. He read, in short, Mr. Hardy's elaborate and characteristic stage-directions, to some extent rewritten, I imagine, for the occasion.

Now these lyrical comments and spoken stage-directions are established institutions of the Japanese stage, though in Japan the performers are seated, not in front of the proscenium, but in the wing. And I take it that the reason for their employment is much the same in both cases—namely, that we have to deal with a form of drama imperfectly differentiated from the epic, like one of the modern statues which are left but hazily emergent from the marble block. It cannot be said that the Muses insisted unduly on Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Only once, towards the end, did we hear anything about the Immanent Will. Most of the interludes were, I think, selected from the utterances of the Spirit of the Pities, so that their general effect was simply to give voice to that intense compassion which is, indeed, the essence of Mr. Hardy's criticism of life. At the very end, one was astonished to hear the Muses break forth into a hymn of almost jubilant optimism, suggesting the song of the Archangels at the beginning of "Faust." On reference to the text, it appeared that this pæan of the Pities was hypothetical rather than affirmative—the hymn they would have liked to sing had the world been ordered otherwise. Chanted without this proviso, it seemed rather to contradict all that had gone before; yet most of us were willing to condone the inconsistency for the sake of a ray of light through the clouds.

So much for the supernatural marginalia, if I may so call them. When the curtains opened, they revealed a stage arranged in almost exact accordance with the most recent reconstructions of the Elizabethan theatre: two side-walls slanting backwards, an entrance-way in each, and between the two entrances a slightly raised inner stage, or alcove, to which the walls served as a

proscenium-frame. The only feature of the Elizabethan stage that was lacking was the upper gallery or balcony over the inner stage; and there were one or two passages where one felt that Mr. Barker might have employed this feature, too, with excellent effect. Furthermore, he used his two stages quite in the Elizabethan fashion. On the front stage he placed no scenery, but only properties; while the back stage, by the simplest appliances, was occasionally converted into what we moderns call a scene, figuring, for instance, the cockpit of the Victory, or the anteroom at Fontainebleau, where Napoleon signed his abdication. By this means an admirable rapidity of action was attained. The short interspaces between the episodes were filled by the Chorus and the Reader, so that the attention was always agreeably occupied—a point of no small moment where there was no inner cohesion between the episodes, and no interest of plot to carry the mind forward. Or, rather, the interest of plot lay in that great historic movement which it was precisely the business of the lyric and narrative interludes to suggest. One very stirring episode, by the way—the Battle of Albuera—was treated entirely as a recitation by the three Presenters, as they would have been called in Shakespeare's time.

Whether by reflection or by instinct, Mr. Barker certainly did exactly the right thing in giving "The Dynasts" an Elizabethan setting. For, apart from its philosophic marginalia, the poem is nothing but a gigantic chronicle-play. We can trace its ancestry right back, through "Sejanus" and "Catiline," through "Henry IV" and "Henry V," to "Edward II" and "Tamburlaine the Great." Its curiously bombastic style, which has probably frightened off a good many impatient readers, is a remarkable testimony to the enduring influence of the Elizabethan tradition—an influence both for good and ill; certainly not for good when it leads to Napoleon's talking like this:

> Tiptoed Assassination haunting round
> In unthought thoroughfares, the near success
> Of Staps the madman, argue to forbid
> The riskful blood of my previsioned line
> And potence for dynastic empery
> To linger vialled in my veins alone.

There perhaps never was a great poet—for a great poet Thomas Hardy surely is—who was so helpless and lumbering in his use of language. Yet, take it all in all, performance tends to justify the Elizabethan form. Even though the verse be sometimes nothing but prose denaturalized and cut into lengths, we feel that it is possible to do in verse things which could not be done in prose. The verse reminds us that it is not the actual scene, but its highly-compressed essence which the poet is presenting. It puts realism out of court and gives atmosphere to what might otherwise seem little better than a cinematographic panorama. It enables us, for instance, to see Nelson pacing the quarterdeck of the Victory at Trafalgar, and scarcely to notice that, though broadsides and musketry are freely talked of, they are not represented to the ear by so much as a drum-tap or the popping of a child's pistol. And, even when the matter is most prosaic, a certain "use in measured language lies." It lends crispness, precision, and weight to dialogue. It brings out the true dignity of events which the commonplace associations of prose would tend to obscure.

The stage version, like the complete text, falls into three parts: "Trafalgar," "The Peninsula," and "Waterloo." The first part, of course, culminates in the death of Nelson, presented pictorially on the inner stage, with admirable simplicity and dignity. In the second part we have the death and burial of Sir John Moore, the Battle of Salamanca, and the scene of Napoleon's abdication. The third part shows us the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the departure of the troops from Brussels, and the crucial passages of the most dramatic battle in history. It seems to me that, in his complete text, Mr. Hardy achieves a unique imaginative feat—he makes you live through the battle with a sort of breathless suspense, as though you were really in doubt as to its issue. Something of this effect is lost in the stage abbreviation, which remains, however, intensely interesting. Mr. Sydney Valentine, an actor well known in America, gives a very strong and clear-cut portraiture of Napoleon. In the other parts there is not sufficient continuity to allow much scope for distinction, but the performance as a whole was more than competent. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Barker had wisely retained several of those interludes of Wessex rusticity in which Mr. Hardy is so peculiarly at home. They afforded the sort of relief which the Falstaff scenes give to "Henry IV" and the humors of Pistol, Bardolph, and Fluellen to "Henry V."

Perhaps the reader may question whether it is really opportune in war-time to revive the memory of

> Old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Well, it is certainly a mixed pleasure to have the horrors of war brought home to us in imagination while the cold reality of them is every day haunting our minds. But, apart from the æsthetic satisfaction to be derived from so bold and original an effort of stagecraft, it is wholesome to be reminded that our fathers, in their day, lived through anxieties no less tense and terrible than those we are undergoing. As Mr. Hardy says in his Prologue, the production is designed

> To raise up visions of historic wars
> Which taxed the endurance of our ancestors,
> That such reminders of the feats they did
> May stouten hearts now strained by issues hid.

Yes, we are too apt to forget that Trafalgar and Waterloo were "issues hid" while the Immanent Will was slowly working itself out, and that the dash of Sir John Moore into Spain, which we now see to have been almost the turning-point of Napoleon's fortunes, seemed, to the men of that day, something not very far from a disaster.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

Pleasure at seeing an old favorite successfully revived is somewhat tempered by regret that audiences appear inclined to accord to this piece a good deal warmer welcome than was vouchsafed to a far better play in the répertoire of the same company. "Mary Goes First," a comedy of notable constructive skill, struggled on with no overwhelming success for a few weeks; "The Marriage of Kitty," a farce of excellent good humor but of little outstanding dramatic merit, seems likely, if one may judge from its reception by a delighted audience on the second night, to repeat in some degree the vogue that it enjoyed on its original production.

The laugh in "The Marriage of Kitty" is easily raised; the fun is broad and obvious. When Madame de Semiano is revived from a fit of hysterics by a clapping of the hands on the part of Sir Reginald Belsize and John Travers, the effect is undeniably mirth-provoking and quite legitimate to farce, but it cannot be pretended that it is difficult to produce or that it makes any strenuous demand on the artistic intelligence of the players. The characters in "Mary Goes First," with the exception of Mary herself, who, as portrayed by Miss Tempest, was delightful, were played passably well, but not by any means as well as they might have been. "The Marriage of Kitty" is a far easier play to interpret, and the general level of the performance is consequently a great deal higher.

The plot of this amusing piece of foolery, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from the French of Fred de Grésac and François de Croisset, being familiar, need not be recapitulated. In addition to the Kitty of Miss Marie Tempest, which is as sprightly as ever, we may mention for commendation the Sir Reginald Belsize of W. Graham Browne, the Madame de Semiano of Miss Katharine Kaelred, and the John Travers of Herbert Ross.

"The Marriage of Kitty" was preceded at the Comedy Theatre by a one-act play by Harold Chapin, entitled "The Dumb and the Blind," which might easily with a little ingenuity have been made into something of real dramatic merit, but which in its present form consists merely of a character study of a bargee, admirably rendered by W. Graham Browne, and violates the canons of dramatic composition as laid down by Aristotle in not having a beginning, a middle, or an end.

S. W.

"DRIVEN."

"What it means to a woman"—that formula which is supposed to mean so much—receives attention yet again in E. Temple Thurston's new drama, "Driven," which is played at the Empire Theatre. In this incarnation the meaning gets a special setting from the fact that the woman has only two years to live, owing to some ailment to which no name is given. That in such circumstances her husband, who is engrossed in his work as an M.P., should have little or no time to devote to the frivolity which she craves, is of course tragic enough; and it was possible, with this situation, to make the impulse which she has to love and be loved in an irregular way seem cogent. But the play, as it stands, is poorly constructed and poorly elaborated. Certainly if the piece is to

last, something must be done with the piddling first act, wherein the young wife, eavesdropping, hears her fate from the physicians called in for consultation. Here the "tragedy" is achieved largely by continuous iteration of the words "two years"! Even this would not have been so bad if Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who plays the part of the wife, had shown any variety of expression. As it was, the audience got merely the uncomfortable impression that the play was going to be pretty long. And it was long indeed.

One need not give the plot in detail. It is marked by the usual procedure. After being on the point of committing her welfare to the arms of her lover, the wife discovers that the lover, though outwardly a gentleman, is at heart a cad. This revelation of his inward self is, by the way, a very sudden bit of business; and though virtue triumphs, the victory is at the expense of the only character on the stage who by his finish really holds the audience's attention. It may be added that Diana in six months is pronounced cured and returns to the love of her husband, who, at the suggestion of his sister, a sanctimonious old thing, presents his wife with a Pekingese dog, and thereby convinces her that he at length understands her. F.

"And So They Were Married," a comedy of the new woman by Jesse Lynch Williams (Scribner), is a clever and entertaining play, of which the main theme is the profanation of the religious ideal in the mercenary marriage. It mixes much pungent and familiar truth with a good deal of shallow generalization. Like many other pieces of its class it seeks to establish broad deductions upon specially invented instances. But it is an ingenious bit of special pleading up to the point where it shrinks from the logical result of its own thesis. The heroine, a feminine individualist of the highest intellectual type, is passionately in love with a brilliant young medical scientist, of moderate means, to whom she is assistant, but will not marry him, partly because she believes that the contract implied in a ceremony is fatal to love, and immoral when love has died, and partly because the obligations entailed by it upon the man would hinder or block his professional advancement. She is willing, however, to link her fate with his as his mistress. The scientist, as much in love as she is, but more worldly wise, refuses to accept such a sacrifice, declaring that they must marry or part. In the end the scientist is forced, by specially devised but plausible circumstances, to accept the heroine's terms, on the understanding that a formal announcement of their determination to dispense with legal forms shall be made at a sort of family council. When this has been convened they revolt successfully at an attempt to entrap them into a religious ceremony—in which the Church is made to play a most despicable part—but are wed most effectually by an astute old judge who extracts from them all the public declaration necessary to the civil process. They readily attest their union by a solemn oath, thus virtually subscribing to the obligation against which they were in professed revolt. This is a lame and impotent conclusion, a case of much ado about nothing. What the play lacks is breadth of view and reflection. In its zeal for a modified marriage for the new woman it overlooks the handicaps of nature and the fact that any approach to free love would increase the liberties and opportunities of men while greatly multiplying the dangers and responsibilities of women.

What a deal Shakespeare had learned by 1604! "He had concepts of a catastrophe, a protagonist and antagonist at struggle, a key-note scene, a rise to a well-defined mental crisis, a crisis-emphasis including a tragic incident, the arrest of the catastrophe," and so on. In spite of these astonishing attainments he was "conscious of needing . . . structural unity, or, as he thought of it, probably, command over the interim between the crisis-emphasis group of scenes and the catastrophe group." Such amazing self-consciousness was in part the result of "Julius Cæsar." He "became interested in the Senecan pair of debaters in his study of Brutus and Cassius, but he could not stop then to develop all the dramatic possibilities." This Shakespeare, whose hobby is a more than German passion for technique, is created by Dr. Harriott Ely Fansler in "The Evolution of Technic in Elizabethan Tragedy" (Chicago: Row, Peterson & Company; $1.25). The notion of Shakespeare's passing from play to play in an effort to solve in succession technical problems is in reality more amusing than Professor Dowden's surmise that he carried through the writing of the histories to provide himself with a guide to the successful conduct of life. Yet it is developed in a serious, almost fanatic, mood, by minute analysis, with an eye single to the glory of Freytag and a mind filled to overflowing with his special terminology. In fact, the author displays an ingenuity unsurpassed even by the Baconian enthusiasts; where no one else has been able to detect evidence of anv preconceptions regarding dramatic forms or any continuous interest in rules and schemes of structure, she reveals Shakespeare's life-long absorption in nineteenth-century German theory of tragedy.

In the reprint of Hannah Lynch's translation of "El Gran Galeoto" of Echegaray (Doubleday; 75 cents net), the Drama League worthily continues its work of making accessible to English readers representative plays of the best foreign authors. José Echegaray is recognized as the leading dramatist in Spain to-day. His literary fame, moreover, has not been confined to Spanish-speaking countries. In 1905 the Nobel Prize for literature was divided between him and Frédéric Mistral. Translations of his plays have been made into several languages, and are holding their place in the contemporary theatre. Of recent interest is Echegaray's translation from the Catalán of Guimerá's "Maria Rosa," played last winter at the Longacre Theatre. "Maria Rosa," an emotional drama of the Catalonian mountains, was passed upon by the Drama League, and of the fifty-five productions judged won a place upon the list of fifteen plays worth publicity. Four of Echegaray's plays, "The Son of Don Juan" and "Mariana" (the translations of James Graham), "The Great Galeoto," and "Folly or Saintliness" (the translations of Hannah Lynch), were published in Boston. An adaptation of "The Great Galeoto" was made by Nirdlinger and played under the title of "The World and His Wife." We have another translation by Caroline Sheldon, whose version was presented at Grinnell College in 1912. The present translation is not free from occasional inaccuracies, and there is perhaps some lowering of tone. Nevertheless, the Drama League does good service in publishing this attractive volume.

Art

STYLIST AND ÆSTHETE.

Second Characters, or the Language of Forms. By the Right Honourable Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. Edited by Benjamin Rand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

We are not often permitted a glimpse into the workshop of a great writer, and when this writer has been dead two hundred years, the experience is tinged with romance. The third Earl of Shaftesbury, philosopher and author of "Characteristics," died in Naples in 1713, and in 1913 Dr. Benjamin Rand, head of the Robbins Philosophical Library of Harvard University, discovered among the papers in the Record Office in London Shaftesbury's "Second Characteristics," and published them at the University Press, Cambridge.

The book consists of four treatises, of which the first two, "A Letter Concerning Design" and "A Notion of the Historical Draught of Hercules," had been previously printed. The third, or rather a translation of a Greek passage on which it was to be based, and the fourth, "Plastics," are published for the first time. In addition Dr. Rand prints all the notes, directions for the title-page and the illustrations, a preface, and an "Idea of the Work," in which Shaftesbury laid down definite rules for his own guidance.

The "Idea" might be called a "Rhetoric or Composition Book" such as is studied in our colleges to-day:

> A right rule, viz.: To begin each Part with a deeper breath, distinguishable from the subaltern sallies or excursions in the mere sections into which the main parts are divided (page 5).
>
> A rule, viz.: Nothing in the text but what shall be of easy, smooth, and polite reading, without seeming difficulty, or hard study; so that the better and gentler rank of painters and artists, the ladies, beaux, courtly gentlemen, and more refined sort of country and town wits, and notable talkers may comprehend, or be persuaded that they comprehend, what is there written in the text.

On the same page Shaftesbury warns against the frequent use of "I," and urges the substitution of the "fashionable one, from the French *on*." On page 10 he suggests that the first chapter of a serious book should contain thoughts—

> which the reader with little study may discover, and applaud himself for it, believing the rest easy. So that it is in the next following chapters that the maxims, or deep precepts, theorems, etc., may be couched, and so delivered, that what surpasses the ignorant reader may pass him by, without reproaching him his defect, or frightening him with the supposed profoundness of the sense or reading.

The copious notes and appendices of the MS., all of which are given in Dr. Rand's edition, were not intended by Shaftesbury to be printed in their entirety; for they, too, contain frequent hints either for himself or

for whosoever should give the final polish to his first draught of "Plastics." Shaftesbury was the first English writer on the great problems of art, and found an insufficient vocabulary at his disposal. Some new words he coined outright and used freely, because their meanings were clear; others he used tentatively and only in certain connections which he hoped would explain them. Very interesting is his desire to substitute (p. 180) *virtual* for *virtuous*, "which last cannot be used for the energetic in the good sense." One of his new words has again disappeared from the English language without there having been found a substitute, except the cumbersome "easel-picture." Shaftesbury called such pictures *tablatures*, to distinguish them from pictures painted in the places where they were to be seen—walls, ceilings, doors, and the like.

Other notes are full of reminders to look up references, to search for appropriate quotations, or to make sure that a given statement is correct. All in all, there is probably no other book which reveals one of the great literary men of two hundred years ago so intimately at work as Dr. Rand's edition of the "Second Characters." This fact alone would make the book valuable, but it sinks into insignificance before Shaftesbury's searching investigation into the true principles of art.

Written at a time when the state of art in the world, judged by its output of visible art, was low, the maxims laid down by Shaftesbury are as valid to-day as they ever were, and will be recognized by our greatest writers and painters as true and singularly well expressed. Generally Shaftesbury had the unfortunate habit of polishing his sentences to their utmost before sending his manuscripts to the printer. In these "Plastics," however, he did not advance beyond the first draught, and this enables us "to catch him," as Edmund Gosse says, "before the magnificent and slightly fatuous toilet is completed, before his nouns have found their verbs, and while his epithets are still competing for selection." This makes the "Plastics" not always easy reading, but it conveys the *flatus dei*, and makes Shaftesbury's enthusiasm for true art almost catching.

His general theory was that good art is as natural an expression of man as political and individual freedom is his natural state. Where there is no freedom, no *enjoyment* of freedom, there can be no art, because you cannot express yourself naturally under unnatural conditions. Art, moreover, is not finite, for it always means and conveys more than it reveals. Nor are the principles of art unrelated to those of ethics. This, however, he wisely refrained from stating in so many words in the "Plastics," for it would have offended many readers. But in his "Idea" (p. 6) he says:

> Remember still, this the idea of the work, viz.: *Quasi*. The vehicle of other problems, *i. e.*, the precepts, demonstrations, etc., of real ethics. But this hid: not to be said except darkly or pleasantly, with raillery upon self, or some such indirect way. . . .

Starting out with the observation that "all men *mimic*, else no speech, no manners," and that nothing is "more pleasant to human nature from the beginning than learning," he proceeds to an exhaustive discussion of a variety of principles of art:

> The didactive or preceptive way being unartificial, un-masterly, and un-poctic: not Homerical, though Virgilian. . . . This the province of the philosopher, the rhetorician, the historian: not the bard, the *vates*, the enthusiast (page 97).

> The finer and more delicate imitation is the more tender, and by nicest . . . touches in poetry as in painting, and not by exaggeration, amplification, straining, tightening, overcharging. . . . So a sordid painter first chooses a mean blemish and not a true one in manners. . . . On which very thing depends the difference between Horace and Juvenal (page 100).

> Bad figures: bad minds. Crooked designs: crooked fancies. No designs; no thought. No imitation: no poetry (page 105). Thus the species of horses and other animals, the kind being once seen . . . the idea of beauty and perfection is raised, and when reduced to this idea of instinct by the able artist, recognized presently by the good eye of every spectator (page 108).

Unfortunately, the good eye, *i. e.*, the good taste in art, is subject to a number of corrupting influences, of which Shaftesbury mentions four in particular: (1) bad art frequently seen; (2) haste and hurry of living; (3) vice and corruption; and (4) the "want of nudidity," the lack of "opportunity of viewing forms of the finer sort (not professional models) in nudity, and in easy, familiar, as well as strenuous exercising action." "The great business," however, "in this as in the whole of life is to correct our taste," and "the artificial, witty, far-fetched, refined, hypercritical taste is the worst in the world" (p. 115), because it is the result of conceit and ignorance.

Ignorance, in fact, Shaftesbury believed was the cause of the low state of art in his time:

> Modern masters no learning. No converse till after raised and known by their pencil, and then too late. Illiberal. Dis-ingeneous. Sharks, rakes. What ideas, when thus vulgar! Not even so high as what we call good breeding and manners in a common sense! . . . Yet these give the clue and lead the great, who are cheated as well as misled by these mechanic knaves! (page 129).

Such men were, of course, unable to come up to the standard of true art, where "all is invention (the first part of painting), creation, divining, a sort of prophesying and inspiration, the poetical ecstatic and rapture. Things that were never seen, yet feigned. Painter as poet, a second maker."

Shaftesbury wisely guarded himself against the attacks which *mere* painters always make against those who defend the divine side of art, viz., "that they know nothing of the technical side of painting," by including in his work several chapters on this subject. We know from his letters that he had frequent interviews with painters in Naples, where he spent the last year of his life engaged in writing "The Second Characters," and that one artist lived in his house. These chapters may, therefore, be regarded as expressing the ideas and practices of the painters two hundred years ago. We learn there that they used practically the identical colors which are used to-day with the one exception of vermillion; and that even our most advanced modern painters still follow the mechanical processes of mixing their pigments that were practiced then.

If there are few statements by Shaftesbury of the principles of art with which the student of to-day would be willing to quarrel, his estimate of individual pictures and artists is often open to criticism. He was a great admirer of Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Poussin, but also of Domenichino, whose picture of St. Jerome he calls the best in the world. Rubens and the Dutch and Flemish genre painters, especially those of peasant life, he abhorred, and while he had a kind word for Closterman, he said that Van Dyck was "fantastic, apish, antic in his action, and wretched and false in his composition, collocation, etc." Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Holbein, Velasquez, and many important Italians are not even mentioned. This may seem strange at first, but it becomes natural when one reflects that Shaftesbury was far more interested in the abstract principles of art than in actual pictures. He passed through Paris, the Lombardy, Florence, and Rome on his way to Naples, and being a very sick man, could not visit any museums or galleries. In his many letters from Naples (published by Dr. Rand in 1900) there is not one word of regret at having been unable to do so, while there are expressions of regret at not having been able to call on this man or that man in the cities through which he had passed.

Great praise is due to the University Press for the beautiful garb in which "The Second Characters" has been issued. As frontispiece is printed an engraving after Closterman's portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The painting itself, it seems, has disappeared. Possibly it was one of the several paintings which the painter Fran de Gruter removed to Amsterdam in 1711 after the death of Closterman. These paintings were later attached by a court order, according to recently discovered records (see Thieme-Becker, Künstler-Lexicon, VII, p. 116).

Dr. Rand's Introduction is a masterpiece of concise presentation of facts needed for an intelligent enjoyment of the book. His skilful editorship is everywhere apparent. There are copious cross references, an "Index of Ease," and bracketed translations of all Latin and Greek quotations. The translations serve their purpose, but at times miss their point. "Docti rationem artis intellegunt, indocti voluptatem," which means that the learned enjoy the principles of art, and the unlearned the beauty of the work of art, is translated: "The learned understand the art of composition, the unlearned enjoy pleasure from it."

When Dr. Rand has done so much it may be ungracious to ask for more, but the wish is a natural one that he should find the

time to rewrite "The Plastics" as Shaftesbury wished they should be rewritten for publication, to rearrange the several chapters, and to "translate" into present-day English some of the more difficult passages. If he should do this, the book would be one of the most valuable, instructive, and enjoyable treatises on art, and one which might help people to reach a juster appreciation of true art than they seem to possess at present.

Emma Louise Parry's "The Two Great Art Epochs" (McClurg; $2 net) is the kind of equable compilation that seems to be in steady demand among schools and clubs. The drawbacks of the type are exemplified in inaccuracies in the accounts of Duccio, Masolino, and Perugino, in the choice of the worst Discobolus, that of the Vatican, for illustration, in the omission of the Hagias under Lysippus. Giorgione's name was not Barbarelli. On page 228 are three blunders in six lines. Such infelicities will occur so long as specialists are unable or unwilling to write our popular manuals, and publishers are too parsimonious to pay for expert supervision of such compilations. The present volume is clearly written, fully illustrated, and by no means bad of its sort.

Finance

END-OF-THE-YEAR MARKETS.

As the year draws to a close, and the fifth consecutive month of the European war is nearly ended, the American financial markets are moving in a suggestive and interesting way. The stock market, after its vigorous advance on the reopening of the Exchange, and after the rather speedy downward reaction, has fallen into a state of uncertainty. Confronted on the one hand by an undoubtedly strong demand from American investors, and on the other by the continued doubt as to whether foreign investors would not sell on any inviting rise in prices, the market seemed to have become in a sense between comparatively narrow limits of prices. Even last Friday's decision of the rate case, in favor of the railways, gave only a temporary stimulus to the rise.

This may have meant that financial judgment as to intrinsic values has not yet been determined—especially as prices still hold well above those of July 30, when the Stock Exchange closed its doors. But in other branches of the financial markets, judgment has been more emphatically pronounced. Money rates, to begin with, have returned to by far the lowest level since the war began—in fact, to what even in ordinary times would be called "easy money." Official rediscount rates at the Federal Reserve Banks have been reduced fully 2 per cent.

Yet, in spite of this absence of anything like a bid for European capital, international exchange has moved decisively in this country's favor. Exchange on London, which in August and September held so long at rates exorbitantly high, has this week declined to the lowest level since last February; a level not far distant from the normal gold-import point. This notable movement is ascribed, first to the large remittances of gold already made by us to Europe, but also, and perhaps chiefly, to the expanding export movement. Even in October the country's excess of exports fell $81,600,000 under 1913. In November, it was only $17,700,000 smaller. This month, with Europe's purchases of materials very large, with grain still going out on an unprecedented scale, and with cotton exports last week matching those of a year ago (whereas in August they were barely 10 per cent. of 1913), the influence of our outward trade in merchandise is undoubtedly much more positive.

Not least in importance among the movements on the markets has been the rise in wheat, this week, to a price higher than was reached even in the excited "war speculation" of September. This rise is partly recognition of the continued and very heavy European buying. But it is also based on some new calculations for the immediate future. Last Thursday the Government gave out its estimate on condition and acreage of our newly planted winter wheat crop. The figures brought both reassurance and disappointment. The crop's condition is the lowest of any December since 1911—9 per cent. under last December, and nearly 3 per cent. below the ten-year average. Yet, on the other hand, the planted area is 11⅛ per cent. greater than a year ago, and 20¾ per cent. above any previous planting.

There are statisticians here who figure that the higher acreage so far offsets the lower condition as to indicate a yield of 689,000,000 bushels, as against 690,000,000 this past season. But "December forecasts" are a notoriously dangerous reliance, and the fall in the crop's condition percentage in Kansas to 80, as against 100 last December, inspires some caution. As a general rule, the grain trade is inclined to regard the outlook for the next winter wheat crop as decidedly poorer than a year ago.

Even if our own crop were to fulfil the tentative estimate just cited, it does not seem possible for the world's wheat crop of 1915 to equal that of 1914—though this year's total, despite the huge American harvest, fell 386,000,000 bushels short of 1913. The new acreage in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and the Balkan States, also in Holland and parts of Russia, is almost sure to be greatly reduced, as a result of the drafting of able-bodied farm workmen into the various armies, and, in the case of France, Belgium, and Poland, as a result of continuous warfare on the very ground where the new crop would normally be planted. The Balkan States in 1913, despite continuance of their savage war well into the crop season, produced unexpectedly large harvests; yet the decrease from the previous year in the yield of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece was something like 20 per cent., while neighboring countries which were not at war showed little change.

On the basis of final estimates on the great wheat yield of 1914, there is likely to be only 82,000,000 bushels left from our own crop for the balance of the season—which is a very small reserve. Australia's crop is short; she will have to import about 8,000,000 bushels, against exports of 68,000,000 last season. Canada will be cleaned out of wheat, in all probability, at the end of this present season.

So that this is the interesting situation which appears to be ahead of us. If this country's wheat crop of 1915 were to turn out one of only moderate dimensions, the world might have to pass through a season of excessively high prices for grain. And even if our harvest—after a December condition estimate which is, after all, far better than that which preceded the then very large wheat yield of 1912—should once more be abundant, we should in all probability repeat the remarkable achievements of this year's American grain trade. For Europe will certainly need all the wheat that the United States will have to spare.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Dean, M. M. The Bars Between. Boston: Four Seas Co. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Davol, R. American Pageantry. Davol Pub. Co.

Durell, F. Fundamental Sources of Efficiency. Phila.: Lippincott. $2.50 net.

Matthews, B. The Oxford Book of American Essays. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.

Poebel, Arno. Historical and Grammatical Texts. Vol. V. University Museum of Pennsylvania.

Poebel, Arno. Historical Texts. Vol. IV. No. 1. Phila. University Museum of Pennsylvania.

Woodberry, G. W. Two Phases of Criticism: Historical and Æsthetic. Published for the Woodberry Society.

Work, M. N. Negro Year Book. 1914-1915. Alaska: Tuskegee Institute Press. 25 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Townsend, H. G. The Principle of Individuality in the Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Dall, Caroline. The College, the Market, and the Court. Memorial edition. Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.

White, A. D. Fiat Money Inflation in France. New edition. Privately printed.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Baldwin, E. F. The World War. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Beck, James. The Evidence in the Case. Putnam.

Bernhardi, F. von. On War of To-day. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead. $5 net.

Bickley, N., and Fuller-Maitland, J. A. Letters from and to Joseph Joachim. Macmillan. $3.75 net.

De Forest, Mrs. R. W. A Walloon Family in America. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Deutschland über Alles. Compiled and analyzed by J. J. Chapman. Putnam. 75 cents net.

Hopkins, Luther W. From Bull Run to Appomattox. Third edition. Baltimore: Fleet-McGinley Co. $1.12.

Collier, E. A. History of Old Kinderhook. Putnam. $5 net.

Jefferson, C. E. The Cause of the War. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Powell, E. A. Fighting in Flanders. Scribner. $1 net.
Monypenny, W. F., and Buckle, G. E. The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Vol. III. Macmillan. $3 net.
Robinson, G. W. Eugippius's the Life of Saint Severinus. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Robinson, G. W. Eugippius's Life of Saint Severinus. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Saunders, George. Builder and Blunderer. Dutton. $1 net.
Schurman, J. G. The Balkan Wars. Second edition. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Sloane, William M. The Treaty of Ghent. An address delivered before the New York Historical Society. New York: Printed for the Society.
The Correspondence of Nathan Swift, 1737-1744. Edited by F. E. Ball. Vol. VI. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
The European War. The Powers. Edited by R. Stroppa-Quaglia. Edition d'Art Co. $1.50 net.
The German Spy System in France. Translated from the French of Paul Lanoir, by an English officer. London: H. Sotheran & Co. 6d. net.
The Times History of the War: The Battlefield of Europe. Woodward & Van Slyke.
Vizetelly, E. A. My Adventures in the Commune. Duffield. $4 net.
Whipple, W. The Story-Life of Napoleon. Century. $2.40 net.
Williams, Orlo. Giosue Carducci. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents.
Zweig, Stefan. Verhaeren. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

POETRY.

Cawein, M. The Poet and Nature and The Morning Road. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co. $1 net.
Hayes, J. R. Molly Pryce: A Quaker Idyll. Phila.: Biddle Press.
The Poetical Works of Mrs. Hemans. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Toldi's Eve. Translated from the Hungarian of John Arany by W. N. Loew. Co-operative Press.

SCIENCE.

Boutroux, E.; Riehl, A.; Godley, A. D., and Shipley, A. Vanuxem Lectures, 1913. Princeton University Press. $1 net.
Comstock, A. B. The Pet Book. Ithaca, N. Y.: Comstock Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Coulter, J. M. Evolution of Sex in Plants. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Pitman, I. Brief Course in Shorthand. Pitmans. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Rolland, R. Musicians of To-day. Holt. $1.25 net.
Chandler, F. W. Aspects of Modern Drama. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cheney, Sheldon. The New Movement in the Theatre. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Nevins, A. Ponteach: A Tragedy by R. Rogers, with a life of Rogers. Chicago: The Claxton Club.
Wallace, Wm. The Musical Faculty. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

ART.

Butler, H. C., and Prentice, W. K. Ancient Architecture in Syria. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. Divisions II and III. Section B. Northern Syria. E. J. Brill.
Butler, H. C. Littman, E.; Magie, D., and Stuart, D. R. Ancient Architecture in Syria. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. Divisions II and III. Section A. Southern Syria. E. J. Brill
Cartwright, J. Italian Gardens of the Renaissance. Scribner.

JUVENILE.

McElhone, H. K. The Secrets of the Elves. Devin-Adair Co. $1 net.
McKenzie, I. Through the Nursery Door. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Steinigans, W. J. Capers: His Haps and Mishaps. Devin-Adair Co. $1.50 net.
Williams, A. The Bettijak Book. Stokes.

TEXTBOOKS.

Balzac, H. de. La Recherche de l'Absolu. Oxford French Series. Edited by C. E. Young. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
Diekhoff, T. The German Language. Oxford German Series. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.
Hill, M. The Teaching of Civics. Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Lomer, G. R., and Ashmun, M. The Study and Practice of Writing English. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Montesquieu. Lettres Persanes. Edited by R. L. Cru. Oxford French Series. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914.

Summary of the News

The Government of the United States on Monday sent a memorandum to the British Government, through Ambassador Walter Hines Page, relating to the interference with American commerce by British warships. The text of the memorandum, to which we refer elsewhere, has not, as we write, been published, but it is understood that the protest is couched in firm but friendly language.

The bold yet cautious rôle that Italy is playing in European politics was again manifested when, on Christmas Day, she landed bluejackets at the Albanian port of Avlona and took possession of this important place. The position which Italy has taken up is at once strong and dignified. In every action she has taken since the beginning of the war for the proper maintenance of Italian prestige she has made it evident that she is prepared to fight if need be, but at the same time that she is anxious to maintain her neutrality unimpaired if that is possible. Six months ago Italian occupation of Avlona would infallibly have called forth a furious Austrian protest, followed, if the step had not been immediately retraced, by a declaration of hostilities. It will be remembered that the installation as sovereign of Albania of the unfortunate Prince William of Wied, who all undeservedly added in his time to the gayety of nations, was Austria's counter-move to Italian ambitions on the eastern shore of the Straits of Otranto. The war gave to Italy the opportunity to establish her influence in Albania, which Austrian jealousy had denied her, and following the revolution which ended in the ignominious departure of William of Wied, Essad Pasha, her protégé, established himself, as they say in Mexico, as "provisional president" in the region around Durazzo.

It is a revolt against Essad, fostered apparently by the not very intelligent diplomacy of Austria and by Turkish emissaries preaching a holy war, that has led to Italy's present intervention. Her declared purpose, as notified to the Powers by the Italian Foreign Office, is to maintain the independence, integrity, and neutrality of Albania as agreed upon at the Conference of London, which means that Italy will not permit Albania to become involved in the struggle with Austria and Turkey and against Servia and Montenegro. As we write no protest has been received from the Powers, who a short time ago undertook to settle the destinies of the unfortunate Albanian nation, but now are occupied with other matters, and it appears probable that Italy will remain in unmolested occupation of Avlona, if she so chooses, for the duration of the war. At any rate, it is unlikely that a protest, unless of the most formal kind, will be heard from Austria, as any serious attempt to interfere with the liberty of Italian action in Albania at this time would almost certainly result in adding her to the enemies of the Teutonic Alliance. How delicate the position of Italy was regarded as being even two days before the Avlona incident was reflected in the insurance rates quoted at Lloyds, which were thirty guineas per cent. against war between Italy and Austria, Germany and Turkey within one month, and fifty guineas per cent. against war within six months.

It was announced in the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies last week that Germans had again invaded Angola, Portuguese West Africa, and had made another attack on the military post at Naulila.

Figures indicating the small extent of the recent Boer revolt were published by the South African Government last week. According to this statement 4,000 rebels are now in prison, 1,000 have been sent to their homes on parole, and there are still a few roaming about the country. These are, however, without leaders and are surrendering upon the appearance of Union forces.

German "annexation" of Belgium, according to information received in this country last week, has gone beyond the stage of merely imposing arbitrary fines on cities already ruined, and has reached the more formal stage of demanding that foreign representatives accredited to Belgium shall receive the hallmark of Potsdam approval. Representatives of various neutral countries have received notice that the exequaturs crediting them to Belgium will no longer be recognized, but that provisional recognition may be granted, presumably on application to the German authorities. A similar notification has been received by the State Department. As we write, no action has as yet been taken by the United States regarding this latest demonstration of German thoroughness.

An interesting suggestion in connection with the conference of the Kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, at Malmö, to which we drew attention last week, is made in dispatches to the London *Morning Post* reporting a telegram published in several Scandinavian newspapers. It is that one matter discussed at the conference was the feasibility of merchant ships belonging to the three countries being convoyed by war vessels, in which case the presumption would be that belligerent nations would refrain from instituting a search, the convoy being a guarantee that the cargoes were destined for neutral ports. Attention is called to the fact that this expedient was practiced by the Scandinavian countries during the American war of independence.

Recent rumors of a widespread revolutionary conspiracy in the Philippines appear, from a report of Governor-General Harrison to the War Department, published on Monday, to have been grossly exaggerated, and the exaggeration, as we point out elsewhere, is not free from the suspicion of having been prompted by political motives. The Governor-General's report makes it clear that the so-called revolutionary movements have been small and isolated affairs, consisting of gatherings of a few men of the ignorant classes, without firearms, which were easily dispersed by the police. They seem to have been instigated by an enterprising person called Ricarte, who from the safe seclusion of Hongkong has for some years extracted graft from the pockets of the ignorant by conducting a revolutionary propaganda, one of the most lucrative features of which has been the selling of commissions in his "army" at moderate prices, varying from ten cents to five dollars.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels on December 24 sent to the Naval Committees of the Senate and the House a draft of an amendment, which he urged should be incorporated in the Naval Appropriations bill to be enacted during the present session of Congress, providing for the authorization of a naval reserve from among honorably discharged enlisted men of the navy.

The French Chamber of Deputies on December 23 unanimously voted an appropriation of 8,500,000,000 francs to cover expenses, including those caused by the war, for the next six months. The appropriation was also passed in the Senate by a unanimous vote.

An order in council was issued on December 23 prohibiting the transfer of British ships to foreign register unless a license for the purchase is obtained from the British Board of Trade.

Official announcement was made last week that the London Stock Exchange would reopen on January 4. The conduct of business will be subject to various stringent regulations imposed by the Treasury, among which are mentioned the maintenance of the present minimum price lists, and the condition that no member will be permitted to negotiate the purchase or sale of shares dealt in on the American market "at a less price than the English equivalent of the New York closing price on the 30th of July."

The Japanese Diet was dissolved by the Emperor on December 25 on account of the rejection of the Government's measure providing for an increase in the army. The measure was rejected by a majority of sixty-five. An increase in the navy was approved by the House by a majority of seven.

Dispatches from Peking on Thursday of last week contained interesting intelligence of the revival under the Republic of an historic ceremony, fallen into neglect since the expulsion of the Manchu dynasty in 1911. On December 23, conforming to legislation passed by the Chinese Administrative Council nearly a year ago, which prescribed the worship of heaven and of Confucius by the President of China, Yuan Shi-Kai took on himself the function hitherto reserved for the Emperor, and at sunrise appeared before the Altar of Heaven, reviving the worship of heaven at the winter solstice.

The deaths of the week include: Mark Birmingham, Alfred H. Lewis, December 23; John Muir, Prof. Alfred Fournier, December 24; Gen. Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, December 25; Bertram Dobell, December 26; Miss Grace Hoadley Dodge, Charles Martin Hall, Archbishop Patrick William Riordan, December 27; Leonard E. Ware, December 28.

The Week

It appears to be beyond doubt that our Government has made pretty strong representations to Great Britain on the subject of vexatious interference with neutral commerce. So far as can be gathered from the Washington dispatches, the Administration is neither making a formal protest nor laying down hard-and-fast positions, but is reciting grievances and asking for a clearer understanding. Our shippers are entitled to know under precisely what risks of detention or seizure they may send forward goods. That there was some uncertainty in the British practice of the right of search, in the first weeks of the war, was perhaps hardly to be avoided. Conditions were intricate. We had a blockade which was not a blockade. We had open seas which were yet closed by mines. We had lists of contraband and conditional contraband which were continually being revised. But the time has certainly come when all these obscurities should be cleared up. Definite rules of procedure the United States may now rightly ask for. About them we wish to know, in the first place, whether they are in full compliance with international law; and, if they are, what steps our exporters must take to observe them. Here is no question of ruffling up to England, or putting this country in a hectoring position; it is simply a question of a vigilant safeguarding of our neutral rights. We make no doubt that our attitude will be judged wholly reasonable and friendly by the British Government.

Blusterers about King Cotton thought in 1861 that England should dispatch frigates to America to enforce shipment; in 1914, Gov. Colquitt tells us, he would "have sent ironclads to England's door" before he would have permitted our cotton to be held for want of transportation. The paltering Administration policy is exposed by a State Executive who would use the army and navy to compel Europe to pay 15 cents for cotton. By a series of half-way measures, the Administration is now trying to save its face, but it cannot fool Gov. Colquitt. Two months ago it induced Great Britain to announce that cotton shipments were not contraband, and more recently France to do the same; but only after both nations had bought all they needed at 6½ cents. It has even induced its commercial attachés to cable that "the greatest trouble about cotton movements is caused by contraband, especially copper, mixed with cotton cargoes." To-day it is pluming itself on the fact that cotton shipments the fortnight before Christmas reached 557,000 bales, as against 513,000 last year. Plainly, Gov. Colquitt has stepped forward just in time to show up the disgraceful record.

Further revelations as to the lengths to which the British censorship has gone in suppressing news to which its public is surely entitled can only intensify the profound disappointment that this sort of thing can go on in an Anglo-Saxon country. We do not, of course, refer to the military news; if the English authorities wish to be as silly in regard to the loss of the Audacious as they are—London weeklies are printing her picture, and everybody knows why—that is their own affair. They are certainly in this case deceiving no one. The discouraging and dangerous thing is the application of the censorship to political news. Thus, our London correspondent reports that the powers that be there have not permitted the English public to know that Japan intervened at Great Britain's request; that China protested against the violation of her neutrality by British and Japanese troops; that the Japanese Diet has protested against England's limiting the field of Japan's war activity, etc., etc. Surely, when the war is over and the facts become known, the Government which has permitted this sort of thing will have a pretty day of reckoning unless the Englishman by that time has fallen into a state of mind in which he prefers being humbugged. But if he retains his old jealous regard for his rights and privileges, he will surely do a vast amount of protesting, if only at the humiliating assumption of his mental instability and untrustworthiness from his Government's point of view, which underlies this astonishing suppression of facts.

The news that the Japanese Diet has rejected the great army budget proposed by the Government will be a disappointment to jingoes everywhere, and especially to our own, and to our newly formed Security League. Had it gone through, they would have shouted at once: "Now you see, Japan is arming, and so we must." As it is, if we should take their advice, our arming would instantly be utilized in Japan as another reason for more ships and more men for them. This is precisely the stupid game which has brought Europe to its present low pass, and the Japanese Diet is entitled to the greatest credit for having called a halt, even if it should prove to be but a temporary halt. This voting of greater credits for army and navy is one of the surest ways to work against peace the world knows; yet it is always represented as a necessary insurance. We sincerely trust that our own Congress will follow the example of the Japanese Diet and resolutely refuse to increase army or navy, at least until the war is over, when our legislators can really see where the world stands. If we go in for a large army and navy budget, the next Japanese Diet may not prove so wise and, as some British newspapers have been saying, it will then be England's duty to arm against us.

Mr. Menken's "Security League" was originally formed, according to its projector, not to join in a wild jingo demand for more guns, ships, and men, but merely to get the facts as to our military status before the public; perhaps, in order to quiet what is called the "prevailing unrest." Last week it was all but stampeded into the usual wholesale demand for enormous outlays by a resolution calling for the expenditure of $100,000,000 at once, to be met by an issue of 3½ per cent. bonds. This was barely defeated by an appeal for inquiry and investigation first. Congress is, however, to hear from the Security League that it should accept at once all the recommendations of the most belligerent generals and of the Navy General Board. The latter's proposals have been so extreme as not once to have been endorsed in full, if we remember rightly, by a single Secretary of the Navy. Why the League should stop at $100,000,000, we cannot see. Are they willing to take the awful responsibility of standing by that figure when by the expenditure of $102,500,000 they can really protect us against invasion? Whether an inquiry is held or not, we venture to prophesy that the League will promptly be lined up with the Navy League in demanding practically unlimited military expenditure. Finances never weigh with those affected by this craze. They know we are spending 72 cents of every dollar on wars, past and present, but they are quite ready to add $3,500,000 more to our tax-burdens, to say nothing of the sinking fund, the upkeep of the armaments purchased, and all the rest; and this in the middle of a war whose outcome ought to spell freedom from such burdens, and not increased pressure upon the laboring classes.

To pass an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it is necessary to obtain a two-thirds vote in its favor in each of the two houses of Congress, and the approval (by mere majority vote) of the Legis-

latures of three-fourths of the States. Each part of this process of approval is a substantial act, involving the full responsibility of every person sharing in it. No idea could be more dangerous than that the part of Congress in the affair is of no importance. Upon Congress the most essential responsibility rests; a fact which requires no enforcement upon any sober mind, but which, as it happens, is very strongly emphasized by several circumstances. In the first place, the population represented by a majority vote in each of three-fourths of the States may, on account of the extremely unequal size of the States, be not only a minority, but a highly unrepresentative minority, of the people of the country. Secondly, the absence of any assigned time-limit as to the approval by the Legislatures makes it possible for the approval of three-fourths of them to be obtained without there being at any one time any such number of States whose Legislatures favor the proposal. And finally, closely connected with this, there is the circumstance that Legislatures elected without the slightest reference to any such issue may be snapped up for the purpose at a favorable moment, their vote having no real significance as an indication of deliberate public sentiment. In rejecting the Prohibition amendment last week, the House of Representatives fulfilled a Constitutional duty of the first importance.

If Congress is to enact any general legislation, the two remaining items of Secretary Lane's conservation programme—the general leasing bill and the Lane-Ferris public lands water-power bill—assuredly merit attention. Both have passed the House and are being pressed in the Senate by the Administration and the conservationists; both are meeting with some opposition from power companies and Western State's-rights men. It is the intent of the opposition to postpone their passage till the next session, at least. Yet as Secretary Lane points out, "there can be no argument for these measures or against them which was not made before the House Committee or the House itself, and their passage commends them as expressive of a practical policy which the country will find increasingly advantageous." The one makes more available the public minerals. The other repeals the old water-power revocable permit law, by which capital has no guarantee against arbitrary eviction, and makes feasible the development of our potential resources on a new scale—but 5,000,000 of our 150,000,000 kilowatts now being utilized. Committee hearings make it plain that most of the opposition comes from interests that would grab too much; and the reporting of the bills will bring the fight out where public opinion can assist them.

Those high-tariff Pennsylvania manufacturers who have again demanded of President Wilson that he abandon his "theory" and make them all prosperous and rich by means of *their* theory, are certainly among the most robust reasoners of our time. Nothing stops or changes them. Their logic flows on sublimely, disregarding all facts. That conditions are radically different now from the middle of July, when they first called upon the President to quit his fooling and admit that there was no hope of salvation except in protection, does not make the slightest difference to them. The world has since been convulsed by the greatest of wars, but what of that? In July they were in mortal dread of terrible importations of goods from Europe, and these the war has cut low, but does that make them waver? Not a hair's breadth. With heroic tenacity they stick to their one infallible remedy. Raise the tariff, and we shall all instantly flourish like a green bay tree. And they are equally admirable in their pertinacity of gloom. Others are plucking up courage, welcoming signs of better times, pointing to opening mills and men employed again. But none of these things move the Schuylkill Valley philosophers. Let all the world be wrong, they know that they are right. There can be nothing but ruin until the tariff on their manufactures is raised three-tenths of one per cent. And if, meanwhile, Gabriel should blow his horn and the earth fall in a crash, we are sure that these consistent and persistent gentlemen would rise to say: "This would never have happened if the tariff had not been lowered."

No man ever did or ever will win the Presidency by helping to pass State laws which violate the nation's solemn treaty pledges and impose needless, dangerous slights upon the people of a neighboring friendly power.

This, from a long editorial in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has reference to Gov. Johnson's aspirations. He can best promote his ambition for the Presidency, it says, "by serving public notice upon the new California Legislature that he will veto any bills which may be passed at the next session proposing further to humiliate Japanese residents of California or to abbreviate their limited industrial opportunities in that State." And it gathers together a number of expressions of opinion from California journals which evince a gratifying sense of responsibility in the matter of our relations with the Japanese. How representative of the general tone of the California press these may be, it is difficult to judge, but the St. Louis newspaper regards them as clearly indicating the present unpopularity of anti-Japanese agitation in California. It is the one comforting consideration, when such ebullitions of senseless intolerance occur as have in recent years been witnessed on the Pacific Coast, that these moral diseases are apt to run their course, like physical ones, and to disappear with as little reason as they emerged. If this should prove to be the case in the present instance, it will be ground for national congratulation. Mr. Taft, in his speech a week or two ago on the danger of war for our country, put none too great emphasis on the importance of this matter of treaty-defying race antagonism as the chief source of peril.

Can a Federal Board with such functions as those of the Board of Mediation and Conciliation be held to its original aims? The report of Commissioner Chambers betrays a certain anxiety lest expansion into doubtful fields of peace-making be hard to check. The work of the Board is already extensive. In the past year it has mediated in twenty-eight railway disputes in which strikes were threatened, involving 125,000 employees. In all these cases the issues were of wages, hours of labor, or conditions of employment, and in nearly all were serious and complex. But both employers and employees are coming to refer trivial controversies also to the Board; some implying "the interpretation of schedules and contracts which cover both rates of pay and conditions of service, and in some instances questions of discipline.' There is pressure upon the Board from employees to enforce its awards. But its true work is to lead the opposed parties, by voluntary steps, to agreement. Since the great threatened strike of Eastern trainmen in July, 1913, it has undoubtedly saved the country a large sum; and its dignity and reputation for impartiality are carefully to be safeguarded along the lines of the original Newlands Act.

Constitutional scruples should not be treated lightly, but the report of the General Education Board shows a salutary dissipation of those which long prevented the Government from engaging in the work of Southern farm demonstration. When the Board began its labors in 1906, the Southern farmer was struggling under a handicap of

ignorance which held his average annual earnings in some States below $150. The Department of Agriculture, though combating the boll weevil on experimental farms, refused to undertake practical agricultural education, on the ground that Federal funds could be used only for interstate purposes. The offer of the Board to finance such work under the direction of Federal officers made possible the gradual appropriation of Government money, until last year came the announcement that the Government would fully take over and extend purely educational farm demonstrations. The amounts spent by the nation, the States, and the Board combined totalled $47,000 in 1907; in 1914, $1,000,000. An encouraging fact is the increase in State appropriations, amounting last year to about $500,000. The Western State universities long ago proved the value of farm-demonstration work, and yearly use huge sums in it; there is no reason why the Southern agricultural colleges and State Boards of Agriculture should not carry on a similar endeavor.

The centre of the child-labor problem is not in the factory, but on the farm, at least in North Carolina, according to the professor of rural sociology in the State University. The proportion of children on the farms to those in factories he puts at sixteen to one, yet for the protection of the former there are no laws regulating either the number of hours they may work or the age at which they may begin. On the side of educational and other opportunities, also, they are under a handicap as compared with the boys and girls of the factory towns. Even in the matter of the standard of living they are behind. Yet the term "child labor" suggests long hours indoors, machinery, dust, tenement homes. These are the work of man, but do we not speak of God's out-of-doors? The factory is at least a more or less enterprising form of activity, and we have become accustomed to hearing of dwelling houses and school buildings put up by factory owners, especially in places where the factory is the only reason for the community about it. The farm, on the contrary, supposedly capable of supplying all its own wants, has found it easy to settle down into a rut and get along on as little as possible. Rural sociology will have no trouble in finding a large field for investigation.

Seldom, if ever before, in our history have seventy-four men, ranging from Mayor to gunmen, and including judges, a sheriff, policemen, and other city employees, been indicted in a body. If this had happened in New York under Croker or in Philadelphia under Ashbridge, surprise would have been smothered in satisfaction, but who could have expected it in Terre Haute, Ind., a couple of decades after the "blocks of five" scandal? The charges against Mayor Roberts are many: levying assessments upon proprietors of gambling houses, saloons, and dance halls; hiring men to haul repeaters to the polls; intimidating others in order to force them to enter the alleged conspiracy; directing the making of cards of false registration, and so on. These acts, if they were committed, violated the Federal election law. While there is a certain comprehensiveness in the indictments, in that they include men who call themselves Republicans and Progressives as well as Democrats, yet, in the words of the Indianapolis *News*, "The men under arrest are all members of the Crawford-Fairbanks-Roberts machine, and most of them are habitués of the 'red light' district." That is, the *News* adds, maliciously, "they belong to the governing class in Terre Haute." That newspaper rejoices at the arrests because they deal a blow at an old system: "Precisely such crimes have for years marked Terre Haute elections. The men guilty of them have never felt that there was the slightest danger that punishment would follow. They have gone about the business as though it were a legitimate industry."

No one can have read the obituary notices of the life of John Muir, whose death occurred last Thursday, without being impressed with the feeling that here was one of those grand personalities seldom met with in any generation or in any country. The combination of high intellectual powers with a nobleness, simplicity, and purity of spirit far more rare is what gave his life and work its unique character. Such a life would be an inspiration for all, even if it had accomplished no great public service of a specific nature. But in Muir's case, we have not only his scientific and literary output, but the invaluable and imperishable service he rendered to his country and to the world in giving the chief impulse to the preservation of the marvellous scenery of our national parks. One cannot avoid a pang of keen regret that, in spite of his singular part in this achievement, the voice that he raised in his old age for the saving of one of the most precious bits of the Yosemite region from impairment was raised in vain.

The late Alfred Henry Lewis falls into the category rather of Artemus Ward than of Bret Harte. Unlike the delineator of Poker Flat and Roaring Camp, the author of "Wolfville Days" had little genius for the short story; his tales kept to the simple outlines of the sketch. Perhaps for this reason they bring into clearer relief the elements of humor and picturesqueness of character as the chief literary materials of the early West. His pictures of the personalities of the long-winded Old Cattleman; Doc Peets, "the genteelest sharp, and the best eddicated, that ever dwells in Arizona"; Cherokee Hall, "predestined kyard-sharp"; and the rest of the camp which eats its daily flapjacks at the O. K. Restaurant, and adjourns to the Red Light bar—are rather caricatures than anything else; but they are legitimate and amusing caricatures. The episodes, too, are of a sort harmonizing with the wonderful adequacy and impossible flavor of the Arizona language.

The panoply of war may be ready prepared, but its songs must be impromptu. If a Randall or a Rouget de Lisle does not come forward, a camp-meeting hymn fits out the words of "John Brown's Body"; those who are astonished at the vogue of "Tipperary," as Frenchmen were at "Il fera très chaud dans la ville ce soir" in 1898, must remember that the recruit wants something new—the war-songs of yesteryear won't serve. It needs but a casual review of English songs to demonstrate the fact. "Over the hills and far away. Over the hills and o'er the Main, To Flanders, Portugal and Spain," has all the plaintive sense of distance required, with a history and tune alike respectable—Queen Anne's armies sang it. Geography and sentiment are appealing in the old Somersetshire "High Germany":

O don't you hear the bugles, the route at last has come,
And we must march away at the beating of the drum.
Go dress yourself in all your best, and come along with me,
We're going to the cruel wars in High Germany.

Every regular British regiment knows the air of "The British Grenadier," and the list of martial lyrics by great English poets is not short. It is the tendency of a nation's war songs to grow better as the conflict lengthens; but for initial use it would seem the military authorities might have a few approved but "new" tunes up their sleeves—to save the troops from taking just anything at hand.

MEANER THAN THE MEANEST FILIPINO.

The Filipinos may be a bad lot. They may have no sense of gratitude, no political decency; and may be without fairness or honor in controversy. But we are bound to say that the worst of them shine by comparison with the American public men and the mob of our Republican newspapers that have seized upon the seditious incident at Manila to make a railing attack upon the whole Filipino people. Aha! the cry is, now you see that we were right when we said that they were a set of savages, no more fit to rule themselves than so many Apaches. And as for our ineffably silly President, notice what he has brought about by his idiotic Jones bill promising the Filipinos independence. Precipitated a revolutionary outbreak, that's what he has done. Anyhow, the nonsense has ended now, and we'll hold the islands under stern military rule long after all these incompetent and unpatriotic Democrats are dead.

The infinite meanness of all this is deepened by its cool disregard of the facts. In their rush to defame the Filipinos and score a point against the Administration, these Republican assailants are like a Moro *jurado* running amuck. They simply lower their heads and strike out right and left, not stopping to ask whether they are hitting friend or foe. Their one great assertion is that this petty insurrectionary disturbance, which was put down by the police alone, is the direct result of the pushing of the Jones bill in Congress. Except for that, this man Ricarte, aspiring to be a second Rizal or Aguinaldo, would never have plucked up courage to undertake his machinations. A little thing like the historic fact does not bother them or restrain them in the least. Governor-General Harrison, in reporting the affair, which he describes as trifling, declares that Ricarte has been carrying on his revolutionary propaganda in Hongkong "for several years." It seems, then, that he didn't wait for Jones to give the signal! And if it be said that Governor Harrison is prejudiced, or compelled to do a little official lying, the same cannot be alleged, in this matter, of Dean Worcester. This former Secretary of the Interior in the Philippines, under a Republican Administration, has an interview in the New York *Tribune* which could scarcely have been read by the writer of the ramping editorial about the "Sedition-Coddling Jones Bill" in the same paper.

Dean Worcester quietly explains that it is absurd to attribute any serious importance to the methods or manœuvres of Ricarte. He himself was long ago familiar with them. Ricarte "has tried repeatedly to cause trouble in the country, but never was successful." And Mr. Worcester is emphatic in his opinion that none of Ricarte's dupes or tools can give any real anxiety to the authorities. The whole thing has been for years thoroughly understood, and is regarded in Manila as farcical. Dean Worcester adds, with a great good sense, that all such stories ought to be "scrutinized with special care" at a time when the Jones bill is pending. Turning the argument neatly against the editor of the *Tribune* and his fellow-flagellants, he remarks: "There are Filipinos opposed to the bill who might start them [such stories] to influence public opinion."

It is not necessary to say that this sudden outcry against the Filipinos, upon so flimsy a basis, and against the Philippine policy of the Administration, is political in its motive. The trail of that serpent is conspicuously over it all. To so partisan an attack, no one would object provided it were made in a way not to degrade its authors and lower the country in the eyes of the world. Go ahead, gentlemen, in your mere party assaults upon President Wilson, to your heart's content. Make him out an imbecile. Reduce his policies to pulp. But do give a thought to the effect upon the outside world of all your abuse of the Filipinos, and your apparent willingness to have this country treat them in the roughest spirit of the military conqueror and aggressor. You can't help being partisan, but can't you throw a veil of decency over your partisanship? Your object is to discredit the Administration, but can't you go about it in a way not to discredit the American people, by making it appear that they are ready, with you, to be meaner than the meanest Filipino?

It is not worth while to dwell upon the reasoning of this new outburst against the Filipinos. The Ricarte fiasco is said to prove them incapable of self-government. Even if the affair had been formidable, instead of a fizzle, it would not have proved that. The doings of the Clan-na-Gael were not a demonstration that the Irish were not fit for Home Rule—though there have been many Tory Englishmen, like these Tory Americans of ours, to affirm that they were. Home Rule for Ireland came on nevertheless. But it is the wretched spirit and the grossly ill-timed character of this new denial of the rights of the Filipinos to aspire to possess and govern their own land, which most affront. Here we are at a time when the feelings of the world are peculiarly sensitive on the subject of small nations, and their brutal treatment by larger; when every man of liberal sentiments is hoping and predicting that the end of the war will bring a great change in the attitude of the bigger Powers towards dependent peoples; and this is the juncture chosen by American Imperialists of the baser sort to make a new assertion of their high and mighty intentions regarding the Philippines. That this writes them down for what they are is their own affair, and does not matter. But that they are in the act defiling, so far as they are able, the good name of the United States, is really the disgraceful and repulsive thing. We devoutly hope they will quit it.

"THINKING," GERMAN AND OTHER.

Maximilian Harden, in his Berlin newspaper, the *Zukunft*, has had the courage to tell his countrymen the real reason why the opinion of neutral nations bears so strongly against Germany. It is not, he says, that "they are not told the truth." In admitting this, Harden abandons as hopeless the whole German propaganda abroad, especially in the United States. It was based on the assumption that Americans had been fed upon lies, and that as soon as Germany should be able to get her case before them, they would at once change their mind. This was the theory of campaign of the German professors, of the individuals and the associations in Germany that began to flood the American mail with letters and publications, and of the various Germans who, officially or otherwise, have undertaken the defence of the German cause in this country. That the whole effort has come to nothing is obvious. American opinion remains what it was. Nor was it built upon falsehood. All this mighty attempt to set us right has not produced a single fact, a single document, a single argument which was not known in the United States from the beginning. The trouble was, as Maximilian Harden now states, not that we did not have the truth, but that we were "unable to think as Germans do."

This is both frank and philosophic. It goes near to the root of the difficulty. Something of the same thought was expressed by President Eliot at the New England dinner last week when he said that the ideals of Germany were different from those of the United States. We Americans cannot bring ourselves to think, in all this matter of war, in the terms which are native to the German mind. What happens to an American when he tries to do it, is rather pathetically

shown in a little pamphlet which has just reached us from Munich. It is from the pen of George Stuart Fullerton, well known as a professor of philosophy in Columbia University. He writes as "An American to Americans," and entitles his pamphlet, "Why the German Nation has Gone to War."

Now, will it be believed that in the entire production not a solitary explanation is offered of Germany's reasons for going to war? All that Professor Fullerton has done is to give a sympathetic interpretation of German militarism. He knows and loves the Germans, and seeks to make it clear how it was that a peaceable, scientific, music-loving people should have felt it necessary to arm to the teeth, to become a *Volk in Waffen*. All this is done intelligently and interestingly, but the war itself is described merely as "inevitable." Professor Fullerton says in so many words:

> I make no reference to the neutrality of Belgium, nor do I think it worth while to touch upon the question who first formally declared war on this side or on that. In the light of what the world now knows, these have become wholly *trivial* matters.

But what is all this except a demonstration of the fact that when an American sets himself to thinking about the war as the Germans do, he instantly makes negligible what to the American mind has all along been and to-day continues central and vital?

Far be it from us to set up American thinking as a model of all that is clear and straight. Only, if anybody is going to tackle the job of inducing Americans to think differently about the war, he ought to start out by getting an adequate notion of what they do think, and why they think it. Regarding the causes of the war, and the responsibilities for beginning it, public opinion in this country early came to a very decided verdict, and there is no evidence that it has changed or will change. The great differences of view among Americans, relating to the war, have now to do only with its conduct and with the possibility of bringing it soon to an end. On the latter point there is a great deal of thinking—or, at least, of talk and writing—which falls lamentably short of letting the mind pursue the subject to the end. It is so easy to confuse what we wish with what we have the power to do! Of course, all Americans wish that the war might stop to-morrow. All of them would be proud and happy if there were any way in which the United States could effectively and peacefully intervene to put an end to the frightful loss of life and wrecking of civilization. But the hard facts being as they are, what is the use of raising the cry that our Government ought to "do something"? This is not thought; it is pure emotionalism. Until a man can present a worked-through project, at once feasible and demonstrably efficacious, for protests by neutrals against the continuance of the war, he ought not to urge such a thing. It may show that his heart is full, but it will go far towards proving that his head is empty. The United States Government proffered its good offices from the beginning of the war. The President assured the warring Powers that they might avail themselves of the proffer at any time. Publicly and officially, we can at present do no more. We cannot, that is, unless we desire to get into a position from which we should have to retreat ingloriously, or which would lead us to go to war ourselves.

The alternative is, we do not deny, terrible to contemplate. What it is was shadowed forth last week in the statement of the French Prime Minister to Parliament. It had previously been made plain by the responsible rulers of Great Britain and Russia and Germany. After the appeal has madly been made to brute force, there is nothing for it but to wait till one side or the other is bled white and asks for terms. It is awful to think of this, but thinking of the other sort should have been done before the war. Not in vain did Sir Edward Grey warn the Kaiser that a refusal to seek peace by means of a European Congress would be followed by "immeasurable consequences." What they are, we now see in all their terror. Out of them all, we may yet hope that the wrath of man will turn to the glory of God. Translated into modern thought, this means that the very denial of civilization and humanity may work out into a higher civilization and a purer humanity. If that results, we may yet come to feel of this awful war, as Lowell did of our Civil War, that it was, despite itself, a "great corrector of enormous times."

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND THE WAR.

Prof. Henry C. Emery contributes to the *Yale Review* for January a most notable article, the title of which, "German Economics and the War," does less than justice to the wide range and the significant character of his discussion of what may be called the intellectual basis of Germany's attitude towards the world, and towards the general problem of war and peace. It is not only German economics—*i. e.*, German economic doctrine—but German views, German habits of thought, in the domain of history and jurisprudence, that he subjects to illuminating comment. He brings out the natural operation of these intellectual causes, in connection with certain fundamental traits of the German character, in creating that state of mind which has played an essential part in paving the way to the stupendous conflict which the world is now witnessing. In the judgment of those who believe that "tout comprendre est tout pardonner," Professor Emery's article will go far towards absolving Germany of her guilt in bringing on the war; while those who consider that maxim false in theory and pernicious in practice will yet recognize the pertinence and the force of the considerations he brings forward.

We shall not attempt to convey any idea of the content of the article as a whole; but there is one passage in it, easy for the wayfaring man to appreciate, to which we should like to draw special attention. "For the historian or economist," says Professor Emery, "one of the most fascinating features of the present struggle is the problem as to how far the war is the result directly of economic conditions and how far it is the result of economic teaching that holds struggle to be a necessary part of economic life. I have at times gone so far as to suggest that the war might properly be called 'the war of the economic interpretation of history.' This means that it has been brought about as much by ideas regarding economic pressure as by any direct economic pressure itself."

As regards the deeper intellectual prepossessions, those that are more distinctly of an abstract or doctrinaire nature, the peculiar traits of the German mind and temper are largely responsible for the hold these have taken upon the people. But in the matter of the influence of "ideas regarding economic pressure," rather than the economic pressure itself, being the cause of national policies and national antagonisms, Germany is just like other nations. In such a country as our own, or as England, quite as much as in any other, it is constantly necessary to fight against delusions of the "manifest destiny" type in the economic field. In the early weeks of the present struggle, at the close of an editorial on the part played by protectionism in fostering the spirit that leads to war, we said:

> Those who talk so glibly about economic causes being at the bottom of all the developments of history would do well to give their attention to the part which, even in the economic field, is played not by the economic causes themselves, but by the ideas which men entertain in regard to those causes. If the South had known that slavery was not

essential to her economic prosperity, there would have been no Civil War; and it is not an overbold supposition that, if the nations of the world had been emancipated from the delusions of protectionism, the passions and prejudices which have had their part in bringing on the unspeakable horrors of the world war of to-day might never have attained the intensity that made such a calamity possible.

What Professor Emery has in mind is something broader and more essential than the question of protection or free trade; but, while German doctrinaires harp on survival, struggle for existence, and so on, the generality of Germans, when they talk about economic pressure, are thinking of matters much more nearly related to their immediate bread and butter. And it is delusions concerning international trade, incomparably more than the actual facts concerning that trade, which are with them, as with other peoples, the source of dangerous jealousies and fears. How prone even men of intellectual power are to such delusions, and how possible it is for them to get a footing even in a nation long habituated to freedom from them, was strikingly shown in Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable revival of protectionism in England a little more than a decade ago.

What is most distinctive in the operation of intellectual dogmas or prepossessions upon Germans is not, however, so much the susceptibility of their minds to the influence of abstract ideas as the unqualified dominance which they permit these ideas to have upon the actual conduct of life. Something like that kind of dominion was ultimately acquired in the South by the abstract doctrines which were gradually built up in justification of slavery; but it would be difficult to name any other instance even distantly approaching it, in any modern people except the German. In their unbending acceptance of the supposed dictates of abstract thought there is something unquestionably admirable; it is of a piece with that German thoroughness which has been an example to all the world, and in so many ways an example of inestimable value.

But there are limits beyond which loyalty to the commands of abstract reasoning becomes disloyalty to instincts deeper and more abiding, and principles more vital to the soul's integrity, than the teachings of any school. Carried far enough, this disloyalty may, on the moral side, become ruthless inhumanity; on the intellectual side it may become sheer madness.

WAR'S REACTION ON LITERATURE.

We are now in the second stage of the literary production caused by the war. The first rush of writers to the colors was inevitably hurried and confused. The poets could not keep their verses even nine days for polishing, much less could they follow the Horatian rule, and the result was necessarily crude. There was much shouting and exhorting and posturing, but very little poetry. Nor were the prose-makers much more successful. In the first weeks of the war there were great efforts to make some large utterance that might measure up somewhere near the tremendous event, and the public was eagerly on the watch for a literary genius who could express something of the might and horror of the conflict, but there was little but disappointment to record. Now, however, the poets and dramatists and masters of prose have had time to get their second wind. How are they at present reacting to the immense suggestions of the war?

No one will pretend that a literary masterpiece has accompanied the roar of the cannon. We still get writing that is more curious than compelling. Some of it is highly interesting. None of it is of the sort that Clough had in mind when he summoned poets to come to make clear to the world the "inner meaning" of its experiences. In default of this, we are left to study, rather, the strange and unexpected ways in which different writers are affected, in their thought and style of composition, by the war. Who could have predicted that it would make Barrie heavy-footed? Yet in his ineffective little war-play, "The Day," he moves with "all the playful grace of a hippopotamus." This is one more horror of war, that under its influence the whimsical, the fantastic, the lightly imaginative Barrie should have become stodgy! On the contrary, we find that Kipling, who might have been counted upon to outdo himself in his own battle-axe, 'Ercles vein, is capable, in story in the *Century*, of a delicately conceived and deftly executed bit of work. Without once mentioning the word Belgium, and paying his readers the compliment of supposing that they will know what he means without a nudge in the ribs, he gives a very penetrating, because very restrained, impression of the pitiful misery of bereft Belgian childhood, as reflected in the consciousness of a kind German woman. Alongside this admirable bit by Kipling may be placed the condensed drama by Leonid Andreyev, translated by Mr. Bernstein and published in the New York *Sun*. Here, too, is literary art which, if war could not stimulate, it could at least not silence.

All such minor and chance exceptions, however, serve but to confirm the general conviction that the reaction of this war upon literature has not been to the latter's benefit. Maurice Hewlett was speaking about the matter in London a few days ago, and sought to work out the principle that good writing cannot, in the nature of the case, be done in time of war—especially such an overpowering and all-engulfing war as the present. He insisted upon the element of calm as essential to the poet's endeavor to reflect life. It is "emotion remembered in tranquillity" that enters into all great poetry. And when every mind is engrossed by a pressing world-disturbance, the brooding leisure and the attitude of soul requisite to high literary production are necessarily wanting. It is not reasonable, therefore, Mr. Hewlett argued, to look for any great poem about the war, or really masterful writing about it, until the war has long been over.

Not even then will it surely come. Prof. Gilbert Murray has girded against the notion that a stirring war makes stirring literature. He has pointed out that there has never been in England a really great poem about the Armada. And the literary expression of the long Napoleonic struggle was nothing, on the whole, for Englishmen to look back upon with pride. They had to wait almost until our own day for Thomas Hardy, in the "Dynasts," to do something like justice to that period of upheaval and striving. Our own Civil War was as far as possible from producing a literary flowering, at the time or later. Turn over the pages of an anthology of American war ballads, and with two or three exceptions, they are a pretty sorry lot, artistically. No, among the fallacies about war, none is more patent than that it directly quickens literary talent. Far in the past, after the graves are grass-grown, it may lend itself to imaginative treatment; but at the moment it bears down too depressingly upon the writers, as upon the rest of us. Mr. Hewlett gave the poets and the dramatists who are tempted to write about the war one good piece of advice. They should not try to do too big a thing. And they should be afraid of their own facility in producing the obvious. What they should seek is simplicity, a quiet sensing of one or another aspect of human suffering, a not too vainglorious rendering of national aspiration, and, above all, a heart sensitive to the subdued wail of women and children, a "faculty of tears."

THE SCHOLAR BOOK-COLLECTOR.

The death in London of Bertram Dobell, book-collector, book-seller, poet, and discoverer of rare manuscripts, recalls the liveliest passage of Dibdin's "Bibliomania." "'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an ardent bibliomaniac—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——' 'Hold, my friend,' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever read books?'" The sneer has lacked justification in the case of others than Dobell, though his is perhaps the brightest instance of the scholar-bibliomaniac. He read five hours a day; he was the patron of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," who badly needed encouragement; he identified Thomas Traherne's works, and published them in 1906 and 1908, interrupting the labor to bring out the poetry of William Strode; and he contributed to our knowledge of the life of Lamb.

It may once have been true that the bibliophile who read a book was regarded as was the fox-hunter who shot a fox. We hear of men like Sir Thomas Phillips, who bought largely and seldom opened the cases his books came in; and in general he who purchases a Shakespeare for $3,000 because it is rare gets less benefit from its pages than he who invests little with the intention to read. But the death of Dobell is a reminder of what a long line of deeply cultivated book-hunters preceded him. We speak not of those to whom collecting has been an avocation—and among these are queens, popes, financiers like Colbert, writers like Scott and Southey, and warriors like Prince Eugene—but of those to whom it was a vocation or little less.

One of the list, for example, is the mighty book-hunter, Archdeacon Meadow, who went up to London in the last century to be examined by a Parliamentary committee, and returned penniless, followed by a wagon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible; a scholar in that field ripe and full. Another is John Payne Collier, long as well known in London bookshops as was his "History of English Dramatic Poetry." Halliwell-Phillips, of Shakespearean fame, was an inveterate rambler in Bookseliers' Row. We know in our own day the work done by Dowden and by Grosart, the former noted for strokes of luck, the latter as sturdily pedestrian a collector as he was a scholar. But for the great mid-century names in the list we must go to the "Confessions" of W. C. Hazlitt, descendant of the essayist and chief of cataloguers. For years he worked in connection with Richard Heber, who had been largely instrumental in saving the library of George III from sale to the Czar, and whose "Bibliotheca Heberiana," published in thirteen parts, held notes on Dekker, Gascoigne, Marlowe, and others. Huth and the library he filled from a full pocket are made famous by the reprints of that name. Both were scholars and linguists, and the latter, son of a German father and a Spanish mother, studied on a cosmopolitan scale. Locker-Lampson was collector, poet, and investigator in one. Finally, we have Lang's "The Library," and Augustine Birrell's essay lamenting the day that Oxford's sons actually at times walk past a book-stall without stopping "just to see what the fellow has, you know." Book-collecting on some scale, in some limited period, is naturally a *sine qua non* of real research; but these men have covered a catholic field, have acquired duplicates—the sign of departure from book-getting for literary and professional purposes—and have been, in fine, virtuosos.

The tendency to put book-collecting to the fullest possible literary and scholarly use has beyond all doubt grown, stimulated alike by the character of modern scholarship and the character of the book trade. Few pedants like Gissing's "Christopherson," collecting books aimlessly till they crowd the wife from her last room, can longer exist. In the change, commercialism has played a part. The romantic days when book-collecting was done through ignorant intermediaries offering unknown bargains is past; now the merchant himself tries to bring all transactions into the full light of exact knowledge, with resulting impetus to scholarship. Hazlitt and others have placed the blame for high prices on the American invasion; and it is said that one State university is held in just abhorrence throughout Europe for its boosting of prices after a sudden appropriation for library purposes. But there are other reasons for the passing of the time when Hazlitt could buy a box of seventeenth-century pamphlets for £15, and sell them to Huth for £150; when a Paris collector could pick up the Elzevir "Pâtisserie Française" at 6 sous, worth £600; when Thomas Corser could accumulate for £9,000 a library that sold cheap for £20,000. Few of the booksellers who in London offer their wares in the dirty network of streets between the British Museum and the Strand have been men of high attainments; but since T. Green issued the first catalogue in 1729, their average of book-knowledge has risen consistently.

Chronicle of the War

Events during the past week will have been watched with particular interest by military and naval experts in neutral countries. On a larger scale than ever before, the effectiveness of new weapons of warfare has been put to the test. On both sides has been displayed considerable activity in the air, and if the results are still somewhat inconclusive, they are at least extremely interesting. The Germans started with a raid by an aeroplane over Dover on December 24. A bomb was dropped into a garden, where it exploded harmlessly, and the aviator thereupon disappeared in the fog. On the following day German aviators flew over the Thames at Gravesend and Southend-on-Sea. British aviators gave chase, and there ensued a battle in the air, which finally resulted in the disappearance of the Germans without any damage being done on either side. Air-defence guns were also fired at the hostile aeroplanes, but without effect. From spasmodic raids of this description it would appear that no new lesson is to be learned. They have merely demonstrated what was already taken for granted, that various points of England are exposed to attack by hostile aeroplanes or Zeppelins, and that some damage may easily be done by a lucky shot. Further than that they have only shown that England has an efficient defence organized to meet such attacks.

The joint sea and air raid undertaken by England on Christmas Day on the German naval base at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, was an event of far more significance, as being the first occasion on which sea-planes and warships have coöperated in a concerted movement, and the first on which a battle has been fought simultaneously in the air, on the sea, and under the sea, with vessels of war, aeroplanes, Zeppelins, and submarines all engaged. According to the Berlin account, the British squadron consisted of six vessels, two of which are said to have been the light cruisers Arethusa and Undaunted, and the remaining four destroyers. Accompanying the squadron were seven sea-planes. The attack was undertaken by daylight, starting, according to the official British account, "from a point in the vicinity of Heligoland," and its principal object was the enemy's warships lying in Schilling Roads, off Cuxhaven. Whether any damage was done by the attack of the British sea-planes, or what was the extent of it, cannot be determined. The attack was hampered by fog, and the German account denies that any damage was done, while unofficial reports from British sources incline to the natural belief that the attack was not ineffective.

Even, however, if we grant that the raid was spectacular rather than immediately profitable in the destruction of warships or fortifications of the enemy, it must be conceded to have been valuable on account of its moral effect both in England and in Germany. Warning was sent from Heligoland of the approach of the British squadron, and it was immediately attacked by Zeppelins, sea-planes, and submarines. These attacks were successfully resisted for three hours; three of the planes, with their pilots, were picked up by the cruisers; three were abandoned, but

their pilots were saved by submarines; one aviator was supposed to have been lost, but it has since been reported that he is a prisoner of war. Finally, the squadron escaped without serious damage, although bombs fell all around the British vessels. Doubtless fog played an important part in protecting the ships from attack from the air, as it did in nullifying the efforts of the British airmen, but even making full allowance for this factor, the complete failure of the Zeppelins is significant. The two Zeppelins, says the British official account, "were easily put to flight by the guns of the Undaunted and the Arethusa," and it is stated unofficially that one of them was badly hit by the high-angle fire of the cruisers.

For some time the relative inactivity of the Zeppelin fleet has given grounds for the suspicion that these much-vaunted monsters of the air have proved in practice to be of little use for offensive work, while for purposes of scouting the aeroplane has been shown to be more effective. The failure of the Zeppelins at Cuxhaven seems to lend ample confirmation to this suspicion. Henceforward nervous Britons may be expected to sleep more soundly in their beds, relieved of the dread of the unknown, while, conversely, in Germany there will be considerable chagrin over the disappointing results of what was to have been one of the surprises of the war. More important still for students of naval matters is the success with which the British ships eluded the attacks of submarines. The exploits of the German *Unterseeboote* have inspired a wholesome respect for these vessels, and the progress of the naval warfare heretofore has tended rather to confirm the opinions of those who have contended that the day of the battleship is over. The action off Cuxhaven reveals the fact that submarine attacks may be baffled by clever seamanship. The British destroyers, apparently, adopted the recognized tactics against submarines, manœuvring at high speed round the cruisers, and repelling all attempts to torpedo them.

The raid, though unproductive of material results, gives a sufficient answer to home critics of the British navy, who have expressed surprise at its lack of enterprise, and were excited by the German raid on the east coast. Both in the English and in the American press there seems to have been a good deal of misunderstanding of the North Sea and the blockade which the British navy maintains there. The German navy is spoken of as being "bottled up" in the mouth of the Elbe, and a general impression seems to prevail that at some point across that estuary is drawn up a line of British ships, prow touching stern, through which it would be impossible for a hostile vessel to make its way. It need hardly be pointed out that the only purpose of such an arrangement would be to serve as an admirable mark for German torpedoes. It is not, of course, the Bight of Heligoland that is blockaded, but the North Sea, which comprises an area of some 190,000 square miles, and the blockade is maintained along the English and Scottish coasts and thence across to the coast of Norway by a patrol of British cruisers and destroyers, the capital ships being held in readiness for action in home waters. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the fact that German vessels, handled with skill and daring, and taking advantage of fog, should be successful now and then in eluding this blockade of some 800 miles. The exploit of the British squadron which penetrated the mouth of the Elbe, a line of some 200 miles, running the gantlet of the mine-field which protects it, is of the two a good deal the more remarkable feat.

In France and Flanders the siege warfare of the trenches has continued uninterruptedly, with only small gains and losses on either side. To the east of Nieuport the Allies have made a gain of nearly two miles by winning the village of St. Georges, at which they have been pounding for some weeks. Southeast of Ypres, however, at Hollebeke, trenches have been lost to the Germans which give them a strategic advantage in securing their command of the crossing of the Lys River. In the neighborhood of Verdun, at Apremont, positions seem to have been regained by the Allies which the Germans won from them as long ago as the first week in November, and in Alsace an Allied gain is shown in the fact that Steinbach is reported to be closely invested. In the Argonne, also, slight French gains have been reported.

More interesting have been events in the East, where, in Galicia, another of those reversals of form for which the Austrian armies have become famous seems to have been responsible for a substantial Russian victory. Russian official reports on Monday spoke of the siege of Cracow having been raised, as though the withdrawal of the Russian troops from in front of that place had only just occurred. As a matter of fact, as we pointed out last week, the pressure on Cracow must have been relaxed (to speak of the place being "relieved" is misleading, as it has never been really invested) when the Austro-German drive across the Carpathians was successful in penetrating to Krosno and Jaslo, and the Austrians won their victory at Limanovo. Following that success, the German plan appears to have been to divide the Russian forces by an advance from Tymbark, thirty-five miles southeast of Cracow, in the direction of Tarnow, where the force thus advancing was to join hands with an army under Gen. Boehm-Ermolli, coming from the Carpathians along the railway from Sanok and Lisko. Austrian execution, however, appears to have lagged behind, or rather to have anticipated, German strategy, for the Russians received warning of the contemplated move by the premature appearance of Gen. Boehm-Ermolli to the south of Przemysl. Falling back to the line of the Biala River, fifty miles east of Cracow, the Russians concentrated their forces and delivered a slashing attack on this army at Tuchow, occupying a wedge of territory twenty miles broad between the forces of Gen. Boehm-Ermolli and those which were coming up from Tymbark. The result seems to have been to compel the former to retreat southward towards the Carpathians, and the latter westward, and the Russians, it may be presumed, are again threatening Cracow. Whether the new Russian advance will accomplish more than its predecessors have done will now depend to a large extent on the resistance maintained to Gen. von Hindenburg's attacks along the Bzura River, and to the German offensive which has been undertaken against the Russian forces on the East Prussian and Mlawa front.

Foreign Correspondence

DIFFICULTIES OF NEUTRAL NATIONS—SWISS SENTIMENT ON THE WAR—IMPARTIAL SERVICES TO BELLIGERENTS.

GENEVA, December 7.

European nations which are not at war have to pay a high price for their neutrality. While they have not sent men into the field to be killed in battle or to fill the hospitals and the military prisons, they have suffered and are suffering much from economic and social disturbances.

For Switzerland, since the army is mobilized at its war strength of 500,000 men, the most serious side of the war is the threatened difficulty of obtaining provisions for the civilian as well as for the soldier. Economically, Switzerland is an island. Ordinarily, it gets most of its meat, grain, clothing, and other necessaries of life from abroad. The supply of meat from Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy has altogether ceased. The two last countries still furnish plenty of fruit and vegetables. Germany sends sugar and other groceries. Of milk and butter there is no lack, and the prices of these are normal. Fresh eggs are scarce. The quality of the bread has greatly deteriorated. This is owing chiefly to the policy of England and of France, which have often stopped grain ships en route for Genoa with cargoes consigned to Switzerland; it is owing also to the blockade of the North Sea, which has prevented shipments via neutral ports for the Swiss.

The Federal Government has done, and is doing, its utmost to keep prices within reasonable limits, but fears are expressed that life may become very difficult here before the time of the next harvest. The local authorities have for the present made ample provisions of coal and of potatoes, which are sold retail at cost. The sound of the automobile is seldom heard in the streets or on the highways. No petroleum is to be had anywhere. Fortunately, the price of gas and of electricity has not risen.

The question of Swiss neutrality seems, for the time being, to be settled. It must be admitted that there is only political neutrality, and not neutrality of sympathy. It is natural that the German Swiss, owing to their relations of language, race, and customs, should feel no hostility to the empire on the north. Moreover, of late years, the Germans have absorbed much of the industry and commerce of the nation, so that the withdrawal of their activity has seriously affected business in the German cantons. In like manner, French Switzerland has given all its sympathies to the Allies, especially at Geneva, where the resident French population is very large. But among the more intelligent people there is no great tendency to pass beyond the limits of a platonic sentiment. They say that they are first of all Swiss, and only secondarily sympathizers with either of the belligerents. At the beginning of the war Professor Godet, of Neuchâtel, the leading writer of *la Suisse romande*, in an excellent article, formulated for his countrymen the kind of opinion which should guide them. They might be partisans in sentiment, he said, but should be physically and politically neutral. When a few stray German shells fell on Swiss territory and damaged cavalry barracks near Basel, the people took the mat-

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ter complacently, and the Imperial Government sent a prompt apology. When the English airmen flew over Swiss territory in order to drop bombs on the Zeppelin hangars at Friedrichshafen, the Federal Council made a vigorous protest, and the replies from Bordeaux and London were satisfying. The old Roman principle was recognized, "Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum."

The press reflects the sentiment of the people in the French and German cantons, respectively. One widely read daily of Geneva is edited by a Frenchman, and there are German writers on the staffs of leading papers at Berne, Zürich, and Basel. On the whole, reports of the war are impartially given: the dispatches of Wolff are printed side by side with those of Havas, Stefani, and Westnik. The Berlin as well as the Paris papers have a large circulation even at Geneva, where there are so many French residents. The English journals arrive here about a week late, but there is little demand for them, as their news is very one-sided, and is distrusted. American papers are not to be had at all. Next to the Swiss, the Italian press, especially that of Milan, is the most popular. Within half an hour after the arrival of the Simplon express in the evening it is difficult to get an Italian paper except at the cafés, although large quantities arrive here from Milan. The *Corriere della Sera* and the *Secolo* are read more extensively than the French papers. The Swiss Government exercises a mild censorship. Some of the less important publications are far from being neutral. A somewhat ribald comic sheet was suppressed because it ridiculed the Kaiser and the German army. The publication of a French paper which defended the cause of Germany was forbidden; and when it reappeared under another name it was ordered to add to its title "Organ of the German Colony at Geneva." Of two illustrated dailies which have appeared here since the beginning of the war, one was directed to discontinue the publication of anti-German poems.

Even university professors have been accused of utterances violating the neutrality of the Swiss. A professor at Berne, a German by birth, publicly announced that Russian candidates for a degree need not present themselves in his department, but the university authorities caused him to change his attitude. Some excitement arose at the University of Geneva, owing to a lecture delivered there by Hugo Claparède, professor of public law. Claparède told his class that the action of the Belgian civilians in firing on the German soldiers was a violation of international law and was justly subject to reprisals. The Claparèdes are an old Geneva family. One of them is a leading authority in psychology; another is well known for his services to geographical science. Prof Hugo Claparède's remarks provoked an angry protest on the part of his students, who sent a petition to the rector, demanding the professor's resignation, whereupon the Conseil d'Etat suspended Claparède from exercising his functions until the end of the war.

Not only is Switzerland put to great expense directly because of the present conflict; it has also assumed the burdens of other nations. The invasion of Belgium produced a peculiarly deep impression here. It was felt that Germany might easily have attempted to use Swiss instead of Belgian territory, in its invasion of France. In addition to this, there was the natural sympathy of one small nation for another. Accordingly large supplies of money, clothing, and food have been contributed to the refugees of the ruined kingdom, even small Swiss villages whose inhabitants are looking forward with apprehension to the long winter, and to the still longer war, have had their subscription lists, lotteries, fairs, and concerts to help Belgium. Geneva and Lausanne particularly have been conspicuous for their offers of assistance, for their open-handed hospitality. The Red Cross has shown surprising and efficient activity. Professors of surgery have given their services to both French and German military hospitals, and many women have volunteered as nurses. The resources of the nation are, of course, heavily taxed, not only in the maintenance of the army, but also in providing for the families of the soldiers. Moreover, for weeks past there has been a continuous coming and going of Germans and French—mostly women and children—seeking repatriation. Almost all of these are destitute and exhausted. Every day brings hundreds of these poor people, through the principal Swiss towns, on their way to their native place. They stop over for the night at towns like Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Zürich, and Basel, where they are lodged, fed, and sometimes clothed by the Swiss Red Cross and other relief agencies. Prisoners of the medical corps of the contending armies pass through Switzerland on their way to rejoin their regiments, which they are permitted to do by virtue of the Geneva convention. Some of them are ragged and wounded. They are accompanied by Swiss guards, are received by Swiss officers, and are fed at the public expense.

Perhaps the most signal service rendered by Switzerland has been the establishment at Geneva of a kind of clearing house, which handles the correspondence between prisoners of war and their families. The Musée Rath here was given as headquarters for this important work. A large committee, made up of women, university professors, and men in various other occupations, has the correspondence in hand, and is now receiving every day thousands of letters to and from French and German prisoners of war and their families. These are either forwarded to their destinations or answered directly by the committee without any charge for postage. Parcels and money orders are also transmitted through the central post office at Berne.

Up to the present time, the neutrality of Italy has been favorable to the conditions of life in Switzerland. Probably the relations between the two countries have never been so friendly. Switzerland has been of service to its southern neighbor in caring for Italians living here who have suffered from the economic effects of the war; and Italy is doing its utmost to facilitate commerce between the two peoples. Complaints have been made by England and France that Switzerland was receiving from Italy supplies which were reshipped to Germany and Austria. The complaint has aroused some ill-feeling here, where every effort has been made to preserve a perfectly correct attitude towards the belligerent nations. Such an accusation seems, indeed, very singular to any one who knows the conditions. The Swiss regulations regarding exports are very severe, and are rigidly enforced. As for supplies, Switzerland cannot afford to export them. It needs them all for itself.

A. A.

Benjamin Disraeli

PERSONAL NOTES ON THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARIAN.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

My opportunity of studying Disraeli at close quarters dates eighteen years later than the period of his history reached in the third volume of his Life just issued from the press. In 1872 I entered the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as summary writer for the morning edition of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* under the editorship of Frederick Greenwood. Thereafter, till four years later he walked out of the House for the last time, I saw him daily through successive sessions. Acquaintance was renewed when he went to the House of Lords; but not under equally interesting circumstances.

Between 1868 and the close of the session of 1873 Disraeli was Leader of the Opposition, faced on the other side of the table by Gladstone, whose animated oratory he genially touched upon, publicly thanking God that between him and the right honorable gentleman there interposed "a substantial piece of furniture." He was still handicapped by the distrust and personal dislike with which at the outset of his career he was regarded by blue-blooded Tories. They accepted his services because there was none other capable of rendering services of equal value. But they would gladly have got rid of him, setting up in his place one of their own caste and cult.

In 1873 he sorely tried the faith and patience of his followers. By a cabal among his own party hostile to a minor Government bill, Gladstone was placed in a small minority and resigned the Premiership. To the angry resentment of disappointed place-hunters, Disraeli declined to undertake the conduct of the Government in the existing House of Commons. Pressure was put upon him to induce him to alter the determination. He stood firm, and in an eloquent passage, spoken in a voice rarely broken, defended himself from attacks made from the rear and on his flank.

"Sir," he said, unconsciously echoing a well-known passage in Peel's speech when driven from power by coalition among Protectionists, Radicals, and Irish members, "when the time arrives, and when the great Constitutional party enters upon a career which must be noble, and which I hope and believe will be triumphant, they may perhaps remember, I trust not with unkindness, that I prevented one obstacle from being placed in their way; that I, as the trustee of their honor and interests, declined to form a weak and discredited Administration." His prescience was vindicated by the results of the general election which took place in the following year, landing his party and himself at the head of affairs with a majority that for the first time in his political life endowed him with untrammelled power.

On one other occasion only have I seen

temporarily fall the mask his countenance habitually wore, earning for him the cognomen of "the Sphinx." It happened at the funeral of his wife, who died at Hughendon in December, 1872. Self-possession and immobility of visage had served his purpose at many crises of his marvellous career. Both broke down as he stood by the grave of the woman who had devoted to his service the greater part of her life and the full measure of her worldly wealth. Had an artist desired to produce a representative face of Woe, he might have sketched Disraeli's and presented it without addition of fancy touch. Regardless of heavy rain, he walked bareheaded from the Manor House to the church and stood for full ten minutes in the sodden grass by the open vault, the December wind playing with his suspiciously dark hair. While the coffin was being lowered into the vault he never took his eyes off it, regarding it with steadfast, pitiful, almost hungry look, as if he grudged the grave its custody. When it reached the bottom of the vault he seemed to fall into a sort of trance. It was only after his faithful secretary, Monty Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, nudged him twice that he awoke with a start and took in hand the wreath he was to drop on the coffin lid. To one accustomed to his manner in public life this was a revelation of an unsuspected man.

Disraeli's advent to the Premiership after the general election of 1874 transmogrified the House of Commons. The assembly dispersed by the dissolution was built over a seething volcano. Crises more or less serious were of weekly occurrence. At the incoming of Disraeli the scene changed as by magic. With instinctive dramatic art he assumed an attitude and manner in marked contrast with the feverish haste of his predecessor. Silent, impassive, almost sombre in mood, he remained through a sitting, rarely interposing save in response to questions personally addressed to him.

In these days the measure of attendance Ministers spare for the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons would have shocked Disraeli. The modern custom is for the whole body, save one concerned for the business immediately before the House, to disappear as soon as questions are over, retiring to their snug private rooms, hurrying back only to vote at signal of the division bell. Disraeli not only sat through a debate, however comparatively unimportant, but expected his colleagues to keep him company. Shortly after the Speaker took the chair he arrived and dropped into his accustomed seat opposite the brass-bound box, where, with brief interval for dinner, he remained till the lobby echoed the cry of the doorkeeper, "Who goes home?"

Ever as he took his seat there was precisely the same minute disposition of his person and his apparel. Having draped the tails of his frock coat over his crossed leg, he folded his arms, bent his head, and hour after hour sat immobile. If any thought he slept, they were mightily mistaken. His eyes, bright to the last, furtively surveyed the enemy's camp, always returning to the bench opposite, if Gladstone happened to be in his place. He habitually dined in the House, wherein he again differed from the custom of modern Prime Ministers, notably Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith.

Unlike Gladstone, he rarely entered into conversation with colleagues seated near him, an exception being made in the case of Lord Barrington, Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. Occasionally, towards the close of dull sittings, when Barrington gayly chatted to him, the grim visage would be literally distorted by a smile. Like Chamberlain, Disraeli wore a single eyeglass, differing in respect that, while the former favored a rimless monocle, the latter had his glass slung on a long black cord. One night I observed him in a state of unusual perturbation. He had dropped his eyeglass, and no excursions in the neighborhood of his waistcoat and shirt-front were successful in retrieving it. Barrington found it hanging down his back, and made his chief instantly happy by its restoration. Before he died, Disraeli elevated his old Treasury Bench crony from the position of an Irish Lord to a peerage of the United Kingdom. Peevish persons asked what he had done to merit this high reward. I remembered the successful search for the errant eyeglass.

Early promise of aptitude for the position of leader of the House of Commons was fulfilled throughout Disraeli's first session. At no period of his career did he rise to higher level as a parliamentary speaker, while old members, recalling Palmerston in his prime, agreed that he was not excelled in the special quality of managing the House. Not in the zenith of his popularity after the election of 1868 did Gladstone approach his ancient foeman in the matter of personal hold over the assembly. The last two sessions he lost it with pitiful effect, as in the matter of Radical revolt that threw out the Irish University bill. Disraeli's studiously slow rising from the Treasury Bench in the course of debate and the deliberate opening of his speech signalled instant filling up of the benches, and that steady settling down to attitude of attention which is the highest compliment that may be paid to a speaker.

A marked difference between the bearing of Disraeli and his predecessor was shown during the intervals of debate occasioned by divisions. Gladstone, going forth with the crowd to record his vote, usually carried with him a sheet of note paper and a blotting-pad with intent to utilize the ten minutes or quarter-hour occupied by the division in getting forward with his correspondence. Failing that, he strode through the lobby with his nobly shaped head in the clouds, recognizing no one, an unconscious habit that more than once to my knowledge had the effect of estranging valuable supporters.

When the division bell rang Disraeli also made off to the lobby in the first flight of members. But his purpose was other than the prosaic one of writing letters. During the winter months there was set in the lobby a particular fire, before which he stood apparently intent on nothing more important than comfortably warming himself. But his keen eye was bent on the passing throng of his supporters. Lord Rowton once told me that before leaving Downing Street to go down to the House the Premier possessed himself of the half sheet of note paper on which the faithful secretary had jotted down the names of one or two men with whom for varied reasons a few minutes' friendly conversation was desirable. As one passed, Disraeli signalled him with friendly nod, and when it was time to move on to the wicket, this harmless, apparently accidental chat had unravelled a coil which, left unnoticed, might have critically hampered the machinery of the Government.

The course of public events never brought into nearer or more striking juxtaposition two men so absolutely opposed to each other as Gladstone and Disraeli. One was intense, earnest, thorough; the other indifferent, polite, superficial. When Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gladstone would as readily have made a joke as add a penny to the income tax. Disraeli, with equally light heart, did either as chance befell. It is not an insignificant thing that, while one frequently heard pronounced the opinion that Gladstone had made a great speech, the adjective was never used in commentary on Disraeli. His speeches were spoken of as clever, as distinguished from being great. In a general way, the adjective may be adopted as describing the leading characteristics of the two statesmen. One was great with the full force of lofty moral character and supreme intellect; the other was clever, great only in the sense that his cleverness was superlative.

Disraeli's success as a parliamentary speaker was varied. At his best, presented in the shorter speeches, he was incomparable. As a phrase-maker who could with a combination of two or three words label, to some extent lame, an adversary for life, he had no equal. His passion, rarely indulged in, always seemed feigned, its effect being funny rather than tragic. But his polished shafts of sarcasm, his feathered darts of wit, his dainty gilded bullets of irony, flew about the House and never missed their mark. This gift he retained to the last. Circumstances being increasingly prosperous, his manner became more benign.

Of all his conquests over former enemies none was more unexpected and complete than that obtained over Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort shared in extreme degree the prejudice existing among British gentlemen of mid-nineteenth century against one whom they regarded as a Jew adventurer. The Queen, who devotedly shared all her husband's likes and dislikes, fought hard against Lord Derby's proposal to include Disraeli in his first Administration. A quarter of a century later Disraeli, in conversation with a friend, disclosed the secret of his ascendency in royal favor. "When talking with the Queen," he said, "I observe

a simple rule of conduct: I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget." The inevitable contrast with his great rival came in when he added: "Gladstone speaks to the Queen as if she were a public department. I treat her with the knowledge that she is a woman."

On August 12, 1876, the House of Commons was not a lively place to look upon. It was the last working day of a session prolonged and exhaustive. The Appropriation bill stood for third reading, and Sir William Harcourt did not shirk the opportunity provided by the occasion to attack the Government on its foreign policy. Defending it, Disraeli finished up with some bristling words calculated to call forth a cheer from good Conservatives. "Our duty at this critical moment," he said, puffing out his cheeks and beating the air with his hands, "is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor will we ever agree to any step that may obtain for a moment comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire." These were the last words spoken in the House of Commons by Benjamin Disraeli.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he resumed his seat. There remained only some formal business to be accomplished in preparation for the ceremony of prorogation. Amid the buzz of conversation, Disraeli rose and strolled towards the bar. I wondered as I watched him. His custom, common to all Ministers, was to seek egress by the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now he slowly paced the length of the floor between the two political camps. Turning when he reached the bar, he made low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood for a moment gazing round the house, and, turning again, walked out through the glass door. With the exception of one or two Cabinet colleagues, no one looking on knew that a momentous episode in the annals of the House of Commons was closed. The morning newspapers betrayed the secret. Disraeli was no more—in his place only the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Book Notes and Byways

A LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The "biography and iconography"—a certain number of official and unpublished papers and a bibliography—of "Francisco de Miranda," form the contents of a volume of nearly 200 octavo pages, compiled by Count O'Kelly de Galway (Paris: Champion). A cenotaph erected in the National Pantheon of Venezuela in 1895, at the right of the monument of the Liberator, Bolivar, thus sums up the hero's career:

Born at Caracas 9 June 1756; died in the prison of the Arsenal de la Carraca (Spain) 11 July 1816.—A Precursor of the Independence of South America, he travelled in North America, Asia, Europe, and Africa, for the propagation of his ideas. To secure the favor of others for his projects and gather elements that might help to free his country, he fought intrepidly for the liberty of strangers.—He took part in the three great political movements of his time: the Independence of the United States of North America; the French Revolution; and the Independence of South America.

The story of Miranda is recounted at length, in its proper setting of time and place, in the volume published in 1812 by the lamented Jules Mancini on "Bolivar and the Emancipation of the Spanish Colonies." This work of original research, the completest yet published, reaches only to 1815, and it is to be feared that no one will be found to utilize the materials which the author was gathering at the moment of his death for a concluding volume. The present book of fragmentary documents, mainly French and with many gaps and little order, has its own use in the greatly neglected but ever profitable study of South American history.

So far as these documents concern the part played in French Revolutionary armies by Miranda—he was a general with Dumouriez, and his name is inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe—they offer little that is new. But, as in all contemporary documents, there are by the way enlightening suggestions for the inner history of the time. It is even of sentimental interest at present that Miranda should have fought the Austrians in the region of the Aisne, where France is again defending her existence, and that he should have taken Antwerp from Austrians on the 26th of November, 1792. With the political turn-about of Dumouriez, Miranda fell under suspicion, and barely escaped with his head from the revolutionary jury. We have here (page 176) a police spy report of what Mère Duchêne—Dickens's La Vengeance—thought of him. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre thoroughly distrusted him as a "moderate"; in fact, his ideas of liberty and the Republic were rather those of North America. He was set free after the Terror in 1795, having been imprisoned two years, a part of the time with the less fortunate Madame Roland. The Directory found him troublesome, and ordered him to be deported to Cayenne. He escaped to England, where, with Pitt and the young United States, he kept up negotiations for securing the independence of South America from Spain. This, through all his dubious, tempest-tossed life, was his one aim; and, though he died after four years in a Spanish prison, posterity has recognized him as, at least, the "Precursor" of the "Liberator."

It was in 1783 that he threw up his commission in the King's army at Havana, and came to the United States, where, he says, Washington and Hamilton promised him troops if England would furnish ships for an expedition. This date, before peace was yet solid with the mother country, seems suspicious; and it would be curious to know if any testimony remains of this early attempt to draw South America into our wake. The Spanish accused Miranda of having betrayed to the English Governor of Jamaica the expedition which they were on the point of making with the French during our war of independence. He himself accused Lafayette of setting spies on him in the United States (page 107). At any rate, Miranda only passed through London, in July, 1784, on his way to interest Catherine II of Russia in his projects. In 1787 he was back with Pitt, who put him off for a better day. He drifted to France and into the army of the Revolution, as we have seen. When he next presented himself to Pitt, in 1796, he received shelter but was forbidden to leave for the United States. He went back and forth to France in spite of all, until Fouché for Napoleon finally expelled him in 1803; and in 1806 he at last reached New York, pretending to have secret aid from England. Through a Mr. Ogden and Colonel Smith (of South Carolina), he got the ship Leander, 30 cannon, 200 volunteers, some of whom were French, and rifles, and sailed for Trinidad, where the English Admiral Cochrane reinforced him with fifteen ships. The expedition disembarked at La Vela de Coro—and was speedily forced by the Spanish troops to reëmbark.

In 1811 Miranda had better luck, and on the 5th of July he saw the Declaration of Independence of Venezuela signed at Caracas. Its centenary has been celebrated, and there is a painting of it by Martin Tovar y Tovar in the hall of the Municipal Council. Like Bolivar, he was betrayed, and in 1812 he was carried off to a Spanish prison near Cadiz. There he ended his adventures in death four years later—from scurvy and apoplexy, say the records, but strangled, the English said, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He had kept up his correspondence with English friends like Vansittart (Lord Bexley). Pitt's eccentric niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, saw to the education of his children by his English wife.

Among passing mentions which excite curiosity, there is a letter from Gen. Alexandre Dumas, the mulatto son—legitimate—of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, and father of the novelist, saying: "I am happy to have found in the ranks of the hussars men of the same race and blood as myself—such as Miranda." Under examination by Napoleon's police (March 4, 1801), he declared that the Cabinet of London had promised the colonies of Spanish America to help to their emancipation in case of a war between England and Spain; and that France, in 1792, made a similar promise, actually naming him (Miranda) Governor-General of Santo Domingo—but the Terror stopped all. In a prison examination under Napoleon (March 4, 1801), he said:

The reason for my relations with the Cabinet of London was the liberty and independence of South America—such as France and Spain guaranteed for the United States of North America—with no monopoly in commerce and no territorial possessions for the English on that continent. . . .

This same plan we are trying to realize now through the English Government.

—What persons do you propose to use to execute your plans?

—I wish to execute them myself, using two American ex-Jesuits of Peru and three agents of the colonies who are in London.

—What may the resources of the English Government be, and what can be the object of its hope in continuing the war [with France]?

—In my opinion, England has no other resources than those which the Spanish colonies of South America offer—1° by consuming twelve to fourteen million pounds sterling of her manufactures; 2° by procuring as much more for the importation of precious metals, indigo, cochineal, "quinkina," dye-woods, vicuna, &c. Her hope is to draw after her the United States by offering them a share in this immense commerce, and so force them to join with her against France.

—Don't deceive yourselves. England, if she can only make the two Americas independent and attach them to herself, will find an output for the total amount of her manufactures and a sea force superior, perhaps, to that of the rest of the world.

Napoleon took little stock in the patriotic figures of Miranda. His millions of inhabitants for his native land, Humboldt, who was travelling there, reduced to 785,000 souls, and to less than three millions including New Grenada and Quito. It is curious that one of these reports, apparently from the French mission in London, says that George the Second's ministers would have gained control of Spanish America if it had not been

for the "perspicacity of the Jesuits, whom Spain shortly after suppressed and whose American survivors Miranda pretended to use; and that Miranda should attribute the resistance which he himself found in England to George the Third's disgust for any more American independence." The same report adds that the ex-Jesuit Viscardo, who lived in London on a pension from the English Government, was so irritated by its perfidy that he left all his precious papers to "Mr. K—— M——, of the United States," who handed them over to Miranda—who innocently gave them to this police spy to translate into French!

In this way, I was able to convince myself of the part taken by the English in the revolt of the *Indios bravos* of Sonora in the north of Mexico and at Santa Fé de Bogota in South America in 1783, as well as of the project to find a princedom there for the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria)—in case the plan to make him life President of the United States should not succeed.

Miranda was for federalizing all Spanish America, North and South, under some descendant of Montezuma or the Incas. A more practical means of winning independence, as Mancini explains, was his establishment in London, 1797, of the "American Lodge" of Freemasons, in which he personally gave "light" to nearly all the heroes of the Emancipation, which he was not himself to see—from O'Higgins, of Quito, and Mier, of Mexico, to San Martin and Bolivar himself.

S. D.

Correspondence

IRRELEVANCIES OF CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his reply to Mr. Galsworthy, printed in your correspondence columns of December 3, Mr. Schuetze calls attention to some brutal drawings in the British *Graphic* and asks, "Is it possible that a cause which seeks the inspiration of such an orgy of malice is righteous?"

In the Sunday Magazine of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of December 6 I find an interesting cartoon. It is evidently a street massacre, and contains all the traditional details, not omitting the naked infant in various stages of annihilation. It is reprinted from the War Supplement of *Simplicissimus* and bears the following legend: "For such heroic deeds as these the similarly minded French have bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon the Belgian people."

Now, I do not presume to pass upon the relative merits of *Simplicissimus* and the *Graphic*. I would merely point out the futility of trying to judge any nation by what some of its citizens may do during the emotional strain of an unspeakable war. The memory of our own Civil War should make us charitable. There is in England, as in all countries, a reactionary party that is certain to become more bigoted and odious as the war progresses. In Germany the far more complete and drastic governmental organization will probably make for a more uniform level of decency. But these things are obviously superficial; they do not go to the heart of the matter. The unpardonable crime, whatever the remoter causes may have been, was setting the first match to this conflagration; and unless the German apologists can make out a stronger case than any one of them has yet done, no amount of unjust vituperation of them by their enraged enemies will serve to tip the balance in their favor.

R. D. Miller.

Columbia, Mo., December 9.

THE SILENCE OF NEUTRALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 17 there appears, signed by Professor Peabody, of Harvard, a letter on our duty as neutrals which I hope will be answered by many persons; I wish to speak only of his recommendation of silence. He condemns "the horrors of war, the devastation of towns, the brutality of troops, the invasion of neutral territory," but he says: "To hold our tongues just now when the facts reach us with such distortion may be to hold in our hands before long the fate of the world." He looks forward to the mediation of America. Does Dr. Peabody doubt the ruin of Belgium, where seven million persons are starving? Does he deny that from these poor creatures, whom we are trying to feed, the Germans are trying to squeeze the uttermost farthing of the enormous indemnities imposed upon them for daring to defend their country against an invasion admitted by the German Chancellor to be a wrongful act? Is it our duty to hold our tongues about this? I say that Americans should not cease to denounce such sordid and infamous cruelty. The danger is not that we shall become too partisan, but that our righteous indignation may become weary. Americans are not slothful in business, but are not always fervent in spirit; like the Athenians of old, we are somewhat too eager to tell or to hear some new thing, and most of our newspapers are anxious to give us novelty and above all things not to bore us. Against an outrage such as this, which is notorious, undisputed, and expressly forbidden by Article XLIX of the Hague Convention of 1907, signed by all the belligerents, our Administration should protest and every American of common humanity should protest. To the injured party our continued silence will seem so unjust that any offer of our services as mediators would be rejected; but let us now consider only what is becoming to ourselves and to our country.

George Harrison Fisher.

Philadelphia, December 21.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Reading to-day the *Nation's* comment on the coming centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, that "on the 24th of this month the feeling that peace is the greatest of public blessings cannot but be uppermost in every heart," I hasten to assure you that there is at least one American who, even on that day, will not think peace a greater blessing than liberty. It seems hardly possible that there should not be others of the same way of thinking, for among our forefathers the feeling that peace is the greatest public blessing was so far from general that in 1775 they deliberately chose the horrors of a war with the mother country rather than undergo so slight an abridgment of their liberty as was implied in a tax laid on them without their consent. Among other peoples there may be other minds; yet the answer of the Athenians to the Persian demand of earth and water still stands as an example; and one is ready to believe that the Belgians, if the question were put again, would choose their suffering, their untarnished honor, and the liberty that stands intrenched in one corner of their devastated land, rather than the blessings of peace and submission to tyranny.

George De C. Curtis.

Foster, Cal., December 10.

A BRITISH PATRIOTIC FUND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A New York committee, addressing "British residents and British sympathizers" of the country, is issuing circulars in the interest of a British Patriotic Fund. The Fund is intended, not for the relief of sickness and destitution, but to enable "British ex-non-commissioned officers, reservists, and army men . . . to return to England and serve their country in its hour of stress."

Will not all who hope to preserve the United States from international quarrel—after as well as during the present war—oppose as effectually as they can such a dangerous, though well-meaning, attack upon our adopted stand of neutrality?

Robert F. Foerster.

Cambridge, Mass., December 12.

MR. BECK REPLIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter which Mr. A. R. Hohlfeld, of Madison, Wis., has contributed to the *Nation* in your issue of December 17.

Either Mr. Hohlfeld did not read my article on the Dual Alliance vs. the Triple Entente very carefully, or else, to make a point against a minor incidental feature of my argument, he fails to state what I said. It is true that, owing to an apparent misprint of the German White Paper, I did comment upon the absence of a date to the confidential communication which the German Chancellor sent to the constituent states of Germany. This was apparently an error, as it is now stated—and I do not question it—that the original document did contain July 28 as the date. I say this, although different reprints of this same document, which have come from German sources, contain different dates, one dated July 26 and another July 28. I assume, however, that July 28 is the true date, and I therefore omitted this reference to the supposed undated document in any reprints over which I had control.

It is, however, untrue that my argument with respect to the moral responsibility for the war was largely based upon the supposition that this document was undated. As a matter of fact, the reference to the undated document was a minor feature and, far from alleging that this document was written before the Servian reply to the Austrian ultimatum, I said: "Nevertheless, the document itself would indicate that it was written *after* Servia's reply on the 25th," although I suggested that in view of its want of date "it is still possible, *although not probable*, that this confidential warning was written either on the 23d or the 24th."

There has been a persistent effort on the part of my critics—and in this Mr. Hohlfeld

joins—to give the impression that I contended as a positive fact that the document was written before the issuance of the Austrian ultimatum on July 23.

It remains a very curious fact that, while the exhibits of the German White Paper are in all other respects arranged in chronological order, this document, which it is now maintained was dated July 28, is placed between a document dated July 23 and one dated July 24. Perhaps some day the very systematic clerks of the German Foreign Office will explain the reason.

As the date when this document was *prepared* can be at present only a matter of conjecture, and no convincing conclusion can be deduced therefrom, I have omitted in the reprints of my original article, and also in my book, "The Evidence in the Case," into which the article has grown, all reference to this question of dates, for I preferred that my analysis of the evidence should rest upon sound conclusions, rather than upon plausible conjecture.

Now that Mr. Hohlfeld has joined with other critics in calling attention to this matter, I may take occasion to say that, although my analysis of the diplomatic documents has been printed in a number of countries and in several languages and has given rise to widespread comment, and deals with hundreds of documents and many transactions, the only error that has yet been found in any statement that I made was in this reference to the fact that one document lacked a date.

JAMES M. BECK.

New York, December 24.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGUESE NEUTRALITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You will, I am sure, allow me to sustain the contrast I drew in your issue of October 29 between the German aggression on Belgium and the English treatment of Portugal in the Boer War. I wrote that, "had we chosen to violate Portugal's neutrality and advanced through the harbor of Lorenzo Marques, we could have struck direct at Pretoria and have ended the campaign in a few weeks."

Your correspondent, Mr. Martin Schuetze, comments thus in your issue of November 5: "It is a matter of record that just as soon as the British had landed enough troops in Capetown to keep the Boer armies and agents out of Cape Colony and relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley, they did move upon the flank of the Boers through Lorenzo Marques. The Boers protested to the civilized world, and especially to America, against this breach of neutrality. . . . The Portuguese were too much cowed or too partisan to speak."

Now it is a matter of common notoriety that the Boers immediately after they declared war on England—for it was they who declared war on us, not we on them—swept down into the old English Crown Colony of Natal, where we ourselves—wholly unprepared as usual—were only just able to keep them out of the seaport of Durban, which I venture to think Mr. Schuetze imagines to be one with Lorenzo Marques 350 miles north of it. He can easily assure himself, if he turns to any history of that war, that if the neutrality of Lorenzo Marques was violated at all, it was by the Boers and not by the English.

Thus Sir L. S. Amery, in the "Times History of the War in South Africa" (vol. iii, p. 102), writes as follows:

Far more important was the position of the Portuguese Colony of Mozambique, whose port of Delagoa Bay provided the only gateway between the Transvaal and the outer world. It was through Delagoa Bay that the Transvaal received such supplies as still passed through, as well as its reinforcements of foreign volunteers . . . there can be no doubt that, during the earlier part of the war, the neutrality of Lorenzo Marques was, in some respects, distinctly benevolent towards the Transvaal. For a while, in fact, Lorenzo Marques possessed for the Boers all the advantages of a seaport without any of the risk of blockade or capture by the Power which had command of the sea. Gradually, however, the representations of the British authorities had their effect. The passage of intending combatants, indeed, was not materially interfered with, but only turned into a source of revenue by the elaborate passport system devised by the Portuguese. But some check was put on the passage of goods obviously intended for military purposes.

It has often been asked whether the British Government would not have done well deliberately to have violated Portuguese neutrality, . . . but there is no sufficient reason for quarrelling with their decision to abstain from such a course. Apart from any question of political morality and of the old ties of friendship and alliance which connect England and Portugal, the international situation was not one in which England could afford to increase her general unpopularity.

The official English History of the war lends equally little support to Mr. Schuetze's statement; nor is there a word of such a violation having taken place in the History published for the German War Office.

I take little exception to Mr. Schuetze's description of the Jameson raid as "an enterprise of pure piracy," but, when he describes it as an "act of the British," he insinuates an untruth. The British nation and Government were in no way privy to it, and were as much taken aback by it, and, for the most part, as much shocked by it, as the Emperor William, who made it the occasion of his famous telegram to President Kruger. I regarded that telegram, and still regard it, as the ebullition, undiplomatic indeed, of a generous nature. Had the raid been the act of the British Government in London or of its official representatives in South Africa, I feel assured that the German Emperor would never have sent it. I admit that many Englishmen resented it as an unpardonable act of interference, but I think they were wrong to do so. It was not meant as such. In representing the raid as a violation of neutrality committed by the entire British nation, Mr. Schuetze allows himself to be blinded by anti-English animus. It was the deed of a few short-sighted members of the South African communities, provoked by the long-continued and studied affronts committed by the Boers upon the British who had settled in their midst, bringing capital to work their mines with and enriching them by the handsome prices paid for mining rights. One of the chief ringleaders of the raid was an American citizen.

I turn next to Mr. Preserved Smith, who, challenging my statement in regard to Lorenzo Marques, writes that, "as a matter of fact, England did violate Portuguese territory by moving troops through it at that time." And he proceeds to quote Sir Thomas Barclay's article on "Neutrality" in the new Encyclopædia Britannica. But here the reference is not to Lorenzo Marques, but to the Beira-Umtali Railway, constructed with English capital from the coast up to Rhodesia. The Boers were on the warpath in Rhodesia, and in April, 1900, we moved 5,000 men and munitions of war thither by the said railway. This action Sir Thomas calls "an unfortunate precedent of taking advantage of the practical powerlessness of neighboring states to commit a violation of the law of nations." He only writes thus because he interprets the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of June 11, 1891, differently from the way in which English and Portuguese diplomats treated it at the time, in March, 1900. That treaty, which defined the frontiers of Portuguese Mozambique and English Mashonaland or Rhodesia, admitted a "servitude" on the part of Portugal, in the sense that it gave England free rights of access to Rhodesia over roads or railways to be constructed across Portuguese territory. Sir Thomas argues that the right of way claimed by England was a mere right of transit for merchandise, and that it could not in any way be construed as diminishing the neutral obligation to a belligerent who was no party to the treaty.

Whether or not this be so, there is no truth in Sir Thomas's innuendo to the effect that England on this occasion took advantage of the weakness of Portugal to violate the law of nations, and the official statement of the Portuguese Foreign Minister at the time is inconsistent with any such charge. I repeat it *verbatim* from the *Times* of April 5, 1900, so that your readers may judge for themselves whether England took advantage of her strength to put pressure upon a weaker nation. Here then is the Portuguese account of the matter:

Lisbon, April 3.—In the Portuguese Chamber, to-day, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared that the transport of British troops by the Beira-Umtali Railway was demanded by Great Britain and consented to by Portugal because Great Britain was merely exercising rights secured to her under existing treaties. The present state of war did not abrogate these treaties, which had been concluded before the war. Portugal, in a spirit of loyalty, communicated this resolution to the Transvaal Government. Portugal had loyally maintained her duties of neutrality, and all interested parties had been informed of her course of action. The Minister added that before resuming his seat he must declare in the most emphatic manner that the relations maintained by the British Cabinet with Portugal could not be surpassed for cordiality and loyalty. He rejoiced that this was the case, and trusted that, with God's help, these relations would be maintained for ever.

From the *Times* of April 5, 1900, we further learn that on April 4 the *National Zeitung* (the National Liberal organ in Germany) admits that the Portuguese Government has not given any *special* permission for the passage of British troops, but has only publicly ratified its recognition of the right of way long ago secured by treaty. At the same time, it is recognized that the matter is one which concerns Great Britain and Portugal alone, and no other Power. The *Vossische Zeitung*, it is true, took a less impartial view, but intelligent liberal opinion in Germany was at any rate not all against us.

The Transvaal Government had been notified by Portugal on March 8 "that in accordance with the mutual explanations exchanged in the treaty of 1891 with regard to the right of moving troops and material of war through the Portuguese territory in South Africa into English territory (viz.: Rhodesia) and vice-versa, the British Gov-

ernment has just made a formal demand for all troops and material of war to be sent through Beira to the English hinterland. *The Portuguese Government cannot refuse this demand and must fulfil a convention depending on reciprocity*, a convention which was settled long before the present state of war had been foreseen. This agreement cannot be regarded as a superfluous support of one of the belligerent parties or as a violation of the duties imposed by neutrality." . . . .

The Transvaal Government, in its answer of the same day, "protested that the treaty of 1891 had not been made public, and that notice of it was received by the Transvaal at the outbreak of the war. . . . The action of Portugal would put her in the position of an enemy instead of a neutral ally, wherefore the Transvaal protested strongly against the measure" (from Amery's History, Iv, p. 367).

I hope the above data are enough to prove that Portugal cheerfully and unconstrained admitted England's right to use the Beira Railway in the manner described. To pretend that it was a violation by England of her neutrality and to talk in connection therewith of "the mote and the beam," to pretend that it was an outrage on Portugal comparable to that which the Germans are guilty of against Belgium, is absurd, and I am sure that on reflection Mr. Smith must acknowledge it to be so. If there was any real violation of neutrality on that occasion it was committed by Portugal; but I should like to know how other international jurists interpret the Anglo-Portuguese instrument of June, 1891, before I adopt the view of Sir Thomas Barclay. FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, November 30.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE ANGLICAN ARTICLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 17 I notice that Professor Smith says "It is not generally known, and would hardly be agreeable for the 'Catholic' party in the Episcopal Church to learn, that Luther had a finger in the Thirty-nine Articles." He then refers to the Thirteen Articles which resulted from a conference between German ambassadors and English divines. It is doubtless not "agreeable" for the "Catholic" party to learn of this connection, but it is certainly inaccurate to say that the fact "is not generally known." I have before me as I write the well-known "History of the Articles of Religion," by Hardwick, and my editlon is dated 1859. On pp. 60-66 the whole subject of the relation of the Anglican Articles to the Thirteen Articles is carefully stated. It is now nearly sixty years since Dr. Jenkyns, in looking for remains of Cranmer, discovered a manuscript containing the Articles agreed upon at the Conference by the German and the English uthorities in 1538. Hardwick goes on to point out that while, up to the discovery by Jenkyns, the compilers of the Anglican Articles of 1553 were thought to have drawn directly from the Confession of Augsburg, the discovery of the Thirteen Articles made it probable, if not certain, that such derivation took place entirely through the medium of the Anglo-German channel.

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto, Canada, December 19.

Literature

A FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE.

The Oxford Survey of the British Empire. Edited by A. J. Herbertson and O. J. R. Howarth. In six volumes. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 14s. net each.

The Oxford Survey of the British Empire is a timely publication, in that it contains a detailed description of the many parts of a great empire that is at the present moment engaged in a mighty struggle not only for integrity, but even, it may be, for existence. Each of the first five volumes is devoted to a definite geographical area—British Isles, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia—and is therefore complete in itself, while a final volume is taken up with a general survey of imperial interests and with a general historical summary. The work takes little account of the historical background, and therefore must be supplemented by an earlier, but no less valuable, publication, the "Oxford Historical Geography of the British Colonies," edited by Sir Charles Lucas.

The present survey deals with conditions as they are at the present time. In its production no less than eighty persons, with a number of lesser collaborators, have taken part, and it is profusely illustrated with excellent photographic reproductions, some of which are of great beauty and all of value, and with many maps in color and in black and white. The colored maps are well executed, with the single exception of those of Australia, while the inserted black and white charts and diagrams are useful, though of varying quality. Accompanying the text are bibliographies, gazetteers, and statistical tables in profusion, and each volume is well indexed. The editorial supervision has been efficient, and the style of the articles, the arrangement of the subject matter, spellings, and other aspects, so often at variance in a coöperative undertaking, have been kept well in hand. As far as observed, few errors of fact have crept in, though one capital blunder appears in volume four, where British Honduras is stated to be situated "on what is termed the Mosquito Coast," whereas the latter is an Indian reserve on the eastern coast of Nicaragua, from which England has withdrawn all rights of protectorate in favor of the Nicaraguan Government. The statement that "after the Restoration the plantations were no longer considered to be demesnes of the King, but were treated as part of the territories or dominions of England," is likewise erroneous, inasmuch as the British colonies in America were never deemed parcels of the realm at any time in their history.

As a whole, the volumes are well written and readable, and are to a noteworthy extent free from technical language and the nomenclature of the specialist. They are available, therefore, for general reading. This is a matter for congratulation, inasmuch as the work presents an impressive picture of the strength and resources of the British Empire. Each volume deals with a wide range of subjects, inevitably varying in the fulness and range of their treatment, and each is so made up as to furnish the traveller and tourist with just the kind of information that he ought to have, but cannot obtain from the average guide-book. Here are careful and accurate accounts of climate, vegetation, fisheries, agriculture, minerals, trade and production, railways, shipping, ports, canals, roads, population, race and language, public administration, government, defence, town and rural life, religion and churches, and the like, dealt with for every part of the British Empire as far as they go. Not even the smallest fraction of territory under British authority is left out. Papua, Hongkong, Wei-hai-wei, and all the Pacific and Atlantic islands receive a proportionate treatment. Noteworthy chapters are those of Sir Basil Worsfold on the problems of the South African Union, of Dr. Grenfell on Labrador, of J. D. Rogers on Newfoundland, of Sir R. C. Temple on Western Influence in India, and the introductory survey by Sir G. H. Reid, on Australia, in which the former Premier asserts that "Australia today is as truly British as Britain itself." All things considered, the least satisfactory chapters seem to be those that concern the British West Indies.

For the reader at large the chapter on imperial defence in volume six, and the supplemental chapters on the same subject in volumes one and five, will have a leading interest at the present time. It is significant that all are anonymous and bear internal evidence of having been written by the same hand, manifestly by one able to speak with authority. The general chapter contains a declaration of policy so pertinent to present-day affairs that it deserves to be reproduced without abbreviation:

Our friendships are based on the fundamental principle of our policy. The dominating factor in the formation of our present friendships has been the growth of the German navy. Whatever the real intention may be that has dictated its great development, we cannot afford to view its further expansion with indifference. For should that policy at any time develop aggressive tendencies against ourselves or against any of those Powers with whom we are friends, we are bound to come to the assistance of the latter or run the risk of a subsequent coalition aimed at our sea supremacy. The conclusion that is forced upon us is that our foreign policy is bound to concern itself with the maintenance of military equilibrium in Europe, and may consequently involve us in a Continental war, in the result of which the dominions are greatly interested on account of the ultimate effect of such a war on their sea-borne trade. This statement must, however, be qualified by saying that the situation that would be dangerous to ourselves cannot arise unless some Power or group of Powers on the Continent aspires to assume a dominating position. This view is, of course, not accepted by those holding certain political views in this country, and has frequently been criticised in the dominions, and the absence of a solid and unanimous opinion in favor of sending armed assistance to our friends in certain circum-

stances would inevitably be found embarrassing by the Government of the day in a time of acute crisis.

In this chapter, apparently written at the time of the crisis of 1912, we have an ample explanation of the recent policy of Sir Edward Grey and the British Government.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sons of the Rhine. ("Die Wiskottens.") By Rudolf Herzog. Translated by Louise T. Lazell. New York: Desmond FitzGerald.

The Wiskottens are properly sons of the Wupper; in that soiled but efficient stream they find their profit and their joy. Sons of the Rhine sounds better, and if, as many publishers appear to think, a title is merely a form of bait, this is doubtless a good and timely choice for an English version. With the startling red, white, and black cover, it seems to promise much shouting and at least a little fighting for the Fatherland. In fact, not all sons of the Rhine, or of the Wupper, have learned to live for that valued abstraction, United Germany. This is a story of provincial and industrial and domestic Germany. The pride of the Wiskottens is in the family character and the family business. Their loyalty extends itself to their servants and the workers in their mills, and so comes to an end. On page 3 of this narrative there is mention of military service as a thing to be avoided, and of the Kaiser in connection with moustachios; and that is the last we hear of either. The Wiskottens are sufficient unto themselves. The father, by industry and economy, has built up a small weaving business. His six sons make a great industry of it. Gustav, the eldest, is their leader; his self-sacrifice has gained capital by marriage, and his enterprise and daring have applied it to a rapid development of the business. The other brothers differ greatly, but all have a strong clan feeling, and all except the youngest, Ewald, are devoted to the family fortunes. But even Ewald is to be turned to account; his attempt to be an artist fails until he turns his hand to pattern-making for the Wupper mills, when he becomes the source of new prosperity, and of the overthrow of the wicked competitor, who chances to be Gustav's father-in-law.

Family loyalty and industrial conquest, not patriotism and military supremacy, are two of the idols here set up for worship; the third is domestic happiness. The whole treatment of this theme in connection with Gustav's marriage is amusingly German in its blending of sentimentalism and the main chance. The poor fellow has had to marry Emily for her money. He does not disguise the fact that it is a cross, and she is foolish enough to resent the situation even after she has borne him children. He is naturally amorous, and has grown fond of her; yet she presently deserts him. He perceives that she must be brought to heel, and achieves it by silence. In the end, contrite and more than submissive, she returns to his arms. The terms in which the united pair sum up the case show that Continental fastnesses remain where the despised "mid-Victorian" doctrines still hold out. "The woman," cries Emily, full of magnanimity, "the woman is responsible for everything that goes wrong in marriage. She has time and to spare, while the man works. It is her duty to be sweet and beautiful, and clever too. When men come home tired from their work they need cosseting." Gustav does not see his way to contradicting this, but has his own generous ideal: "Now, at least, I know what I'm working for. So that your eyes may keep bright, your hands soft, for me. . . . To think that I am weaving a crown, a crown to lay on your loosened hair, sweetheart, when night falls. That's the only kind of poetry I understand."

Obsolete matter for the enlightened Anglo-American reader; but, fashions aside, there is much warmth and even humor in this picture of German family life; in spite of an English version which too often fails in escaping the original idiom.

Selina. By George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "Emmy Lou" has tried here to draw a picture of the girl of the 'eighties, with her dawning consciousness of that problem of personal integrity and independence which has since been so publicly and gloriously expounded. She is shown standing, dazed but not quite helpless, at a parting of the ways. "As I read this girl and the conditions surrounding her, born late Victorian, she came into being when those sincere and fine tenets upon which the Victorian age founded itself were become the letter of the original vital idea, and the moment itself sentimental, trite, and prudish. Outcome and victim of an hour so flabby and platitudinous, this young girl of the Victorian '80's, apparently not only repudiated her condition made up of absurdities, futilities, and inadequacies, but her maturity has lapsed over into the post-Victorian era as pioneers, she and her companions of that day, who blazed the way for the army of women now following." Selina does not succeed in solving the problem for herself. Her author, as she alliteratively confesses, has seen her at a moment "piteous rather than pertinent, helpless rather than heroic, and groping rather than grasping." In describing her and her little friends, the writer has also indulged an intense, almost voluptuous, feeling for the charms of young girlhood which has been noticeable in her earlier work. She cannot mention a young female in her teens without labelling her a dear child, or a sweet thing, or a pretty creature. Selina is, with or without her beauty, a nice enough girl, and perfectly fitted for that flapper-worship which still determines the course of romantic fiction. We leave her, after various tentative and unsuccessful ventures towards self-realization, "finding herself a little bit"; and by that token refusing to marry her nice young man because she has not yet proved her economic worth. "When I come to marry," she cries, "it's going to be because I choose to give up independence"; the "post-Victorian" battle-cry of the sex, sure enough—or is it only of a war-party?

We Are French! By Perley Poore Sheehan and Robert H. Davis. New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents net.

It is always a hazardous undertaking for the Anglo-Saxon to attempt to write of the Latin from the Latin point of view, but if one wishes to know precisely the spirit which to-day animates the whole French nation, one will find it exquisitely indicated in this book; not "expressed" with painstaking Anglo-Saxon bluntness, but revealed by implication, inference, suggestion. The story is of a French Damon and Pythias—two old Zouaves, veterans of the French campaign of 1871 in Africa. Somewhere in the annals of French arms is the epic of the bugler, who, surrounded by hostile Arabs, was told to sound the "retreat" to save his life, but who sounded, instead, "Charge!" This is the deed attributed to old Anatole Picard, for which, forty years later, he is invited to come to Paris to receive his decoration, in the presence of the President of the Republic. The two old Zouaves decide to walk, and bring out their old Zouave uniforms with their atrociously baggy trousers and short braided jackets. It is then that the authors reveal their intimate knowledge of the French, in the words, "Ah, those uniforms! such red! such blue! such shining brass!" A sentiment that, lingering until to-day, has cost tens of thousands of lives, because the red and the blue make their wearers good long-range targets. The old Zouaves begin to near their goal: "The villages through which they passed began to look like detached fragments of Paris itself. . . . The same sort of change was apparent in the people. . . . The villagers stared at them with more curiosity than kindness. Workmen and young idlers were apt to smile cynically as they passed. Even the gendarmes appeared cold." After the early picture of the village life they had left, with all its simple, hearty comradeship, nothing could better express the difference between Paris and the rest of France.

Betty's Virginia Christmas. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

All the ingredients of the standard Southern love-story are here employed, skilfully enough for the purpose: the Colonel, sir! the old estate with its mortgages, the Northern interloper, the fair and silly Southern maiden, the faithful family nigger, the fox-hunt, the dance, the julep, the punch-bowl, the rescue, the quarrel, the general mush of comfortable sentiment at the end. Betty is married to her gallant Yankee lieutenant, and has "the most beautiful baby ever seen." Even after that, we linger to see Betty's baby christened out of the Colonel's eggnog bowl, and presented with the Colonel's sword, with a speech by the donor. The final scene, which takes place very shortly after the incident of the eggnog

bowl and the sword, shows the Colonel making a good try at Colonel Newcome's record for death-bed pathos:

The Colonel's eyes suddenly brightened, and he raised his thin figure in the chair, and his eyes saw into another world.

"Hear the music," he said. "The band plays very well to-day; it is playing a fine march for the dress parade. Give me my sword."

Uncle Cesar reached up and took the sword from where it hung over the mantel, and put it gently in the Colonel's wasted hand. With his feeble strength the old man drew it half out of its scabbard, and looked at it.

"It is bright," he said. "There has never been a stain upon it. Here comes the commanding officer. Turn out the guard."

Uncle Cesar, who knew what was at hand, answered reverently:

"Yes, old Marse. The guard is turnin' out."

Then, raising the sword to the salute, the gallant old Colonel heard the last order to fall in, and met, face to face, humbly, but without fear and in perfect peace, the Great Commander.

Excellent matter for the movies!

SOCRATES AND PLATO.

Greek Philosophy: Part I, Thales to Plato. By John Burnet. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

For this volume of Sir Henry Jones's Schools of Philosophy no scholar in Great Britain was, from one point of view, better prepared than Professor Burnet, both by his extraordinary knowledge of Greek in general and by his special studies in editing the text of Plato and in writing his history of "Early Greek Philosophy." And he has excellent qualifications as a writer. He is always clear and precise and vigorous, though it must be admitted also that his style lacks something of grace and fails to rise in eloquence to the greater heights of his theme. This defect is due, no doubt, to the same bluntness of imagination, or lack of intellectual refinement, which led him to transliterate the personal appellations directly from the Greek, giving us such needless crudities as Sokrates (why not Sôkratês?) and Sokratic. If consistency is so great a virtue in his eyes as to warrant contempt for common usage, why, one asks, does he write Cyrus for Kyros or Kuros, or the Persian form of the word, whatever that may be, and Zeno and Plato for Zenon and Platon? There is even a certain absurdity in his system when on the same page he gives "Theætetus" as the name of the dialogue, yet transliterates the protagonist of the dialogue as Theaitetos. But, if not elegant, the book is one to read and digest, to learn much from, and in part to disagree with sharply. No one interested in philosophy can afford to pass it by.

Professor Burnet's treatment of the earlier schools we must leave unnoticed, though there is scarcely a page in these chapters which does not show the working of a mind keenly original and enormously erudite. Particularly noteworthy is the section on Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, and, indeed, one of Professor Burnet's pet theses is the deep and continuous influence of the Italian school on Socrates and all the later modes of Greek thought. It is a thesis in which most students will be ready to follow him far, though, perhaps, not quite so far as he would like to lead them. The most important, or at least the most debatable, aspect of the Pythagorean influence is in the doctrine of ideas. These he connects skilfully, and no doubt correctly, with the actual geometric forms produced by the arrangement of points to represent the square numbers (4, 9, 16, etc.) and the oblong numbers (6, 12, 20, etc.). In this way the connection between form *(eidos)* and number is presented in a simple and visible manner, and a perfectly clear meaning is given to Plato's exclusion of any one not a geometrician from his Academy. The questionable phase of the theory is seen in Professor Burnet's insistence on translating *eidos* always as "form," instead of rendering it by "idea" as is customary when dealing with the more advanced philosophy of the Platonic school. He sins a little by over-simplicity, where others, perhaps, have erred in the contrary direction. Professor Burnet's Pythagoreanism gives an easy explanation of Plato's continued interest in numbers—his mania, some would say, thinking of certain hard passages in the "Republic" and "Timæus"—but it leaves out of the Platonic "ideas" too much of that overgrowth of the imagination and that poetic visualization which have made them for two thousand years one of the great sources of inspiration, for good and for evil. To discover only a bare intellectualism or conceptualism in the visionary flights of the "Phædrus" is to miss one-half of Platonism. "The 'supercelestial region' [of that dialogue]," he maintains, "is clearly identified with that of pure thought, and the forms the mind beholds in it—Righteousness itself, Soberness itself, Knowledge itself—do not lend themselves in any way to crude pictorial fancies." To use the word "crude" is really to beg the question; but to suppose that the "Phædrus" does not exhibit in Plato's mind something that outruns a pure rationalism, to fail to see in it a mysticism of vision which the negations of dialectic cannot reach, is to make of Platonism something very different from what innumerable scholars have confidently believed it to be—and from what the listeners in the Academy themselves heard.

And the same sort of reservation must be applied to Professor Burnet's analysis of the later dialogues and to his account of Plato's matured system of teaching in the Academy. The description of that school as the first great university of Europe, the insistence on the scientific research in which the students were engaged, the emphasis on the practical side of the political discipline which sent legislators and rulers from Plato's classrooms over the Greek world—all this is an excellent corrective to the too common notion of the Academy as a congregation of visionary and talkative dreamers. Professor Burnet might have enriched his description by quoting from Cicero's marvellous description of the Old Academics in the fifth book of the "De Finibus":

From their writings and teachings can be learned the whole of liberal culture, of history, and of style; moreover, they include such a variety of sciences (*artium*) that without the equipment that they give no one can be adequately prepared to embark on any of the higher careers. They have produced orators, generals, and statesmen. To come to the less distinguished professions, this factory of experts in all the sciences has turned out mathematicians, musicians, and physicians.

Professor Burnet has done well to lay weight upon the character of this *omnium artificum officina* as a great school of scientific research and of practical sociology; but he does not do well to slur over the chief aim of the school in its work of producing "liberal culture" (*doctrina liberalis*) and in its profound religious inspiration. He closes his discussion of the Academy, and his book, with the statement that by solving the problem of the irregular motion of the planets Plato "laid the ghost of the two-world theory which had haunted Greek philosophy since the time of Parmenides." Such a statement is worse than misleading in its inadequacy. In one sense Plato did indeed transcend the dualism that runs through so much of earlier Hellenic thinking; but he did this only by introducing, and fixing as part of the world's spiritual heritage, a profounder kind of dualism. Professor Burnet has read through his Plato many times. He should not have forgotten the "two-world" feeling that permeates the later dialogues, written when the author had passed quite beyond what Professor Burnet holds to have been the more mystical philosophy of Socrates. "We must suppose," says the Athenian in the "Laws," "that there are at least two souls [in the moving universe], one the author of good, the other able to accomplish the contrary of good." That "two-world theory" was not disposed of by mathematical demonstrations; and to ignore it is to miss the heart of Platonism from its inception to its close.

As already intimated, Professor Burnet reaches this view of Plato as a scientific rationalist by means of an original, not to say startling, view of the relation of Plato to his master. According to this theory, all the dialogues up to and largely inclusive of the "Republic" are purely dramatic and contain nothing of Plato's own contribution to philosophy. Plato, in fact, had no thoughts of his own during this period of his life, but was content to sink himself entirely in his teacher. The doctrine of ideas, as presented in these dialogues, is not Platonic, but was taken over by Socrates from the Pythagoreans and made his own by substituting the theory of participation for that of imitation:

The Pythagorean doctrine of imitation left the sensible and intelligible as two separate worlds; the doctrine of participation makes the sensible identical with the intelligible, except that in sensible things the forms appear to us as a manifold instead of in their unity, and that they are only imperfectly embodied in the particulars.

Socrates thus occupied, so far as "ideas" are concerned, a middle ground between the dualism (*chôrismos*) of Pythagoras and the scientific monism of Plato. And not only is the doctrine of ideas in its most essential stage due to Socrates, but the mysticism, the religious feeling (or "religiosity," Professor Burnet might perhaps say), the poetical enthusiasm, are also non-Platonic, having come full-fledged to Socrates from the Orphic and Pythagorean cults, though held in check by his peculiar sense of "irony." It is important to present this view in Professor Burnet's own words:

> I am firmly convinced that the mystical side of the doctrine of forms ["ideas"] is due to Sokrates and not to Plato. We know certain facts about him, such as his "voice" and his trances, which prove him to have possessed the mystic temperament, and we know certain facts which explain the manner in which he conceives the mystic love. . . .
>
> He was indeed a visionary or "enthusiast," in the Greek sense of that word, but he was also uncommonly shrewd. His critics called him "sly," using a word (εἴρων) which is properly applied to foxes. The Scot's word "canny" (not always a term of praise) comes nearest in meaning to the Greek. . . . To a very large extent, we gather, "the accustomed irony" of Sokrates was nothing more or less than what we call a sense of humor which enabled him to see things in their proper proportions.

That, according to Professor Burnet, is the true Socrates as he was in his later years and as Plato knew him. Of Xenophon's "Memorabilia" our author takes slight account, waving them aside as of no historic value. But there was also an earlier and different Socrates, of whom we have scattered glimpses in Plato and a full-length portrait (caricatured, of course) in Aristophanes. It has been one of the problems of scholarship to reconcile the picture of Socrates in "The Clouds," as a fantastic investigator of nature and leader of a band of pallid students, with the philosopher of the streets, who brought philosophy down from the sky to this earth. Professor Burnet solves the difficulty by frankly accepting both portraits, and attempting to establish a break between the younger student carried away by the scientific theorizing of the day and the mature philosopher whose interests were wholly ethical and religious.

Now, any theory of so complete a scholar as Professor Burnet is worthy of consideration, and his thesis in regard to Socrates and Plato has the unquestionable value of offering a correction to certain current views. But in some points, and those of very grave importance, it is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, demonstrably false and even pernicious.

That there was some sort of cleft in the life of Socrates, a period of interest in the physical causes of phenomena preceding his ethical period, is a well-attested fact; but it may be questioned whether Professor Burnet's treatment of this division does not raise it into the region of conjecture. In the main, we think the conjecture is sound and useful, though probably somewhat exaggerated. Professor Burnet is not the first scholar with a theory to push it too far—even outside of Germany.

Again, that there was a deeply religious, even a mystical, element in the character of Socrates seems to us demonstrable, and to set this forth as Professor Burnet has done is to perform a good service, in view of the inadequate conception of Socrates made widely current by the "Griechische Denker" of Theodor Gomperz. According to that brilliant and much-quoted history, we are to reject all the religious and exhortatory traits of the Platonic Socrates for a mere questioner and promoter of the *Aufklärung*. The teacher of Plato was no *Mahnredner* or *Tugendprediger;* the story in the "Apology" of his self-dedication to the service of the god is pure moonshine; he had one simple task, to set forth the unity of knowledge and virtue, and to that end there was no need of exhortation or animating appeal, no room even for any positive ethical teaching, etc., etc. Now the Socrates of Gomperz is simply impossible—a creature manufactured in a Teutonic *phrontistêrion*, and not the living man of Athens from whom the deepest inspiration of philosophy has flowed even to this day. Gomperz himself offers a corrective to his portrait by quoting as the motto for his volume the words from Clemens Alexandrinus: "Wherefore also Cleanthes in his second book concerning Pleasure says that Socrates always taught that the just man is the happy man, and *cursed* the first man who distinguished between the just and the profitable *as one who had done an impious thing.*" There is decidedly something of the *Mahnredner* and *Tugendprediger* in the words underscored, though we need not, for all that, picture Socrates quite as a Lutheran parson. If Clemens is right, and Plato was not a mere mystificator, and there is any propriety in calling all the later stream of Greek thought Socratic, and if common-sense has any place in the study of philosophy, then Gomperz is wrong. We may be certain that beneath the irony of Socrates, deeper than his questioning of popular phrases and his search for precision of definition, lay a power of very positive ethical teaching and an emotional appeal, in the master's own way and at his own time, which smote the heart even of such a worldling as Alcibiades to the quick, and shall never cease to vibrate in the hearts of living men.

This is, perhaps, not exactly the tone of Professor Burnet's treatment of Socrates, but his emphasis of the religious and even the mystical side of Socrates's character is in the right direction—even if carried by him too far. But why must he rob Peter to pay Paul? To maintain that the thought of the earlier dialogues is purely Socratic and in no sense Platonic, to hold that Plato was a mere dramatist when he wrote the "Republic," with no philosophy of his own to develop and expound, is to go to the other extreme. Such a view seems, to the present reviewer at least, to be little short of nonsense.

Professor Burnet bases his revolutionary theory mainly on the intricate question of "ideas," taking refuge in a metaphysical jungle from which it would be difficult to dislodge him. It is easy to maintain that between the earlier dialogues, including the "Republic," and the later dialogues there is a fairly sharp break in the use of the word "idea," and to conjecture, therefore (it can be only conjecture), that the one use is Socratic and the other Platonic. But the difficulty of dealing with such an argument lies in its obscurity; notwithstanding all that has been written on "ideas" and may yet be written, we are not likely to have any clear conception of what they meant exactly to Pythagoras or Socrates or Plato. It is safer, therefore, to waive that argument altogether and to approach the distribution of the Platonic philosophy from another angle. If we can find one question of supreme importance the treatment of which in the principal dialogues of the earlier period shows a perfectly clear progress from the simple point of view known certainly to be that of Socrates to a point of view not essentially different but more profoundly developed, we shall be pretty safe in concluding that these dialogues are not merely dramatic expositions of Socratic teaching, but indicate chronologically the growth of Plato's own philosophy. Professor Burnet argues from the supposition (extremely uncertain in itself) that a certain doctrine of ideas appears in the very first dialogues and remains the same through the whole early group, and then undergoes a sudden change; his inference loses its force if another philosophical thesis, simpler and clearer in itself, shows a complete development within the early group.

Now, just such a thesis we find in the relation of justice to pleasure (*hêdonê*) and to happiness (*eudaimonia*), as expounded in the three great dialogues, the "Protagoras," the "Gorgias," and the "Republic." The matter is too large to be adequately treated in a review, but the essential steps in the progress may be indicated thus: In the "Protagoras" the argument runs that pleasure is a good and pain an evil. If, therefore, men are to be persuaded to follow justice or virtue, they must be taught that such a life in its sum imparts more pleasure than the contrary life. The conclusion may be given in the excellent language of Berkeley's attempt to undermine the vicious conclusions of hedonism ("Alciphron," II, xviii, abridged):

> But Socrates, who was no country parson, suspected your men of pleasure were such through ignorance of the art of reckoning. It was his opinion (Plato in Protag.) that rakes cannot reckon. And that for want of this skill they make wrong judgments about pleasure, on the right choice of which their happiness depends. To make a right computation, should you not consider all the faculties and all the kinds of pleasure, taking into your account the future as well as the present, and rating them all according to their true value? And all these points duly considered, will not Socrates seem to have had reason on his side, when he thought ignorance made rakes, and particularly their

being ignorant of what he calls the science of more and less, greater and smaller, equality and comparison, that is to say of the art of computing?

That, if we know anything of the matter, is the pure Socratic logic, admirably summed up from the "Protagoras" by a master mind. But Plato soon found that the identification of happiness with the larger sum of pleasures offered an exceedingly slippery foundation for morality. In the "Gorgias," therefore, he attacks the question of pleasure, and in the insolent words of Callicles carries the philosophy of hedonism to its logical extreme. In reply Socrates proves that pleasure is not identical with the good which all men pursue, and cannot in itself be made the support of justice. Not even the great King of Persia, to whom every source of pleasure is open, is necessarily *happy*, for we do not know how he stands in the matter of *education* and *justice*. Here, and elsewhere in the "Gorgias," the great conclusion is adumbrated: pleasure and happiness are not distinguished quantitatively, but qualitatively, and the just life is to be preferred for reasons apart from any computations of pleasure and pain. We find Plato groping, as yet darkly, for this certainty of self-knowledge by which he was to make the Socratic philosophy the religion of the world. In one sense he is discovering a truth that is the contrary of the Socratic hedonism of the "Protagoras"; in another sense he was merely rendering explicit what was implicit in that hedonism, or, rather, correcting Socrates's imperfect logic by Socrates's perfect intuition; for the final fact for which Socrates stood was not a theory of pleasure and knowledge and virtue, not a rationalizing hedonism, but the simple affirmation of ignorance of everything save of this one truth: that justice is preferable to injustice, that it is better, if needs be, to suffer injustice than to do injustice, and that somehow he had never met a man who could argue against this intuition without in the end making himself ridiculous.

This correction of Socrates's logic by a re-examination of his hypotheses in the light of his own intuition, adumbrated in the "Gorgias," is, in the "Republic," wrought out in all the splendor of reason and imagination. The psychological dualism upon which rests the distinction between pleasure and happiness is elaborated and illustrated (notably in the tale of the man passing the *barathron*) in such a way as to leave little room for further development, and justice, now defined as a condition of the soul known to the man himself by his happiness, is rescued from the ambiguities of a calculating hedonism.

If this analysis of the three greatest of the early dialogues is correct, the whole theory of Professor Burnet, based on the doctrine of ideas, falls to the ground.

It may seem that much space has been taken to refute a book which the reviewer confesses to have found in many respects admirable. As a matter of fact, Professor Burnet's pages are scattered with keen *aperçus*, and his scholarship is everywhere in evidence, but the main thesis of his work is at least of a sort that challenges disagreement.

A CRITIC ON HIS ART.

Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

When Mr. Brownell sent forth this little volume on the art of which he has been for nearly thirty-five years an accomplished practitioner, one can fancy that he repeated *sotto voce* the somewhat melancholy words of the "faultless painter" to his Lucrezia: "You don't understand nor care to understand about my art, but you can hear at least when people speak." Every one, of course, who knows anything of these matters knows that Mr. Brownell's "French Traits," his "French Art," his "Victorian Prose Masters," and his "American Prose Masters" are works of rare distinction in the field of American criticism—works in which singularly acute and unintermittent thinking is expressed with almost flawless precision. To that select audience which writing of this nature and quality makes for itself, it need only be said that the treatise before us is related to the preceding critical essays as Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" is related to his verse and his stories, or as Arnold's "Study of Poetry" is related to the second series of "Essays in Criticism." As for that amiable Lucrezia, the general American public, however, it may be surmised that she is not "up" to Mr. Brownell's impeccable art from her otherwise inexplicable failure to exact of him a higher degree of productivity.

It should be pointed out that a critic of his standards will hardly enter upon his task before the age of forty. He must outlive so much emotional ferment and acquire so much intellectual culture before he can attain the high rational disinterestedness, poise, and serenity proper to criticism. Though technical expertness is not to be demanded of him, he must be prepared to deal with multifarious "moral data," to "disengage the qualities which inform the technique," and to value them. His function presupposes a "large and luminous view of life and the world," to which an adequate acquaintance with history, æsthetics, and philosophy is essentially contributory. His criterion is not the epicurean delight of the impressionist nor the rigid formularies of the academic dogmatist, but principles tested and approved by taste, time, and reason or sense, which last is to be incessantly engaged in checking and scrutinizing the chameleon sensibility. His method, finally, is by a close persistent analysis to establish a preconception of personality redefined in an ultimate synthesis. And the highest service of criticism "is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good."

To move the widest circles, Mr. Brownell is a little too impersonal, a little too free from prejudice, a little too civil, urbane, and catholic, and a little too remorselessly intellectual. His style, furthermore, is somewhat too elaborately considered. Though it is invariably clear and bright, it is slightly deficient in charm; it is brilliant but devoid of glamour. One is tempted to quote to him his own comment upon Rodin: "In fine, the most one can say, I think, about the inadequacy of Rodin's technical 'finish' is that his devotion to expression . . . perhaps blinds him to an occasional opportunity of decorating sufficiency of expression, of statement, with that touch of purely sensuous and irresponsible agreeableness which adds nothing—save pure delight!—to its force or significance." To which Mr. Brownell might reply that in rejecting impressionism he has deliberately eschewed the "irresponsible exercise of the nervous system." As he elsewhere puts it in his admirable essay on Arnold, whom he regards, despite a deficient interest in painting and the plastic arts, as the first of critics: "What criticism lacks, and what will always be a limitation to its interest and its power, is the element of beauty, which it of necessity largely foregoes in its concentration upon truth."

Mr. Brownell's criticism pursues truth with fine concentration upon its object—and with very notable technique. One wishes for this discourse a wider influence than it is likely, one apprehends, to exert; for it is full of valuable distinctions, wise counsel, and technical hints of which American criticism generally stands in crying need. One wishes particularly that this book may put readers and writers upon a reëxamination of Mr. Brownell's other works, which illustrate and justify it.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.

Constantine the Great and Christianity. By Christopher Bush Coleman. Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Columbia University Press; Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

The problem of the real attitude of the first nominally Christian emperor towards religion in general and towards the Christian religion in particular is one of perennial interest to students of history. Whether they are concerned primarily with the history of the church or with that of the empire as a whole, they find in a solution of this problem the key to many of the most perplexing problems of that age of transition.

It is, therefore, a very distinct service which Dr. Coleman has rendered in this new study of a subject already treated from almost every conceivable point of view. His purpose is not to offer new material or even to propose novel interpretations of familiar texts, but to summarize and to comment independently upon the views already brought out in the discussions of a generation past.

His plan has a certain suggestion of novelty and certainly tends towards clearness

of presentation. He divides his treatment under three heads: the Constantine of history, the Constantine of legend, and the Constantine of fiction. Of these divisions the first is the largest and the most important. It includes a fair statement of the problem, followed by an examination of the emperor's reported legislation, his coins, inscriptions, and alleged writings. Then we have an examination of the evidence as to his patronage of Christianity, his gradual change of emphasis from the pagan to the Christian side, and his final acknowledgment of Christianity as his own personal religion by the act of baptism. The second section comprises a survey of the most familiar legends of Constantine, both Christian and pagan, with a view to drawing from them whatever of historical suggestion they may contain. The third part is devoted almost entirely to a study of the famous "Donation," with a history of its reception through the centuries and a brief summary of the arguments against its genuineness. Three appendices give respectively the text of the account of Constantine's conversion in the *Vita Sylvestri*, that of the *donatio*, and that of the first modern criticism of the "Donation" by Nicholas of Cusa.

Dr. Coleman writes as an historian, without prejudices and with a laudable desire to present all sides of a very complicated situation; but he does not succeed, after all, in disentangling the skein. He has read his material, but he cannot get away from it into the perspective needed to command it. He does not wholly escape from the conventional scheme which would make of Constantine either a pagan or a Christian, or else an impostor. He shows, indeed, that he has tried to do this, but he has not worked himself out into a clearness of view that will greatly help the reader. For example, though we have frequent references to the prevailing syncretism of the time we find no adequate study of Constantine's relation to other religions than Christianity by which the apparent inconsistencies in his attitude might be at least partially explained.

It would be interesting to know to what extent Constantine, like many another Roman, indulged in the luxury of having several religions at the same time in order, as he more than hints in the Edict of Milan, to "make himself solid" with every form of divinity there was going in the wide empire he sought to rule.

Nor is there, with all the abundant reference to sources, any careful study or comparison of them. It is not enough to say that Zosimus—who, by the way, twice appears as "Sozimus"—was a "pagan historian" who writes with "characteristic spleen." We ought to know, if our author can tell us, what determined his attitude towards things Christian and, so far as is possible, we ought to be furnished with some sympathetic understanding of that attitude. So, on the other hand, without some similar appreciation it is idle to cite the statements of Eusebius as having any value that can be called convincing.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July to December, will be printed with the issue of January 7.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland," by Enos A. Mills.

The Macmillan Company will publish next month a volume of hitherto unpublished poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with an introduction by Frederick C. Kenyon. The same company announces the forthcoming publication of "Mrs. Martin's Man," by St. John G. Ervine.

The publication is announced of the complete report of the proceedings of the First National Conference on Universities and Public Service. Copies, which may be obtained of Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Box 380, Madison, Wis. (price $1), will be sent free to trustees and other university officials, public officials, editors, and librarians.

The Harvard University Press announces the following books for publication this winter: In literature—"Essays on Chaucer," by George Lyman Kittredge; "The History of Allegory in Spain," by Chandler Rathfon Post; "Poems of Giacomo da Lentino," edited by E. F. Langley; "The Supernatural in Tragedy," by Charles Edward Whitmore. Government and economics—"Some Aspects of the Tariff Problem," by Frank William Taussig; "The Trust Problem," by E. Dana Durand; "The Enforcement of Decrees in Equity" (Vol. I of the Harvard Studies in Jurisprudence), by Charles Andrews Huston; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by William Bennett Munro; "The Anthracite Coal Combination in the United States," by Eliot Jones; "English Field Systems," by H. L. Gray; "The Evolution of the English Corn Market, from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century," by N. S. B. Gras; "An Approach to Business Problems," by Arch Wilkinson Shaw. History—"Wraxall's New York Indian Records, 1678-1751," by Charles Howard McIlwain.

Prof. Svante Arrhenius, of Stockholm, announces, in view of the European situation, the postponement of distribution of the Nobel prizes by the scientific and literary institutions of Sweden until 1915. Heretofore the formal presentation of the prizes in medicine, chemistry, physics, and literature has been held on December 10, the anniversary of Nobel's death. The mere announcement of the awards will still be made on that date, the actual presentation to take place hereafter in June of the following year.

Numerous books about the war must be dispatched with briefest indications of their temper and worth. Edmund von Mach's "What Germany Wants" (Little, Brown; $1 net) describes Germany as essentially pacific, but impelled by pressure of population to seek new territory and new markets. "She had to find ever new markets in the world or starve." In the quest England seemed to thwart her; hence a sort of inevitable conflict. As a statement of the perverted political psychology of the Vaterland, the book has a certain value. On the side of cold fact, though Germany may have felt hemmed in, she was not. No nation with a rapidly advancing commerce who imports annually some fifty thousand laborers to gather her crops is really suffering from overpopulation, or even figuratively in danger of starvation. Dr. von Mach's book will with impartial readers increase the sense that Germany's wants were inordinate. The general dignity and moderation of Dr. von Mach's plea are as remarkable as its logical thinness.

"The German Enigma," by Georges Bourdon (Dutton) is the report of an *enquête* made by a highly trained Parisian journalist in Germany last year. He interviewed, among others, Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, von Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Lichnowsky, Theodor Wolff of the *Tageblatt*, Sudermann, and Maximilian Harden. The results of these conversations are more personally interesting than politically instructive. M. Bourdon found abundant verbal friendship for France, and a universal conviction that Germany must increase her armaments. Adolf Kerr, of *Pan*, indulged in wholly candid expressions which have become prophetic: "There is a warlike foundation in the temperament of the race, a superfluity of animal force that requires to vent itself." What is most significant is that several of the publicists consulted volunteered the information that there was no international opinion among the German people, and that war, if it came, would be the decision of a small administrative minority. M. Bourdon's suggestion that a neutralized Alsace-Lorraine would liberate France to avert an impending clash between Germany and Russia has a pathetically belated sound. While the personal interest of a book which reports the sayings of prominent German leaders is considerable, no common tendency is discernible except that everybody felt before the war that Germany should be tremendously armed and that she would keep peace only on the condition that her whole case be conceded. The state of mind can hardly be described as enigmatic, and M. Bourdon should not have been puzzled.

John C. Powys's pamphlet, "The War and Culture" (G. Arnold Shaw) is a reply to Professor Münsterberg's book. Mr. Powys goes straight to the contrasting political ideals that underlie the war, setting them forth with clearness and eloquence. An extract will give a notion of the reasoning and style of a tract which is more weighty than many of the more pretentious treatises:

> The idea of Germany is to force upon the world, by means of an omnipotent and irresistible state-machine, a certain hard, scientific, unimaginative, and efficient culture.
>
> The idea of the Allies is to protect the individual against the state, the little nations against the empires, and the drama, color, passion, beauty, and tradition of the various races of the earth against a monotonous and murderous uniformity.

Mr. Powys is both ingenious and just in bringing apparently autocratic Russia within his general scheme. Cloudesley Brereton's little book, "Who Is Responsible?" (Putnam; 50 cents net) is both an historical analysis and a forecast. The author traces clearly the hardening of German sympathy into unbridled national egotism under Prussian miseducation, and believes that Germany must be beaten for her own sake. The argument is conducted with vigor. Mr. Brere-

ton's comment on the campaign of the peace societies deserves attention:

Unfortunately, the peace societies throughout the world appear to have made an error in tactics. They have concentrated unduly on the idea of the brotherhood of man (cosmopolitanism), and have too often ignored the vital factor of nationality.

"The War in Europe: Its Cause and Consequences" (Sully & Kleinteich; $2 net) is a rather large octavo full of statistical material of a political and military sort, with maps and tables, and, as well, numerous illustrations gleaned mostly from the current magazines and from standard encyclopædic works. There is also an historical summary and a selection from the diplomatic correspondence. The compilation has been made by the skilled hand of Dr. Rossiter Johnson, and the work seems well adapted to the needs of those who are limited to a single source of reference.

"The Railway Library" for 1913, compiled by Slason Thompson (Bureau of Railway News and Statistics), sustains its reputation as a valuable collection of interesting literature on the subject of railways, most of which appeared during the year. Forty-two articles are reprinted, and the list of authors includes the names of Theodore Roosevelt, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Meyer, Charles A. Prouty, Presidents Rea of the Pennsylvania and Elliott of the New Haven, Seth Low, and W. M. Acworth.

In "The Joyful Heart" (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.25 net) Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler has collected a number of essays originally printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere. It is a book of enthusiasms. With a slight, harmless air of proprietorship it offers enthusiasm, joy, "the brimming cup," to jaded and half-hearted humanity. "Exuberance," it cries, "is the income yielded by a wise investment of one's vitality. On this income, so long as it flows in regularly, the moderate man may live in the Land of the Joyful Heart, incased in triple steel against any arrows of outrageous fortune that happen to stray in across the frontier. Immigrants to this land . . ." the passage goes on to illustrate an exuberance in speech which is characteristic of the writer. His metaphors trip on each others' heels or are forgotten, sometimes with odd results, as in his allusion to "a crowd of unadulterated human porcupines." It might be difficult to adulterate a porcupine, even with a pair of tweezers! But to be overflowing with vitality is the main thing, to be joyously abounding in health, in spirits—in activity among metaphors and elsewhere. The really central idea, to which Mr. Schauffler returns again and again in these pages, is that happy achievement depends on bodily health; and that the bodily health worth having is not a mere lack of illness, but a positive and exultant strength to will, to do, and to enjoy. He pleads for physical training as the only sane basis for cheerful and useful living. "Such a regimen pays thousands of per cent. in yearly dividends. It allows one to live in an almost continual state of exaltation rather like that which the sprinter enjoys when, after months of flawless preparation, he hurls himself through space like some winged creature too much in love with the earth to leave it, while every drop of his tingling blood makes him conscious of endless reserves of vitality." It is out of such health, says Mr. Schauffler, that masterpieces in art have proceeded—directly from the artist, but indirectly also from those "masters by proxy" who have given him of their surplus vitality in the form of sympathy and inspiration. And there is an even more practical variety of the "master by proxy." Several times in these papers Mr. Schauffler reverts to a plea for the endowment of genius. The essay on "The Joyful Heart for Poets" seems to have rather more to do with pockets than with hearts. The argument is that we should spend a few thousands out of the millions we give for education to founding "fellowships of creative poetry," and that it would be well now and then for a "captain of industry . . . to put his hand into his pocket—if only into his watch-pocket—or adorn his last testament with a modest codicil"—in favor of some struggling young poet. Thus might vicarious glory be attained by the dullest millionaire. "Even if he finds himself quite lacking in creativeness, he can still be a silent partner of genius if he will relax his purse-strings." And if he can first catch his genius! Relaxing purse-strings is, we understand, the chief sport of millionaires, but it has its rules. What Mr. Schauffler really needs for his purpose is a captain of industry with enough of surplus vitality to enjoy investing in futures.

Students of local government have long been interested in the reputed efficiency of German city administration, but hitherto there has been a surprisingly small amount of accurate information published on the subject in English. The German statistical year books are full of data, but few of us have either the patience to burrow through them or the skill and experience which is necessary to interpret the results that these figures may disclose. Mr. W. H. Dawson, in "Municipal Life and Government in Germany" (Longmans; $3.75 net), has, for the present at least, solved some of this difficulty. He has devoted several years to a personal investigation of German municipal administration, visiting the various cities, interviewing their officials, and getting his information at first hand. The result is a book, not written from books, but out of the mouths of men. This is not to say that the author has altogether neglected to make use of official publications; on the contrary, he has drawn freely from such sources. But he has put flesh upon these dry bones, so that his narrative of German municipal achievement is interesting as well as accurate in its details. The volume deals with the structure as well as with the functions of city government in the German Empire, although chiefly with the latter. There are good chapters on urban land-policy and city planning, housing, and poor relief. Due consideration is given, and very properly, to German municipal progress in minor fields of social betterment—to the municipalization of pawnshops and employment agencies, for example. More than a hundred pages are devoted to the complicated but highly important topic of municipal finances. The author's chapters on this subject constitute the clearest and most trustworthy short survey that has yet appeared in English. Some of Mr. Dawson's statements are hardly supported by the evidence adduced, but these do not seriously impair the value of a solid, careful, and readable volume. More to the point is the fact that the author has viewed everything from an intensely pro-German standpoint. He finds virtually nothing to criticise; even the Prussian local franchise system, with all its absurdities, meets his general approval as "asserting the principle of proportional representation according to liability to taxation" (p. 69).

The Abbé N. de Montfaucon de Villars, a not very godly cleric who flourished in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, published at Paris in 1670 a curious book called "Comte de Gabalis, ou entretiens sur les sciences secrètes." To the mere eye of sense, the gist of this work appears to be a somewhat playful recommendation of that "higher sensuality" which earlier in the century found favor at the court of Henrietta Maria in England under the name of "Platonic love"—a sensuality refined by mystical nonsense collected from the ends of the earth. Alexander Pope brought the book to the attention of English readers by borrowing from it the sylph-machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," and by commending it in his preface to that poem as the best account of the Rosicrucians. Edward Gibbon, as we are informed, once owned the copy now in the British Museum. Robert Browning also had a copy, to which he was indebted for some of the obscurities in "The Ring and the Book." Bulwer-Lytton utilized it in his novel, "Zanoni." Anatole France refers to it, employs it, and exposes its mystical sensuality to derisive laughter in the "Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque." It is now presented to us in an English translation with an elaborate mystical commentary, published by the Brothers, and to be had of Mr. Harry B. Haines, 527 West 110th Street, New York, for $2.50. It is necessary, therefore, to add that to the illuminated eye—to the spiritual vision in which the writer of this note is regrettably deficient—"Comte de Gabalis" unfolds all the ancient mysteries, and leads the "Pilgrim Soul" into "a new realization of God's Omnipotence and Justice." A similar claim, we believe, was formerly advanced in behalf of Ovid's "Ars amatoria." Whether there is any relation between the Abbé's text and the commentary drawn from Plato, Proclus, Porphyry, the Koran, the Cabala, Behmen, Swedenborg, and Mrs. M. B. Eddy—this is a question which cannot be answered by one who is animated by "selfish intellectualism." As we are fairly warned at the outset, this book is only "for the student who seeks to illuminate his intelligence by the torch of his own divinity"—for those who, as Pope put it, "quitting sense call imitating God."

Norman B. Dearle, in his "Industrial Training" (London: King; 10s. 6d. net), has given us a volume well up to the standard of previous monographs edited by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves and published under the auspices of the London School of Economics and Political Science. It is a very thorough discussion of the existing conditions of employment of male workers in the City of London and how they have affected the industrial training of boys. This discussion, with its conclusions, is based upon several years of investigation during which the facts were obtained at first hand from employers, trade-union officials, trade schools, boys engaged in various methods of learning a trade, and journeymen in the same trades. Whether they agree with the author's conclusions or

not, social workers and economists owe him a debt for the completeness of the data and the logical sequence and clarity with which they are presented. Each chapter is prefaced with a summary of its contents, and by frequent recapitulation the important divisions of the subject are kept in mind. Teaching methods in the shops are treated in detail, and the advantages and disadvantages of all existing practices considered. Trade schools, the problems arising from boy labor, and the relation of industrial training to unemployment, all find their place in the book. Mr. Dearle's solution is the practical one of utilizing existing agencies so far as they are good, in the attempt to organize boy labor, standardize and improve methods in the various trades, and supplement them by universal compulsory continuation schools. Each trade would preserve what is best in its own methods, and the desired result of centralized control over the entire field of industrial training, with equal coöperation of employers, parents, trade unions, educational authorities, and other existing agencies might ultimately be achieved without sudden and violent disturbances. This book is worthy of the attention of Americans who are working along similar lines and who desire to forestall in America conditions that have become acute elsewhere..

"A Far Journey" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75), by the Rev. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, is a simply written story of the pathway, geographical, political, intellectual, and religious, by which the author has been led from boyhood in a Syrian village near Mt. Lebanon to a high level of intelligent citizenship in the United States, and from membership in the Greek Orthodox Church to the pastorate of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. The introductory chapters go beyond the personal fortunes of the writer and give many interesting pictures of Syrian manners and customs. That even a little Syrian village can send a child into the world with an adequate native intellectual endowment is evident from the comparative ease with which Mr. Rihbany has triumphed over the disadvantage of limited educational opportunities. Thwarted in his desire for a thorough college training, he has persistently sought and found an education elsewhere, and that, too, without falling into the common error of undervaluing the more formal schooling denied to him. His wholesome respect for American democracy, his clear conception of its nature, and his conscientious acceptance of its responsibilities should teach a lesson to those among us who would apply wholesale restrictions to the immigration through which new and vigorous blood of so desirable a type is obtained. It was the chance of a good-natured inspector rather than the strict application of existing law that saved him from deportation without seeing more of America than is visible from New York harbor, for only a hasty loan from some of his fellow passengers saved him from facing the ordeal of Ellis Island with no visible means of support.

Whatever Mr. David Hannay writes is well worth reading, for he is saturated with his subject, and he writes with authority. His latest book, "Naval Courts-Martial" (Putnam; $2.50), is not at all what one might reasonably expect, a compendium of famous trials. These he passes over in silence or with but scant reference. American readers will naturally look, but look in vain, for accounts of the court-martial held on board H. M. S. Daphne, Sheerness, March 10, 1780, "for the trial of Captains Pearson and Piercy, officers, and men of H. M. S. ships Serapis and Countess of Scarborough"; or of that held September 9, 1814, on board H. M. S. Gladiator, Portsmouth, "for the trial of the officers and crew of H. M. late squadron on Lake Erie," etc., etc. Mr. Hannay's object is far different. Out of the countless musty records he has searched he seeks to create a truthful picture of the interior economy of the Royal Navy prior to the end of the Napoleonic wars. It is the seamy, not to say repulsive, side of the warp he holds up, more than justifying the most sordid pages of Smollett and Ward. A little light breaks through the dark cloud now and then, but one marvels that such brutality, hardship, injustice, as he depicts could ever have been tolerated. Some slight description might well have been given for the benefit of the layman of the Judgments of Oleron of the fourteenth century, so long the law of the maritime world in western Europe. The index is sadly insufficient. The style is clear and admirable, and the work an absorbingly interesting human document.

Great writers have much to answer for. Had Stevenson never written his "Tour with a Donkey in the Cevennes," it is safe to say that H. H. Bashford's "Vagabonds in Perigord" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), and a hundred other books like it, would never have seen the light; and they would not have been seriously missed. Mr. Bashford's contribution to the list is quite innocuous. It tells how he and a lady and another gentleman went for a walking tour in the neighborhood of Rocamadour and what they saw —not very much of that—and especially what they felt and the things they said to one another about babies and prudery and women's rights and things like that. They do not seem to have bored one another at all, but the reader would have preferred a little more, say, about Rocamadour, and a little less about Sophronia and her babies. Stevenson knew how to make Modestine live; Mr. Bashford is less successful with Sophronia.

A "source-book" is Hugh Gordon Miller's and Joseph C. Freehoff's characterization of their book, "The Panama Canal Tolls Controversy" (Boston: Chapple). It is a source-book by virtue not only of its appendices, which contain the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the Suez Canal Convention, the Hay-Pauncefote treaties of 1900 and 1901, and the treaty with Panama, but also of its free utilization of speeches by Senators who had a part in the framing of some of these arrangements. The authors do not conceal their opinion that the exemption clause of the Canal Act should have been repealed, as President Wilson successfully insisted, but the mass of their pages is filled with quotations from the debates on the various aspects of the question. These are connected with brief explanatory narratives, beginning with our interest in the idea of such a canal nearly a century ago. The book is not benefited by the introductions by William J. Bryan, Oscar S. Straus, and Senator Hughes, which merely delay a reader in getting to the essentials of the matter. On the other side of the question is Lewis Nixon's "The Canal Tolls and American Shipping" (McBride, Nast; $1.25 net). Mr. Nixon's book contains even more in the way of documents than does the other volume. It pays special attention to Senator Root's speech of January 21, 1913, the admitted force of which it endeavors to break.

A sermon preached on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Springfield, Mass., gives its name to a collection of chapters on "Civic Righteousness and Civic Pride," by Dr. Newton Marshall Hall (Sherman, French; $1.25 net). While the sermonic tone pervades the book, it embodies the ideals, economic and moral, of our present municipal strivings. Of a very different kind is "Open-Air Politics," by "Junius Jay" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net), in which are set forth, in fictional form, discussions of the problem of government. It cannot be said that much light is thrown upon fundamental questions, such as that of sovereignty, nor that the breaking of the "universal strike" by the belated firmness of Gov. Soothem goes further towards a solution of our difficulties than to emphasize the necessity of law and order. The publishers' assurance that the efforts to conceal the authorship of the book have been so successful that they themselves know only that the writer is an American, "eminent in public life, and of more than national fame," is calculated to raise the expectations of the reader considerably beyond any satisfaction that the pages afford.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The Authors' Society of London has raised a special fund for the assistance of British writers who have suffered financially through the war. Its War Emergency Fund subcommittee has been meeting regularly once a week to consider applications, and has spent about $1,000 in relief. The list of applicants is steadily increasing, as the prolongation of the war makes further inroads upon the scanty savings of peaceful times.

H. G. Wells is not only an epigrammatist himself, but the cause of epigrams in others. An irreverent English journalist remarked lately that he almost hoped for an invasion, because Mr. Wells would then be able to carry out his intention of sniping at the Germans. In that event this would become the War that Ends Wells, and All's well that ends Wells.

At Bengasi, in that part of the new Italian colony of Tripoli which is known as Cyrenaica, an archæological museum is under formation. Professor Ghislanzoni, the director, is already busy with valuable finds which have been made, This region of the Pentapolis was in full artistic development when Herodotus visited it. Even this was long after the initial contact with Greek civilization and all that went before.

> Some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
> Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
> And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
> Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
> Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine;
> And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
> The young light-hearted masters of the waves.

So far excavations have been carried on at the site of Cyrene; and they have already given prime samples of classic Greek sculpture—a Venus, Discobolus, and Three Graces.

The present stop in excavating has been put to profit in classifying scattered remains. This has led to an interesting surprise. It has been possible to reconstruct almost entirely a Parian marble statue of Alexander the Great. The pieces were found, like the other statues, near the spring of Apollo. They are in excellent preservation, and make a statue more than seven and a half feet high (2.30 metres). It is a nude, vigorous figure, standing upright with an equestrian emblem at the side. The arms are still wanting. The face is full of majesty, and may be compared with the contemporary bust known as Alexander the Great in the Louvre Museum. The Cyrenean Venus is set down, in the somewhat curious inventory of Bengasi, at 250,000 lire; this Alexander is listed at 400,000 ($80,000). Art, archæology, and history are all interested.

Science

HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Wild Game in Zambezia. By R. C. F. Maugham. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In an earlier volume the author has treated in a general way of the great region in Southeast Africa drained by the Zambezi. Here he presents an account of the magnificent fauna of the same country. He has a new field, far removed from the well-known hunting grounds to the north, of the game of which Roosevelt has recently given an excellent résumé.

After a brief survey of the subject, we find in successive chapters exceedingly interesting accounts of the various forms of life, from elephants to lizards. By far the major portion is devoted to the larger game animals. Part of this is of necessity compilation, but much of it is from original observation. Although written by a sportsman primarily for sportsmen, yet the hunting aspect is subordinated and advice as to equipment and rifles is segregated in a single chapter. We are introduced to the animals of the wilderness through an easy, descriptive style of diction, rare in works of this character. The text is clarified for the layman by the absence of scientific names and technical classification. Yet the matter is in no sense unscientific, and many thoughtlessly accepted statements, as well as moot questions, are touched upon, supported with data which orient anew our previously formed opinions. Among these are the reputed manelessness of lions in thorny country and the general belief that man-eaters are such because of advancing age and failing powers of offence in tooth and claw.

The details of the wild lives as far as mankind has been able to unravel them are varied with unusual sidelights, either tragic or comic, from our anthropomorphic point of view. The former is the dominant note in the account of the magnificent, full-maned lion discovered quite dead, twenty feet from the ground, wedged in the angle of a massive fork of a tree. Judging from the surrounding indications, "it was clearly a case in which this animal had aroused the resentment of a female elephant, which had evidently seized him in her trunk in a paroxysm of rage and hurled him into the position in which he was found, whence it had been impossible to extricate himself. Both flanks were almost denuded of coat, showing the frightful struggles he must have made to escape; but the trees or the branches held firmly, and who among the cowering denizens of the jungle should obey such a call for help as that?"

Then, again, there is that which, except to Alice, must be accounted truly humorous—the vision of a lion sitting patiently for hours with gigantic paw expectantly poised at the hole of a field-rat, as he is compelled to do when larger prey is scarce, and before he resorts to the leonine diet of lowest caste—the fruits of the forest. Unless, indeed, we reserve for this place the instance of one of these kings of beasts which, famine-driven, appeased the "pangs of an unpleasant vacuum with the malodorous shirt of a long-unwashed native."

Baboons are of unusual interest, and the author's every word concerning these dreaded creatures is absorbing. The following paragraph presents his views on the relations of these primates with the natives. When a troop of baboons decides to descend upon cultivated gardens—

On approaching the scene of the raid, the troop takes open order, so to speak, the females, with their babies clinging round their necks, or with those of slightly riper growth following behind, advancing directly but noiselessly upon the scene of the robbery, while several of the "old men" take up positions, by either climbing trees or getting upon an adjacent rock or ant-hill, which enable them to observe and signal the approach of danger. This they do by the utterance of a gruff bark, whereupon, snatching all they can lay their hands upon, and with cheek-pouches stuffed to their utmost capacity, they tear away, uttering the curious "glazier's diamond" sound to which I have referred above. Should the interruption be caused by the appearance of one or two women, however, they will frequently turn *en bande,* literally mob them, and usually put them to flight, promptly appropriating anything of an edible character which they have been carrying at the time. There can be no doubt whatsoever that baboons discriminate readily between the males and the females of the human species, and are fully alive to the ease with which, in comparison with the former, the latter may be stampeded and driven off. It is incontestable that native women hold baboons in the strongest detestation and terror, and various scarcely credible stories are related of the boldness of these animals when women have been reduced through fear to helplessness. Personally, I incline strongly to the view that the baboon's one object in demonstrating before native women is to possess himself less of the affrighted female than of any small articles of an edible character she may have in her possession at the time, and I have never heard an authenticated case of the animal having occasioned her further cause for reproach, if one except a severe fright into the bargain. Still, however improbable the belief in the designs which baboons are said to have upon native women and girls, it has gained such ground as to have obtained practically universal belief.

Two notable chapters at the end deal with the tsetse fly and game reserves. In the former the author presents a strong case against the threatened wholesale and deliberate destruction of wild game as the suspected sole source of food of these terrible pests, and seems to show conclusively that there are extensive fly-belts from which the larger game animals are wholly absent. Throughout the volume there is frequent protest against "biltong" and pot hunters, together with sane pleas for the establishment of preserves.

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, contributes to the *Astrophysical Journal* an account of visual observations of Halley's comet at its last return in 1910. Considering its great brightness, and the extraordinary phenomena presented by other comets of recent years, which at most only attained the faintest naked-eye visibility, Halley's comet at this return, though a brilliant and interesting object to the naked eye, was, nevertheless, a disappointment when considered from a photographic standpoint. It is safe to say that it did not give us any new information concerning these strange bodies. Photographically, its light was relatively slow in its action. While it lacked much in interest as seen with the eye of the sensitive plate, to the human eye it left a lasting impression, which, added to its long life-history of more than 2,000 years, made it, at its return of 1910, perhaps the most interesting comet of history. The apparent length of its tail when nearest the earth (120 degrees or more) was probably the greatest on record, though the actual length was much exceeded by many previous comets. With the forty-inch telescope its visual appearance extended from September 15, 1909, to May 23, 1911, which, though a long period, has been exceeded by several comets that never attained naked-eye visibility. It seems quite probable that the earth actually did encounter one of the branches of the tail—the southern branch—on, or about, May 18 or 19, more probably on the later date. There is also a suspicion that the influence of this encounter on our atmosphere was apparent for months afterward, as slowly moving strips and masses of self-luminous haze which were not confined to any one part of the sky.

John Muir, geologist, naturalist, and explorer, who died on December 24, was born at Dunbar, Scotland, on April 21, 1838. After an elementary education in Scotland (he went to school before he was three years of age) he came with his parents to America at an early age and settled in Wisconsin, where he shared in the hard life of a pioneer farmer. In boyhood he exhibited an extraordinary inventive gift, and this, through an exhibition of his devices at the Wisconsin State Fair in 1860, led to his attending the State University, working his way through his four years' course at college. An accident to his eye turned him definitely to the study of nature; drew him, as he himself said, "to the sweet fields rather than from them," and there followed some months of tramping which brought him finally to the "glorious Yosemite," whose spell held him for the rest of his life.

In 1876 Mr. Muir joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in order to in-

crease his knowledge of the deserts and mountain ranges beyond the Sierras, and for three years he worked in Nevada and Utah; but in 1879 he returned to his studies of glaciers, which took him to Alaska, where he discovered the glacier named after him. In 1881 he went as a member of the Corwin Expedition in search of De Long and the lost Jeannette, which gave him opportunity for other glacial studies along the coast of Siberia and in the Bering Sea. He was the first to demonstrate the existence of living glaciers in the Sierra Nevada, his conclusions, when he first stated them, being laughed to scorn by the scientists. Apart from his scientific work, Mr. Muir's preëminent service to his country was in the long fight, finally crowned with success, which he made to preserve the national parks and the forest reserves. He remained faithful to the end to his beloved Sierras, but he left them at times for extensive travels, and his absorption in the study of nature took him to South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa. Mr. Muir, besides innumerable articles in magazines and newspapers, published: "The Mountains of California," 1894; "Our National Parks," 1901; "Stickeen, the Story of a Dog," 1909; "My First Summer in the Sierra," 1911; "The Yosemite," 1912; "Story of My Boyhood and Youth," 1913. Harvard conferred on him an honorary A.M. in 1896, and he received the LL.D. from Wisconsin in 1897 and from California in 1913, and the Litt.D. from Yale in 1911.

A correspondent sends us the following:

How a steel-filing, hitting an embryo Edison in the eye, turned him suddenly into an Agassiz, is shown by the career of the late John Muir, and the incident will furnish numberless preachers with a theme for impressing upon their disciples the marvels of a Providential dispensation. But one of the things which will do most to leave the philosopher's memory sweet in the thoughts of our fun-loving age is the way he put his inventive genius to work on a small scale, to add to the comfort of his own life. Not only had he a mechanical device to wake him up in the morning at any hour he chose, and dump him out of bed, but he made another which would rid him of bores. He called it a loafer-chair. An undesirable visitor who was so willing to cut his call short that he would sit merely on the front of the chair, ready to rise and depart as soon as his business was finished, escaped any trouble; but one who was so bent on making himself at home as to lean back, by that act pressed a concealed spring which fired an old pistol directly under the seat. No one ever remained passive at that stage of the performance; and it was one of Mr. Muir's special delights to make diagrams of the kind of parabolic curves different bores would describe as they flew through the air in terror. Less amiable, perhaps, but scarcely less startling in its effects, was the apparatus he rigged up to clear his study of lovely women who called sometimes in shoals to inspect his inventions and ask questions which seemed to him superfluous. When this performance had proceeded as far as he desired, he slyly released a hair thread which brought down from the ceiling, into the midst of the gathering, a particularly horrid-looking spider, made of a raisin and some sprigs of wood. From that moment he had the room to himself.

Drama

EARLY ACADEMIC PLAYS.

The University Drama in the Tudor Age. By Frederick S. Boas. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The English university drama of the sixteenth century has been slow in reaching modern scholars. Only very recently have the issues of the Malone Society and of Professor Bang's "Materialien" (suspended only temporarily, we may hope, by the dispersion of the University of Louvain) begun to make accessible material for which one had to depend on the summaries of Churchill and Keller and of Louise B. Morgan in the "Shakespeare Jahrbuch." And until Professor Boas contributed a chapter to the "Cambridge History of English Literature" nothing like a comprehensive survey of the subject had been attempted.

In the volume before us the latter end of the story is omitted; we hear nothing of King James's delight in "Ignoramus," of the rise of pastoral and the spread of allegory on the university boards; for these things and for a bibliography of the subject the reader is referred to the sixth volume of the "Cambridge History." The present account ends with the death of Elizabeth; almost, it might be said, it begins with the time of her birth (1533), so late did humanism mature in England; and her visits to Cambridge in 1564, to Oxford in 1566 and 1592, were events of capital importance in the history of academic drama. By limiting the scope of the book, more space could be devoted to the detailed discussion of points merely mentioned in the earlier article, such as the questionable identification of the extant "Absalon" with Watson's play of that name so highly praised by Ascham; John Bridge's claim to the authorship of "Gammer Gurtons Nedle," and the controversy between the Puritan Rainolds and Gager, the Christ Church dramatist, over the propriety of college plays.

But, indeed, at every point the subject gains by the detailed treatment it receives. The description "academic" is enough to relegate any play to oblivion; the fact that it is written in Latin is sufficient to insure its permanent residence there. But under the spell of Professor Boas's enthusiasm, and in the presence of his skilfully sustained analyses of the plays themselves, even the prejudiced reader might be expected to kindle. For, in truth, the academic drama of the sixteenth century touched life and letters at many points. It was closely connected with the court. Performances were "ordered" by intending royal visitors, such as those in honor of Elizabeth or of the Polish prince, Albertus Alasco, whom Leicester brought to Oxford in 1583. Nobles like Lord Buckhurst, the Revels Office, too, helped to equip these academic plays; on the occasion of Elizabeth's first visit to Oxford Richard Edwardes, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, not only wrote his famous and unhappily lost, "Palamon and Arcyte," but likewise had general superintendence over the whole dramatic programme.

There were close relations, too, between the academic drama and the popular stage. Lyly, Peele, Lodge, Nash, Greene, and Marlowe were all university trained men; Peele superintended the performances at Christ Church in 1583. Some news of all this dramatic activity reached Shakespeare: of Legge's triple Senecan tragedy, "Richardus Tertius," and, possibly, in "Twelfth Night," of the attractive Cambridge comedy, "Laelia." Conversely, the academic dramatist, though his models were usually Senecan tragedy and comedy Plautine, Italianate, even Aristophanic sometimes, did not always write without knowledge of the popular stage. The anonymous author of "Cæsar and Pompey," an Oxford play of about 1594, makes heavy draughts upon it, and the authors of the "Parnassus" trilogy, who despised the professional player with the perfect contempt of the gownsman, made satiric and critical fun of Shakespeare at every point.

The play last named serves as a reminder that not all the successes of the academic drama were in Latin. At about the time of Shakespeare's birth stands "Gammer Gurtons Nedle," a Cambridge play, happily uniting classical and native traditions. Among the early plays, one of the best, Christopherson's Ἰεφθάε, with its reminiscences of Euripides's "Iphigenia in Aulis," is in Greek. But Latin is the natural medium, and it is only because their achievements are in this tongue, instead of the vernacular, that men like Nicholas Grimald and William Gager do not hold an important place in the story of Tudor drama. To match the work of these Oxford tragedians, Cambridge can show comedies no less brilliant. And this in spite of the fact that the academic drama seldom forgot its practical functions, of providing instruction, in its earlier stages of a moral, in its later of a rhetorical character. Only occasionally do we come upon Aristophanic fun adapted to local conditions, such as the satiric portrait of Gabriel Harvey in "Pedantius," or the attack on the "town" in "Club Law."

Professor Boas's volume, for its combination of full detail and stimulating presentation, will at once take its place among the classics of modern scholarship.

At the Gaiety, Manchester, Miss Horniman intends, early in the New Year, to produce two plays of considerable interest. The first is "The One Thing Needful," written by Miss Estelle Burney and Mr. Herbert Swea Originally presented at an experimental performance some months ago, the piece attracted more than ordinary attention. It has since been largely revised and certain obvious defects have been removed. In its altered shape it will probably be seen later in London during Miss Horniman's spring season. From Mr. Frank Stayton Miss Horniman has also acquired a play entitled "The Joan Danvers," which is to see the light in due course.

"THE LIE."

Except to say that Henry Arthur Jones's new four-act drama, "The Lie," cannot under any circumstances be called a great play, one may well reserve downright judgment until it is produced in conditions more favorable than those attending the representation at the Harris Theatre. For one thing, the play gets a poor start in the present production. The first act is one of those leisurely sketches of English characteristics, dear to both Jones and Pinero, and somewhat resembling the spacious scenes of eighteenth-century comedy, in which much is left to the individual touches of the actors—in a word, comedy of manners. It sets forth simply and accurately the life of an arlstocratic derelict, an old gentleman living on in the run-down abbey which for six hundred years has been occupied by his ancestors. He is of the amusing type to whom all modern tendencies are villanous and all reformers and new aspirants to fame and fortune are scoundrels. Here Sir Robert lives with his granddaughter, Elinore (Margaret Illington), attended by two servants who can be retained only because they cannot be paid off. Yet Sir Robert attains a modicum of comfort by recourse to wine and hunting, and though pretending to absolute independence, can see no reason why the rascals who have recently achieved prominence should not subsidize him as an admirable example of the older order.

The sketch, though done in simple colors, is quite convincing, and was fairly played by Mr. Alfred Bishop. But Miss Illington fitted poorly into the setting; at least one of the servants, the maid, was a caricature, and Mr. Vincent Serrano, in the important part of Gerald Forster, a rich young engineer, in love with Elinore, was entirely out of his element.

If this initial scene were better managed, it is quite possible that the succeeding tragedy would be more gripping than it is. For the tragedy has supreme elements. It relates a story of self-effacement on the part of Elinore, who, to shield her sister from the consequences of an irregular union, gives up for the time a chance to make a handsome marriage with Gerald. We need not explain the circumstances through which the sister Lucy (well played by Miss Violet Heming) contrives to convince Gerald, who has got wind of some irregularity, that Elinore and not she is guilty of the illegitimate child, and through which she marries Gerald herself. In the end, of course, Elinore hears of the lie and turns on Lucy ferociously, in a scene having certain similarity to one in "The Lily," so ably portrayed by Nance O'Neill. Here is dramatic material, which shines through both Miss Illington's limited abilities and Mr. Jones's inadequate treatment. For it is inadequate. In the first place, he resorts to stage tricks, such as entrances in the nick of time to prevent important disclosures. Nor is he at pains to give a rounded human picture of the younger sister, who in her unrelieved selfishness takes on much the proportions of an Elizabethan villain.

Altogether this play gives the impression of a work hastily put together; which is perhaps the most severe charge that could be brought against it. For if such aspects of sex as that here presented must continue to occupy the stage, they should be treated in such a way as to free them entirely from the suspicion of commercialism. F.

"POOR LITTLE THING."

An interesting experiment was initiated last week in the opening of the Bandbox Theatre, another of the "little theatres," but this time dedicated to the special purpose of housing a repertory company which shall produce a new play every month. For the idea of such an enterprise no praise is needed; the desirability, indeed the urgent necessity, for the best interests of drama of a revival of the repertory company is a matter on which virtually all who take an intelligent interest in the theatre are agreed. It only remains to be said that the stock company of the Bandbox seems to have been well selected, and that the principle on which the plays are to be cast is obviously sensible, but unfortunately rare: there are to be neither leading men nor leading women, but players are to be fitted to rôles, not rôles to players.

The opening of this little theatre on East 57th Street, which has been renovated attractively, but not extravagantly, may be said to have been auspicious. The piece selected was "Poor Little Thing," a new play in four acts by Jerome K. Jerome, adapted from the French of Jules Lemaître. In the adaptation it must be admitted that some of the dramatic force of the original has been lost. This was inevitable, if we accept, as Mr. Jerome does, the necessity of toning down for Anglo-Saxon audiences the essential motive of the piece, which is the rivalry of father and son for the affections of the same girl. Mr. Jerome, therefore, reconciles the play with the accepted canons of good taste by diluting the father's passion for the girl into a mixture of platonic and paternal affection, thereby eliminating some of the clash of will which makes for dramatic intensity in the original and weakening the character of the father.

Mareze, a distinguished artist, is the adored "master" of a class of gushing girls. Their adoration and his pleased acceptance of it are equally innocent, and cause no pang to his honest and somewhat stupid peasant wife, who has not been able to rise with the growing fame of her husband. But there is a gifted and favorite pupil, Juliette Dupuy, in whom Mareze takes an especial interest, which he describes to himself, as to his wife, as purely paternal. Concerning the purity of his affection, however, he protesteth, though quite sincerely, overmuch, and arouses the jealousy of his wife. The climax comes when, on meeting the girl by chance in Mareze's studio, in his own home, the wife in ungovernable passion forbids her to come there again. As the scene is in progress, the Marezes' son, Jacques, enters, and his sympathy with the girl is aroused, a sympathy which is subsequently turned to love by a series of meetings for the discussion of high art. Mareze, deprived of the society of his favorite pupil, is conscious of a void, and only realizes the significance of his feeling when his own son announces his love for Juliette, and asks the parental consent to the marriage. It is here that Mr. Jerome's version of the play is weak and indefinite. The strongest emotion that he can allow to Mareze is a pronounced disinclination to seeing Juliette the wife of anybody, and particularly of his own son. The climactic scene, in which the wife becomes convinced of the perfect innocence of Juliette, and realizes that the solution of the problem is to be found in her marriage with Jacques, is dramatic, well written, and well played, but the method by which the consent of Mareze is finally obtained, through an announcement that he has been elected to the Academy, is decidedly inconclusive.

There are weak points in the play, and the tempo of the production throughout needs quickening, but it is an interesting and amusing little piece, well written, on the whole, and well acted by the Bandbox players. Eric Blind, in the principal rôle, a difficult and onerous one, gives an exceedingly clever performance, playing the temperamental artist with a nice understanding of character, and surmounting the difficulties propounded by the adapter in the emotional scenes at the end in a manner that is highly creditable. Miss Beverley Sitgreaves, as Mme. Mareze, has an unsympathetic part, and is unsympathetic in it. William Raymond, as Jacques Mareze, gives a well considered study of a boy, fresh and enthusiastic. The performance of Juliette by Miss Janet Dunbar stands out as an excellent piece of acting. She portrays admirably, and without the least strain or overemphasis, the innocent young girl forced by circumstances into a compromising position. Minor parts are capably played, and the stage settings are good. Altogether the opening production of the Bandbox encourages hope for its future success and usefulness.

S. W.

"TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT" AND "LADY LUXURY."

The production last week by the same management on successive nights of two musical comedies gives opportunity of comparing English and American methods in this field of light amusement. The comparison in one way is scarcely fair, since the English offering at the Shubert Theatre by the company of the Gaiety Theatre, London, starts with the advantage of a plot borrowed directly (not for the first time) from the old farce, "Pink Dominoes," which lends itself admirably to the incidental accompaniments of musical comedy. In its present incarnation it is entitled "To-night's the Night"; the book is written by Fred Thompson, and the music, which is tuneful and catchy, if of no particular originality, is by Paul A. Rubens. The American piece is Rida Johnson Young's "Lady Luxury," with pleasing music by William Schroeder, and a somewhat hackneyed and inflexible plot.

The comparison, however, is not as to which is intrinsically the better piece, for in musical comedy (as opposed to comic opera of the legitimate kind, an example of which New York has been fortunate enough to see this season in "The Lilac Domino"), that is really a minor consideration. The *ensemble* merit of these productions is to be judged by no criteria of dramatic or even of musical construction. All that is demanded is a thread of plot sufficient to give excuse for the various episodes which go to the making of the whole, and music that must be melodious and catchy, but need by no means be strikingly original. Apart, then, from the individual performances of the players, the all-important matter is the method of production. Other things being equal, the success or failure of a show of this description depends upon those who are responsible for its dressing, its lighting, its scenery, above all, the selection and rehearsing of its chorus. When we attend a musical comedy, we go, not craving intellectual stimulation, but only an agreeable satisfaction of the senses of sight and hearing, and some titillation, not too subtle, of the sense of humor. Musical comedy, in fact,

is not legitimate drama or legitimate opera, but it is perfectly legitimate entertainment.

It is in observing a high standard of production that the English method in musical comedy seems to excel the American. Opinions may differ concerning the quality of the humor provided by the English comedians in "To-night's the Night." For our own part, we like the insouciant style of George Grossmith as the Hon. Dudley Mitten, and prefer the humor which is derived from character, as this is, to that which is dependent upon situation, as is the case in "Lady Luxury." But were the humor of the two pieces transposed, the English production would still be the better on account of the tempo at which it is played, and the precision and unison of the ensemble movements. The Gaiety chorus is not only exceedingly good to look upon (a quality for which Gaiety pieces are renowned), but it knows its business thoroughly, and is trained to move with not less precision, though with infinitely more grace, than a Prussian regiment doing the goose step. Added to this is the fact that the dressing and lighting are well studied and in admirable taste, and the result is a production the success of which is achieved mainly by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

It is precisely in this last quality that nine out of ten musical comedies produced on this side of the water are deficient. The Gaiety drill and discipline should not be beyond the powers of our producers. "Lady Luxury," for instance, though not a distinguished, is by no means a bad, example of the native musical comedy, and may be taken as fairly representative. Some of the musical numbers are extremely pretty, and the comedy of Edward Van Cuyler is sufficiently amusing, but the piece places its reliance almost entirely on the attractive personality of the star, Miss Ina Claire, and that is not enough to save it from intervals of dulness or to obscure the lack of adequate care bestowed on the rehearsing of the chorus.

We have emphasized the part played by the chorus in the Gaiety production rather at the expense of the principals, but favorable mention should be made both of the talents and of the natural charm of Miss Emmy Whelen, Miss Iris Hoey, and Miss Fay Compton. Maurice Farkoa, James Blakeley, and Lauri de Frece, among the principals, also contribute not a little to the success of the piece.

S. W.

"JUST HERSELF."

The author of "Just Herself," Ethel Watts Mumford, chose a fitting title for the three-act comedy at The Playhouse, which was manifestly written arqund the personality of Lydia Lopokova. This accomplished dancer is the life of the performance, not only because of the few steps which are permitted her, but equally because of her youthful charm and her ability to act. The part which she has to fill is exacting only in the sense that it requires her to be her simple self, but even this would make too great a demand upon many an actress. Mlle. Lopokova contrives to forget the footlights and to be natural, and on the strength of her representation we venture to believe that she might safely be entrusted with other rôles. She would be notable, for instance, in "Peter Pan."

In "Just Herself," she takes the part of a girl of seventeen who has lived for twelve years at a dancing school in Germany. On her return to this country she finds her father married again, this time to his former cook's daughter, an aspiring woman to whom Euphemia's unconventional and radical ideas seem destined to thwart all social ambitions. The situation affords a chance for comedy of a rather obvious though amusing type, especially where the former cook, a woman who will tolerate no nonsense, quietly upsets some of her daughter's pretensions. In the end it is owing, of course, to Euphemia's charm that her people become intimately joined to the most fashionable of their neighbors, for there is, naturally, a "heart interest."

Perhaps the prettiest portion of this slender play is that at Euphemia's coming-out party, where she shows the artistic possibilities of the "fox trot" by putting into it the expression of her whole body.

F.

The death of Baroness Suttner has called attention to the fact that one of the last pages written by the inveterate champion of peace was an enthusiastic appreciation of Carl Hauptmann's latest play, "Krieg," with the grimly ironical sub-title "Tedeum" (Leipzig: Kurt Wolff). Although Frau von Suttner distinguished between the poet's and her own conception of war, she saw the powerful possibilities of the play as a medium of the message of peace, admitted being profoundly stirred and enriched by it, and said that she could not let the opportunity pass without publicly thanking the poet for this work.

Noble and significant as is this endorsement, the play is of a quality bound to make a deep and lasting impression under any circumstances. The suggestion of palpitating life and movement in the action, the originality of its haunting symbolism, are of a rare dramatic power. There is an element of the panoramic in the scenes themselves which seems to call for the genius of a Reinhardt or Belasco. In the first act there is a midnight congress of the world's Powers, ermine-covered bears, roosters, eagles, and other significant figures arriving in great state to convene under the presidency of "the great European mathematician," while in another part of the palace of the Minister of State is enacted a family drama, a tragic conflict between father and son. In the second act are pictured the feverish movements of a people responding to the call of the war-god, the discussions of politicians, the leave-takings of lovers, the marching of regiments to the tune of patriotic songs; but over it all hover horrible phantoms, personifying the evils that follow in the wake of war. The third act is one great orgy of bloodshed and bestiality, of life and death in savage combat, with the grewsome spectres of pestilence stalking about between the healthy and the ailing and reaping a loathsome harvest—until the figure of the great lord of war, with the traits of the Corsican, disappears in a golden chariot drawn by an enthusiastic mob, but followed by an army of skeletons in ragged uniforms that march across the stage to the tune of a dirge. The fourth act is the epilogue: palace and village are in ruins; cripples creep out from moundlike hovels that dot the once-thriving country. An aged priest is building a little temple. The sweetheart of Enoch, the son of the Minister of State, who fell in battle, comes with her new-born babe, and shows it to the pious man: "It is Enoch, my Enoch!" and the chorus of the people adds: "Enoch, the son of Cain!"

Art

ARCHITECTURE IN THE AUGUSTAN AGE

Vitruvius: The Ten Books on Architecture. Translated by Morris Hicky Morgan. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.50 net.

The name of Vitruvius is familiar to all students of architecture, and to many who have but a superficial knowledge of this subject; but his writings are known to few; and this new translation of his ten books on Architecture, in attractive form, will be welcomed by many within and without the profession.

Although some doubts have been cast upon its authorship and the date of its production, the book is now generally conceded to have been written by Marcus Vitruvius Pollio during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, to whom it is dedicated. That the text has been preserved to us is without doubt due to the fact that it contains in the third, fourth, and fifth of its ten books certain rules for the proportioning of the plans, and details of design and construction of temples, and other columnar structures, which rules its author professes to have gained by study of the practice of the Greek architects and their Roman followers. The other seven books contain nothing of value to the architect; and these three indeed give us no just picture of the working methods of the real Greek and Roman architects, but rather of those of the mechanical copyist who, failing of inventive ability, seeks to reduce all design to definite formulæ. Such men live in all ages; and that they lived in Greece is evidenced by the sources from which Vitruvius drew his own rules. That they abounded in Rome is clear from the fact that Vitruvius thought it worth while to write the book before us; but this fact must not be allowed to strengthen the all too common view that no real creative architects lived among the Romans; the falsity of such a notion being shown in the ruined works they have left to us, which display a remarkable fund of imagination and inventiveness in the development of the forms inherited from Greece.

That Vitruvius himself was one of these plodding copyists seems probable from his own statements, one of which (p. 168), being of more than passing interest, may be quoted in full:

For my part, Cæsar, I have never been eager to make money by my art, but have gone on the principle that slender means and a good reputation are proferable to wealth and disrepute. For this reason, only a little celebrity has followed; but still, my hope is that, with the publication of these books, I shall become known oven to posterity. And it is not to be wondered at that I am so generally unknown. Other architects go about and ask for opportunities to practice their profession; but I have been taught by my instructors that it is the proper thing to undertake a charge only after being asked, and not to ask for it; since a gentleman will blush with shame at petitioning for a thing that

arouses suspicion. It is in fact those who can grant favors that are courted, not those who receive them. What are we to think must be the suspicions of a man who is asked to allow his private means to be expended in order to please a petitioner? Must he not believe that the thing is to be done for the profit and advantage of that individual?

Little could Vitruvius in his wildest dreams have imagined that in a continent then undiscovered, and after nineteen centuries, his name would still be known. Little did he appreciate the fact that the evils he deplores in the passage just quoted were grounded in human nature, and that they would persist even to our time.

How little human nature has changed during this lapse of centuries is shown again in another instructive passage (p. 281):

> In the famous and important Greek city of Ephesus there is said to be an ancient ancestral law, the terms of which are severe, but its justice is not inequitable. When an architect accepts the charge of a public work, he has to promise what the cost of it will be. His estimate is handed to the magistrate, and his property is pledged as security until the work is done. . . .
>
> Would to God that this were also a law of the Roman people, not merely for public, but also for private buildings. For the ignorant would no longer run riot with impunity, but men who are well qualified by an exact scientific training would unquestionably adopt the profession of architecture. Gentlemen would not be misled into limitless and prodigal expenditure, even to ejectments from their estates, and the architects themselves could be forced, by fear of the penalty, to be more careful in calculating and stating the limit of expense, so that gentlemen would procure their buildings for that which they had expected, or by adding only a little more.

It has been remarked above that all but three of the ten books composing the volume are valueless to the architect; but this does not imply that they are without great worth as a human document. It is indeed most fortunate that the practical use of these three books led to the preservation of the remaining seven; for these latter give us an intensely interesting picture of Vitruvius himself, and a suggestive indication of the characteristics of the society in which he lived. He was evidently a man of high social position, for otherwise he would not have enjoyed the patronage of Augustus and of his sister, Octavia Minor. His remarks concerning himself show that he had received what at that time was a very liberal education, that he was thoroughly familiar with Greek, and was a great reader. A sidelight is thus thrown upon the nature of the training given to the men of social position in his time. It did not include any compulsory drill in the art of composition; for, as is noted in the translator's preface, the author was certainly "not a great literary personage, ambitious as he was to appear in that character." His style is turgid and pompous, and "at times his meaning is ambiguous, not because of grammatical faults, . . . but because, when he does attempt a periodic sentence, he becomes involved, and finds it difficult to extricate himself." This is sufficiently illustrated in the passages quoted above; for the translator deliberately imitated the author's peculiarities and crudities of expression, "because of his conviction that a translation should not merely reproduce the substance of a book, but should also give as clear a picture as possible of the original, of its author, and of the working of his mind."

He exhibits himself as a man of inordinate conceit who has gained from his broad reading a smattering of many branches of the learning of his day of which he makes a great display, especially in long introductions which generally deal with matters quite irrelevant to the subjects treated in the books they introduce. Men of his type are, of course, familiar to us in our time, but they are seldom able to leave a record of their conceptions and modes of thought. Here, however, we have such a record, and one that, being published under imperial patronage, may be assumed to have met with no serious disapprobation from those of the author's social position. And if such an assumption is warranted, the average "gentleman and scholar" of the Augustan era must have been an astonishingly crude thinker. His professional work naturally led him to discourse freely of engineering and building practice, and in this he shows a superficiality that is truly astonishing. It is impossible to believe that the Romans could have constructed the vast and noble works built in his day had they been dependent for direction upon architects of the type of our author. To accomplish what they did must have required great and accurate knowledge; but this, it would seem, must have been hidden from the architects, as trade secrets of the guilds.

But our author deals with many subjects far removed from his constructional interests, giving us explanations of the nature of different materials, of natural phenomena, of the activities of the body, and of the diversities of the mental and physical traits of men, all being based upon the most absurd hypotheses which cannot possibly have been entertained by the really learned men of his day.

The book is beautifully printed and appropriately illustrated. Professor Morgan died before the completion of the translation of the last four chapters of the tenth book, which was undertaken by Prof. Albert A. Howard, who also writes the preface above referred to; the whole work being prepared under the direction of Prof. H. Langford Warren.

"The Inner Life of the Royal Academy," by G. F. Leslie (Dutton, illustrated; $3.50 net), is a mine of anecdote and reminiscence. For forty-six years Mr. Leslie has been sealed of the academic tribe, and for more than twenty years earlier he had the run of the varnishing days as his father's son. It is something to have seen Turner put the final flourishes on Rain, Steam and Speed, and to tell of it well. Mr. Leslie pretty well reveals the secrets of the prison house. He tells how the schools are managed, they still have the absurdity of a new teacher every month; how the pictures are judged and hung, about the family sociabilities of varnishing day, and the greater state of Royal views and Academy dinners. The conduct of the Chantrey bequest is defended. The precious possessions of the Academy are enumerated, but without mention of the lovely cartoon of St. Anne by Leonardo. It is, after all, not being an oil painting, a minor affair from the academic point of view. Generally speaking, one has rather the sense of being among jolly people than among great artists as one runs over the pages, and of course such is the case. Mr. Leslie has a shrewd sense for a good quip or an anecdote, but not much vividness as a characterizer. Yet there is something graphic enough in the hint of Leighton's olympian if always genial aloofness. It was Leighton, according to Mr. Leslie, who introduced an unhappy Continental strain into the pure British tradition. Thus the old, beloved, free-selling picture with a story was discredited, to the detriment of the British artist and public. One is agreeably surprised to read of Gérôme that (before Whistler had discovered London) "he astonished us by expressing his admiration for the foggy gloom of the London streets, he wondered why we did not introduce it into our paintings." Very interesting is the description of Turner's carrying his canvases to exhibition pitch on varnishing day. He kept a supply of faintly painted and fully dried canvases ready. These had a "delicate effect, almost in monochrome, and very beautiful they looked, often like milky ghosts." These, once hung, he proceeded to bedevil with the brightest and most treacherous colors in his tubes. Such eleventh-hour painting, in Mr. Leslie's opinion, has spoiled and changed. All the exhibited canvases are wrecks, and might as well be thrown away. The remarkable pictures lately put into the Tate Gallery are of a different sort. "The safest and simplest pigments alone were used. If I am right in my conjecture, we ought to be thankful that they never were exhibited, for, if this had been the case, they would, most likely, have by this time been ruined by the deleterious pigments with which he would have overlaid them on the varnishing days." Such a view helps to explain the dismay that many a reader of "Modern Painters" has felt on entering the Turner Room in the National Gallery. Many such tidbits may be gleaned from Mr. Leslie's reminiscences, which may be enjoyed even by those who do not wholly share his confidence in the best possible Academy in the best possible world.

"British Painters, their Story and their Art," by J. Edgcumbe Staley (Stokes; $1.75 net), is an odd combination of a catalogue and a sustained rhapsody. All British artists look alike good to the author. Analogies fly to his pen. Hogarth's Shrimp Girl is the English Mona Lisa. This constant unmodulated outpouring of professional enthusiasm grows very tiresome in the end, and it is hardly redeemed by the two dozen color plates of mediocre execution which the text enshrines.

In "The Study of Modern Painting" (The Century Co., $2 net, illustrated), Margaret Steele Anderson makes a rapid survey of the art in Europe and America, and arrives at the conclusion that a decorative-idyllic tendency is the modern note. The chapters are clearly written and judicious, but the whole

thing makes the impression of a result not attained vividly before pictures but excerpted and paraphrased from books. Only some such process would seem to account for the following observations on Brangwyn: "Brangwyn has been likened to Mantegna, but the likeness is only occasional. He is certainly descended from Venice, however, with something of the splendid Turner. He has little of the effect of the pallid Chavannes, though evidently learning from that innovator," etc. It is fair to add that the book is better than so sapient an extract would indicate, and that it may be helpful to those whose ill-assorted information and admirations need a very elementary putting in order.

"An Idler in Spain, the Record of a Goya Pilgrimage" (McBride, Nast; $2 net), by J. E. Crawford Flitch, deals as much with Spain as with Goya. Mr. Flitch is a capital traveller of the enthusiastic and impressionable type, and whether he discusses morning coffee at Barcelona, the soul of Goya's Zaragoza, or particular pictures, is always entertaining. Much good criticism is interwoven, and perhaps rather lost, in the general whimsicality. It would be hard to hit off the diabolism of Goya more briefly than this: "The violent and the tragic fascinated him because in violence and tragedy life is usually raised to a higher power." In a pretty careful description of the religious wall paintings which, sadly restored, still remain in the Carthusian Aula Dei, near Zaragoza, Mr. Flitch makes a distinct contribution. It is the first consistent account of early works that had become nearly legendary. His defence of the more than secular decorations of San Antonio de la Florida is more specious than convincing. The book is always stimulating, perhaps just a little over-vivacious, as is natural in an avowed devotee of Hilaire Belloc. It will be read with interest by lovers of idiomatic Spain. There are eight illustrations after Goya.

Finance

THE PAST FINANCIAL YEAR.

In the last two weeks of last January, there occurred on the markets a movement so emphatic in its character, and so world-wide in its scope, as to lead in many quarters to the inference that an unmistakable drift of financial affairs in 1914 towards great prosperity was being indicated. It began in Europe, where the bank rates, long kept at high figures because of uneasiness as to international relations after the Balkan War, were reduced in a way almost sensational. These reductions occurred at London, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Austria, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland. Some of the banks made two or three reductions. All of them went to the lowest rates established since the Balkan states, in the autumn of 1912, invaded Turkey. And along with this world-wide expression of confidenee at the banks, the stock markets rose violently. German Government bonds advanced 4 points, British consols 8¼, Freneh rentes 2, Austrian bonds 2½. Other stocks at Berlin, Paris, and London moved up even more rapidly. On the New York Stock Exehange, with the largest trading in two years, prices rose 6 to 11 points. Wall Street ealled it "the first bull market since the panic."

To this day, nobody knows exactly what it was that caused so sudden (and so short-lived) a burst of financial confidence as that of the first five weeks of 1914. Neither the "White Paper" nor the "Yellow Paper" nor the "Orange Paper" gives the slightest hint of any sudden turn to diplomatic optimism at that time. Yet, if the storm-clouds of European war had actually blown away, it is not at all improbable that the enthusiastic January rise on the New York Stock Exchange would have been pointed out, at this present time, as the correct harbinger of financial conditions, in the United States at any rate, during the rest of 1914.

When one now takes account of stock as to the year's actual results in financial Ameriea—if one can disregard the war and its influences, and measure other achievements as they would have been measured in an ordinary year—the story is rather impressive. A wheat crop in the United States larger by 127,600,000 bushels than the previous high-record crop of the year before, and coming when the rest of the world's production was 361,600,000 bushels less than in 1913. A cotton crop probably surpassing all precedent. A harvest of other grains than wheat 274,000,000 bushels above last year. A new banking system introduced in the United States, which automatically released some $300,000,000 of reserve money.

And as a condition precedent to these numerous notable contributions to reviving prosperity, there was the policy, long pursued on the Stock Exchange, in our producing industries, in the providing of stocks of goods on merchants' shelves, and in the conducting of general business—a policy characterized by strict economy, conservative values, close margin of supplies, and total absence of speculation. It would not require a very bold stretch of fancy to imagine—if the German Government had chosen to stop Austria from throwing her torch into the powder-barrel—an autumn of great American prosperity.

After the interval of financial nightmare, since that January demonstration, we are just now beginning to understand what was the meaning of all these underlying conditions of 1914 in the United States itself, even with the world's financial and commercial relations shattered by the European catastrophe. That the year should be ending with the American Stoek Exchange the first of all the world to open for free trading; with prices, in spite of reaction from their highest level, holding above the closing quotations of July 30; with money easy, after all our huge gold shipments to meet Europe's abnormal requisitions on us, and yet with the foreign exehanges moving emphatieally in favor of this eountry—all this, in its way, is quite as strong testimony to the intrinsie strength of the American position as was the demonstration on the stock market last January.

If there had been no war, and no perpetual threat of war, it is probable that a review of the governing influences of 1914 in American finance would be made up of the year's extraordinary agricultural good fortune, of the new demand which had sprung up in every manufacturing industry in the autumn, of the great expansion in our export trade, recovery on the investment markets, and of the general movement of prosperity. As it is, the year's financial history in this country will undoubtedly be remembered for the firmness and decision with which the shock of the European war was met, the straightforwardness with whieh we settled the foreign indebtedness that suddenly called for payment, and the immediate diseovery of the extent to which Europe had to depend on the United States for its materials and necessaries of life.

As to whether, without the outbreak of European war at the opening of August, we should have had an autumn of really great financial and industrial revival—on that point, opinions will doubtless always differ. The materials were present; but they were also present in the autumn of 1913, when every favorable material influence was superseded by the apprehensions of coming war. This leaves the question open, whether the events of August were or were not the inevitable sequel to the events of 1911 and 1913, and whether the avoiding of war in 1914 would merely have meant postponement, with financial misgiving and agitation continued until the day of reckoning should arrive. Historians will debate that question from now to the end of time; for, in the nature of the case, it is a question to which no conclusive answer will ever be possible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amphora of R. L. Stevenson. Illinois: The Herrin News.
Anecdota Oxoniensia. Texts, Documents, and Extracts. Edited by M. R. James. Oxford University Press. 18s. 6d.
Browne, E. G. The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) $3 net.
Day, Rev. L. B. Folk Tales of Bengal. Illus. by W. Goble. Macmillan. $4.25 net.
Hall, J. R. C. Beowulf. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) 65 cents net.
O'Conor, N. J. Beside the Blackwater. Lane. $1 net.
Rhys, Sir John. Gleanings in the Italian Field of Celtic Epigraphy. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Sly, W. J. World Stories Retold. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1 net.
Whitelock, W. M. E. Brittany with Bergère. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Coleman, G. W. The People's Prayers. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 50 cents net.
George, L. F. The Naked Truth of Jesusism. George Book Co.
Hobart, A. S. Transplanted Truths. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 75 cents net.
Sanders, F. K. History of the Hebrews. Scribner.
Stebbing, L. S. Pragmatism and French Voluntarism. Cambridge University Press. (Putnam.) 60 cents net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Annual Report on Reforms and Progress in Chosen Korea. 1912-13. Compiled by Government-General of Chosen.
Foster, W. The English Factories in India. 1646-1650. Oxford University Press.
Fullerton, W. M. Problems of Power. New and revised edition. Scribner.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cheesman, G. L. The Auxilia of the Roman Imperial Army. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
Forrest, Sir George. The Life of Lord Roberts. Stokes.
Guedalla, P. The Partition of Europe. Oxford University Press. $1.10 net.
Muir, Ramsay. Britain's Case against Germany. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Russell, C. E. The Story of Wendell Phillips. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
The Diplomatic History of the War. Edited by M. P. Price. Scribner.

TRAVEL.

Priestley, R. E. Antarctic Adventure. Dutton.

POETRY.

Stone, C. Sea Songs and Ballads. Introduction by C. Bridge. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Stone, C. War Songs. Introduction by Sir I. Hamilton. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Wilson, A. The Lutanist. Boston: Badger.

SCIENCE.

Chance, M. B. Self-Training for Mothers. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Freeman, F. N. The Teaching of Handwriting. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Poincaré, H. Science and Method. Scribner.
Talbot, F. A. The Oil Conquest of the World. Conquests of Science Series. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Barrie, J. M. Der Tag, or The Tragic Man. Scribner.

ART.

Littmann, Enno. Semitic Inscriptions. Section A. Division IV. Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions. E. J. Brill.

JUVENILE.

Wilson, R. The Indian Story Book. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Sedaine, Michel-Jean. Le Philosophe sans le Savoir. Edited by T. E. Oliver. Oxford French Series. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
Wilbur, M. A. Every-Day Business for Women. School edition. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.

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